

things, from the horizon-ring which confines the artist and the forms of nature. This accursed ring, which opens up newer and newer prospects, leads the artist away, *from the target of destruction.*"<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ezra Pound, *Literary Essays*, (New York: New Directions, 1968), 4.

<sup>2</sup> Boris Groys, "Becoming Revolutionary: On Kazimir Malevich," <http://www.e-flux.com/journal/becoming-revolutionary-on-kazimir-malevich>, 2013.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> Franco Berardi, "Cognitarian Subjectivation," <http://www.e-flux.com/journal/cognitarian-subjectivation> 2010.

<sup>5</sup> Franco Berardi, *The Uprising: On Poetry And Finance*, (Los Angeles: Semiotext(e): intervention, series 14, 2012).

<sup>6</sup> Berardi, "Cognitarian Subjectivation."

<sup>7</sup> Groys, "The Weak Universalism," <http://www.e-flux.com/journal/the-weak-universalism/>, 2010.

<sup>8</sup> Simon Critchley & Jamieson Webster, *The Hamlet Doctrine*, (London: Verso, 2013), 12

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.* 218 Cf. "The disgust that we feel might not simply repulse or repel us. It might also wake us up. This is the force of the uncontainable that we find in tragedy, whether ancient or modern. The disgust that we feel might not just destroy us. We don't have to follow Ophelia into a watery grave. We think it is a question of how we think through and deploy the essential violence of art and perhaps understand art as violence against the violence of reality, a violence that presses back against the violence of reality, which is perhaps the task of tragic poetry in a state that is rotten and in a time that is out of joint." 218.

<sup>10</sup> Kazimir Malevich, *From Cubism to Futurism to Suprematism: The New Realism in Painting*, 1915, (<http://www.mariabuszek.com/kcai/ConstrBau/Readings/MlevchSupr.pdf>), 2.

## DARK WOUNDS OF LIGHT

Alina Popa & Nicola Masciandaro

### OUR CRUEL TORMENTORS... SPLIT INTO ONE

Our cruel tormentors,<sup>1</sup> for who knows what reason, placed us in the same cell. Maybe it was laziness, or some kind of a joke, perhaps to see what two 'people like us' would do in a single cage. The reasons do not matter, all the more since our prisoners are totally clueless as to the real nature of matter and reason. How perfectly we fooled them all, finding in their cluelessness the first clue to escape, the way of squeezing ourselves through a narrow gate of torment<sup>2</sup> into this ever-new paradise of never escaping.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Truth is relentless, and it takes a certain hardness to manifest it, demands a kind of cruelty to open and be entered into the twisted helical twinnedness of problem & solution: "Existence = Torment. The equation seems obvious to me, but not to one of my friends. How to convince him? I cannot lend him my sensations; yet only they would have the power to persuade him, to give him that additional dose of ill-being he has so insistently asked for all this time... We pursue whatever we pursue out of torment—a need for torment. Our very quest for salvation is a torment, the subtlest, the best camouflaged of all" (EMC, *The Trouble With Being Born*). *Torment*, fr. *tormentum*, twisted cord, fr. *torquere*, to twist. Cf. "in the light of the philosophy of cruelty, 'being as difference' is a being whose correlation with its ontological necessity is a twist into and out of the void... The philosophy of cruelty, however, takes this one step further in order to unbind the true speculative opportunities of the problematic; it conjoins the essential internality to the problematic with being's equivocal inexistence (or the inherent problematicity of being as such)" (RN, "Differential Cruelty").

<sup>2</sup> We turned the impossible into the necessary and vice-versa. We abducted our own possibility to distill it into a necessary malady of the absence—an absence confirmed in being too-much-present to each other.

<sup>3</sup> They don't know that we are guarding our prison even more intensely than they are.

On the first day we lay prostrate in silence, wondering side by side why either of us had been brought there, why we had been placed together, and simply wondering. The astonishing situation made it both hard and easy to look into each other's eyes.<sup>4</sup> Chained on opposite sides of the room,<sup>5</sup> with about three meters of stony floor between us, close enough for looking to feel like touching and not-touching to see like looking... silence. A daydream of mute solar pain turning the whole world to night.<sup>6</sup>

On the second day we had a conversation about our imprisonment—many questions and answers as to what was happening and why. It was calmly all very confusing. The easy almost casual inescapability of being proximately chained together made all of the explanations seem

We are guarding the inaccessibility that allows our freedom.

<sup>4</sup> The easy-hard, on-off alteration of mutually astonished looking, like a discontinuous series of silent flashes accompanying the thunder of astonishment (fr. *ex-tonare*, to thunder out), as difficult to see as lightning and as impossible not to, correlates with the revelation of frailty, whose species or essential image is ocular, occurring on the brink/break of tears. *Frailty/fragility*, fr. *frangere*, to break. *Faiblesse*, fr. *flebilis* tearful. "To love is to fear for another, to come to the assistance of his frailty... It manifests itself at the limit of being and non-being, as a soft warmth where being dissipates into radiance... dis-individualizing and relieving itself of the weight of being, already evanescence and swoon, flight into self in the very midst of its manifestation" (EL, *Totality and Infinity*).

<sup>5</sup> The dilemma thus encompasses in itself, on the one hand, the topological nature of opposition and the opposites or duality as the essential auto-hypnotic chain on consciousness, that which places it in worlds seemingly alien from and irresolvable to itself. "This chain of impressions, experiences and species of form, from one form to another, is so linked that it is apparently endless; and the consciousness of the soul, in order to evolve itself fully and completely, has no other course but to become entangled in this vicious circle... [The] human soul... must necessarily experience countless varied experiences of impressions of opposites—the impressions which are diametrically opposite—in a chain of unending experiences" (MB). Specular confinement of the vicious circle reawakens, via intolerable tautological intensification, the hidden spiral nature. Suddenly the circle appears broken, unable to flow on its self-identical path, yet the break from itself, the cut, is only the unbinding of a deeper and otherwise unopenable continuity.

