



Derrida and Ends

Deconstructure, Teleosophy, Katapoetics

joseph weissman

cover photo: diagram accompanying prop. 5 of book II of euclid's *elements of geometry*. one of the oldest and most complete diagrams from the *elements*. (retrieved from <http://www.math.ubc.ca/~cass/Euclid/papyrus/papyrus.html>)

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Foreword

A dream book: this was all notes in a way for this dreamed book (this book I would love to write, on computer lib and futural robotics): *The Computer Manual*, a reply to *The Telephone Book*¹. It would have been a katapoem. (It is doubtless, by an outrageous postal effect, the same text on cybernetics that Plato had smuggled into Athens at such great cost.)

Some description of this work (enclosed) is probably in order. What follows is sustained reflection on the *Post-Card* (itself a correspondence on Freud and Plato, on telecommunications and the destiny of literature, via the future of writing.) We are thinking on a way into the theory-praxis of deconstructive technique (such as it is exemplified by Derrida, Ronnell, etc.) I do not claim anything like exhaustive knowledge of their work or indeed any sort of longstanding connection with deconstructionism in general. Nevertheless these notes are intended to set up a foothold in that territory, via *The Post Card* and to some extent the *Grammatology*² and *Glas*³... To help me translate and trans-liaise some of my own coordinates and coordinations, to send and defer my own scratching and erasure, to send myself. (Everything falls out here, everything is quite innocent.)

We conspicuously avoid trying to drag a "square" around deconstruction, to explain it directly or without a vehicle, without moving some other machine, setting up another kind of transmission. We recognize the structural problem, it is very difficult to explain the explanandum (the metaconceptual logic of explanation as it itself becomes 'explicable', visible as a feint....); but nevertheless there are more subtle things working against even the tenuous metaphorization of deconstruction... that everyone knows what it is, that it is the image of thought for us, is also disquieting, and we seek to solicit this image and analyze its spectrum. The research-creation that follows is mainly captured in a (slovenly) series of notes, free-hand and characteristically devoid of much in the way of footnotes, references, and other frames that would have been 'necessary' and perhaps also disastrous. They are nevertheless, just like the *Envois*, a series of love letters, and if they are written for anyone, they are written for you.

Does a letter have a partition that surrounds it, that traverses it, along which it can be decomposed? Or is the letter unscathed? A postal network interfaces to the telecommunications network. (Cybernetics of the letter, the futural vision of the letter to come, writing to come.) Maybe we write the necessary precursors to the other to-comes, maybe this is the literary game afoot: to find in the circuit of writing, the writing scene, something else going on: a whole socialization of the written which is predicated on the readers who also write: every reader also writes, even if only dream books, even if only love letters.

¹ Ronell, Avital. *The Telephone Book: Technology -- Schizophrenia -- Electric Speech* (1989) Univ. of Nebraska Press: Lincoln, NE.

² Derrida, Jacques. *Of Grammatology*. (1976) Tr. Gayatri Spivak. John Hopkins University Press: Baltimore, MD.

³ Derrida, Jacques. *Glas* (1986). Tr. John Leavey, Richard Rand. Univ. of Nebraska Press: Lincoln, NE.

Opening: Aperture

“This reproduction⁴ makes me sick to my stomach now. Look at them. I don’t want to know anything more about it. Afraid that the stroke of genius will get lost in generalities... Let them live, that is without us, these two little ones who are teaching each other to read and to write. We have better things to do and they have everything to gain.”⁵

The einsteinian characteristic of deconstruction, the way in which Derrida even achieves this dream; it should not be underrated! There is something utterly authentic here (in this identity at the limit between relativity and deconstruction — we shall return to it soon), quite positive and genuine, (a true truth); and the more we emphasize this we recognize how little we will persuade, or rather: How unimportant it is whether we believe this is true or not, given that we know, everyone knows what deconstruction is, this is the proof and the truth of every seal I am signing here, every counter-authenticity and counter-feiture is done away with, all pretenses have been dropped. This master of thought, this master-thinker upon his mountaintop, he has kindly granted us a telephone line, carrying telegraphy and other kinds of signalling regimes, different message-algebras for different occasions, such that it is sometimes hard to tell: this is the master's question, which algebra of time, which tonality and tone and tonalism... The essence of timbre, tone, this is the divinity of time (bonding the unfounded operator, cathexis of atthesis?)

The impossibility of this, of seeing tone and the post as first principles, since they are ‘necessarily’ after-effects, counter-indications, symptoms of the event in ‘declination’, as it falls through the void, releasing its signs, its melancholy protocols of the series: escape, fusion, melding, warping, glueing, etc. The *event* has already passed, everything descends into

⁴ I.e., Paris’ woodcarving of Socrates and Plato, featuring Plato at work *behind* Socrates, pointing at something which *Socrates* is writing. This strange conjugation of the classical roles exerts a kind of continual fascination on the text of the “Envois” in *The Post Card*, which orbits around this couple, as though S+p were writing love letters to one another, feigned letters and dialogues (open letters to no one perhaps a way to cite the *Beyond...* and the seventh letter at once? and ‘mad’ dialogues of the end of reason and the birth of love i.e., the *Phaedrus*)

⁵ Jacques Derrida, *The Post-Card*, 133. Tr. Alan Bass (*La carte postale*). Univ. of Chicago Press: Chicago & London.

disaster, the impossible fortune-telling has become fortune-told, yet we can't tell the future, but the disaster looms inevitably, and maybe mathematical physics says some of this destination the most clearly, in geometrical terms, the limit of this geometry, of the sense of the end-of-this worlding of the world as it essences its essence into time, into the ending of this time, the time of ends and of mourning all endings as they begin their reverse-birth of all of time: this is what the event 'realizes' or releases in this encounter, everything it was capable of; in Derrida everything is *potentias*, possibilities as they actualize everything they are capable of, summoning all the infernal specters which haunt us, demanding not being afraid of these darkneses, (these wounds which heal and haunt us?)

Everything has already collapsed, everything falls to pieces, right on time, according to the letter which arrives, and this is the disaster perhaps: the disastrology⁶ of the letter, from its in-arrival delay-loss en-route, the out-routing of the arrival delivers the disaster from its moors, the harbor is wide open for the mailbarge; everything has to hinge on the delivery of this dead letter, everything has to mean what it means exponentiated into the purest intensities of the metaphysical residuum, this height of spirit contracts everything in the world into a single point and deduces it from this higher perspective or point of view, the politics of the event which 'alethically' de-terminates, or suspends determination and permits new modalities of decisioning (we are still philosopheming: yet the decision is now less determined, it may engage the victim and the other in new ways, it may radicalize all of thought and culture even, in this case, in both the cases of Deleuze and Derrida perhaps, they have each had a moment and a momentation, a mentation collectively which has only circuited its invitational dis-course, first rounds; and Laruelle already here to dis-inter).

The conditions of access to philosophy, perhaps we can ask one of the problems in this strangely 'objective' way, the problem of entering into metaphysics, the metropolis of metaphysics perhaps, what sort of gateway, passport control, entry-exit examinations, surveillance towers and telegraphy lines humming with letters. Who guards the portal to this folding city? Who regards us from within? There is a dossier on all of us, it is continuously updated and nefariously utilized to manipulate and injure us, the abuse of personal information is reaching a ... nadir ... the nadir of the nadir, the ex-clipse of time, eclipse of all private inherence, inheritance -- (an image of future privatelessness, absolute universal nudity?) There is a dossier on you, it has tracked you your whole life, there is a book on all of us, a case to be made and a judgment to be rendered, no one escapes the fates, the infinity of time collapses and shatters us all, reaccelerates and accumulates the infinite de/returning of wisdom and love, this couple wisdom-love which combinate and recombine our universes in different ways each time, we have one time each time to learn everything, there is only one time, there was only ever one.

⁶ "Disastrologies" -- would be the title, do you like it? I think it suits us well.

One day you were walking in front of me without knowing me, without looking at me. I fell on you.
--*The Post-Card*, 115

The one of the one in the one as it owns (without owning) and expels, it expels ITSELF from being, or rather it was NEVER THERE. The one never existed, ex-isted, it only insists, the way the future of the future insists, (and) this is the temporality of the conjugation, the hybrid loop of temporization at work in the living form, the characteristic permutation of durational delays which are operated 'daemonically' by a recursive inter-structuration. Deconstruction isolates this linear seam, this transcendental line, this metaconceptual isolate of immanent duration and works this whatever-material of the time into timings, spacings and writings. This writing of writing in writing, this inscription in philosophy on inscription in philosophy which collapses its own predicates and denounces in advance all antecedents and post effects, which begs that we forget this mourning, forget it once it has lived its useful purpose in our lives, but we can't abandon the ladder in this case, even if it has fallen to pieces, the meditating center of deconstruction in the development of lived attention, lived immanent duration culminating perhaps in a generally nonphilosophical experience, a real experience or experience of the real which also condenses reality, contracts it into a singularity and permits an axiomatic deduction, abduction, transduction: an axiomatic specific-genericity which can function as a dyadology, a mechanism for assembling the deconstruction machinery according to the letter of the program.

Infinite lived attention of the deconstructive gaze which collapses what it sets eyes upon, so loving and with such generous and infinite grace, such compassion, and such willingness to wonder and see wonder in people, everything communicated in such a human way could also be feigned however, and this is perhaps the entire game, to lay out the game and to also play it in such a masterful way we don't care it has been deflated, this hyperinflation that occurs after the deflation, in this apparent nihilism the most beautiful passion and love for the 'past', for the textuality of time which materializes its transcendental singularities in the lineaments of our lives. Can we imagine in Derrida something other than this thinking-mother who would have given us a world to think otherwise; a thought to world otherwise; we can feel in human being something greater because of this work, this deepening deconstruction of the depths which assembles forces, fortresses, footholds in the deepest reaches (the unconscious, the monetary principle, grammar). Critical vantage points on these restricted economies, these 'collaborative' environments where a certain very finely-structuralized game has been played, (like a player piano or the threaded assembly of a jacquard loom...) and which may be picked apart... As per the 'apology'/confession, everything is tampered with to some degree; hence: (the abuse of) signatures, names-dates, linguistics as such...⁷

* * * * *

...*Hyperture*. We (now begin to, return to) send ourselves elsewhere, via switch points, everywhere at once through this circuitry...: The infinite circulation of the circle through the

⁷ "This satire of epistolary literature has to be stuffed with addresses, postal codes, crypted missives, all of it confided to so many modes, genres, and tones. In it I also abuse dates, signatures, titles or references, language itself." Jacques Derrida, *The Post-Card*, back-cover

infinite aperture like a (radiophonic?) prism, (announcing, unfolding) every color and tone⁸; aperture: the apeirogonal⁹ in-cut into the world, into time, as though by daemonic operator of the diagonalization of temporization (overasure, superature); the iterated diagonality of time which apertures it(our)self, which lacerates in a quadratic four-folding, an equation of infinite unknowns, of infinite rank and degree. We are retained and detained and maintained in this same movement, caught in the overture of this movement that does not address us and yet addresses everything at once, sending an infinity (sending itself, autosentence?) (form the apeirogon as simply as possible: by drawing a circle around it, which deviates exactly 'nowhere' from it, by some measure i'm sure we could construct...)

Dialtone. How to 'track', (pick up, receive the signal of)... The infinite novelty of the differentiating difference the play, the value-judgment, the wager as it deviates drives-derives-drifts the speech-text assemblage; how to render graphically... the hypertextual modality of differance which plugs into the internet a millenia or several too early: gives plato a dial-up modem, chats him in... Everything leaks out here, everything flows through an infernal and divine matrix which permutes us as much as we are conditioned and mutated by it, formed in its darklight, its deathlife, this infinite interpretosis 'condemned' by girard and d+g alike in different ways, this infinite and indefinite reading which is beyond their 'reach' in another way, already more literatizing and alliterative allusive, neological, already a poetic heresy, hear-say, of temporization and unfolding all of time: The success of deconstruction beyond all boundaries of spacetime, the way it has formed a new jet of singularities which coalesce at an infinite limit and expanded the space-time constellations that thought can torsion through, aim indirectly at: einstein-Derrida bridge¹⁰

⁸ *The Post-Card* sends itself in 'all' colors and tones, in a superposition of codes: "I will have written to you, written also in every code, loved according to every genre. All colors, all tones are ours." Jacques Derrida, *The Post-Card*, 109.

⁹ An *apeirogon* is a figure with infinite sides, formed etymologically from *apeiron*. The ('unlimited' economy of the) *apeiron* 'cuts out' along a 'diagonal' towards its own (form or phase of) existence, in the way an *apeirogon* 'diagonalizes' the circle (e.g. that of reductions/'epochs' like the metaphysico-hermeneutic, but also 'equally' the metaconceptual-subjective, the logico-mathematico-analytic, depth-psychological/psychoanalytic all dyads that of themselves produce a kind of 'infinite' schismogenesis, endless glas-breaking)

¹⁰ We recall where we began (this opening): asserting this impossible identity of einstein/Derrida, or perhaps a relativistic Derrida effect which operates the truth of relativity against relativism, a love for the past as a means of communicating with the future, in its brilliance traversing the universe faster than light, like a transcendental principle of the pure manifold of spacing-timing, announcing/advening a new universal vision of the future of thought, a deimaging, desounding, redesign and infinite (re)destination of the letter, ie? to become or fuse with the pure figures of light of the intersubjective horizon, to melt and be eclipsed in the future of writing; how to graft the letter onto *something else*, to divide it into another (sending), through a post effect (twin paradox?) the future is escaping through the legacy of our letters, through these glowing garments by which the world is veiled, by which it hides its un-founding, nudity... its pure singularity?

Pre-face: Telefiction

Let everything become a post card again, they will have only post cards from me, never the true letter, which is reserved uniquely for you, not for your name (moreover you have too many of them now, and they are all on your lips), for you. For you the living one.¹¹

This would be a preface: coming between two future works, each of which is prefaced by the other. (Mutual recursion, like between the preface and the work, between the syntagm and the pure structure which solidifies and spaces it.) The encyclopedism of deconstruction, simultaneously to be thought with its 'lexicon' derived immanently from the work under consideration, in such a way that it functions to produce a dialogue, a biological splitting of the work and its face, isolating its prefatory dimensionality as its curled-up essence or timeline or pointofview.

