

Life explodes and bursts ontological boundaries in its rampant and chaotic proliferation. But does life transcend being? If so, we must understand such a transcendence in the erasure of the gap between ontological layers, or in the 'splits' between, and productive of, generations. Such gaps are 'magically' or 'miraculously' mended by fecundity.

Being, on the other hand, never truly carries multiple names. As Deleuze emphasizes it is only ever spoken of in *one* sense. Yet life, if it ex-ists, must speak on uncountably many ontological layers simulatenously. If it is being which stretches and folds, that is, whose curvature is produced by motion— then it must collapse under a folding which converges geodesics (metrically differential spaces.) Being is folded into itself, but *is* only itself— which is why it cannot bear being stretched or folded without decomposing into fractal spaces: the universe of the observer.

Life, which is the highest expression of the autopoetic force, is an unfolding and self-organizing, and therefore fractally active on an infinitely complex though immanent field. Language exemplifies this sort of transcendence-within-immanence. Words are alive though language appears to enjoy an independent existence. The independent perspective is not to be found in the transparency of sense, nor the opacity of the text, nor even of the pure a-signifying bodies around which the texts are adjoined. The independence of language from its referent is an illusion, just as the independence of perception from a subject is a rather transparent illusion.

Sensation itself is political, so *nothing is neutral*. Only our *hypocrisy*, or desire to maintain an illusory distance, is universal. This leads us to believe that a scientific study of sense would be a sort of *pseudology*. We call simulation the essence of the sensical because of this illusion, sense finds itself violently, through a sort of a-signifying pseudo-bifurcation. Life itself in the contemporaneity of fractally divergent ontological zones presents simulation as such, that is— a decoding... which encodes.

Nothing escapes this.

Our very being is overcoded. Our lives are seemingly free, yet we are enslaved to the sociopolitical responsibilities of speaking. Even the creative energy which animates our bodies is treated as a sort of universal commodity, for sale on the open market. No aspect of our life or existence is free from political influence, from the process of producing separation by subdivision. No sensation as such is a-political, because sense is a differential articulation of masses.

Sense is simulation because life suffocates in ontological isolation and only exercises power, only draws surplus value from a coincident inter-relation of ontologically distinct realities, which *may* fractally resemble one another, but then again—*may not*.

In fact this fractal self-similarity is really only characteristic of the ontological unity of the *immanent* field of existence, which as such can only be spoken of in a single sense. There are not and could not be multiple ontologically distinct *realities*.

Yet life *multiplies* realities as independent unities, and thus all life (and sensation) in inextricably political. Life coordinates topologically complex ontological arrangements. Sense is a science of rigorous hypocrisy because living is social. Perhaps life is even ultimately *one*, but such that it is a one which could never be *actualized* as a univocity of being. Life articulates its organization on infinitely many layers and levels at once. We even say: life *organizes* the empty spaces of a mechanistic universe into an *instrument for song*...

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