<sup>6</sup> As if discovering that each other's pupils are only, crosswise, the solar shadows of vortex solitons on the floor of the cosmic sea.

superficial and somewhat meaningless. What did it matter what we said? Still, just after the last glow of the setting sun had left the one small high window, we solved the mystery of our imprisonment. The answer was clear and simple, painfully and almost comically obvious. Fairly innocent of our respective charges of heresy, we were indeed both guilty of the worst crime: freedom. Such was the unquestionable structure of our good fortune, to be imprisoned for different reasons at the same time for the sin of freedom.<sup>7</sup>

On the third day either nothing happened or we do not remember what happened—most likely nothing.

On the fourth day the seriousness of the situation began to really sink in. There was talk in the prison about the Inquisitor's planned arrival, gossip about his unpredictable methods, and a general restlessness in the atmosphere. We started noticing uselessly meaningful superfluous details<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> Imprisonment of real freedom only increases it, just as freedom itself is an enclosure from all conditions of freedom, a being locked in the sheer open tower of the principle of freedom: "and the closer he is to freedom... the more he is freedom itself" (ME). What is freedom? Not something you can achieve. Something that arrives in an elegant form of wild namelessness: "One bright Sunday, as he was sitting withdrawn and deep in thought, there came to him in the calmness of his mind the figure of a rational being who was sophisticated in speech but inexperienced in deeds and who overflowed with rich ostentation. He began speaking to the figure thus: Where do you come from? It said: I never came from anywhere. He said: Tell me, what are you? It said: I am nothing. He said: What do you want? It answered and said: I want nothing. And he said: This is very strange. Tell me, what is your name? It said: I am called nameless wild one. The disciple said: You are well named 'the wild one' because your words and answers are completely wild. Now tell me something I shall ask you. Where does your wisdom take you? It said: to unrestrained liberty" (HoS, *The Little Book of Truth*).

<sup>8</sup> The apophenia of gestures, abnormal meaningfulness. As if we were gambling our timelessness. Tics. Cataclysms in the sphere of gesture (A)—apophenia of these cataclysms. Recurring commentarial pre-repetition what is about to be read, constant self-interruption of the twinmind, where everything said is just about to be said, no longer in an already past that did not happen, spoken from an impossible future already past. The gesture-syntax escalates to the syntax of gesture-glitches. As if there is a third one present, neither you nor I—an invisible glue that makes us one and free, that INTERferes

about each other, like the special way your feet turned outward when you slept, like the odd frequency with which I stretched my forearms. It must have been on this day that we started to feel the need to develop our own language. Spontaneous gesture-syntax of the irreparably trapped.

On the fifth day, pendulum-swinging from the previous, we found relief in playing a winking game. There being nothing really to say, our four eyes escaped the said and sported idiotically in pure saying. That was fun. Especially when we completely forgot that we were playing and lost all sense of where we were by paying such perfect attention to the nothing we actually are.

On the sixth day we saw that the winking game had the potential to become precisely the kind of language our imprisonment needed, a truly solitary language that could only be spoken together and which would serve less for communication than for the intelligible magnification of silence.<sup>9</sup> This would become a language of pure, deep words, words unnetted from syntax and capable at any moment of recursively reflecting themselves into stopped time—brightest black void.<sup>10</sup> The grammar of

with our regular patterns of movement. The third is the trap, but also our escape. Flight of timeline. Our medium is the cataclysm. The vortex that INTERcepts our nothingness. The more we linger in our shared zero-space, the cell, the prison, the recursive zero which weaves our fetters, the more we are spiraling madly driven by the loose end of the spiral gone astray. A link-game between the spiral as a dynamic circle with one loose end and the closed circle, the zero. Spiral is the zero gone mad, the circle let loose, a cut in Ouroboros that is and is not. It bites, it bites not. We are head and tail interfering with 'neither head nor tail,' eating each other and growing in monstrous precision from our interrupted reciprocal munch.

<sup>9</sup> The funereal song/silence that weaves the waves of oscillation between you and me. The sound of reciprocal devouring. I've encrypted you in my delirium of silence. The only mind I know lays down in this delirious wish, already-ever allowing itself to be peeled away by the sweet liquid cut, our tongue of . . .

<sup>10</sup> Stopping the world. "I am eaten by the earworm of our past silences, by the chewing sound of reciprocal devouring, by our muffled sighs, by the dwindling dream-words and the noise of ominous air touching the nostrils, not knowing what utterance will cut the present leaking more more future wounds" (LC). We found our freedom beyond the confines of space. The moment they shut the door behind them leaving us chained to

this language cannot properly be described, especially retrospectively. The rules now remain in memory as dim details of the clearest of dreams. I know we understood them, and would never have escaped if we did not, but now the real game has taken over everything, starting with its own rules. It is precisely because we understood the rules of our secret language of escape so perfectly that we can at best barely remember them, because our escape is so real that it will never stop escaping escape itself. Every spare minute on the sixth day and night were spent theorizing and tinkering with the grammar of this hyper-lonesome gaze-language. Eventually the night overtook the darkness of our pupils and all seemed lost and spoken in the vast space of a great EYE.<sup>11</sup>

each other and to our cell the only route of escape was to follow the flight of the timeline. The earworm that seeps through my left ear coming from your right, full of silence. The sound-worm is burrowing meandered canals through the cage of time. We escape *in*, through loops which at times become nooses. We are only eyes and ears—tuned to the wave-lengths of the invisible, to the vibration-depths of the inaudible. We have developed an invisible common skin, placenta secreted by the death of birth. We are never getting out of this amniotic sea of eternal un-baptism. We are feeding on it. When it bites its own tail its tongue is sliced in half. We speak with a forked tongue.