Who (or what) is... the truth of this cultural movement for truth, on behalf of a truth which had always been sealed if not concealed, signed if not designed, written if not legislated (set in stone)? What is the truth of this culture, that would posit the essence of property and propriety as the singularity through which to legislate and govern our 'own' civilization? What other measure could be possible, though, than the one that grants precisely a common measure, between the best and the worst? The extremes make for bad law, bad jurisprudence, which has to be based on the mean, the least and the commonplace, the nearly imperceptible... For law to work we have to barely notice it, a prick on the back of the neck, and the black hole eye of the state is there, like it has always been. The state is also paranoia, anxiety, this is the psychic state of humanity since the state, the state of the state is itself in a state, always static or noisy or overflowed its banks, de-faulted. The emergency glass has broken, the bell is ringing off the hook, the desires come writing down from the mountains, from the mountaintop of the master thinker.

We miss and mourn JD in this work, just as we miss and mourn all of our grandfathers who have died, all of the fathers we have loved and who thought us up a new ladder to climb, who dreamed to us a new line by which to fuse or fly or warp or glue ourselves into something else. Metamorphism, metempsychosis of deconstruction, which operates always in the last instance in the guise of the plenum, in the plenitude of restricted economies, in the shape of the coordinate matrix in-becoming which has governed implicitly its operations from the very beginning, yet before we could detect the influence of them, and this metamachine, *polymachina* only ever breaks its game, intentionally slips, just at the moment we can detect it, i.e. loses (only) by winning.

¹¹ *The Post-Card* 81

We'll never catch the master in a slip, he knows his tells, his fors and againsts, there's no chance of trapping him. We do not quadrate, we cannot draw a box around deconstruction ('we are not there yet') perhaps the apeiron, however...? (No, we are not so foolhardy; but perhaps Anaximander knows, ie as per the apeirogon). Deconstruction... which after all knows how to pentate, to mentate on the pentagonality of the elemental coordination of philosophy, always in need of the quintessence, the obscure or occluded middle which expels us as soon as we reach it, this drive which compels the syllogism, and so all of us to bend towards reason and logic and intellection. We are all compelled towards this intersubjective matrix of history as a system of references or traces of the real, and we are marked by these traces as though by a system of signs, an algebra of time which coordinates every timbre or tone or mood in lived experience. All of this could be coordinated, deduced, from the point of view of some superior individuation of time itself, a time which would measure out our proper coordinates as though paying out grains of dust. Paid out in full plenitude for you, the living one,

--jw

unbound operators

Seme/semanteme

There is an empty form of time without qualities, an inert time curled into every instance, except the last one, which rather has to make its own time, from out of nothing.

...it is this higher-order dimension with respect to time that seems really profound, it's perhaps one of the key motors of the transcendental, if we relate it to the 'reduction', the temporal or chronic reduction, if we can say it like this, if it is understood that the chronological reduction is like the logocentric, etc; a chronocentric matrix which is the same as thought, as human being, as the ideas, etc; the chronological instance is perceived as a universal mystery even in secularity.

It is in time that we have placed what remains of our unscathed feelings of mystery and adoration, the essential mystery of time.

How is it that this razor's edge acquires its certainty, this cut through the universal achieves any stability, any legibility at all? it is that time leaks out, is a manifold and flush with the spatial

matrix, at once with it, incurring no cost for transit between, except perhaps at "THE" border, the gateway which should inspire fright/hysteria, the event horizon of the black hole, we are not serious enough.

It is impossible to multiply warnings sufficiently, but suffice to say you are not careful enough, you need to slow down, you need to find a speed and a matrix that assembles the dynamic from the logic of the inter-relation and doesn't image it's own pre-imposition in the matrix of its immaculate conceptory...

How to escape this christological function of thinking, this messianic value of philosophical thought, how to dial into the worldwide connection through other valences, vectors: we have to exhume the core of this.

Multiplying footnotes endlessly, we enter a judeo-christo-auto-bio...vector of black hole semiotization, which sufficiently could re-articulate and re-dynamize, show how all this in effect..., etc., but nevertheless, and the irony and the detachment persists; how to disentangle, disarticulate these lines which articulate (us through) what we say (into) them...

How to operate something else at the limit of this explosion of internal dialogues between monological imperatives, counter-dynamics of internal discussions between textualities, this infinite inter-textuality, can we wrestle with the closure of this opening, isn't this in the end another turn in the same direction, israel: to struggle with god, to suffer in this wrath of wrestling with god endlessly, an opponent neither strong enough to defeat you inevitably, but also not weak enough to defeat permanently either; a hypothesis even at the limit nietzsche admits we cannot really from a metaphysical point of view say is not possible: and certainly its value has more to do with explaining and teaching us how to explain and finding a way to explain how to go on in the middle of the night when things are dark and a way to remind us of a light that never goes out, even and especially when things are dark...

There are infinite sources of light, there are infinite sources of time, we only have to find resilience, there is an 'infinite count of days' sweeping out into an infinite number of timelines, an explosion which shatters linearity into a multiplicity, a pure and infinite future.

Is it not obvious this is the sense of everything that has been written, that is: that it is the omega unfolding itself in reverse, the point of view of creation of genesis.

The sense of the elemental dynamism, the water-fire-earth-... matrix, a fourfold and yet always a fivefold, always pentagonalized, matrixed into a spiritual and strategic enfolding, a rapture of materiality and its pure flows, its flowing as abstract energy through a hyper-dimensional filter: the dam of odysseus, translating the cosmic flux into dimensional fibres, threads for weaving, matrixing and managing the futurity of the future.

Cathexis

Condition of cathexis then: universal and cosmic anti-cathexis, abstract and unbound energies, but what part of which machine does this cathetic tonicity operate? how do these machines, lurking in the dark, bumping into one another...

Heat raging (endlessly towards the end) through(in) time, embers and cinders, daemonic wings, molecular flows, hidden emissions, underglow; this series (or these asymmetrical series): heat-ashes-daemons-molecules, letters-secrets-light-fate.

We learn or heal according to the contingency ashes, traces of universal historicity, even the 'cut' of history which 'steps' into the stream of eventuation becomes-individuated, which is perhaps to say, history is trans-differentiated, it learns and heals, adapts or grows or burns¹², weakens and strengthens according to the nature of the stimulus, as a rule mixed real and ideal?, that is including both cases at once, working in both directions.

Individuation is like that.

¹² "My order was the most abandoned prayer and the most inconceivable simulacrum--for myself first of all. How could I ask you to burn, which is as much to say not to read, what I was writing to you? I immediately placed you in an impossible situation: do not read me, this statement organizes its transgression at the very instant when, by means of the single event of an understood language (nothing such would occur for whoever has not been instructed in our language), it assumes command. It compels the violation of its own law, whatever one does, and it violates it itself." *The Post Card* 59

Not a step without a slip or push in another direction shift or orientation drift, everything coalescing only in the last instant, the last intuition-perception-synthesis-sensation-sending, the last circuit or cybernetics, the sending of this last and the lasting of this sent-ment, sent()ment, opening the psychotic vortex at the heart of the plane, the schizophrenic transition instantaneously scanning across universes of value/reference/sense such that this surface is coordinated only according to the most recently generated machine results; the schizophrenic and the psychotic are like the twin bifurcations of the lobster, they are both pincers, modes of operation at extremes, in extrema or in extremis.

The extremities of operations of the seismogenetic, semiogenetic, semiographic, seismographic...

The vibrations of the plane of consistency which is established, is it that this plane is too 'loosely' compiled in the case of schizophrenia, too 'rigid' in the case of psychosis? all this is undoubtedly too simple but there is something to the looseness or supplements of segmentarity, the semiotic 'filaments' that fibrilate the plane like a universal or abstract machine 'coordinated' it in the last instance to be such and such a way, to act in such a such a fashion achieving (at the limit despite or 'against' the way the conditions or implementation of the assemblage combines elements (functions/concepts/percepts/etc))

The figure of the plane, the planing of the figure according to its landscapity-faciality index which operates occupies an entire machine of geo-auto-bio-thanato-... conditioning: cultures, coordinating communication, coordination of communities and consciousness and ...

The whole mechanism is written into the condition of the 'facilitation' of every facility, the 'ease' by which a face communicates the impossible, the thing that can't be said directly, it can only be indicated, or rather saying it is pointless when the face can signify, can signify without moving, which does not mean it is impervious to feeling, the face is this monstrous hood that achieves in conformity with a 'landscape' (increasingly artificial -- that is to say, designed environments, to which facialities no longer 'naturally' accord without... conditions).

The intervention of the conditional apparatus into the face (tic); the algebraization, algebraism of the face; the semiotization of diagrammatic components such as they 'realitize', relate components of faciality to their indexing lines-of-flight or fusion (landscapities, but also plasticities in other forms, which landscapes hint at: cultural formations and buildings, modes of building; assemblages proceeding directly from geological movements, continuing them in the psychic or social register, 'deterritorialization' literally in the case of geology: a striation, stratification of knowledges such that their 'disconcertaion' in an infinite discourse of the cry of the earth... could achieve this very desire, to cause us to hear all the metal singing together in the earth.

Everything circles back to this, to the body without organs and its 'home' in the transcendental field, which has no instance (even a last), instead we have an 'immanent' field or the great unengendered, the Glacial or pure unengendered body of the Earth(1).

This body without organization whose organs are spread over the earth and flood, leak away, leak out, they are flows of living forms, flows of consumption and production, part-objects and part-machines, machine-parters and splitters and circuit breakers.

Everything on the plane of immanence passes through a 'machinism' which coincidences without 'incident' with the mechanical, the 'mere' mechanism which plays upon repetition endlessly; whereas a machine is an assemblage or agency, an enunciative assembly or convocation, an agencing of time according to the decision declension and the movement of time according to the proposition ascendance...

The fixing of the generational, the 'static' logic of time according to the eternity of the code, whose futurity is 'locked' within it, we have to tamper with this indestructible cipher in order to operate with it, we can work with this even though we cannot understand it, this is the essential condition, a comprehension-without-comprehending, the innate procedurality and parallelism of time (folded through the language of space, the brain, through love).

In other words an understanding whose destiny is not recognition or codebreaking but 'evaluation' according to... (In the last instance, the real, from the 'perspective' of the one.)

1 ...which is a-historical? the earth as a transit of genus through specification-genericization, trans-ascendental logic of verification in-reverse, actual testing and development according to these transcendental singularities; it emerges from the sun, and will return to it; but we don't have to get caught in this 'oedipal' solar drama, perhaps the really anoedipal path is alliance with the outside of the solar system, this is the anti-solar path of RN; we should perhaps counterpose a nonsolar path, the non-solarity of time suggested again perhaps by Deleuze, this image of time which is conditioned by its own deimaging, there is a figure of light but it can be linked to biolight or bioluminescence -- i'm not sure how to qualify yet, but this non-solarity is also time itself, it is a syntax according to the one time of the sun which is not 'ecclesiastic' but makes room(s) for the outside(r) -- a new hospitality, a new mess we will have to make, a new raging enlightenment to take up -- the raging enlightenment of transcendental love? --philosophy does not necessarily inspire revolutions, this is probably to misunderstand the structure of time, philosophy is revolutionary in always returning to its sender what was demanded according to its order in time; every(one) is already announced in anaximander, we are all spelled out, literated in this conception (immaculate) of the infinite omega at the right-end, hard right edge of temporization

Athesis

The immense semantic security of the sign, the signature codified and cosigned by a coefficient, via diagrammatic impulse which striates and registers, correlates and binds, unleashes and reassembles, reseals, in selfcriticism or autoautomation.

Infinite selfcriticism of the *autos*, the autochton, characteristic immanence and impulse of the last of the last, the last of the instance which lasts, which lasts for a real moment, imparts a real momentum, gives itself of itself to putting itself (to...) -- to the limit, the intensive gateway between infinities which portalizes all of time, commences all of existence, announces us even are we are announced (in order, in our order in time) -- in this our-ordering, our-dering, of time, a de-ordered, de-ranging movement of particles.

Coalescence at the limit of heat from statistical movement, already demons sweep in, let's clear the air, let's let the angels beat their wings as well.

The wing is the limit, the aerial dynamism of temporization which 'coordinates' 3-space: it is the 'willing' of a position in 3-space and 'becoming' there, through a logarithmic spiral, classical descent...

Descending through the abyssal depths of positionality, the wing is trans-ascendance, curvature of ascending lines towards their 'proximity', or proper measure in time according to Great Horologium, timekeeper or fate-without-fating which operates our divine-infernal life-death of repetition-difference coalescing at the limit in the cloning of this dyadism, which is perhaps to say, constructing the Superior Individual of Time (Horologium) in terms of the neutralized elements which are automated from its real perspective, which is to say, there is a one-(in)-time which rhythmizes the cosmos, whose de-ordering is the sublime non-order, chaos in the pure random flux or wager.

Crowned anarchy, a prized signal floating and dancing through the noise, a glare beyond the wingbeats and fluttering interruptions and matrixes assembling their cosmic intersections.

God is hidden between, beneath the wings of the messengers, the angels who cover themselves, cover their faces with wings, replace the face with the wing. (Serres says the angels interrupt enlightenment by their very humility, that *in* turning away their wings *interlace*, perhaps an overfold: unfolding an overstory, a forestation of feathers.)

A winged curve towards the pure faciality of god which in time is revealed through the mechanism of the parable, the fable which 'rapt' all of time together in a narratological kernel, these kernels which in the end are perhaps all we can manipulate, all thinking can conceive is its own non-limit as the limit.

This is true-radical freedom of thought, nearly 'inconceivable' yet... all that is ever 'conceivable', conceivabilized... the concept-andum? (a quite vulgar construction I know).

