

## The Assassination of Time (or the birth of ζeta-physics)<sup>1</sup>

the killing fields. We say ‘assassination of Time’, so we know that a murder is to be – or has been – committed; and we know that the object of this assassination points directly to the subject discretely called Time; and we know, further that as we sit here in the dark (or partial-dark), Time still marches ever onward – our bodies always already decaying or growing or mutating or some or another combination thereof; marching marching marching ever onward towards that certain death, each and every one of us. We know this already: no one to be spared – neither mommy or daddy or child or lover or freedom fighter or hairdresser or geek or design afficiando, even your own best friend. No one or no thing, not even the anonymous creature on the street, fly on the wall, weed on the hill.

In this age of fabulous uncertainties, one piece remains fixed: The ‘if’ of death itself: First form of certainty.

longitude and latitude. Only the when, the where, the who, and the how come to our call, bend to our grasp. This techne, this art of the reach, is not just a matter of aesthetic judgment nor political dexterity (though it is at least that). For the sake of, say, the children, we can call it once upon a time; for those of us longer in the tooth, it’s simply called: history.

the liberal arts. Once upon a time, David Ricardo asked himself whether or not Adam Smith’s market mechanisms could produce, apart from strict class structures and protectionist schemes against corn, a full-fledged (or relatively full-fledged)

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<sup>1</sup> To be published in the collection *Choreographesis* by Lynn Turner (forthcoming, 2008). Originally given as Keynote Address, On the Occasion of The Digital Arts Week, ETH-Zurich University, director Dr Art Clay, July 10, 2006 and elaborated as Keynote on the occasion of the Trans: A Visual Culture Conference, University of Wisconsin (Madison), October 20, 2006 on the invitation of the Director, Professor Dr Laurie Beth Clarke. I would like to thank Lauren Goode and the University of Goldsmiths for inviting me to present this version today, Feb 14, 2007 as part of their Artist Review Series: Immersivity, Art, Architecture, Sound and Ecology.

democracy. He had read his Wealth of Nations, and was ready to embark on a journey of discovery slightly broader, one might say, than our dear Mr Smith's, one which began with a simple question. 'Supposing if...?' 'Supposing if it could be otherwise,' he asked, 'what would that 'otherwise' look like?' Second form of certainty.

paradigm. This 'otherwise imagination' had, especially from the 17<sup>th</sup> through to the early 20<sup>th</sup> centuries, a specific parameter, a kind of 'closed geography' neatly fitted (or made to fit) with the sovereign/legitimacy of a given state. To put this slightly differently, mobility – the power to know that you could move, not to mention the ability to do so – and indeed, power itself – was rooted in a zero-sum game very closely allied with Newtonian physics. In its most basic politico-physics state, as Hobbes was fond of quoting in his Leviathan, two objects could not occupy the same place at the same time. This was as true for moving vehicles heading towards each other, as it was for advancing armies – only one was meant to survive the impact. Hence the rather semi-tragic, though centuries old, sense of conventional warfare, not to mention, possession, and even 'fair-play', shared by statesmen, sports enthusiasts and soldiers alike. Despite death and destruction at every turn, there were certain 'rules of the game', even manners, that must be adhered to in war as well as civil life; or at least, must be seen to be adhered to unless of course one wished to wear the label (or be branded as): 'outcast', spy, mercenary, pirate, atheist, and, more recently, 'artist'.

Thus an interesting cultural paradigm formed around the split Friend v. Enemy, Us v. Them, Italy v. France, neatly sutured together into one big Newtonian social whole, outside of which fell those who didn't play by the game or, for whatever reasons, didn't even know there was one. As Rousseau was wont to disclaim over and again in his Discourses: inequality began when, with his big toe, man drew a huge huge

circle in the sand, called that circle 'mine' and found people stupid enough to believe him. Third form of certainty.