<sup>11</sup> *Fading memorial excursus on the grammar of wInk*: We called the language 'wInk' because it was articulated via wInks and more importantly because it was immediately clear that a way had been found to speak visually in the selfsame blackness of text, that the special movements of our eyes had actually mutated without alteration into a living mode of ink, as if the blackness through which one ordinarily reads is really the threshold of mind's very color, the lightest shade of a purer blackness incomprehensibly full of tangible thought and intelligible sense. In wInk-language our eyes vision-breathed a pure inky significance and total kind of literality that hopelessly exceeded the regular expressiveness of the gaze and somehow insidely looked at everything from another side wherein the blackness of text is not accidental but a direct reflection of that fact that black itself *is* text. Obviously this is not making very much sense to the reader who does not experience the vision of it. And yet the grammar of wInk was so simple, maybe too simple to remember from beneath the veil of its infinite variability. At least its outline or general form is still evident, as follows. Speaking in wInk occurred by means of a wInk of one of our four eyes, with the variety of other little ocular motions and nuances serving as spontaneous diacritical marks. Each wInk-event spoke like a musical, rippling cut in the one single

On the seventh day we were nicknamed ‘the lovers’ by one of the prison guards. He had a large ugly face and a menacing demeanor, but he was not cruel. We were delighted by the nickname, not because it was true, but because it provided the perfect veil and truest fiction beneath which to work out our escape, to bring down on our heads the most perfect cruelty. Neither at their best nor their worst do people have any idea what they are talking about.

On the eighth day we became a living diptych,<sup>12</sup> capable of absolute dimension, the ultimate flatly deep word that our eyes opened into and which is impossible to gaze upon without eventually turning away, going mad, or dying on the spot. This meant that each wInk word was joined to another via severing, spliced to the previous and/or next in a kind of unclosing chain of enjambment that moved toward the wholeness of a unitary logos, like reading a sentence which turns out to be only one big (spaceless-timeless) word. So that the more that was said in wInk, the more it expressed a single thing including everything else. Of course anyone else seeing us ‘talk’ in wInk thought we were just wInking, and they were right to think that, because the massive complexity and intricacy of the language is almost completely invisible. For the depth of wInk is grounded in the looping, visually autophagous recursion of the mutual gaze and its permutations between the four points of the eyes, the specular redoubling of the eyes’ own doubleness, which corresponds to the ontological duplicity of image as always both false and true, virtual and actual, potential and real, material and immaterial. As seeing is discrimination and discernment, the intelligible cutting open of the essential polarity of image, so my left and right eyes—poles of discrimination—correspond within me to *i* and *I*, respectively, real and false self, as your left and right eyes are to me, *you* and *Yôu*, respectively, false and real other. Within the square of self-other gazing, *I* sees *you* directly and *Yôu* diagonally, while *i* sees *Yôu* directly and *you* diagonally. At the next level of specular depth, *i* sees *I* in *Yôu*, *Yôu* sees *you* in *I*, *I* sees *i* in *you*, and *you* sees *Yôu* in *i*. And as the magnetism of mutual gazing loops to infinity in both directions simultaneously along the  $\infty$  created by the double triangles of the gaze-square, all kinds of other visions open up and spiral around the peak-abys of the great EYE, the single X at the center of the ‘eternal’ looping. By interrupting this loop with a wInk at just the right moment, anything and everything could be instantly said between us. Sometimes simultaneous wInks would take place whose meaning and joy is even more indescribable.

<sup>12</sup> *Occluscopy: the noir-grammar of pupils*: We call the noir-grammar of pupils our covert line of silent speech, the encrypted code of reciprocal detection under the cloak of darkened

presenting two independent faces to the world and also shutting the

eyebams. Trapped in this psychedelic black, we unknowingly index the stim of each other’s pupil. Secretaries of *ocular* dilatations and retinal contractions, we are secret-keepers of the pupil-sect. The spell acts mnemotechnically: it remembers and forgets with a precision almost clinical. This *ocular* knowledge starts with saccades. *Ocular* movements in and out of focus are meaningfully dangerous. The dynamics of this movement: inhuman stim. Noir-grammar of pupils: synchronized saccades, predatory focus-tics, spasms of forecast. A game of stoic detours and geodesic lines turned melodramatic. A game of dream-ing-acting, of moving without a move in the rhythm of thought and reverie, of a revealing and of a revealing, in and out of focus. The pupils exude lines of predation, threat love-rays intersecting in myriads of screaming angles. The fierceness of our squinted eyes have made the cold walls sweat. Protruding from our eye sockets, a black beam is writing the geometry of our hidden speech. It follows a play of diagonalization, of cuts and folds, shortcuts and detours, gaze-recoils and superpositions. The trajectories of our gazes inscribe themselves black on the black page that this cubic prison cell became—indifferent cosmos of hidden *ocular* messages. The whole work is a game of anticipation but we gamble on nothing, for nothing. We cheat and we promise: “I trust your betrayal more than my truths.” Your swift gaze like a sharp razor-ray cuts aslant through my reverie, I become double and hide in the thinness of your silent slicing. You stare at ‘me’ affectionately and ‘my’ emptiness stares back at you. Our pupils have become dark mirror-halls of empty fixation, of superficial superblack. Yes, it is there that we see each other most clearly precisely because there is nothing to see. And it is there that we linger, in a perfect neutrality-osmosis. The misty stare into a proximity closer than ourselves is our deepest and most accurate *occlusopic* tool. The coincidence of confusion—the only meaning of consensus. We see most clearly only in the midst of this vertigo, hypnosis of concentric pupils. Zooming closer than in and farther than out, our pupils have become mere telescopes of blindness—intelligent blindness. Fixating the ceiling, we see clouds of those hazy looks focused on nothing that are floating above, covering us like soft blankets over two fresh corpses. The invisible weather of our cell is almost unbearable but we abandon to its whims. “We never know self-realization. We are two abysses – a well staring at the sky” (FP)—“There is only realization, not ourselves. We are two peaks—a glacier melting to earth” (*Cartea liniștilor*). The air is full of nothing, seeping with those headless arrows in the absence of which meaning has no sense. If we ever happen to gape at each other in sharp, crisp focus, the line of our scrutiny begins to curve under the atrocious tension of a shared wish to run away as from a crime scene. It feels as if our thinking warped as