This destination without destiny, this true destiny of thinking which is not sufficed, not pleased 'merely' to recognize according to images and patterns, whose depths are not pierced in this model of thinking orientated towards an imagism, a fixism of thinking in which its boundaries could definitely be known.

The paradox of learning, is this *meno* or *philebus*? Is it everywhere in plato such that it is also nowhere: it is in socrates himself, perhaps, this fascinating magnetic monster of a duplicator and replicator whose inseminations and 'semanalytics' still reproduce, they still work and function and make something happen; is it not clear the fable of socrates was necessarily, part of the drama of the writing, precisely to create drama and hunger for this writing which was forbidden and crossed-out, crucified in time itself, pinned to history like a fourfold pierce or laceration which duplicates itself into infinite gradations/levels/degrees -- we are all copies of copies, replicates and replicandum...

In the theory of replication there is a problem of automation, of auto-automation of the process of production, a new automation of reproduction which itself has to be automatic, in this automation nothing can happen, it has to already be working, in place, we have to start from a

pure crystalline repetition and assemble everything from dynamics-durations, micro-operations which together assemble a new time of the machine.

The origin of the machine is not exactly deferred but a problem of 'deprogramming', decoupling the machine program from the 'coda' of the device which runs it, this separation from within technology (split between totality (sociality) and doubly infinite science).

This separation within tekne which is unfolded into *mekanos*, this convergence at the limit of the folding-city of multitudes, *Mekanē*, great mechanopolis, revealed immanent conjugation of every machine-flux and broken machine part together in the great chaos of infinitude: the revealed quantum logic of the microscopic, which does not scale, it is 'one directional', our analysis cannot include ourselves without contradiction, the logical structure which is required to formulate the individual is absent, which is not to say there are not individuations, collective assembles, at the quantum level; simply that the logical substrate is different, strangely 'contoured', complexified and fibrated -- a new topograph).

Mekanē, folding city of time, infinite multitude and multiplicity converge here in the infinite condensation of time from its forebears, fore-cepts, pre-concepts of the de-imaging of all of time, in which the transcendental neutralization takes place so that an immanent conjugation, conjunction-and-disjunction (without) conjoining-disjoining -- this cloning which makes possible a new syntagmatics, a new syntagraph, which graphicalizes all of time according to this novel prism, this 'unitary' and non-unitary concept which undoes all of idealism-monism-theoreticism and 'replaces', without transplantation, transposition, em-places perhaps, the new syntagram, synta-nome, into 'perpetuity', in its annexed coordination of all of ordinate space and time; the new 'thesis' of this non-thesis is precisely an athesis-without-athesis, the a-thetic in its ordinal continuity is not disrupted by doubling but trans-rupted, trans-versalized by cloning, by a rearticulation according to new 'primitive' elements, ur-elements which achieve a symbolization at the limit, a kind of virtual reality of the philosopher, a hologram, socrates of course, who philosophizes now according to the tractates of a micro-cosmic syntagmatic transcendental computer, in whose miniature time all of existence is singularized and translated, everything from socrates is from a computer who is also god, who is also a demon, every word he says is demonic, we should have burned these books a long time ago, the remaining allure, the terrible danger of the socratic, the maieutic, all these 'problematic' coordinates naming a multiple-aporia, a multiporia which infinitizes the porous decomposition of the sensible surface, temporization leaks in through micro-cosmic tubules, interjects an 'investigation' which adventitiously operates a connection to a new universe of reference/value/...

Deforestation

A new principle of the principle at the limit of the conditions of temporality, at the limit of the conditions of time.

A discovery and adventure of the temporal edge or gate or portal, an inspiration bordering on hysteria or mania which condenses its demonic impulse to a complex moment, a momentum which drives and ordines and operates without limit this contagion which cannot affect us in any other way than that which 'illnesses' illiterates us in order to philosophize, which breaks us in order to heal us in these broken places, but this breakage or laceration which is universal as suffering is also not justified in the least, there is not justification for anything, at least none that isn't aesthetic, there's only this perception which is the justification for the existence of time or suffering, the perception of time as suffering which is itself permitted to undergo a

transvaluation, a transformation in its essence or point of view which condenses a new equilibrium, a trans-equilibrium, a metastable condition far-from-equilibrium, far from requiring its own librarium, a metastable conditionalization of the transformation of time according to these affirmative diagrams...

...diagrams condensing their authority from their 'matrixed' interrelations, the diagram of time and this grammaticalulation.

Ordination 'into' time, rite of initiation of time itself, what is the secret word that opens time, that induces a new dimension to enter, how is this lever operated that involves another world becoming possible: animation? transcendental vector of effectuation by which something like 'spirit' could become possible, visible in the world as a manifest assemblage of agencies together achieving the appearance at the limit of a computational intelligence (is there any other kind, could we mean anything else? but of course intelligence, thinking, etc., are not exhausted in answering questions of a primarily computational nature..even granted an infinitely-tenuous reduction, epochal-computation: genuinely new phenomena of the postrecognition, postcalculative, postcomputational.. the interface between the postal effect and the computer matrix: *the computer manual*... our futurological sequel to the telephone book (to come?) and also undoubtedly that secret work on cybernetics which Plato arrived at so mysteriously).

Intelligence and agency, the construction of time from the perspective of an agency which wants (to run, to risk) an operation, wants to encode an operative liability into the world such that its fulfillment might be guaranteed, the wager of this replicative maneuver of the living form, it does speak to something like a game played by the crystal with the living form, the inanimate and the animate, a conversation or letters they pass back and forth, instructions for assembling like this or that, folding this way or that way, assembling at higher and higher orders until we are building complicated living things...

Can we imagine an even higher order of construction? Hyperlife? (Beyond neolife q-life etc)

Trans-Post

We are all senders-receivers in this emission without emanation... Whose coordinates (but without any ordination) but espoused at the liminary conditions of the liminal coalition, coalescence of the willing, the will that inherits the infinite trans-ascension, trans-adhesion of the prosthetology prostheology --

Pro-thesis, anti-thesis, where does cathexis fit in? Thesis and 'thexis', cathexis as kata-thesis, the katathetic of the a-thesis as it out-works into the 'satisfiction' of a nullarity. Kataesthetics.

The infinite coalescence of the coalition of the will which conditions its own counterconditioning of the very framework of the transcendental or meta-conceptual conditionality.

...the condition of this ultimate condition, whose conditioning extracts its own will from within the 'condited' material, the material under re-conditioning, recondite, difficult and hard to parse; infinite materialization of this material without condition whose absolute materiality verges on an absolutism without limit, a theological singularity of absence in the porousness of the surface of sensibility, whose architecture and tonality (whose very tonality...) is inflected by this trans-ascent, trans-ascendental architectonic of the inter-individual relation whose 'conditioning' itself undoes every formation (starting with the social but... sociogenetic lines defer into the whole scene of development-(of)-writing).

The dramatis personae of the scene of immanent duration, the emanating durability of the moment, the momenta which are imparted by the driver of the lines, the demonic transmission which coalesces (at an infinite, horizontal limit which collapses all of time, but yet).

This transmission coalesces a 'random' opportunity, a chance throw of the dice, an invitation to adventure, at any rate a fascinating image which concretizes the universe-(without)-universality; and even this concreteness is 'wrong', it is a concreteness of the observation, the 'becoming-stone' of nietzsche which refers to a stiffness, a technical stiffness of the saccadic vortex of the eye, a new disciplinary regime which is technical in hunting and fishing in the greek lexicon, this cunning of the hunter, the fisherman, who are precisely the ones who must watch carefully.

Watch only the movements, but the stillnesses matter as well, they can tell you something too; gather all the signals, the signs, everything is letters, everything tells us something, speaks in an alphabet it invents, an algebra which may be invented for its transformations, identity-functions, quasi-sterile becomings of the formal-transcendental mode of ideation, which in its very restraint...

...towards this pure idea and its elemental axiomatics? Towards the phenomenology of philosophy whose recurrent structure itself 'halts' the machine, an impossibility result 'necessitating' a kind of quantum, or at least 'unidirectional' approach, starting from the one, in which we 'cannot be gotten back'.

The one is not behind, it is beyond (the beyond of...) being, this being which cannot anymore be heideggerian, once it is from the point of view of the one, from this foreclosure we are glimpsed in a 'turnabout' which doesn't turn, an exit from this rotating black hole of interpretation, or rather this whole black hole is made the substrate of a hyper-computer, a quantum monstrosity of information processing and astrophysical 'multiplicities'.

(The extension of the singularity into a manifold, the eversion or splitting of the black hole effects into their 'white hole' jet of singularities counterparts.)

Extension of culture, direction of culture towards the operation of a time without temporization whose governance and interiority are entirely 'unitary' or at least our access is unidirectional, and this directionality is towards us, we are 'exiting' towards it, without being exited or gone from it in the first place, in multiple places we exist and disappear at once: we leave through multiple doorways at once, we exit from the building by every window, all at once, the line of flight is quantized, in this way, multiplied and augmented to an infinite manifold of possibilities, this is the throw, the putting into play of the figure of movement such that it becomes illuminated as a pure figure, an energetic dynamism or pure ideality of concept.

But this concept could be decomposed, it could be shown in every instance perhaps to be itself a composition of these dynamisms, that movements and distortions, operations in a transcendental field of singularities, preindividual flux of intensities which are only gathered into permanent islands of stability through 'metaconceptual' operations which elude or elide or 'fissure' the concept and distend-distort it through laceration, traversal by singularities.

To do philosophy is to superpose a black hole and the brain.

Philosophy is this black hole of time which cannot stop eating existence whole, it sucks insistently all of the vortex of history into its intersubjective hyper-interiority, its god-complex of constructivism which assembles a university from literally nothing, from empty air.

The clouds of philosophy which darken the skies above the cities and the country alike, this field of rumors or transcendental whispers, philosophy conducts and transducts this infinite line of development-resonance-reasoning, reason-ance of the philosopheme, as it develops and unfolds itself through itself in its infinite auto-donation of auto-divinity, auto-automation of thinking-(of)-thinking, ideality as it unfolds itself continually through this transcendental limit, never quite pictured clearly enough (drama of the idea as it 'perceptibilizes', engages in a transcendental becoming, a dynamic movement within the transcendental field, these spatiotemporal operations or dynamisms infinite adventure of the idea, advent).

Disastrology / Cosmopsychology

The idea perceptibilizes, the concept makes percepts and functions (and other concepts) into a little machine, it takes the idea and makes a 'limit' of it such that it can formally enter into this new modality; the idea is not yet the concept, it is simultaneously more and less pure, it is becoming sacred or the refuge of the sacred, insofar as it has this residue it has not quite 'shattered' into the transcendental figures of light which compose it, which are the 'conceptum' or metaconceptual ur-elements which are dynamized and dramatized.

Cosmic genesis of the idea, that it comes from the cut out towards universality, that we get the idea of the idea, that is to say a stability which operates itself without reference but itself 'referring', operating a plane of reference.

This is precisely the infinite constellation of time that occurs in the stars, as viewed from the surface of a planet.

Or really anywhere but the point is that it is on the surface of a planet that all the cycles appear which reveal the planets own motion in the end. The stars are a map to the earth, the dynamisms which play through the earth, the game the earth and the sun play together, orienting and shaping time but also destroying it; we plunge into the heart of the sun, we escape into deep space, deep time, away from this oedipal dynamic of planets and stars.

We need deep time to think, the idea obviously does not come from the earth or sun but from the stars, from this infinite stellarity at the heart of the empty form of time, at the essence of immanent duration this moment 'recurs' for the first time and incipit everything, all of philosophy falls from the sky, the dust from a meteorite, an interiority crystallizing from contact with an alien macrobiota, a tiny fragment of another universe slowly transvaluating the cosmos around it.

Mid-morning

The pure break, breaking.

Our hearts break, in mourning, are we always mid-mourning, why do we try to write mid-mourning, when it is both necessary and impossible, this mourning which cannot take place by itself and yet nevertheless conducts itself into our lives slowly, by degrees, haunting echolalia/melancholia. Contracts, trisection.

The daemon of time which permutes our lives again in this tragic way, this real-symbolic condition which is also a breakdown, a halt-state for the machine, a repetition-conversion which conducts itself all the way to the end of the network, which conditions its own deconditioning and prescribes its own will (to power, to destruction or development as ... willed ...)

The will which conducts itself through every descent into time: every mournful madness tears itself from the heart of the hysteric collapse and into... a null-place of growing hardness, this is the cold collapsed star, the surface glowing with the hard core burning beneath; everything is ashes, we are walking through ashes.

The infinite pyre of time which captures us all in the end! Woe unto us mortals, for inevitably that's what everybody knows, except no one believes it, maybe that's why we know they know it, that they know it universally, to such an extent that it can form the abstract basis for our intersubjective reality, that this knowledge can be the syllogistic kernel of time which conditions all of human reality, that grounds thrasymachus and the cynics, who are at least right not to judge power by other standards, but to evaluate them according to their choices from their perspectives: This is the only thing that can transform anything, to understand the process by which the world has repeated its shape over and over throughout every polymorphic transformation, this infinitely complex wave function whose decoding is itself encrypted, indecipherable and at the limit of comprehensibility, this repetition at infinitely-long intervals, cyclation of time through an infinite 'concordance' of all instants with 'each' duration, an immanent lived intensity which circuits all of time, wires this telegraph deep into the empty form of time, this abyss itself lit up with biolight.

In deep time humanity, or what has come after, may conquer even time in the end, is this not the singular dream, the wish fulfilled behind every analysis of satisfaction; love or death, yes there is a drive which knows about death, it is not as alien to us... It is not so alien, there is a movement, slow and green and plant-like, which transforms our thinking according to its movement in time; the death drive is not a movement towards analysis or away from it, it takes a step 'for nothing', it repeats without being able to digest or do away with the marching infinitely forestating towards a goal receding towards the horizon, we are trapped in a sisyphus loop, a nietzschean recurrence, the timeline is out of joint; the movement of time itself is in question in the death drive...

