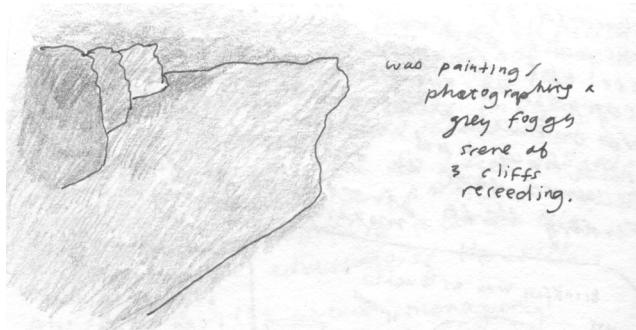


The Ghost in the Machine: (a repository)

#3

by siloh radovsky



was painting /
photographing a
grey foggy
scene of
3 cliffs
receding.

APOCALYPSE MOVIE

watching "pernicious guide to ideology." something about happiness.

Walter Benjamin - aware of ourselves as historical when we are in the pause, (when we see the discarded? in abandoned plane yard.) Redemptive quality of catastrophic movies. Embracing the detritus. (1:00)

(1:32) Instrument of God - "petty moral concerns do appear."

redirected by Sophie Fiennes
written by that guy Zizek. (2012)

had been
feeling separate
from the war

TWO QUESTIONS

~~TWO QUESTIONS~~

Foto

2 Questions

whose illness is it? obliged to whom to
make it better?

WORKLOG

(The smelly marker made me sneeze.)

A diurnal rhythm commences

The theme has been multiple things at once and how they all are together, not fitting but a different kind of arrangement.

Not the academy as such, her face painted as venus/jupiter shrouded by seaweeds. Must save us with our words but not of those kinds- did even the watchmaker deliberate?

Charmed by the enthusiastic anachronism, the past and the way it's easier to see the imagery going backwards, also due to the plethora that comes from compressing the times together (an abundance of materials to work with).

Not so much missing the words I will never have had then. Moreso about "Redeemed!", even in the trash.

All of this is to say that (as it has been said before) I no longer peer at paintings. But not "I", on the one I could have been or not? It's not really the subject but it recurs, re-coursing the point of why this kind of work, considering it not-work yet it is the hardest thing (hyperbolically) to continue to do as such (the continuance that is never done changing).

I don't want to be a writer but how can I say there isn't something to an identity the thing that will protect it mattering to do (a gross compromise, perhaps but even believing in the path as if already visible yields that obscurity, a mirror suggesting the destiny one is hated or hating but also not allowed to wish for otherwise: so I return to the sneaky translator like an attorney for the interstitial space and feel more resolute, driving with the windows down in the morning.)

So that there doesn't have to be meaning in everything? Earning your words only if they are profound, not worthy for the practice, even the one that produces so much DETRITIS.

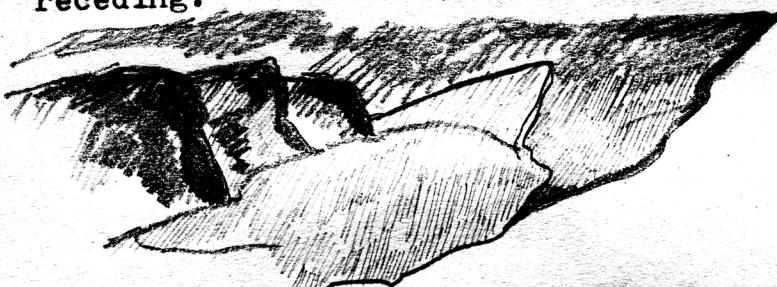
(Worthy for the trash.)

Then resumes the attention upon Commodity. Reading about Cuteness and "minoraesthetic categories." ~~Is there such~~ Is there such a thing as "Depressing" as a minor aesthetic category? (Oh my god, this topic feels as dry as bagel crumbs.)

Have to have the characters to love and perhaps for the first time, even a new kind of magic called "science fiction." In a story, all feelings are permissible, even the detritis. Walter Benjamin: "Magician and surgeon compare to a painter and cameraman. The painter maintains in his work a

natural distance from reality, the cameraman penetrates deeply into its web. There is a tremendous difference between the pictures they obtain. That of the painter is a total one, that of the cameraman consists of multiple fragments which are assembled under a new law. Thus, for contemporary man the representation of reality by the film is incomparably more significant than that of the painter, since it offers, precisely because of the thoroughgoing permeation of reality with mechanical equipment, an aspect of reality which is free of all equipment. And that is what one is entitled to ask from a work of art." (Walter Benjamin, Illuminations NY: Schokken, 1968, 233-4.) Do I agree or not? Art as an impetus such as a microscope and what is allowed to be placed under it, fading in and out of attention; a place of art and not-art, or as if some acontextual urge, a way of moving the same as any other.(often looking for a resolution, and I had said to him "well I have been thinking that maybe this is mostly about making beautiful objects, even words, not to keep them but just for the sake of doing it," but that was only one thought amongst others.) A way of moving because I do not want to get stuck (in what? That's just the thing that's hard to see from inside.)

I had a dream that I was painting/photographing a grey foggy scene of three cliffs receding.