entire universe into the lucid oblivion of pure pupil-to-pupil seeing and mouth-to-mouth speaking. According to laws that the human mind cannot understand, this gave us the aslant power to steer worldly events around the spiral pillar of our unconcerned directness, the swerving rectitude of sincere vision. Just as individual reality is diurnally rebooted via the cycle of sleeping and waking, so we steered general reality by opening and shutting the panels of ourselves using the blessed hinges of wInk words. Inverting appearances around the still point of the invisible EYE, we closed the diptych in openness during the day and held it open in closedness by night. No one could tell, sometimes not even ourselves, but from this day forward we remained always more asleep in waking and more awake in sleep.

On the ninth day the tiny surchaotic shifts and displacements introduced from/into reality by the escape-trap of our communion began to take miraculous effect. We counted the days of our imprisonment, estimated the arrival of the Inquisitor, and sat in stunned silence, marveling over that fact that truth indeed keeps its promises.

On the tenth day we talked about the future. The conversation almost

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well following the curvature of a blind, gigantic eyeball. A few twists are enough to keep us chained by the tress of our eyebeams for the rest of the day. Exhausted, we fall asleep looking through each other as if we were transparent. At times we realize that between those milky walls of the cubic cell there is nothing more natural than to go mad. Countless pupils proliferate around us as if all the saccades were growing alive, infesting that air so shut out from the world. We like to think that we starred too long into the yellowish pale light bulb, our new aseptic sun. Thinking itself must be plagued with the black dots of an injured, gangrened vision. Diseased with the pest of illuminating electricity and so much frightened by it, we learn to love the illness and worship the fear. And how we like to wallow in this clinical radiance! Lying on the floor so near, every inch away from each other is a surgical knife operating on the world. There are other times when we see two-dimensionally. We named it the diptych-look. Everywhere we stare the world is flat. By simply looking we absorb each other's world into a plain glass-screen on whose thin surface we touch barely touching. "You touched my eyes looking at you!" The round diptych of twin-pupils closes us in a pendant-trap of pocket mirrors. A self-kiss eclipse. Sensory deprivation pupil-tank. Autocatalytic dark fluid, concentration of concentric pupils. The whole universe recedes, absorbed by the dark force of merging pupils as thinking itself is vacuum-cleaned by a few black holes in logics.

turned into an argument, until we remembered that we were talking about nothing.<sup>13</sup>

On the eleventh day they took us individually to different rooms for no apparent reason. Everything was proceeding according to plan. Late at night, the Inquisitor arrived.

On the twelfth day the examination and trial took place. After a few regular formalities, the poetry reading started. The most beautiful verse one ever heard, accompanied by gentle music and total undeniable power like a waterfall. Sometimes the poetry turned extremely funny, somehow without destroying its epic and apocalyptic dimension. It was like being inside a scene of movie about a movie, while it was being shot and projected at once.<sup>14</sup>

On the thirteenth day we entered paradise by not exiting it. This is how it happened. Since the tortures of the previous day did not work, they had planned to execute us in the usual fashion. But then our favorite jailor, the ugly one with the menacing demeanor who was not cruel, started laughing and bragging like he was drunk, threatening to deny God and break the law if the judge did not satisfy justice and give the crowd of cowards a divine spectacle of violent goodness specifically suited to the lovers. Reality is true, good, and beautiful, he argued (drawing upon some philosophical reserve, a secret genetic presence of Platonism in his Mediterranean peasant blood). Even those degenerates who crucified the God-Man reasonably took matters into their own hands in a way that no one will ever forget, he said. Then, after a pregnant silence, our most noble and gracious Inquisitor agreed. What to say? Not only that, but he unequivocally commanded our exact wish: simultaneous decapitation and subsequent sewing of our necks together so that two hearts are now still and forever swimming through each other in a single all-encompassing blood. *I hereby decree, he spoke loudly in supreme cold calmness, that these two heretics be now split into one!*

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<sup>13</sup> This is neither a reference to our imminent demise nor a clever metaphysical joke.

<sup>14</sup> "The ecstasy of the apocalypse... Chaos had happened before and from that chaos emerged the spectacle" (CL, *Breath of Life*).