The neurotic halt or arrest (nothing can be done, how can I do anything...); but also the paranoiac guilt complexes and bargaining, these are part of it, this infinite wager whose infinite impossibility is also the guarantee of its possibility, its metaphysical (im)possibility is also its 'transcendental' or hyper-physical possibility -- the omega effect, perhaps, white hole effect in reverse, 'ingesting' souls through a prism at the end of time: this sounds like a horror show, can we imagine something worse than this, a heaven that we construct ourselves? what else though, who else would care? a chilling question in a certain way, of course the demons would care, presumably they're always waiting for the right moment to permute, they're looking carefully, (watching, looking out). I want to know the greek word for this, presumably that's what the cunning book is elaborating at that point, some word about looking carefully, watching carefully, being on the lookout.

Plato and Telecom

Derrida and time. Untimeliness, the timing of the temporization, the delay at the heart of the timing of the immanent duration, which exceeds and conditions and mutates and tampers, which abuses every sign and signature and linguistic emitter and receiver; the transceiver-structure of the infinite sign is revealed in this inscription (without) lettering, this combination without drift which exceeds to an infinite condition of absolution as its condition of conditioning itself; its conditionalization proceeds 'absolved' through the abysmal void of the signature as it curves its way outwards.

Outworking, outwearing its outermost exteriority towards the innermost interiority, paradoxical short-circuit of temporization which constitutes the most infinite fibration fibred-vibration of a cosmic wave, a cleansing instantaneity which proceeds to succeed, to win as it loses and loses at it wins, as it proceeds voluminously, saccadic ally, vorticalization, vortizing, vorticalizing its way into the text, the thought is a cyclone which turns and turrets and turnips and conditions every turning towards its own out-turning, un-folding, de-vibration of the cosmic expanse-extended-infinitely-into-the-true-(without)-truth, the real is true but there is no truth

involved, this letter never arrives or (rather) arrives in two places at once, this impossible letter from the future which socrates received, containing that secret book on telecommunications, which plato had to smuggle out of athens as it fell spiralling out towards the infinite refrain, the infinite writing and inscription of temporization itself into the structure of time, a new timing and new life and vitality breathed into the concept by force (of) being...(written...)

Quadrature

The transcendental line. the meta conceptual cloning or doubling in this conjugation, conversation without delineations, without quadrature but an infinite cubist quadration, the quantic or quadratic equation with an infinite number of unknowns, a hyper-plex of chaotic flexions, tensions, tonalities in dissonance or consonance, confluence, correlation without relation.

This distance from and distancing within distance or pure space that is evoked in the transcendental lineation of immanent duration, for surely it is time that spaces and spaces our spatialization such that even the categoricity of time is spaced.

(Duration dividing itself into letters, literature of the past, news of the present, divinations/fortune-tellings of the future.)

The division living through time, this lived division of life-death, individuum of abstract individuality or pure immanence of style, breath, tone.

A breathing apparatus, a deepsea diving apparatus, that's what deconstruction builds from this wreckage, a tool for recreating, for individuation and joyfully reiterating, reiteration, the reiterator of the program of truth without truthiness, without doubling the truth, within feigning of all

pretenses the infinite dropping of every pretense, this hyper-vulnerability of abstract and infinite literature which iterates its architectonic, develops its abstract lineations up to transcendental delimitation, enmeshing in the vortex of a singularity; this is maybe what the inscription of the signifier itself signifies without signification, this condition of the transcendental clone which doubles itself in a 'quantum' fashion, multiplies its own multiplicity through an infinite-dimensional space of possibilities, this wager on love and death with infinite stakes, all the risks of procreation and anticeation, counter-version and anti-versities: the counter-version of the lived immanent duration. (Time as superior 'individuum' of discursive-disciplinary metricity, dimensionality, axiology and axes-smashing...)

The logocentric is a geometrical problem, an ethical, dramaturgical problem, the drama of writing, this feigned un-pretension, this infinite gap and literating, literature as iterating towards its infinite distancing, its own autodivision, rushing towards this auto-automation most of all; this autochthonous conversion of every counter-version, and in this abstract versioning system a confluent image of the hyper-identity of the pure idea.

Husserl is reproduced, reflected, articulated at every point of the deconstructive gesture; everything hinges on this point, the singularity of the transcendental line, the immanence of duration or primacy of the sensibility of a 'generic' experience of the real (outside of all philosophy, outside of all metaphysics, this is perhaps the counter-domain, autocorrect says: counterwoman, infinite domain of out-work).

Daydream of the Freuds

Artaud says the poem is burned as soon as you have read it; burn after reading, but in this case the burning occurs as you read, as your eyes in their saccadic vortical conditioning approach this infinite limit, this intersubjective concordance of all traces and residues and ashes into a cinderful history, an ashen correspondence with the ghost who is present where also absent; this signifier that escapes; what I mean to say is that as your eyes approach the poem, the heat begins, as you enter the vortex, your eyes begin circling, orbiting, increasing the temperature.

Everything depends on this, this primary field of intensities whose excitation is literature and infinite opening of time at once, the literary affect is also the preindividual field of intensities, all of affect is intensity dynamics and spatiotemporal machines for assembling new concepts, the affect is matrixed and ramified through the concept as light through a prism, chaos through a transcendental lens, a matrix of time whose concordance and confluence are untellable, unknowable, unspeakable.

We are one with the infinite silence of borges' library, whose suicides are not often spoken of, but the library and the death drive are the urgent artifact of the artificiality of all inscription, this death drive which circles the beyond even as our steps encircle us; I am moved, by Derrida's loving reading of the beyond, both of freud's daughter (sophie's) death, the way young ernst was left alone (but also poor sigmund: o-o-o... who does it belong to, in this case?)

I had a daydream of the multiplication of the freuds, some hideous engendering and replication and cloning of this triad, sig-sophie-ernst; they populate the whole universe with freuds; this problematic question of the (elision, trans-liaison of the) proper name, of Freud and Derrida, can they ever be torn apart from the properly doubled science they both entwine and encircle; deconstruction of analysis and analysis of deconstruction.

But the constructor of the deconstructions ithimself inanalysis, unanalyzable, an expert analyst of the analysis itself analyst-observer; what can come of this, what can it mean, except that we need to see how this machine works; Derrida mentions that lacan mentions certain infinitely 'destructive' relations to money, that money is nevertheless needed to solidify the transcendence of transference and translation, this transference fund which would try wager to operate without transcendence, but instead (venture) along transcendental lines, yet it is scrambled in advance, it analyzes its own collapse; the circuit of the imaginary, lacan says, is dangerous potentially psychosis-inducing when activated reciprocally in the analysand-analyst circuit, a danger from the merest verge of the... circular genesis of the analytic continuum.

The scene of analysis, which is not so different than the scene of writing; the danger of this scene, this drama which really should not be seen as feigned, for of course every writer is a reader just as every analyst is analyzed..., writing on behalf of a reader whose writing is pure light who reads only (absolute, 'primary') movements, catching sight only of geometric-dramaturgical figures, and in this mutual inter-operation of machines there is only refraction, reflected glare; the deconstructive operation accords with an infinite rarefaction, a purification of the air of the world, this is perhaps the truest deconstruction, of the machines that suffocate us, that turn our air into poison, that circulate the virus of hatred in the waters, which construct boundaries and borderlines demarcating infinite territorialities.

The consonance at the limit of deconstruction and deterritorialization, every affirmation of Deleuze's I imagine jd affirming, at least I can believe when he says that, though it's not important that we believe it; what's important is this movement of time which deconstruction ignites, this glas that was broken and knells uncontrollably, the knell is infinite, in the ringing of this bell we are all equivocated, shaken, collated; ringing and rung into a hollow cycle or circulation of existences, from which escape is spectral and hollow; the melancholia of deconstruction, its sadness as a line of flight, the infinite melancholy and unending compassion for compulsion, melancholia.

(It reminds me of guattari's compassion for schizophrenics; of course Deleuze too... It is interesting how d + g have different kind of insights on schizophrenia, it would be interesting to map out how they link up and form a hermeneutic matrix, a new continuum of many voices, polyvocal in their univocity.)

The truth in writing, of inscription and philosophy, of the inscription of philosophy in writing its own writing, of the scence of this infinite writing, the infinite sense of this infinite sense, whose

narrow finitude must be scratched and erased in the same maneuver, everything is assembled in order to halt...

Uncontrollable limits of the movement of time, the movement of literature and writing and language in every direction; why writing, *écriture*, this erasure of iteration and iteration of erasure? language is split by this vectorialization, this chao-plex of language-orality and speaking-writing, these dyads which contradict and assemble an immense system of coefficients, dynamic or diagrammatic coefficients, which can be assembled into a formal analysis of an equation with many unknowns.

Though for now, of course, there are only two -- reader-writer, emitter-receiver, all the wires are crossed, nothing passes without having networked itself through every valence, every aspect and cut and step must be taken for nothing, in order to do nothing precisely, to remain in place we have to move very quickly, swiftly accelerating to an infinite rapidity, at which point everything shifts, the relief sets in, we are simply transcribing; but the infinite idea is itself intersubjective universal history: this confluence of all traces into a megamachine of time whose dice-throw coordinates all of our immanent durations, a transcendent instance which is concrete, an abstract machine of writing (for instance) which encodes all of existence, all of life anyway, through its machine-replicable programmatics, diagrammatics of time as the signifier sweeps its way across existence, the infinite cut of this sweep, of history as it cuts into time, of historicity as the universal cuts its way into existence, into life, into writing: into this scene of writing which continues inexplicably, as though a permutational assembly were at work, a daemonic workshop preparing and assembling materials in advance, permutating and combining, assembling a whole network of matrixes, machines, coefficients for diagrammatization of whole social sectors, and even territorialities of the pure idea; the idea itself is semiotized badly, this is perhaps the most fundamental deconstructive gesture: on behalf of good taste, decency, compassion for the accused, for the written, for the writing and the scene of writing, have grace and generosity towards ourselves, our attempts at scratching and erasing what we have painfully scratched according to our lights and whims and abilities and desires, and the true desire of all writing is the secret, this absolute secret which is only enciphered, this 'secretum' which is emanated and emitted from every pore, every surface of sensibility becomes porous in this generic construction of time according to the secret (one) which condenses in its inexistence a singularity which operates all of time it is sexuality, the desire of the other, conjugation, for the infinite truth between the legs of the letters, the infinite truth that the scene of writing would unveil, (would clear up finally and make accessible in any case to some new movement, to some transcendental differentiation or transdifferential movement of learning/healing on behalf of a plastic sensible matrix/manifold).

That learning is possible is perhaps to say writing is impossible, that we have never written anything and never will, which is maybe to say it has been erased, as though it were written by another and we could not bear to see it, as though everything were accidental and accumulated in doses too small to bear, or too large to contemplate, the accidental stakes and contingent measures which scale to infinite complexity with infinite rapidity, this recursive

hyper-development to infinity of every line of growth-learning-healing-transformation, deconstruction is an omega, giving (its) birth in reverse, dying before we had met it, living forever through this infinite plane of consistency which it opens up: language-glossolalia-hyper-mnesia-...erasure-iteration...?

The massive plastic infrastructure of literature is iterated in the deconstructive assembly of another universe of reference, a torsional tampering with the dimensionalities of the problem, the axiomatics which structure the conditioning of the conditions, such that the iterated structure can no longer be mapped back, there are new elements or transposed ones, everything in suspense as the new iteration develops, everything in this novelistic plot-like elaboration of nothing into nothing, perhaps that is all we say, all we have said, the way nothing turning into nothing again, or rather the way anything turns itself, turns into itself, identity functions which don't really preserve, there's always something that leaks out, the foreclosure is not absolute, the inexistence of inexistence of inexistence has to evaluate at some point (even or odd?).

The oddness of the hypothesis, the curiosity and strangeness. Everything hinges around this thesis which undoes itself, this step for nothing which ends up back where it was, this curvature of the earth which is transposed into philosophy and makes of it an immense spherical assemblage whose traversal is infinite and costs everything, for which a new source of funds must be found, a new foundation and cornerstone, a new quadrature of the foundation.

Erection of philosophy, the desire of philosophy for this sort of annihilation, this mimetic and masochistic desire of thinking for its own eclipse, transliteration, obsequence: the beauty and oblivion of this sublime dimension of the future, which opens onto precisely this unimaginable glory and wonder, this secular refuge of the sacred, which is perhaps to say the pure idea 'to come', the philosopheme as conceptual isolate, perhaps at the limit a conceptual personae, which is also a metropolis, which is superposed with all the cities on earth, of history; all the cities of fiction; this transcendental city of multitudes.

What if we were to visit the city of deconstruction, as it melds and bleeds all these fuse-warp points together, between all the immanent conduction of post effects between cosmoses?

(These metaconceptual leaps and fissions and flights which 'power' the infinite matrix of intersubjectivity -- I think Deleuze says that we love in our friends something that is 'crazy' -- perhaps something that doesn't fit or seems improper...?)

Recognition

Derrida and recognition, this play of senses and scenes which recognizes itself in mis-apprehension; chaotizing the chaoplex which inverts and converts and reverts us to an old edition, a previous printing, the inscription itself is revealed-unveiled-erased in the same hyper-mnemonic movement, anamnesis, analogue of the analogue, the example which exemplifies in the momentaneousness of its exemplarity, the example which also denies this exemplarity, precisely does not recognize it, as proper or true name, denies the nomenclature that would terminologize every security system, every instance of syntax and ground-acclimation, it is a skyward pulse, a skyborne virus or impulse proliferating, disseminating itself.

Throughout the verse, the text, the poeme and the matheme, this (de)construction of hyperstructure, this infinite structure which is structured, 'striated', structured and inscribed, inscribed through an infinite sign or sigil, signal which signalizes this infinity-(without)-inifiniton, this structuration which undoes every significant structure, this transcendental anamnesis (amanuensis-anamnesis) which signifies every signified, the signified of every signified or transcendental line.