enlightenment, phase 1: (or how the telescope wounded God). The rules of engagement and fair-play, thus described, omitted one tiny microscopic element to an otherwise neat and tidy modernist economy of science and of life. This was of course the phenomena of 'change' brought on through a certain kind of knowledge, a mathematical knowledge which not only suggested all things great and small could have a measurement, but that in so measuring, things heretofore unseen by the naked eye not only existed, but existed in parallel to the known (read: visible) world. It meant that change, up to now, the vessel upon which God exacted various forms of pruning to his universe for reasons known only to Himself-alone, now meant that change was to be (and more to the point, could and would be) shared, enacted or in some way – some real, decisive way – driven by the human being. Gone: the dark and foreshortened view of a flat world with edges from which one could fall into the abyss; enter the sun and a complex system called 'solar'. Gone: the omnipresent homogeneous all-knowing God from whom all things ushered and to whom all things led. Enter: the separation of power, and with it, the separation of church and state and the rise of the individual as distinct from a cosmological whole. Gone: the view that one must accept life as it is; enter: Kant's battle cry: *sapere aude!* (dare to know!). Fourth form of certainty.

enlightenment, phase 2: (or how a wounded God took retribution). Thus, and to the degree to which science could now operate legitimately as its own field of knowledge without the fear of decapitation or imprisonment by those addicted to its heady challenges, brought with it a certain sense of liberty, a certain taste of freedom, not to mention wildly multiplying discoveries in medicine, engineering, farming, shipping, warfare, the arts, photography, radio, cinema, and etc. The problem was,

in order to account for, repeat (and get the same results as an unknown colleague elsewhere on the planet) and better yet, to be able to do so in order that one might predict a future event (any event real or imagined) with some degree of accuracy and without reverting to mysticism or dogma, religious fundamentalism or an archimedean point outside the system, required, it was simultaneously, and reasonably supposed, a singular system of logic, beyond which nothing (rational/measurable) could exist. By this I do not mean to imply there could only be one type of logic superceding all others, say geometry over calculus (or the other way around) in order to account for/predict all things thought and not thought (and even not yet thought or that could have been thought – and just weren't). Rather, it was argued, and somewhat successfully, that in order to avoid positing an 'outside reality' to 'reality' so as to proffer meaning onto the whole of reality – especially and precisely when it came to the slippery concept-event called 'change' which now had to be included 'within' reality as distinct from some other location – meant that 'reality' itself would have to be subject to one logical system, one systematic logic, that could keep all these goings on (movement, freedom, knowledge, power, creativity, invention, the senses) within the family, so to speak. That system was called 'speculative philosophy' or in a word: metaphysics.

Now metaphysics as you all probably know, takes some of its cues from the ancient Greek sense of telos, where systematic change is understood within the logic of its unfolding – or to put this rather simply: where the goal becomes both the basis of its true meaning, the guide posts for its becoming and (should all things go as planned), the emergence of the changed object into that which it was always supposed to be. Translation: the mutating, morphing or unfolding toward a goal (say, becoming an Oak Tree from the proverbial Acorn seed), simultaneously adheres to the knowledge that its goal (to become an Oak) is also the ground of its being. Here Acorn requires a certain kind of nurturing or it will not turn into said Tree. More

importantly, it can never, no matter how hard it tries, prays, or throws a tantrum, turn into a maserati car. The good news is that 'change' remains, in this system of logic, internal to the movement. This is 'ok' if you happen to be an acorn; but if you happen to be a slave, you might see where this logic runs into a spot of trouble.

Shift now, if you will, to Hegel's (somewhat problematic, but no less brilliant) improvement on the matter. Restaging its earliest incarnation from Heraclitean dialectics, the Hegelian move located change within the totalising sphere of Knowledge, allowing the 'ground' to be comprised of contradictory moments sutured together at one and the same instant. The difference was, that the beginning (a logical and not necessarily 'more important' designation) was to be clocked positing the start (and the goal, and indeed the process) within the dialectical concept of the Now, or as it was to be called: Now-time. In this instant-instance, change would be predicated on both the not-mediated (ie, the im-mediate/immediate) abstract negative-presence of Time and, simultaneously on its immanent arrival all set neatly within a so-called 'closed' totality, unfolding ever upward toward the ultimate Pure Knowledge Spirit in the sky. Or to put this (perhaps) slightly clearer: in Hegel and the phenomena-logic (ie phenomenology) he championed, the totalised Concept would form the end result as well as the very basis (ground/precipice) of a generative mobility, synthesised with a not-knowing on the one hand, a knowing all too well on the other, duly sublated and, in its immanent unfolding, producing a kind of a non-rigid form of meaning, identity or truth (we might otherwise call 'pure knowledge') all dipped thoroughly within the recesses of Time itself, now-immediate, now-becoming, now-transcendent; now the Holy Trinity. Oh Lordy Lord Lord! Fifth form of certainty.