## I LINGERED THERE... LOSS OF ALL ATTRIBUTES

I lingered there, in the absolute prison of standing still.<sup>15</sup> The

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<sup>15</sup> Stillness imprisons the absolute, holds the unfreezable to itself in fathomless and self-swimming silent liquidity. Stillness is neither motion nor rest, but a pure condition of the unconditioned, pan-mobile state of that which always stands, perfect stirring of what never goes and is never brought from anywhere. Stillness, filling everything, is the depth of my body's unknowing: "There must be a stillness and a silence for this Word to make itself heard. We cannot serve this Word better than in stillness and in silence: there we can hear it, and there too we will understand it aright—in the unknowing. To him who knows nothing it appears and reveals itself" (ME). So is it the moving unmovedness wherein monotonous honesty is miraculously not boring, the total room in which the terror of being with one's own nothingness is suffered with delight. Desire to stop and be with everything in stillness intelligently enacts infinite longing, real serious need for something too great to be longed for. "It cannot be contained. What would we do? Roll around on the floor all day in agony?" (CN). One day, "when you are cozy in the great outside as in your own home... then you will have reached the apex where the forces of the world fade into shadows—shadows absorbed by your mad, divine tremor" (EMC). But I am not at home. And the stillness universally summoning and surrounding every step and swoon of this longing is like the spatialized acosmic age of my desire, that omnipresent here-out-there something which makes me willingly suffer the worst promise of an end to all suffering, hopelessly seek the best. In stillness I rest higher and higher, feel the flame of love cool hotter and hotter, burning me quietly more quieter into the supernova heat of unimaginable suns. What a relief—that there is that for which there is no relief! "Longing for the Infinite may be the cause of much spiritual suffering... When physical suffering reaches its climax a person becomes unconscious and so gets relief from it, but there is no such automatic relief for spiritual suffering. Spiritual suffering, however, does not become boring because there is also intermingled with it a kind of pleasure. The longing for the Infinite gets accentuated and acute until it arrives at its climax, and then gradually begins to cool down. While cooling down, consciousness does not altogether give up the longing for the Infinite, but continues to stick to its aim of realising the Infinite. This state of cooled but latent longing is preliminary to realisation of the Infinite. It has at this stage been the instrument of annihilating all other desires, and is itself ready to be quenched by the unfathomable stillness of the Infinite" (MB). Still...

thought of not ever moving from that clearance suffused in golden light.<sup>16</sup> Of planting my feet in the ground. I am looking at the tree to my left and I become more and more it.<sup>17</sup> It never moves its whole being; it sometimes shivers. Infinite patience. I am thinking of giving up the thought that I will ever go away from that place. That there is a future or a life to return to.<sup>18</sup> I look to the right: there is a narrow, enchanted slope of golden grass unfolding. Grass blades cut like razors,<sup>19</sup> thrust in the dimpled ground, in the

<sup>16</sup> The golden light suffuses the clearance and my thought. The clearance is the indistinguishability of their mutual suffusion in not-moving-from. Not moving from itself the clearance thinks me to stay. *Locus amoenus* where the knight removes the armor and exposure to the forest becomes the fortress.

<sup>17</sup> Lying down again, in desperate embarrassment of being, and maybe worse, at having arrived—by what mad series of immemorial risings up and lyings down?—from tree to human being. So now the tree, shadowing me as upside-down man, calls the day to nap once and for all, to let it wake for the first time in a body whose shadow in the universe. "Sometimes I wake up with a feeling of childish amazement—why am I myself? What astonishes me, just as it astonishes a child when he becomes aware of his own identity, is the fact of finding myself here, and at this moment, deep in this life and not in any other. What stroke of chance has brought this about?" (SdB). Yet the real weirdness is not so much the chance of it, but the continuity which never stops cutting itself open. Not the fact of being, but being's ever being more and more.

<sup>18</sup> Freedom is being free to never return. Like holding your own head in your lap with the option of putting it back on, or not.

<sup>19</sup> Behind *all flesh is grass* (finitude of the to-be-mown) lurks a more secret dimension where flesh is razor and razor is flesh, where the negative affinity of the two is a positive substance. Razorflesh/Fleshrazor. It grows by cutting, cannot touch anything without itself being cut. It cuts just by growing, cannot grow without being touched. Here body knows itself as the protuberant scar of another outwardly inner body that envelopes it from within and without, the surface concretion or scab of a more open liquid corpus into which the soon-to-perish body sometimes remembers how to ooze and float and sink and fly. Fertile flow and proliferative discontinuity of ecstatically auto-division: "Liquids glowing like flames pouring into her transparent body as if it were an enormous vessel... She herself growing on the smothered earth, dividing into thousands of living particles, filled with her thoughts, her strength, her unawareness... Smoothly crossing the cloudless sky, travelling, flying..." (CL, *Near to the Wild Heart*).

soft decaying matter whose worming sound one hears only in the darkest hours—when my sagging face takes unknown shapes, elongated melancholy, soft flesh fall. Cheeks emaciated, lonely teeth, abandoned mouth. I beseech the eyes to stay in the head. The gaze always hangs somewhere in the landscape if you go out of form. When the eyes are back, in the healthiest ophthalmic posture, all my laughter laughs. This clearance seems a place most familiar, a dusk-laden *deja-vu*. The wild pig sees. My nose almost touches the earth, some insect has stung. The venom-pain sharp and pointed slides up a tendon. My hand's twigs reach nothing. I am looking downhill, the light is so exaggerated and sweet. It seems I will come back here every day. The thought of you has already mushroomed. It is too late.<sup>20</sup> Insignificance bursts out of space. I move just to check that I still make no sense. The more my body is present, animated by some fluid-energy, the less I am. Life is living and I can only be with the tree out of this nature. There where everything is has nothing to do with how I am and what I do.<sup>21</sup> I am not here. When are we it? I am feeling an ominous assurance that we are so continuous—though the world keeps chopping our never ending embrace with the ocean-axe. We are stubbornly growing into each other through deep coral reefs, in algae and inexplicable shells. Fluids that cut.<sup>22</sup>

<sup>20</sup> Not for future, but for this lateness I live, leaping and dragging my leap into the freedom of everything's being over, more than over to the pointless point of never having been, when every moment is free to return to itself in its own absence, where time never loses sight of this infinitesimal chance to catch its own breath. "Ever since birth, we have been seeking one night to walk together side by side, even if only for a moment in time. Our age is infinity" (RD). And now that... what happens now?