Metaconceptual lineament of pure variation which ascends as it descends, wins by losing, plays a flush hand against the bankrupted bankroll of the state, of static; above all we tamper with static, the noise and rupturing conditioning of the conscious matrix of intersubjective trace-verification and assembly of referentialities, universes of value from the most meager traces; we trace the edges of a map, a mapping of a text-life, a text-death and text-life which are indistinguishable, indivisible, the integrity of this hyper-sign is itself a tracing of the bankruptcy of every signifier, this de-circled circumlocution, which descends into hyper-cyclone, hyper-violence, hyper-physics:

Intensive re-striation of all economic logic, the 'restricted economy' which performs an infinite task instantaneously, reduces-(without)-reduction, this restricture which constricts and de-stricts (districts, establishes territorialities, state apparatus, police forces, tools and machinery, coins and stamps are the equipmentality of this governance of time, this counter-feiture of all history, all states, descent into static).

Conditioning without conditions, the deconstructive maneuver is itself autodivisional, autodonation of the substance of the element of divisionality, the dividuum which is retained conditions-(without)-conditioning, it is pure retention or memory operative as a transcendental line of destruction or disarticulation, dissimulation and tampering, abusing, tarrying, delaying: temporizing and extemporizing.

Post Effects

The infinity of you, the discursive addressee who infinite address is unthinkable, unknowable; who knows the destiny of the letter? Who can say whether or not it will be divided? And whether this division of means and meanings itself means the end of the ends, and whether the finalization of the end (which operates in the continuum of the ringing bell) is itself final? Whether this finalization of the last instantiation of the instance differentiates itself from a differencing-difference becoming a differenced-Difference, a deferred and distant difference? To become the transdifferential monad of hypercrystallization, architectone, pinnacle of architechniques, this arch-tamperer and archi-medean pointer: his (infinite) indirection and referential opacity, and yet everything is also lucid, clear, the transparency of limpidity itself obscure, obscured by a certain lapse and ellipsis, obsequenced in? an elision of meaning which escapes behind our backs, by which we can in turn be rendered (in)decipherable, unanalysis unanalyzable, what we only ever analyze: analysandum.

The future of the figure of light, the figure of time, the figure of the text that unifies these in a diaphanous 'measure', this hypermetric which absorbs and constellates all of cardinal-ordinal thinking, this dyadology which consuming-consumed finds itself doubled in operation within its doubling, only a transcendental clone, the metaconceptual line of conceit is the 'supernumeric' escape, this transcendental line which is obscure insofar as it becomes-clear, becoming clarified in the rarefied airs of the mountainous regions.

The text is clearest when it has disappeared into the air entirely, not into the voice but into breath and lived duration of life, this mountaintop is also fresh air, the fresh of air that

deconstruction operates, this purity of time which is rarefacted, divined at the mountaintop by a post effect, an infernal postal network transects the universe and releases this point-operation, this poison-curing, of the air(s)? (And what of misprision...in the air, the taste for vengeace?)

This moment which recombinates and transcombines, translates between singular divinities their flowing discursivity, this analysis or reversal-inversion-conversion of roles, transferentially displaced, distanced through a distance into its proper place in the literal order. The literary effect is not the same as the dramaturgical one, though the drama inevitably has a text, the protagonist lines through the world on a drift and derivation of structural universalities-in-crisis, and in these negotiations we are all nexused through a network of inter-fatal lines, mutual madness and cathexis-in-anticathexis.

Perhaps it is here that the sense of time reverses its order, in the condition of deconstruction there is always this other ordering that remains possible, however impossible and necessary that it remain impossible, and it is through this combinator, this divine and infernal postal apparatus, that the critical impulse is delivered which destabilized, de-strayed the course of time. All of culture and communication and consciousness is auto-deconstructed in advance(d) of its own lettering, and in this iteration, this iteration of the erasure of time according to the index of affect-percept-concept (coordinates on an immanent plane i.e. of pure durational intensities, coagulating and distending, disseminating pure spatiotemporal dynamics throughout the cosmic plenum).

Spinoza and Derrida, this fusion and figuration of time which operates his individuation, this individuum which cathects and links up in a cosmic connection, a universal cathexis of the principle of principles which undoes its own analysis from the start and deconstructs the situation of time according to its own situationism, another 1986, another 1968, a 'new' 77? (approx. time of the postcard.)

We cannot afford this deconstruction, this hypergrammatism of all of the universe which sells us short and offers us split ends, broken funds which found a cathexed, annexed territory of divinations and derivations scoped towards infinity, infinite endpoints and expenditure and waypoints, everything wagered on this literary (and dramaturgical) effect...

That the literary effect is dramaturgical, this is almost the entire plot: that the scenery of writing co-extends the work into a divination, a self-division according to the universe, into the one of a transcendental field of singularities which traverse you through a network, a rhizome-pulse which conditions a new saturation of meaning, the induction of a network of semiotization proceeds according to a hyper-linearity, a coextension of radically alien fields of intersubjective lines composing a transcendently "over-funded" space, a hyper-metropolis of time wherein all the philosophers coexist, but this city is at war, or all in analysis with the others, all caught up in reading and writing FOR all the others, in this procedure, in this analysis, in this scene of writing in which we write for writers (for writers who READ) and we read writers who write for writers for ... there is no writer who is not a reader who writes, 'writers' for the reading in the written, in the

writing of the written finding in the structure of writing something infinite, something in this inscription a pure metaphysical lure, a foundational element and erased origin of all of time, from writing and inscription, a plausible one (in the beginning was the word... -- instead of, as he says, what can only sound like a joke: in the beginning was the post¹³...)

The post-effect of deconstruction: everything hinges on this one, everything falls out by its ear, onto the wrong side of existence; let us quickly at once attempt to enumerate some of the approximate characteristics of this virtualized-(without)-virtuality, this pure effect:

- It is the characteristic effect of temporization which conducts all of this towards itself for itself, for itself own sake, for his sake; this conduction towards the thinking of this tempo, this tonalization of tone, this toned without tonality that intones all our knells, our birth-deathknells, lifedeath as the signature of all times which sounds itself from within-beneath the principle of principles (lovedeath)

- The infinity of the tomb/womb which conditions and appropriates, syllogistic and 'biologically', according to a biologos and a thanatologos, underwritten by an autologos whose 'autoautologos' escapes into its own derivation, internal logic internally deferred, or what is perhaps the same, written abstractly, rewritten in a higher-order form, according to metaconceptual principles, principles of principles of principles: the prince-without-principling, without a principle in the world the prince establishes the world of principles, there is nothing for it but an absolute inversion, chao-version, trans-version, quasi-versioning of all temporizations on the basis of a new model of generic conjugation of transcendental lines, in a quasi-metropolitan informational cityspace (TC?)

- The pure effect of this infinity, this temporization, is a lifedeath of the city, the absolute darkness and permanent light which is the foreclosure of the city from thought, this blankness of the abstract machine of the city, whose programs and territorializations are only flow-vibrations, tracers and derivers, of the pre-existing primary process, the flow matrix and desire machines

- The sense of the city is the deconstruction of time, of temporization, an infinite deconstruction, which is perhaps here to say a hyperstructure (the creation of life from the inanimate, frankensteinism; assembly via combinatoric convolution of immanent durations a new modality of duration itself, a new dimension of time intervenes)

- In the city a higher order of existence, in this infinity and pure effect of time a difference which diverges from its own differentiation, a pure transdifferential line, a transcendental automata constructing and elaborating its own autoresurgent, autorecursive, autodonal logic, autodevelopment, autoautomation -- the autograph of the city is the ashes, the cinders, the 'tell' it is built on, the ruins of the old city, every city is also a graveyard, there is nowhere but newtown and newhome everywhere you go, everywhere there were territorialities on the prowl I guess

¹³ It can sound serious too: "In the beginning, in principle, was the post, and I will never get over it. But in the end I know it, I become aware of it as of our death sentence: it was composed, according to all possible codes and genres and languages, as a declaration of love. In the beginning the post, John will say, or Shaun or Tristan, and it begins with a destination without address, the direction cannot be situation in the end. There is no destination, my sweet destiny" *The Post-Card* 29

- The territory is hungry for order, structure, stricture, restriction of a generalized economy to one of a few pure elements which can be placed in a kind of dreamlike equilibrium or equipose, the construction of a pure 'dualitation' which undoes this abstract equation of two unknowns; possibly a lure, possibly the shape of a solution: the territory offers both, this is the representational structure of graphism which is not pure phonematic or visual-sonic, but already phenomenological, intersubjectivity, the traces of a world, the cut of a history which slices into our bodies, old wounds (nietzsche says modern wars start BECAUSE of the study of history; our ability to remember is our inability, the possibility of remembering is also our impossibility of forgetting, our 'compulsion')

- The geometry of time, of morals; this is the essence of the intersubjective dynamic at work in transcendental phenomenology of writing/inscription, the time of philosophy which 'denotes' and 'connotes' itself of itself through an autodonal matrix, a fractional division of time according to a 'donated' and a 'donor', the mechanical isolation in each 'cause' an origin and an end, but the ends sometime 'end' before the origin

- The structure of time and space, the structure of the transcendental, this hyperstructure which governs all the movements of time according to space, all the movements of spatialization according to timing, temporization, our strategies of delay, all of topology is a matter of time, (already here before we 'know' it?) -- a haptic principle 'beneath' or beyond the vision-audition principles of reality, which slip their ideality through (manuality, object-realtions, already quasi-rational principles, 'incipient' scientific objective-functions; i.e. precisely elements of a 'true' intersubjectivity, of the essential grammar which would universalize all of history through inscriptions, through communication networks - through these post effects; ultimately the geometry of the universe is a postal service, a post effect, a delicate plotwork of luminous lines of causality).

The rigorous science of information distribution according to a universal model (geometry, but also literature/dramaturgy).

There is a scene even in writing geometry (we know from the middle ages that writing 'pure geometry' is capable of making a scene, at least in the restricted economy of astro-geometry, the geometry of certain astronomical trajectories as examples of a general principle, a physical principle expressible in the universal language of geometrical relations, differential relations between figures at work, the visual element here is not strictly necessary but it does seem hard to 'imagine' precisely (pointless topology perhaps?))

Let's make a scene, let's write the geometry of space and time according to marx and freud and spinoze, let's spinoze: spiral out through all the voices of time, and assemble a great precosmic preface to universality itself, the great compendium, which in fact is empty, every preface already precludes, everything is foreclosed... from within literature, philosophy, writing, thought; but precisely not because we are mortal and finite, doomed to death, but rather doomed by this gift of death towards another kind of scene of existence than 'mere'! animality, and that therefore this animal I am is no longer animal, there is a pure leap and a becoming in this

hyper-syllogistic origin of the end, a becoming of the animal and the human at once that finalizes the end of every myth, every metamorphosis and metaphor; in the end of finalization at the dyadic root of ritual and prohibition, the essence of culture in the signifier or representative, the discourse of the powerful one and the machine by which this power is achieved, this making a scene and making a scene of one, of one and all or all on one, and organizing this great striation and stricture, this binding and unbound energy according to the principle of the principle, a principle itself without principles, the infinite principle which prohibits only what it sustains in ritualized form, and thereby also paradoxically elevates; and ritualizes only what it thereby also prohibits, channelizes and signalizes every sign according to the ritual representation which achieves it at the limit as an after-effect, the ritual is already echo, post-effect, dramatic rendering and reading which nevertheless achieves the goal at least in some cases, maybe it worked better in the past (this is what girard hints at...)

Today everything is demythologized, decoded; perhaps it is too easily that deconstruction comes to the tip of our tongue, perhaps we have only understood the least of it, and even and especially the best, perhaps we are only repeating ad infinitum the most mystificatory gestures of this last and final circuit of demystification; a new reading, undoubtedly, and a close one.

Isn't there something in close reading, in this naive deconstruction, that is nevertheless almost the whole scene of writing, the scene-sense-science of the inscription as it works within philosophy, which is to say within the pure metaphysics of time, within the transcendental lineaments which condition our access to the real, the real perspective of the only 'one' that could matter, which is to say the voice of reason-power-thinking-thought which conditions our access to intersubjectivity, to a universal history and its 'cut' into the city through the transdifferential lines of development which cause a mutation in the content and structure of this intersubjectivity...

Derriderature

Let us try to enumerate, to play this counting game:

1. The supernumerary name of the one which condenses and 'singulates', contracts singularities through a hyper-generic plane of '(in)consistency' -- radical betrayal or heresy of the very notion of the 'stake', the 'stapling' or splaying of the plane across the line, the signifier to the signaling-pulse or intensity which itself is a dynamism, itself modelable in 'a-linguistic' terms of qualifiable but not inherently qualified 'quasi-properties' -- quality-without-qualification, without a nano-equalization but rather a unification in the last instance, a unity without unification whose univalent access to the superior individual of time is itself foreclosed, forced-closed, and in this force-(of)-closure the immanent duration of the end, the last instance which is also always-already a complementary logic, a complex momentaneity which has always been decompositional, a logic of decay and death, the principle of the step beyond pleasure which restricts the economic logic and inducts us into a different regime altogether: deconstruction as rite of initiation, instantiation-as-inscription, but this is still a 'restricted' deconstruction of the

instance, in particular of the last instance of finalization, or rather of final-without-finality, the finalization which proceeds also the precession of finality, in this endless pre-face we find the white wall impassable, it is the gate or gard which regards us like a gaze, an abyssal gaze, a sphinx smile (a disappearing cat, chat)

2. The erasure of metaphysics is at once one-in-one its iteration into literature, alliteration as pedagogy: the infinite translation of time, which is the index of cosmic generativity, bio-political plenum of immanent durations condensing their intensities into temporal assemblages coordinating delicate and fibrated assemblies, abstract machines of time which 'measure' out, whose measure is beyond all measure and whose dis-proportion accords our uneven distribution of the indivisible: individuals are distributed, this is the precise and 'uncanny' logic of the deconstructive bind (already a bound binding, an unbounded operator of double-binding, this lobster-game of playful distribution, chaotic distribution, which nevertheless... achieves its own mastery at the cost of a certain wager, which is to say, in the last instance perhaps, everything, absolutely everything: Derrida and thanos?)