Interlude: looking versus reading; hearing versus listening; smelling versus sniffing. You can look at something without reading it, but you can never

read without looking. The same could be said of hearing and listening: the latter requires the former; whilst the former 'just is'. Perhaps it might be fair to say, then, that in the case of reading or listening or sniffing, translation forms the hinge of its truth; it gives reading/listening/sniffing a kind of unspecified mobility and depth of an immediate (surface) circuitry – a surface circuitry somewhat absent from 'simply' looking, hearing, smelling. But if this is really the case, then it means that there must be at least two kinds of 'is's at one and the same time: the 'is' that 'just is' and the one that 'is to be'. I want to say this two-headed 'is' has something to do with duration: length, distance, intensity, speed, but perhaps that is another matter, a mobile, multi-media matter.

enlightenment, phase 3 (valuing the precious as mediocre and vice versa, the mediocre as precious) . As you may recall from your reading of *The Gay Science*, and as further developed in his *Will to Power*, our friend Nietzsche makes a clever incision into this two-headed Now-time problem with one unforgettable utterance: 'God is Dead.'<sup>2</sup> This, of course, was no ordinary death sentence, and it certainly did not mean what Hegel took it to mean when, some 80 years earlier when he penned a similar decree, flatly condemning the new world order as being enveloped by "the feeling that God himself is dead."<sup>3</sup> For Hegel, the fear was precisely that people were turning away from God; but for Nietzsche, it was precisely the reverse, the fear that they were not turning away fast enough – not so much from God Himself, but from the need to find Spirit in a totalising, read: universal, sense of truth. What had died for Nietzsche was an entire moment not so much 'in history' but 'of history itself' – ie, the cultural condition that placed metaphysics as the new God-head of meaning, change, progress, prediction, man-made in all its mediocre glory. His 'God is Dead!'

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<sup>2</sup> Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*, translated by W. Kaufman, *The Portable Nietzsche*, (New York: Viking, 1968), pp. 95-96.

<sup>3</sup> G.W.F. Hegel, *Faith and Knowledge (1802)*, as quoted in M. Heidegger, "The Word of Nietzsche," *The Question Concerning Technology and other Essays*, trans and with introduction by William Lovitt, (New York, Harper Torchbooks, 1977), pp. 58-59.

was not so much a lament; as it was a battle cry, a 'wake-up call' attempting to remind all those who needed reminding that the time was nigh to rip sensuous knowledge, creativity, fearlessness from the mastiff of a resurrected eternally unfolding and rationally sterilised Time and be brave enough to look into the void, and deal with 'it' as it actually was/would be/might have been. It was time to get rid of this decrepitude empty shelter called Time and to embolden the 'is' with an ever-expanding intensity. But the move, this 'call to arms' did not work: he was writing 'before' his Time.

I quote from his Gay Science, relying on the same quote Heidegger would be using almost a century later:

The Madman. Have you not heard of that madman who lit a lantern in the light morning hours, ran to the market place, and cried incessantly, "I seek God! I seek God!" As many of those who do not believe in God were standing around just then, he provoked much laughter. Why, did he get lost? Said one. Did he lose his way like a child? said another . Or is he hiding? is he afraid of us? has he gone on a voyage? or emigrated? Thus they yelled and laughed. The madman jumped into their midst and pierced them with his glances.

"Whither is God" he cried. "I shall tell you. We have killed him – you and I. All of us are murderers. But how have we done this? How were we able to drink up the sea? Who gave us the sponge to wipe away the entire horizon? What did we do when we unchained this earth from its sun? Whither is it moving now? Whither are we moving now? Away from all suns? Are we not plunging continually? Backward, sideward, forward, in all directions? Is there any up or down left? Are we not straying as through an infinite nothing? Do we not feel the breath of empty space? Has it not become colder? Is not night and more night coming on all the while? Must not lanterns be lit in the morning? Do we

not hear anything yet of the noise of gravediggers who are burying God? Do we not smell anything yet of God's decomposition? Gods too decompose. God is dead. God remains dead. And we have killed him. How shall we, the murderers of all murderers, comfort ourselves? What festivals of atonement, what sacred games shall we have to invent? Is not the greatness of this deed too great for us? Must not we ourselves become gods simply to seem worthy of it? There has never been a greater deed; and whoever will be born after us – for the sake of this deed he will be part of a higher history than all history hitherto.”