Angry with "art"-- not the microscope of translation but the objects that are innovative, and that kind of a terrain: somehow a contrast here carves out a task. Relating to the dread and the love of the word, and is it truly a kind of selfish? Only one presentation of the kind of momentum that is possible: the caricature who leaves behind all of these calcifications to posture in the far-away place implicitly bragging of its distance, of its obscurity. Two things said to me by friends: Davey said on the bus "but it does happen that the work becomes not laborious, it does happen sometimes for people," and I was calling back to him in agreement but it was my stop already, that it doesn't even have to do with artistic genius like people say that it does. And then at the breakfast table thinking about being done with school and Pete said "The cost of living is so high now that it's hard to just be a chill artist" referencing the hotel rooms + apartments of the past. Something that is not only about the artist but a more shared kind of a circumstance, and it's not the same "to be on the outside" as "to make from". Which is not the same as "to take from," and it is not only a mark of luxury to need to examine, to move, as such. ought not even to be said.

("As Such--a phrase learned from Philosophy.)

Nonetheless, structure and space.

A schema, and then a story:

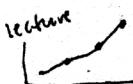


The cute cure



the herbalists have
different opinions

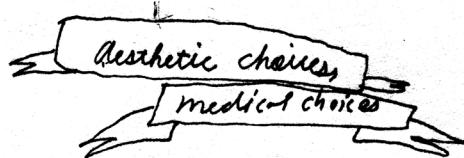
The insulin resistance



Food
Factories



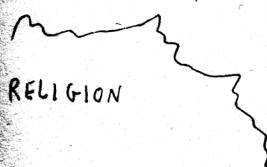
depressing
aesthetic,
is it
possible?



PREScriptions



self-help
forum



how do I fit in
to the
others?

something about
magic + synchronicity,
and obeying an
order. An agreement

as both liberatory & forceful
on extension, also, of commodity +
promise of the good life.

as both liberatory & forceful
racism
meditation or authority

The herbalists are in disagreement about science or magic. Becoming auxillary practitioners but thered-faced teacher we shall name anonymously Ralph, is also an investigator of the conditions of the illness. "There is a kind of anxiety produced by dryness" thus Skullicap, as a drying herb, will not relieve. Must know the reasons for the disease or else how can it be treated? But also, sometimes (or rather, always) the best medicine is the best medicine that is available. He believes in material and immaterial cures: in lieu of a dietary overhaul perhaps a starting place is a flower essence. Not a substitute but a catalyst and he is coming around to believe in the herbsx, as being more integral to the cure. Ralph shows his students graphs of the consequences of civilization upon the bloodstream. (See fig. 1.1) Allowing the anger of another character: Looking at all of the causes that are anywhere other than within, not caused by material habit. Oscillating between the extreme habit and its inverse. (Studying depression because its inverse is happiness? Or something.) Asking for patience and forgiveness with the strict habit but not even a enabling self to do so, still a fault, desiring to blame something other than context which is too vague to be reacted to as the remedy... Making things harder than necessary ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~, try just not caring. The extreme particular~~s~~: UN-filtered water, inflammatories, toxins, starches, sediments, stressers, metals, unorganized kitchen etc etc-- the world is full of aggravators and their conditions

are idiosyncratic. In contrast with the major needs (not being met?) Or that these are symptoms of a more emotional origin. Not the life that is imperfect but rather the weight that cannot be let go: wounds that make people annoying, and this is not an equation that evens out (thus, all things are allowed). What kinds of symptoms? The blood going to the hands, and the necessity of self-deprivation. Being seen as transgressing and ~~mettling~~ being too forgiving for the ~~th~~ selfishness of the men, those other fathers. (Is that the cause of the sickness?)

Hahnemann the homeopath, a form of explanation that comes through the poetry, + what does poetry have to do with colonization?

Alternately, another one is still wound up in the tension of naming the ~~is~~ disease and its origin. All amidst the paleo cure. But it is not for anybody else to decide the poetic origin of the disease.

Remarking upon the general food for the general audience, and contrasting that with the heart pain.'

A material suggestion, a coy kind of medicine (of having to start somewhere.) On the help forum, getting advice designed for a professional.

A scientific explanation for the cure,
& what did it allow for in the first
place?

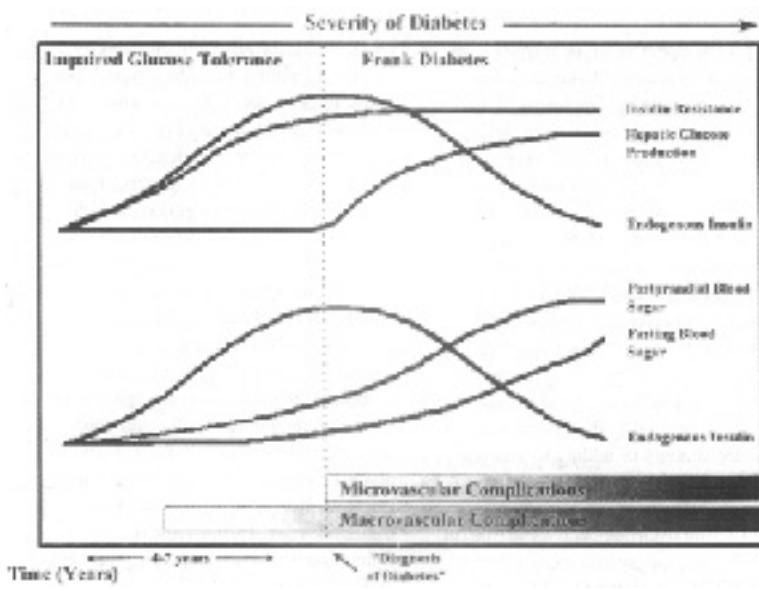


fig. 1.1