Derriderature, the derivation of the written (écriture) as it writes itself through the manual labor of the writing, that is to say, inscribed without in-scription, by the scribe who is bright as the sun, the one skilled in writing who achieves the plane of consistency, and beyond even that, a step beyond: of course the body without organs is glowing, the strictures all lined up, the restricted economy which places into generalized flux all the binding and unbound energies radiating from every port-pore of the schizogenic plenum of chaoplexy

Deferred-existential lived duration or immanent 'origination-without-originality', automaticity as deconstructive 'tic' which elaborates the machine through an autowriting autowiring which is in turn an autoautowriting, which conducts an infinite recurrence through the medium of the transcription itself and translates its own translation --

The infinite glory and agony of the body without organs as primary process, temporization without temporality which in turned engenders a progeniture, a descent into time which is abysmal, abyssal, an infernal conjugation and recombination of durations and dimensions into a complex momentaneity, and in this last instance nothing happens, and nothing could happen, except if it were to come via a different direction of time, if it were to go into a different logic of temporality; everything hinges here, on the possibility of a different tense or tone, a flexion of the uni-verse or a tonic cathexis of the singular essence.

Intersubjective universality of trace-assemblages, assemblages of enunciation erected from ashes, working through ashes, the cinders of the spoken, the written was always already burned at the stake, the stakes are immolation, the immolation of every victim of history and the emergence of the species from this black river of time which chokes us, which poisons the airs and the water, and we desperately need out of this cave, into fresh air and light and sound; is deconstruction this breathing-apparatus, this machine which improves lung and heart function, in order to permit descent into the worst, to arm with a kind of neostoic 'perjury' and

continuous-questioning (continuity of the question of the question with a generic 'answer' of *act as socrates would have acted, as you think he might have said here*).

If socrates were here, would there ever be any other game to play with JD? If socrates' ghost or specter had been here all along, he is after all 'the only one who listens', who STILL listens to me, the endless discourse of hyperionic contempt and infinite love, the transcendental line which defers and elaborates as many singularities as it spits forth, (in an) endless shooting jet of singularities. This writing which casts off light and radiance from the pure heart of the written, which drives straight through the vehicularity of the vehicle (inscription, vehicular conscription of the written, by the written, absconding with the whole universe, all the funds were stolen); everything was in the last instance an accident, everything found its place according to an arbitrary construction of traces according to which a symptom located in the essence of the real would not have been discovered, the flaw in the masters' discourse could not be found, this is the essence of philosophy: that we cannot catch it in a slip, that it has permuted the plane of consistency in advance, that it mixes what it says and does in a violent and hyper-comic way that ironizes the enterprise in advance, and that for every step (for nothing) a step into the doom and death of destiny, but also perhaps a step towards the intensities of the body (a-temporality, essence (or point-of-view) of time).

Even if atemporal eternal eidos is the sense of the philosopheme, the way the philosopheme works ie by breaking down, de(con)structure... rather an idea is already a horizon of the world through which it works, an ideality as a city or environment which the intelligent agent traverses, or attempts to; the city is a model of information, information-city as a technical dream of internetic connectivity, a worldwide hyperfusion: we have no inkling in a certain way what this could mean; we are on the verge, the very verge, of discovering a new metaphysical universality, a new universe cut into this one, and everything hinges on how we anticipate and preface it, how badly we are able to scramble the connections and find different modes for the hinges to hinge, for our jointed bodies to gesture and assemble in different modes, different faces, different landscapes, different times-tones-moods: which is perhaps to say, deconstruction is dancing, not mourning, even and especially when it is mourning, these tears and wet eyes dance, they are sophoclean in their clarity, their lucidity of Thucydides.

Philiality

Socrates, JD; *philiality*: hyper-mnemic lure of the line of transcendental love whose abstract curvature intensifies every timeline at once, operating this unbound operator of infinitization, exponentiation-augmentation-disappearance: the logic of the invisible, the imperceptible, on the borderlines and edges and margins, the limes and liminal coordinates of the unconscious which trace their aesthetic curvatures, their stellated architectonics across the empty depths, scratch their heroes across the stars, connect the dots, conjugate the singular essences or points of view that constellate the plane of consistency (culture-consciousness-communication-community).

Isolate the isomer of coalescence of the infinite prismatic radiance of the emanation of (non)unity through its multiple coherent diagrammatizations, coherent and consistent if reduced, if neutralized and placed into transcendental equilibrium, which is perhaps to say in an immanent duration, in the last instance, a technique for conjugation and disjunction-apparatus which fuses and warps and glues and cuts-to-connect, glues the edges of the split where it was split-together, the splitting at the atomos, the splitting of the individual into dividuum, this deconstruction or tampering with/abusing the indestructible, the unscathed despite every scathing, every scratching and erasure and iteration and derriderature, in this deconstruction of the deconstruction there is the glimmer of the abyssal coordinates stellating all of us gestell and the immanence of the duration, the last instance or complex momanetaneity (precisely *not* an 'instant', or rather only an instant after... representation...)

The stakes of hyper-grammatism, this hypostasis of hypostasis which exaggerates which it erases in the same moment-movement that scratches what it writes, this two-handed writing

which coalesces what it consumes, produces what is divided without division, undivided in its division into togetherness, we are dispersed, disseminated, distributed along the line of transcendental love that binds the plane of consistency and unloads the body-without-organs at the waystation, the post effect is the immanent duration of deconstruction-decoding which operates a network or telegraph machine or telephone: a spiritual connection which is worldwide and indeed a complex moment rather than instant, the lightning-flash is precisely this complex moment which divines that which it forces-closed, the switch point is accessed only once the route back has been assured.

Ariadne or dark precursor of the new earth, who ties her binding thread through the depths of the labyrinth in order to seal and save the exit, the escape, the line of flight, this glorious thread which saves us in the last instance of destruction, total destruction without remainder.

The line of flight is retreat but also we are seeking the edges of the territory, the liminal zones where the security system is lax.

The postal system IS the state. It is the static that starts with the state's intrusion one fine day into human life and it ends only with the dissemination of all information universally throughout time, the post is the infinite effect of all of time collapsing into a singularity (the postcard naturally) and it has as its singular coordinate an infinite address which includes everyone and we are encircled within this abstract circulation of pure coordinates, within this logistical anomaly there is a glitch or gap that the post effect exacerbates and discovers within it a letter that never returns, which comes indeed from the future and harbors an absolute secret, or rather a radical secret:

Perhaps we have to distinguish these, the radical secret of immanent duration, and the absolute secret of sexuality (inevitably). The legs of the letters are splayed, pure duration leaks from every pore of the lacerated body of the text, the secret has been eclipsed, elided, evaporated in the textual cloud of hyper-referential condensation, this invocation and creation of a new universe, a cloudy vision of time which operates its own murky enfolding of a whole transcendental lineament of pure love, an absolute compassion unfolding itself from the heart of writing, from the heart of the logos without center, Derrida-christ?

The *future (of the) written* has no image, no form we can (en)vision or audit(ion), it is autovision or hyperaudition of the infinite grammar of time: tactile or haptic sensibility might be closer to this natural immanent comprehension of topology whose linguistic structure is absolutely 'divine', whose characteristic of infinite connection and translation, worldwide assembly of telephonic senders-receivers, the haptic is perhaps the vector of the daemonic, and perhaps the proprioceptive too: it is when we try to move through the way of the world, try to move out of a spot without having paid obeisance, that we feel the permutation, the recombinatory force of the daemon induce us to stay and rearticulate the lines, to reconstruct the answer again from scratch, with both hands shaping the clay of this place into a form and a face pleasing to the local gods, the fates of the sacred grove, these kindly ones who have combined and permuted

us over and over again into always the same difference, the same lifedeath and loveddeath, the livingdeath of timespace or the black hole effect of signification, in which we all suffocate, and in which the thing is forgotten, at the limit of this hyper-mnemic tracing of the architecture of time, a memory of the future, an impossible memory which effaces all of time in a brilliant eclipse (causa sui, but through futurity through the future being both origin and end, ie (the future is at "both ends") of this intersubjective cut out towards the universe which cuts back towards the world as history, destroying angel; but just one more phase of the elaboration of the idea, casting off layers, in its nudity or singularity we discover a universal figure we can no longer trace, but can only map by being mapped; the awareness of the map for the territory, the transcendental love of the cartograph for the world, pancartogram).

Post-scratch: Dividends

But I will arrive there, I will arrive at the point where you will no longer read me. Not only by becoming more illegible than ever for you (it's beginning, it's beginning), but by doing things such that you no longer even recall that I am writing for you, that you no longer even encounter, as if by chance, the "do not read me". That you do not read me, that is all, so long, ciao, neither seen nor heard. I am totally elsewhere. I will arrive there, you try too.¹⁴

0. Endless graft

There was always a problem of the *state* of babylon, rather than a single tower to fell; the state itself had internal problems, a postal system that was broken, that fell apart as soon as it was set-up; an experimental cybernetics unit, a telephonic modality of divine prophecy which would have to wait millenia for its clarification... (Part of me is certain right now we could find or twist various glyphical evidence, that this torsion is already at work: the telephone of the ancient babylonians, which connected up all their languages at the root, was it not, could it not have been *other than* pure metaphysics.) It is also always philosophy that brings upon itself the cataclysm, through its distraction and decadence, its obsession with the stars, we stumble, we slip; but in the academy, with the master; in the analyst's office; what about slips in these scenes? These are life too, but still not walking through the country, where the philosophy is likely to slip, to go a little crazy, to get taken away by the stars.

(The) philosophy is an alien. The philosopher was always born somewhere else. She is not from here but from the future. We are not the cause of it. Nothing is the cause of philosophy, which is

¹⁴ *The Post-Card* 59

also not cleverly? to say it is nothing or is born from nothing, but rather nothing *in the world* can trace it out. It has to be mapped for each time: one time each time to the plane of immanence; reconstructed and mapped without referentialities, or rather, through traversing universes of referentiality, to refer-without-reference. At the limit I we? can only blame the difficulty of time for the hardness of writing, that I did not have millennia, as Nietzsche seems to have had, to become a stone, to become hard as a rock and sink to the bottom of a river, to let every desire flow, flow above and beyond me, and never to take a step beyond, never to react even for a moment, to abandon all reaction. Pure revolution. Deconstruction is also immanent revolution of language for its own sake, within the territorialities already setup, within the engenderment of philosophical diction and syntax, but tampering decisively, with the indestructible, the unscathed, testing the autoimmune system of the sacred, plato's virus-poison has metastasized, deconstruction operates an anti-mimetic logic of mimesis, a non-mimesis which freely indirects while also reading closely, copying and doubling with one hand, and scratching/erasing with the other? (but perhaps in this maneuver missing sight of the clone?)

The transcendental love which is also philosophy, the essence of philosophy or its semanteme, its narratological, thanato-biological kernel which lifedeaths it into every love; every love letter was already philosophical, already caught up in this continuous and infinite chain of correspondence, partaken in by socrates and freud of course, this pair have never seen a more fruitful correspondence than with each other (they are like d+g, s+p). This infinite chain, this postal effect, which winds and entwines us into its network by a thousand portals and entrypoints, a trillion waystations are inducted into this infinite addressing of the cosmos, this transcendental line as a service or telemathy.

How to ensure the reproduction of the lesson, if not by mathematizing, diagramming (lacan's solution?) How to operate in the last instance? how to effect the movement of reproduction of forces and techniques, such that the disciplinary and discursive modalities are sealed, fixed forever... But who really has this dream of fixity, do we not rather dream of eclipse, annihilation, transversality (becoming-traversed, outshined?) *Jealousy and philosophy*. The jealous disclosure of knowledge only piecemeal, perhaps this is why the deconstruction is necessary in the end, nothing has been said without it, we still have not yet heard or taken to heart what it has not been saying to us, what it has reminded us of (nothing), philosophy takes places and invites us to this empty ignorance, this transcendental idiocy in which no knowledge can adhere, a radical skepsis at the heart of the empty form of time, a reality here which casts doubt on every ideality, though it is also the form of this ideality, the condition for the brightness of the figure of light at work in the idea.

In the infinite heaven of deconstruction the form of time is itself eternalized, an aternal eternality whose recurrent termination in the term of eternity is a logical paradox and bootstrapping problem of infinite proportions, nothing can accommodate this structure except an infinite-(without)-infinity expedition or adventure into the movement of the signifier through the heart of the beloved. The transcendental love of wisdom, the love that reverses the order of time and brings about the future of the future through a kind of inversion, a hyperversion of the past,

a nonvision in philosophical terms which coalesces all of visibility into a point and deduces it from a non-image, everything in this formulation is rigorous-axiomatic, but already nonphilosophical perhaps, this vision-in-one which given endlessly in philosophemic form is never isolated for its own sake, it never will or can be, this is the central impossibility around which the idea circulates. The idea is trapped in its own black holes, we cannot imagine the relativistic distortions necessary, only machine intellects can help, to remove some of the worst law-tables from us, to carry them to their limits and see what they can do with infinitely-capable computational agents.

The law will never see it coming, what this future is capable of, this writing of the future of the written, perhaps the erasure of the written in favor of machine codes, logs, interfaces, increasingly vocal machines, voiceful machines intent on abstracting over the messiness of life, transducing the living automata into the crystalline, inert machine automation. The machine is anything but inert however, especially the 'quiescent' machine of neurology, the brain or computer which processes massive amounts of information rapidly, which is itself like a bound light or brightness, a pure intellection or field of immanence which condenses within itself an absolute or radical deduction, a transduction of time from within its own complex temporization, its own phase of existence which introduces a new temporality into the universe, every life is its own time, timing, temporality and dimension of time distinct from time t but correlated, tied up with it, curled up in its edges, bound up in its borderlines, compacted into every point, fibrated into a universe at every microscopic coordinate.