<sup>21</sup> "How the world is—this is outside the world" (GA, *Coming Community*).

<sup>22</sup> It is too much to even talk about, yet that seems to be the only thing that is still actually happening. Everything else is mute. People worry about adding their trash to the ocean, little suspecting that it is the ocean that has always already junked them. Likewise we now persist in a junk cosmos, a world junked by its own universal oceanic parameters. Life never crawled out of the sea, but only found a trick to pretend that it is not submerged. Now the trick has been seen through and does not work anymore, leaving us stranded on land at the marine bottom, in hyper-strangeness of the familiar. Spirit-bubbles of a shipwreck. It is disorienting to always be in a strange environment, but worse to feel that this

To your noise-wave I respond in words. To your glitch-whisper I say yes. To your hiss-secret I answer with clearest arguments. To your sigh-squeaks and hummings I shout that I have enough earworms gnawing me into a most abundant silence. To your supersonic-words I explain about the three types of signs in Peirce. I only speak philosophy to static.

I am water in water. The oceans swims me and my fingers are fluid; they melt like aquarelles into each other, everything is out of reach. I am only a backdrop for my inexistent self, the back of a drop. Concentric tears of one another. Ping-pong tear-sphere quivering above a table of frozen rules. Psychrophile-pawns.

Tendrils upon tendrils, leaves upon leaves, everything grows out of itself. We are growing onto each other, carnivorous appendices, eating ourselves to grow more one. Breathing the ocean of NeutrAlity—where the only quality is the loss of all attributes.<sup>23</sup>

## I AM A MAN... WIFE OF AUGUSTINE

I am a man. Without myself, without ever knowing what I am. Being nothing other—rarest of exceptions—nothing less than the great question swallowing itself in the mouth of your love. Being thus, I have no heart, am only the heart that I am, burning dark divine animal heart, alight with starblood and tremors opening new tombs on the ocean floor, more suns for worlds I will never know.<sup>24</sup> Law above law unto itself I am. Unreasonably more rational than reason—wild. The room is filled with the nameless scent. Impurely pure, pure smoking incense of perfect impurity. Here I write dreams and dream writing to wake you from time-slumber

is the floor of everything, to no longer know where your own bed will be when you wake up in the morning, where it ever was. How can there still be anything beneath us? What could have caught the fall? There is nowhere else. The world never was. And it seems impossible to imagine it otherwise. It is nice to be able to breathe underwater, but to keep it up for how long when each inhalation screams *this is not air?*

<sup>23</sup> "You are without color, without expression, without form and without attributes... You are the Soul of souls, the One with infinite attributes" (MB).

<sup>24</sup> "In the liquid depths of crystal dark there burns a column of fire exhaling secrets whose smoke incenses everything" (*Cartea liniștilor*).

in me, to circumscribe the universe sphere which ever holds my hand's own open holding of this spirit organ, luminously before itself. This lonely self-lamp by whose dim infinity I cut words ever deeper into the blank parchment of night. Since mine is a dream of dream more than real, it never burns the hands, neither the fiery vessel, nor the stylus staying always warm enough to melt language like wax. Tablets of the heart, graven with our twin law of charity, be the simple two-sided screen onto which my virgin soul—never mine from eternity, myself more divine than He—projects the unutterable vision, protecting yourself behind its very view, whispers like light into the black secret of your eye a perfectly full spectacle of unseeable union. Asymmetrical oneness, harmony of so-sweetly lopsided twoness without duality.

Now suddenly it comes upon me again, the forever-memory of the time I found you. Vision no longer vision but the writing itself. It was outside the market, midday under a strong sun. That was the forgotten place where our shameless desperate embrace wrestled me into the ground of my own inexistence. There, prostrate before the gravity of our prostration, an alchemical melding of two crimson hearts, our supreme touching, joined me eternally to what every day tears me from the side of myself. I am not a man. I am the wife of Augustine.

## DREAM OF A FIXED POINT

The Hairy Ball Theorem of algebraic topology states that “there is no nonvanishing continuous tangent vector field on even-dimensional  $n$ -spheres.” The theorem was first stated by Henri Poincaré in the late 19th century and proved in 1912 by L. E. J. Brouwer. A meteorological application of the theorem is that if there is some wind on the planet (taking wind to be a two-dimensional vector) then there must be at least one point on earth with no wind at all. This zero-wind point will be the eye of a cyclone.<sup>25</sup> So the Hairy Ball Theorem dictates that if we exclude the