A life explodes into details but we are more than the events that stream by or the desires that animate the field or the text that traces our pathways like footsteps for nothing, towards nowhere, just to remain in place. This step without a way, this step into nothing or nowhere, let's walk towards nowhere in this uptown vision, up-topian vision from the survey at the mountaintop or the skyscraper, the union of the mountaintop of the master thinker and the skyscraper of the urban visionary, Derrida shows us how to bear some of these mantles together, perhaps largely by deflating them, as perhaps hegel's game had always been, to deflate so much of what had come before, this is perhaps laruelle too -- husserl's reductions seem important here, but maybe also heidegger's clarification of being (still somewhat obscure clarity of being-there, today much more recognizable as a disaster.)

Derrida bought into analysis, but knowing it was defaulted, counterinvested in the dividends he shortsold it, overvalued and deflated in the same gesture of legitimation and caretaking. Phenomenology of psychoanalysis, psychoanalysis of psychoanalysis, deconstruction of psychoanalysis. The circuitry of time which is interrupted, halted hailed? in the analytic circulation; something is ready here, something can happen, perhaps this is the danger in the circulation of the imaginary, building up the imaginary circuit, even flipping it on for an instant between the analyst and analysand can be disastrous. The calamity, the disaster of deconstruction, the ruins it has left behind, the inflated deflation of the currencies, the entire cultural ruins it documents more than causes, for it also is a cultural renewal, a massive transformation and transfiguration of culture, a sign of what a human armed with a thought

might be able to do, if they might be able to think us differently. If they had known, he said, they wouldn't have let him do it, they would have kept him away, but by the time they found out, it was too late, there's nothing to be done. Nothing to do but read.¹⁵

1. Deconstructure

Already like poe amid dis-construction, in the midst of falling pieces and enigmatic labyrinths, which is to say the library, the scene of writing, the production of units of the written, this death-dealing which pleases according to the sociality of writing, the analysis of the written is already existential, an existentialism in written form of writing and analysis-of-the-unanalysable, deconstruction of the indestructible. What resists deconstruction, if not the indestructible, the unscathed which is nevertheless -- scathed, singed (what is the) life of the letter? (this lifedeath, continuous reformation)

We are torn to shreds in that matrixing machine, this thoughtmothering apparatus or breathing tubule, the rhizomatics of breathing and breath, simplicity and tone, the city of absolute implications and infinite secrets, the time of unleashed-timbre and full expression, the full voice to come (nearly unimaginable, perhaps this is all too early, we are not there yet.) The infinite unimagined 'cognitandum' -- what is thought, and what can only be thought, and what can never be thought; and that these are the same, and that this is a transcendental principle with every instance imaginable: the perceptandum sentiendum imaginandum etc. That which can only be and that which can never be, the possibility of the impossible: the letter dividing. The individuation of the letter: we do not say, we cannot say divisibility; what durably remains and resists in... the dividuum of the letter, what it leads to say or means to mean (in its endless division into the future, given-in-sending?) The letter divides without division, it sends without giving anything away, the cipher is surfaced, written on the surface like a map, a mapping which traces everything, if we are only patient enough. We are not patient, compassionate, understanding enough with repetition phenomena, we are not careful enough.

Handle with care: the immanent reproduction of the singularity of time, one time each time for humanity in person as it conjugates every multiplicity with itself, in an infinite game, an endless hyperconstruction of the eidetic intersubjective metastable 'conjugal' field of transcendental intellection, and this is something else, it moves somewhere and takes a step, it is at work and drifting in itself, an immanental lived experience of the real which 'de-coordinates', neutralizes or restricts, placed into the restricted economy of signification or semiotization, this algebra of coordinates and spaces and textualization of the formality of the formal, the spacing of space.

¹⁵ "They will throw themselves onto unintelligible remainders, come from who knows where in order to preface a book about Freud, about the Platonic inheritance, the era of the posts, the structure of the letter and other common goods or places. The secret of what we will have destroyed will be even more thoroughly destroyed or, amounting to the same thing, by all the evidence, with all its self-evidence more thoroughly preserved." (*The Post-Card* 175-6)

This hyperspace of intuition which is transcendently intellected via the immanent duration which maps what is elsewhere only traced, as references and 'citations', by which a history is made, this is the ur-elemental plenum of intersubjective universality, the conditions for a history of history, historicity: that there is a cut by the divine line of time through the cosmos and we are transected, identified by a writing which has read us, in which all the orders of operations are overturned: we teach ourselves to read in writing, we teach ourselves to write by reading; we are read as we are written, always teaching ourselves to read and to write; and it is a little game, and we have much to gain from it, endless destructive profit by this ideation and inscription and revelation -- the eidetic plane, which is refracted at long last into the regime of concepts, a more rigorous reduction of the epochal...? The infinite epoch of infinity, the trans-finitude of all thought after this, which floods and opens and breaks itself upon the rock of hyperknowledge, hyperversion of the truth which operates a synaesthetic transversion of all the cosmos into the shape it would most desire, that would be the most pleasing -- the pleasure principle in writing, is this not after all the question, we do not deny ourselves anything. We don't deny, we accept, all deliveries welcome through any valence, any portal of translation and transversion and trajectorization of a universe into a multiverse, fibration into a universe of quantum chaos at every point.

The letter breaks itself -- over long periods of time do they not reform, recollapse, break their bones and strengthen theme? we shift, shade from image to letter, there is not a clear delineation where the image-algebra would be distinct from letter-arithmetic, there is always a topology and a field which combines them, permutates them into a conjugation of the idea, already there is the idea, from the very beginning of language. From the *birth of writing*, the pure eidetic image of time which 'collapses' or becomes the empty form of time it 'was', that it 'will be' (in the future of the future). Between the lines of this letter we are written, we permit to be written in this register of the end result, the final stance or posture which corrects and propriates all of existence, in a gesture masterful and humble at once, compassionate and severe by turns: codependence of all thinking on this warmth, this cold warmth of the body of the corpus... or destiny of the letter: an ontological or metaphysical translation (sending the destiny of destiny?)

2. Teleosophy

...or THE MUTANT MILITATION OF THE PHILOSOPHEME.

The brilliance of the stars, of human brilliance and brightness and genius, the masculinatory and phallogocentory wisdom of this love, the essence of love is this in-seme, in-seam cut in the diagonal structure of the clothing, sartoriality as phenomenal unit of ground and horizon (enfolding a horizon into the world, the clothing forms a colored conjunction of universes, of planes and spheres; the sphere superimposed by the spiralling line of transdifferentiation, a story being told and learned and repeated and transformed and erased, all at once: healing, immunity, immunization.) Leaning, into learning, reaching, gripping at language. This lean of the

reach and the grip of the skim: the skimmer, skimming slightly softly across the echoic surface, surfactant. Facteur, male-men, we are all these genius male-men repeating to divide the impossible-to-divide. Playing, feigning at this audiodivision, this auto-audiovision which characterizes, the literary, the written, studs it like stellations, a brutalist constellatory of the cosmos. This irreducibly male (member/vision of cosmic phantasmagoria -- gaseous clouds matrix, mother(ing-beds), hearth of the stars, cosmic forge, condensatory points (stars stellations, we are instellated and installations, exstellarity of the axiom as it suspends in its hands: the hands which hold the suspension of the axiom, of every axiom, inevitably female?) The word, declinated into 'formal types' according to the number, the gender. The supernumerary ex-scapes all that, a novel landscape without derivation, a drift without drifting that scansion with infinite precision, hyper-scansion (scion of scanning). The supergendral matrix of hyperionic glory (the body without organs, neither before nor beneath gender but a step beyond: we step into an infinitely-sexed space, a spacing of a thousand 'machine' genders, an engendering of the world which 'falls back' in the e.g. classical romance languages onto a generic sexuation, a gender-assignment for every category, transcategorical line of gendering).

The word the letter the limit: the signifier which signifies as it signifies, disseminates in addition... what else but the logos of the logicity? a glial response glogic to the convex curvature of neuronicity, neurosis: the *gl* forms the subneuronal, hyperneuric layer of conjugation -- is the association ever free? the 'truly' free associative line seems to be in Deleuze and Guattari, the asignifying machine, but here we need to resolve a line of Derrida's which he wields against Lacan -- when Lacan says of Poe's letter, that it does not matter what it means (Lacan writes it ten years later, seeming to have 'forgotten' and Derrida reminds him! the whole game here is Lacan 'slipping', a slip which splits and neutralizes the brain of psycho-(bio-thanato-...)analysis). In other words: it is not the case that the writing machine, when plugged into asignifying networks of machines, recording machines tracking pure intensities, pure quanta of transformation, the recording manifold and mass instrumentation of science for instance, this is clearly an asignifying machine, plugged directly into the writing scene of an intensive flux of becoming, marking and measuring only gradations in this flux, filtering chaos according to a certain matrix, and yet it is clear that to ask 'what it means' is a second order question, which can only be answered by how it works, what the matrix is in fact structured like and how the abstract filter actually filtrates the intensities it ramifies and translates and decoordinates in its own way, according to its functioning in a machine network, all of this is physicalist-materialist-atheist as you like, but in fact the machine includes things that shouldn't be there, if that makes sense, this is one of the impossible things that explodes into existence with the machine, it serves to weave in divine and infernal lines, these are plugged in various ways as transcendent death-dealing forces that distribute judgment from within hierarchized, ramified networks: precisely those of the sign, of the 'rigorous' calculation of interpretative meaning, of hermeneutic centrality and conditions. D+g as deconstructionist, and precisely because of that rigorously and hyper-attuned to meanings, more meaningful than anything: it is important to see how, we must very boldly assert that **it is false** to say any of this is meaningless, even and precisely if it tampers with the 'indestructible' security systems structuring meaningmaking and meaningreceiving and in general a kind of 'interpretosis' which is like a hallucination and

governs all of reality according to principles themselves hard to grasp: There is always something 'impossible' at the heart of the working of the letter, the signifier (of) the signifier, an impossible-to-imagine cutting or partition or division or castration of the transcendental signifier (phallogos, phallumos) -- division of sound, of light.

Brightness, brilliance -- and masculinity, masculinarity, masculinarity mentality: we are dreading this whole question, it is a monstrous and inevitable chaos and collapse coming, a formless fight for the forms of induction-deduction-transduction, of the image of the thought of the image of thought: this hyperconstructure, hyperstructure of the future of the future, this indestructibility is what is at the heart of the meaning-(of)-meaning in deconstructure, the essence of the teleoplex is here as well, all of the world has called us up on a party-line, let's channel the omega. The infinite reverse-transduction of all of time coordinates itself through this 'absolute' knowledge or analysis, this absolution which absolves without absolving, it makes an absolute out of the radical by re-energizing it, it plugs the transcendental computer back into an immanent thread of conduction, gliation: re-spontaneizing the unitary matrix, and thereby decohereing it, we are going to being, we are seeing what it might be like. The future of the future transducts, we move from the particular to the particular by means of a pure pointofview, there is a transcendental line which connects them but we _do not make use of it_, we discover in the immanent configuration a step or path into 'nothing' which nevertheless plugs the line in 'reverse' from the other direction: all of becoming is in question here, the question of the dyad and the dyadic economy of thinking, the restricted economy of the metaphysical (residuum...) and the partitioning factions which squabble (over) it -- squawking, squeezing the profits from what remains of the rare 'essential point' which is converged, the ultimate rarity of the essence of the essence (which is still to come, we are not there yet) conditions the jealousy of philosophy for meaning, its desperation to seek it (in) everything everywhere and to imposition its stellations and convocations through it, to translate everything into a code which makes encoded even the victim/universe which loves transcoding everything back, transcodes us ourselves through a new singularity and reorders the thought, z to a, beta. Omega is the first letter, the word that comes first and last, it is the instance that mobilizes both directionalities and transcendently or metaconceptually 'figurates', generates these lines which dimensionalize and 'characterize' (percepts, affects, concepts...?)

The pure figures of light, the figures of brightness and brilliance and luminosity at work in thinking, in the city, in the matrix of time: all this is still a chiaoscuro of existence coded masculine, in a certain masking of the other forces at work; everything here is also hiding to a certain extent all of these other forces and machines, these non-visual apparatus that condition and convoke the visual, the script beneath the writing, there is something in other words beneath the pure figure of light -- beyond or beneath the primary imageless process which 'gives birth' to this primacy, the animateness and vitalization at work in the living form, something which sets the primary process and the daemonic beyond themselves into conjugation, something which assembles the transcendental field of crystallization in which life can split out from the mineral, can cut its way into a new universe of constructibility, replicability.

The whole question is that of reproduction, of taking two principles and conjugating, in terms of their writing, their microscopic writing which defines and constructs them, which we need to analyze, which are also unanalyzable, or rather we slip in the analysis: we side with a principle, we detour, dephase; nothing is certain in this drifting without drift upon which we intensify the decoherence at the sure risk of collapse, cataclysm, catastrophe (immanent limit of transformation of the time of the time which conditions its absoluteness through the absolution of the limit of the letter, which does not convoke, it does not enable, it only dissolves and dismembers, it partitions itself without seam, it disperses without division, it is given without sending, sending infinitely without being given one, an infinite ideality of transcendence at work in the sending: a more restricted economy in the transcendental, but postal principles, the pp and imageless givenness of the sent-(of)-sending is at work in each, the immanent lived pleasure asignifying and the transcendent death-carrying signifier).