<sup>25</sup> *The Town without Weather*: In that town the weather seemed to stand out less and less. Without even realizing, people stopped talking about it. Weather disappeared from small talk and it was difficult to fill an empty conversation. Nobody paid attention to the weather forecast anymore, which was now very short and broadcasted during the night,

possibility that there is no wind on earth, then there must at all times be a

only for insomniacs. It was autumn and some people, attuned to the calendar, wore seasonal clothes, while others were still coloring the streets with eccentric tropical patterns. Shops frozen in the functional inertia of the market maintained artificially the illusion of seasons. As expected, this was a huge challenge for the climate change predictions for that area. Instead of local warming and weather disturbances, an infinite climatic lethargy reigned there, as if in this town the weather itself gave up the fight with extinction in advance of humanity. The great opera of weather in four acts (seasons) transformed into a plainchant of general torpor. It sometimes seemed, upon entering a local art museum, that all the paintings were depicting landscapes troubled by the mind alone. Was the wind blowing through the canopies of trees arching them to the side an unpredictable shiver blowing through a body, innocuous and defenseless, to dismember and then reassemble it with a twist? Was the dendritic aftertaste of a sudden gust like the one of a foreign tremor that by exiting as it entered flooded the blue vascular labyrinth with the familiar warmth of the relief to have returned to its simulated sameness? A silent aeolian spasm scattered in my mouth the aftertaste of a thought too swift to be called thinking. When I reckoned that no one saw me, I would slouch-walk as if under a melting sun and sneak unseen on the museum corridor, camouflaged between those painful collections of fossil-weather. Then I would notice others, landscape-ghosts like myself, with bent backs and curled fingers as if they were out in the freezing cold, cryogenized in a past climate. We seemed to be among the few ridden with weather-nostalgia. Which reminds me of the many times it happened to me to have to pinch myself out of my chronic weather-dreaming. Looking at the sky I could not help myself shooting myriads of mental arrows, pointed seeds of conflict, into its indifferent vastness. Undoubtedly, I was regarding my heroism with utter seriousness. How brave of myself striving to act on the world with nothing other than my ridiculous feeling of omnipotence! In the new inconceivable sky that refused all adjectives my mind was carefully drawing the forgotten geometry of a bird's line of flight. Like in that old painting: a crow gyrating to float for a while in a melancholic abandon to the whims of the air. Indeed, it seemed to have been all just a drama of the mind, the heart-weather speaking its language across the landscape. I looked at my skin as if the gaze itself could magically induce in it the feeling of an inexistent air current. But the air was numb. So numb that I could imagine no erosion. So frictionless was everything revealing a landscape forever embalmed with its present. Cliffs like blades, rocks like obsidian arrowheads, the waveless sea like a calm acid bath. A stillness that devastates. An indifferent homogeneity ruled the atmosphere—a meteorology of the insensible scream-

cyclone somewhere on the globe. This zero-point, or the eye of the storm, is a topological formalization of the logical paradox. A paradox in logics reflects the impossibility of any formal system to make truth-statements about itself.<sup>26</sup> In the case of the Hairy Ball, the equivalent of a paradox

ing to be filled. No dust spore will be scattered by the wind again. All lost hair strands piled up in a tower of hairy oblivion, piles of clogged dust unevenly distributed. How could this ever be possible anyway, if we know there are differences in heat and pressure, if we have learned about the second principle of thermodynamics? If there is no weather, does this mean that we are done with entropy? Or maybe entropy has terminally installed itself here. There seems to be a volitional decadence in the air. Local partial heat-death. On the streets and in the markets no screams could be heard anymore, no arguments, just the dwindling earworm of past city-humming. Everything unfolded in perfect silent agreement. All events seemed plain and dull as if nothing happened. I reasoned that if I were so much attuned to the movements of air, to its differences in pressure, if I inhabited all its physics at once, then I would be like air within air, too much 'it' to notice its existence. Was it me or this town of which I had grown so much bored of? But not even boredom could be contrasted with any other state anymore, it seemed impossible to be bored even of boredom itself. One day I started wondering about the effects of this new weatherless atmosphere upon the local rational climate. If there is no more storm, no wind, no cyclones, then has any productive difference or tension disappeared from this place? Not to mention the paradoxes! Have logical contradictions also faded away? My hair stood on end, my head suddenly felt like the Hairy Ball I had learned about in the topology course, only with a little difference: all hairs felt erect and equally distributed, no disturbed strand whatsoever as on the Hairy Ball. Perfectly combable capillary fibers. What if this dreadfully insignificant town became the blind eye of a gigantic vortex? Or was it the heart again? It suddenly occurred to me that I was right in the middle of a never ending soulstorm, eternal prisoner of an acute stillness and of a chronic silence around which (perhaps) everything else madly revolved.

<sup>26</sup> Amazing the mazes (whereby I find you), terrible the labyrinths (in which I lose me): A) Between here and beyond, in the middle world of permuting splendors, there was a green space peopled by a few, too temporary to even be in time. It was there I almost felt your graceful hand, touching its intelligent goldenness, only to see that the hand itself was a kind of self-grown glove, full of tiny shimmering sequins. Touched again by closeness's sorrow. B) In the vaulted lecture hall, where a slick thinker spoke eloquent nonsense on the nature of mirrors, my soul worm-swam in the air above you, moving-willing to rise

is its fixed point—a hole whose fuzzy borders renders its identity rather obscure. A void that is not empty but hyperfull with itself.<sup>27</sup> The eye of

over and over again into the vast planless surface of the sea. It was there that subtle motion adorned reason's higher roofs with ornaments of light more specular than any below would dare. Twisted again into alienating elation. C) Down steps through stone corridors, some simpler me and darker you walked behind everything all the way to a barred window. It was there she spread out her arms into an iron cross, opening your mouth in a perfect ring of red. Terrified again by mutual transfusion. D) Signaling between skyscrapers to tryst for supper, I ended up only tagged along, following the colleagues to a restaurant filled with Portuguese syllables. It was there that your bare back shone, next to an empty seat, revealing a secret, almost legible lace of sinew and bone. Trembling again like wings of a moth.