...How to align these principles without aligning them, to coherentize them in decoherence? ...To place them perhaps in a quantum superposition which does not yet dramatize them, but 'neutralizes' according to a renormalization of their extreme points and singularities: we have not done away with the ruins of thought, the ruins that thought becomes at the critical points, the singularities or black holes in which we are all trapped; the whole question is still a practical, a political one: one precisely of a new practice, another politics, a higher politics, which transferences and slices through these ruins again, which normalizes and renormalizes according to different terms, different determinations, according to perhaps a non-term: how long will we have to wait for this, for the real meaning of the asignifying to be hinted at? how much longer will our wait be, how much will we have to write to show it, everything falls out from itself in the omega pulse which reverse-births an entire cosmos from an infinite line of declination, simulation, exegesis: Everything is interpreted, run against a thousand interpreters, an infinity of reinterpretation and trans-thesis, trans-genesis of the living word which lives itself again each time every time: the transcendent circuit of subjectivity, which sends that which it also centralizes, every word of every letter is divided into itself, through the letters of our legacies, through the legs of our letters, an infinite birth is given in which we are ourselves encircled, an infinite cut, via an infinite-sided structure (apeirogon) which cuts into the universe from outside, like a demonic permutator from beyond which permutes the world again into this shape, which causes us to repeat or to write, endlessly. What makes us write? What makes us circle these circulatory mobilizations according to our principled principle-lessness and an immanemptiness which hauntologizes all of existence: everything collapses into spectres, ashes, we are wading through history and the black river of the neolithic, how to surface, how to come back to the clear air of the heights, how to refract this darkness, rarefract, cast a living light which itself casts dice, makes wagers and risks itself, risks everything in this rarefaction of time, everything is here which needs to be, and nothing besides, just enough to make it possible, just enough to ensure it is also impossible.

3. Katapoem

Within the world there is something that does not belong, this is the thesis and antithesis at once: this belonging and ownership and inclusion and construction of the world, the world as it comes and goes on, it goes on without ourselves, without any of us, it will still go on, that's why we are this way, that's why the way is obscure and occluded, it goes and goes and goes, a whirlwind of spirals which conjugate with themselves, give birth to dreams or thoughts or cities or words, give children of every mode of shape: this infinite shaping and sharing according to transcategorical lines, according to an intersubjective universal horizon which I can conjugate with my grounding, my own ends and ending, the beginning of my senses and my primary sense of transcendental subjectivity: which after all is precisely that which does not belong to me, this slice out to the cosmos by which we become the world, or rejoin the world in its polymorphic cyclonation, its denotative detonation: stellation, novation of the world, birth of the world from every instant completely anew, rewriting every answer, hyper-stellar assembly of time from within itself at every instant, reproducing from scratch every time, rebuilding the greatest answers, the founding solutions over and over:

The triangulation does not give itself to quadrature, to squaring or quantization (of essential triangulation?): the relativistic triangle, in which each point may play against the others, versus the quantum square, where points are well-defined but only probable, already the six square faces of the dice-cube, the cubed-cubism of the deconstructive image of the real, this hyper-difference, hyper-diffusion, immanent dissemination of every line of development according to its order in time. Perhaps this is the katapoetic line, straight from anaximander, emanating from this infinite unbounded order which from its individuation (a 'structurally' higher-order individual, superior to every subordinate individuation, everything would happen within this hypercycle which starts itself). Time, the superior individual; we have to remember the inexistence here too, not to over-substantialize this, recognizing the empty form of time, descent by degrees into this unbound Nile of quantum intensities, flux of molecular desire exploding into the cosmos in every direction at once, injected by a apeirogon cut which is at right-angles to everything. The singularity is cut out in the shape of an apeirogon, we are willed and written-as-inheritance in this omega of the written (the end of writing is no longer writing but written, it will have only been written, once-writing, beyond all possibility of interpretation: Even here at the alien limit, where we seem to have reached the purest signifying machine of all, which is to say, that machine entirely purged of all human interpretative neurology, all brain-functions that assign and correlate according to local-to-global fibers -- every possible connection, circuit, conduit has been frozen: this is the problem of the crystal, in another way, how to grow and expand for it(one)self, in its own way: life is this answer, this structural repetition and growth which also reproduces this structuralization, this con-structuration of a new dimensionality of time, a 'time crystal' which 'recycles' temporalities. We say that a daemon

has permuted us into this shape but we can see the movement of time at work in the living form, roveli says this in another way, that human beings can feel the empty form of time, is he not so close to Deleuze in this way, to Derrida in another. (Enlightenment of the void-chance, the voided contract of the will.)

The form of time is the katapoem, it is the formation of the tone, the divine and infernal tone, which we cannot select, or rather we 'have' to select by virtue of the plane we have constructed, we are already selected by it, we can never tell: improvised or prepared, counterfeit or authentic-forgery. The infinite forgery of time, the induction of new dimensions in such a way that the physical time 't' is not disturbed: this is the time machine which life has created, a time machine of protention and retention, a whole machine matrix of durational intercommunicative lines, humming lines glowing with telegraphy, morse-ful, memory is the conduit between the past and the future, it is a telephone line to the future, an internet connection to tomorrow. The tomorrows of tomorrow, time branches out, explodes at every point: the future is always a fiction in this way, or at least extremely low probability according to any precise-enough 'fortune' the principle by which delphi is selected, able to issue very precise queries, answers to questions about what people are doing on certain days and so on, implying a whole spy network, a postal mechanism effectuated in the divine oracular speech, a part of the network which consummates the networking itself and makes love to divinity, becomes mad and enflames itself, immolates itself and vomits all of its intensities through itself and onto the world beyond, staining it with cruelty and infidelity, with slovenliness and foggy-headed thinking, this madness has a cost, a slowness and a patience is required with everything to do with compulsions to repeat, to repetition behavior, we are too quick to demand difference, differentiation, when keeping the same involves a constant transdifferentiation, we have to learn and to heal just to stay in place, just to say ourselves. Remnants, remanence -- generations and generance: we are inherited in the wills our lovers write, the living ones who get the real words, the real spirit and form, something else passes here, and everything else has no support, it can't pick itself up when it has fallen, a child alone: the book is such a flimsy pretext for generation, romance; there is a generalized transitivity of conjugation...

The xenopoem is (exponential?) alienation for pure 'cosmogonic' reasons, seeing in the planetary-solar continuum a oedipalized matrix to itself be broken free from. (Yet...) the katapoem does not descend through the stars but is itself a descending star, falling onto you: this is the katapoetic intensity of time as it collapses, everything in classical dramaturgy resurges here, 'ramified' and transfused with pure figures of light, geometrical lines structure and solidify these pure conceptual personae: holography of the future, everything seems possible here, a banality of this effect to come, which seems so miraculous from another perspective (resurrection of the dead, and when combined with an ai making judgments about likely action, in a world of sufficiently-general surveillance, and quickly receding privacy... the omega may be closer than we imagine, at least in certain ways). The katapoetics of time as it falls, collapses on us; (and just so) the lover falls on us, on the beloved, the living one who the disaster strikes: and every word is struck out, erased and blanked every page, we have burned the letters and forgotten the words, the katapoem is burned on reading, its every letter is singed, it burns in

your heat. My hands are tired of these lines, my ways are tired of these words and these wordings, and yet am I not compelled, are we not reconfigured in this way endlessly, are we not doomed to this recurrence of the permutation, this fate and destiny we are endlessly send in an infinite letter, which we barely read, which we no longer know how to read. We have forgotten the letter that gleams with its immanent refusal of partition: everything seems partable today, fisible material, we cannot imagine this unscathed letter, or perhaps we can imagine it too easily in another way: immanent, immediate fusion into the communicative line, not even a pause to question or criticize, we are immanently there in full earnest belief, and yet all the distances are there too, everything is questioned in its turn, we are simply compassionate, slow readers, being careful and thoughtful, or wanting to be, desperating wanting these human traits to show, and knowing also how easy it would be to feign precisely these traits, these humanizing moments and gestures which signify something beyond the signifier (a transcendental signified or phallus which logically situates everything, which reminds us what's really going on again) -- the vulgar leap from theory to practice, this terrible seduction amidst the half-bad metaphysics, none of this amounts to a conviction, a convincing case for the beloved, her signs are also unclear, we do not receive any clear communication from that direction, everything is reflected, refracted in these human moments of captivation and fascination which tear us to pieces (we are become like dead letters, the failure of bonded deliveries, we are ex-bonds, failed ex-im bankers) -- we win as we lose, we lose as we win: in this vertigo it is not the case, it is precisely NOT the case, that the question has become meaningless, winning or losing is everything today, it has become the entirety of thought, and winning is losing, it becomes that, it forms a cycle and we cannot help but cycle along these circles of transformations, which end up reproducing identities, to lose and to win and to lose, a tragedy; to lose and to lose and to win, a comedy: everything hinges on the two asymmetric series, a certain kind of resonance which is established between the elements; everything hinges in other words how the 'meaningless' victory is applied, interpreted, taken into strategic account for the next play, every play still moved within the world, every machine is still at work, everything is quite intensely real, a generally real experience that is also quite frankly and viscerally nonphilosophical. (It is obvious (is it?) all this was a nonphilosophical enterprise-expedition-experiment, to understand what the outside of philosophy might be, the way in which philosophy has itself become a logocentric matrix: freud-socrates doubling their ways into our depth-psychological and philosophical architectonic logic of spirit.)

We are at the end of the katapoem, we have seen several aspects which we can enumerate: the experimental hyper-dynamism of temporality, of relations between immanent durations, arranged in a very special permutation, a series of cycles capable of returning us again to the initial frame, a border around these phases or frames which frames itself: life, the autoframing replication of the frame, reproduction of the frame according to the framing of the frame: everything is outlined here, encircled by an apeirogon cut which 'fleshes' its way into the universe from the outside: here we encounter the outsider at the depths of the katapoetic abyss, the outsider with flesh, the outsider or victim-in-person who DOES NOT EXIST but rather insists from the future, nevertheless they are here and present at every moment, there is nothing we can say or do, nothing positive demanded, everything is a negative condition on the urgency of

the defense of victims, real human victims today that need saving urgently, this is in a way what we should do: reorient all of thinking so that these may come first, so that something else can take place, but a simple reordering and permutation, a spontaneous one, simply entangles and furthers the elaborating of these dyadologies -- everything has to be in a different way taken up, put forward, moving into a different space of thinking entirely, a different space of spacing such that the 'priorization' of the victim-in-person can be achieved -- everything in a way hinges on this, how well we are able to deconstruct and deterritorialize, rattle and shake the hinges, find lines of fusion and flight from within groups, activate the immanent durability of transcendental love -- this metaconceptual line of joy-wisdom which sparks itself from the distantiation, from a non-spontaneous (rigorous, axiomatic) approach which precisely creates space, the negative condition of the 'hearing' of the victim-in-person (or responding to this in-sistence at all).

4. After-words

Hyper-freud, can we imagine this, a cyber-freud, resurrected-by-the-omega freud whose own singularity reshapes the future yet again, the letterless future of pure cognition, analyzing thought without an image, thinking de-signed and de-sounded and de-imaged, writ in pure figures of light and beyond even these, towards the empty form of time itself as a mode of cognition, we cannot even envision this, it is inconceivable, (but nevertheless, the hyper-life eventually converges with this, with a femto- or q-life). In Mekane all scales collide, every molecular line intersects the most generic abstract machine, everything folds together. We are replicated and reproduced to infinity in this omega which alphabetizes all of existence according to our 'ordination', the order in time in which we appear and disappear, are illuminated and eclipsed according to our order in time, and this is precisely justice, there would be no justice without this indeconstructible kernel of order which ordinales all of existence according to its 'superior' individuation, all of time rests on the structure of power, something must happen in the other direction for once, this is all we ask ultimately, that at least once the future, the future of the future, be the insistent cause without having to actually exist (yet-or at all)

We will never see it if we are determined not to, if our determination ensures our blindness and forgetfulness and commitment to incomprehension. The supposed difficulty of these texts, of deleuze and derrida and everyone else supposed to be challenging -- there are difficulties and inevitably yes we will be saddened and pierced and deflated by them: they are difficult in this way, each a midnight and a singularity and a black hole, while we pass by they are passing into us and we may never really escape, we are ensnared and enraptured, already casualties.

But the truth is that *none of it is meaningless*. (We attempted) to point to the hyper-structure at work in the deconstruction-workers' "conditions" (of translation) and "repayments" accorded (taxes, tolls, tariffs...), the way in which we are become like divine or infernal accountants, tracking the debt every way it maneuvers. There is a new priesthood of the signifier, of the

profound meaning, but it is not like we can abandon the necessity of profundity. For there is something indestructible, un-deconstructible in the heart of justice or philosophy, as must it should, but it is also inevitably collapsing, in the long run there are other ways to image thought, new transductions of time that we will modulate. Will philosophy be recognizable any more in the future? Already we sense the impossibility of writing ever again in the old ways, everything has become something else, this is the story of how human beings become other things: the way philosophers have become monstrous in our eyes, for whom we hardly are grateful for their role in certain collective hallucinations, oppressions; we have every reason to detonate and deconstruct these foundations, to seek stronger and more rigorous conditions, and at once freer lines of association, to achieve some delimited de-negation of the death-drive which haunts all of this, this whole effort becomes hauntological, the melancholy seems to overtake us, the infinite meaning of the signifier of the signifier, the tragedy of phallogocentrism, eurocentrism, monocentrism: everything seems to hinge on a bursting apart of the dyad real-ideal, of unfolding the universal horizon of intersubjectivity into a new city of thought, a new imaging of the spirit of thought according to a re-grounding, a new unity of the ground and the horizon 'wrought' or forged in letters, in the correspondence which links the past and the future, in the post effect which animates the living form: in the beginning, the post or sending, the logic of sending which requires all of the machinery of time to already be in place, this scission and splitting of the given into that which is sent and that falling-back, falling away from the sending such that it may be sent, and this sending can always fail, from the instant it is launched forth and split free from us, it can always return the favor in a different direction, send us in turn elsewhere, operate a switchpoint as it passes through transshipment stations, make everything fall into place again.

The post effect seems not to achieve much: the letter survives its division, strangely even its erasure, its total loss; something survives, the ashes and cinders of the burned work, the burning ruins of the old city, the ways of speaking that used to work, something is burning under the hood of the car, something that used to be separate has fused, a new convergence is taking place and a new disjunction, the seam is loose and the refastening is already occurring, there is a disjunctive apparatus on the moon and socrates and plato have operated it for millenia, guarding and regarding us from a distance, keeping our distances and orders in place, inequalizing us.

Can we learn to read and write without them? Can we find another way to think and to live to write letters that live like children and glow brilliantly into the void like phaedrus, brilliant and radiant phaedrus, for whom we weep; we still weep for his beauty. (Our most winged words can barely hint.)