<sup>27</sup> The impossible weight of everything shifted—impossible! The whole universe starting to roll like an immeasurable granite mass, its weird curvature warping all horizons. There is no time to welcome and no one to welcome (me) into this frighteningly new field of *this*, one atomic moment of which now perforates everything known. On and on I babble silence hyperbolically to myself, hoping hopelessly something will one day understand. Hyperthrown by the overwhelming undertow. Crawling crippled across the floor of exteriority—a floor no less ceiling, above neither walls nor exits. Climbing on the nether-roof of all and/or falling into the under-summit of a maximum ball. Good news: you are outside the cosmos. Bad news: it is crushing you alive. Absolutely pinched and being presently flattened, shrunk-stretched to uncircumscribable zero. Like the last morsel of mouth left before a head miraculously eats itself. Like a life whose navel is its own omnivorous noose . . . How more imperishably sweet, then, the fact of it all suddenly becomes, how tremendously nourishing the terrible fluid verticality of *its that*. And what a weak little human baby the moment made of me! Boasting in the conquest of nothing with untranscribable tears, swearing upon meaningless excuses for the loss of everything in so many words. Good thing the smoky golden air came along to provide space for such thinnest expanse of flat-being. So very nice it was of the sky to be a kind of self whose skin was waiting to envelope us like ears into which all will be whispered. For little did I know that the monolith is its own elevator, the doors of which open by falling through the cracks of one's own spine. Little did I know that weakness is the stronger portal to the fiery stomach of paradise, and that one bubble-sigh is enough to thrust one all the way into the ocean floor. And very very little did I know that the scent of what takes my breath away so effortlessly fills this entire senseless sphere into the lightest hot air balloon.

the storm reflects on itself endlessly, deepening the bottomless well of self-reference, exasperating everything else in its self-sufficiency: an atypical topos around which a vortex is necessarily circling.

### THE VIOLENCE OF WORDS... WITH YOU

The violence of words, their acuteness, their all-too-clear sound. I go rambling about in between them, I superimpose signification, I smudge syntax, I confuse action and perception. I delete all emerging contours of my future self, almost negating it but not quite. I infer although I promised not to. Twins hand in hand, reciprocal containers of each other. One point is always twin to itself. I am eaten by the earworm of past silences, by the chewing sound of reciprocal devouring, by our muffled sighs, by the dwindling dream-words and the noise of ominous air touching the nostrils,<sup>28</sup> not knowing what utterance will cut the present leaking more more future wounds. The funereal song that weaves the waves of oscillation between

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<sup>28</sup> Poetry is dead the moment it starts, the second your night-laughter presses the button (between soul and body). That is when I quickly become all liquid, neither visible nor invisible, suspended in a form whose everywhere-bleeding is the only surface of the universe's world. Then nothing tickles anymore, all pains are smoothed, and what is left of you loses itself in blindly ravishing my numbness, openly drinking this calm marine body from any and all directions at once. Organs and veins unravel in asymptotic ever-slowness. Fish lose the impulse to swim and people the oceans like conscious floating tombs. Stars fracture as corals of frozen light, letting loose tiniest shards tasting like a dew of blood. Etc. The mute joy of it all is the sound of a new orogeny being born, the birth of the birth of a new kind of mountain. What we thought were peaks are robbed of being so, plundered of themselves and piled with everything else into the debris of a strange unforeseeable alp. Now there is never again knowing which way to go because all paths are up, equally steep, and sleeping the most vertical of all. A place where the birds do not belong in the sky but walk in straight lines, tied like trams to the tightrope of song. Here trees refuse to grow unless cut down, rocks have nothing to do with shape, and everyone who opens their mouth was never born. O well. The whole morbid bliss of bizarre communion is happily grinding the sphere down into the one form of life it cannot touch, shaping it into a singular crystal lens: the hummingbird.

you and me.<sup>29</sup> I am tremor without consistency, I become matter only if you give me the rule. So hopeless that the only thing I can do is write to you, it is the only act that inhibits tears, that sheds them in the impossible ground of words... That makes me forget that my body is painfully reluctant today. I am absolutely behind everything, with you.

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<sup>29</sup> Forty thousand nights of night, walking awake in corridors of darkness, talking by who knows what light how there is no 'we.' Down here there is nothing to see, and a little further on, less. Miraculous deeper blackening of blindness. Now the dark becomes so strong that its boundless expanse collapses into spiral, a one-way optionless maze like the inner sense of a totally beautiful tress. Tighter and tighter the way down grows, with un-us following it, inversely climbing the suspension of a supremely failing fall. Nearly wiggling our four-in-one steps, there is barely any room to talk, only space to breathe little whispers, abandoning bipedalism for worm-swimming with the soul's own slowness. Two impossible beings perversely squeezed into a single empty shell-path, a long Amigara hole. Twisting into double helix, corkscrewing in mutual spiral infestation... there is no other way. Too narrow even for thought to turn back. The further it-we slinks forward—this dual singular twin or auto-facing dyad—the longer it is, stretching back-forwards via longing into the very dimension of ever-lengthening night. O no! The asymptotic enclosure, desired space of all desire, will only fulfill when mouths endlessly silence each other at the end into one suffocating self-breathing breath. When no-longer-ever-having-been feet arrive into forever remaining tails trailing along the very beginning. When constricted hearts endure so desperately the slowest consummation of perfectly complete shared consumption. This night is too long. O yes.