Here the madman fell silent and looked again at his listeners; and they too were silent and stared at him in astonishment. At last he threw his lantern on the ground, and it broke and went out. “I come too early,” he said then; “my time has not come yet. This tremendous event is still on its way, still wandering – it has not yet reached the ears of man.”<sup>4</sup>

will to power (curiosity and remembering). It is not so much that one was too afraid to peer into the abyss, thought Nietzsche; it is rather, that the weren't afraid enough. To correct for this absent motivation, Nietzsche advises on the importance of not forgetting the intimate chemistry of 'change' as connected with life-force; life-force with power, power with sovereignty, sovereignty with mastery, mastery with change; change with life-force, life-force with power, power with sovereignty, sovereignty with mastery and etc. This is an Eternal return, always already returning an 'intensity', an erstwhile 'will to power', through a repeat performance that both copies itself and, in so doing, creates anew: a kind of re-remembering, a kind of repeating networked logic of the genus – a genealogy – one without a predetermined

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<sup>4</sup> *The Gay Science*, pp. 95-96, as quoted in Heidegger's *The Word of Nietzsche*, pp. 59-60.



cartography; but also, one without an 'inside' (or 'outside') to the real. Simply an affirmation of intensity, an objective intensity transcending value, and in that seductive curiosity, forming the very basis, process and goal of the present-tense (is). A singular, surface 'beyond' the usual goal posts of good and evil.

the logic of techne and the land that Time forgot (dancing on the head of a pin). Heidegger dips into Nietzsche's cartographical genealogy, but not without performing his own small surgery on the latter's notion of intensity, and with it, the will to power. As he saw it, this 'will to power' for all its battle cries and innuendo, did not quite get beyond the boundary-line of metaphysics; God may have died, but there were still too many mopping up operations needing to be performed; too many uncomfortable grounds, and goals and transcendences, needing to be uprooted; too many trails which seemed, at least to Heidegger, to lead implicitly back to a metaphysical modernity quite dead but not yet gone.

So he introduced, in his Question Concerning Technology and elsewhere, a peculiar double-edged caveat about contemporary life which he hoped would lead out of the metaphysical wilderness: First, that we do not find ourselves 'entering' a time period called the 'technological' age; we are, rather, 'entered' already into it: there is no choice, no decision to join or not, no question of escape, anymore than there is a question of 'deciding' as to whether one wishes to breathe oxygen or cream cheese; we have been entered into the 'age of Technology', in the same way that one is entered into the atmosphere of life itself. One is 'in' and 'of' and 'linked to' technology; where this 'in' and 'of' and 'link' circumscribes an arena, a kind of enframing imposed or created from the very establishment of that connection, that dynamic-cohabitation. Indeed, the human 'self', to the degree to which there is 'a' self, is precisely the expression of this synapse, this link of the now 'cohabiting' yet 'non-embodied' presence; a kind of 'event of appropriation'; where the grasp is

nothing other than the multiple logics of ‘techne’ at the very moment of their ‘enframing’.

Now without repeating the whole sordid tale of how he attempts (and fails) to get beyond the very epistemological brick wall he accused Nietzsche of failing to leap, suffice it to say, that because Heidegger’s analysis still required a kind of ground (ontic) to knowledge; that is, a kind of a “groundless ground”, he was brought right smack dab face-to-face with the (quasi-) mystical onto-theo-logic Godhead haze itself. Toward the last of his days, a very disgruntled Heidegger claimed it was impossible, all things considered (and he had considered all things) to jump from that proverbial metaphysical ship.

Enter Einstein.

‘=’, stasis and the will to energy. Rather than couch the discussion in terms of ‘power’ as synapsed between two end points, Einstein simply inverted the dynamic, without reverting back to insides and outsides, God or transcendence. In his famously and elegantly simple statement of  $e=mc^2$ , the very dynamic / synapse of relativity is held in position by the ‘=’ whose variable counterpoints can shift/change but only in relation, of course, to a given intensity. In this sense, relativity itself does not mean ‘anything goes’, but rather, that anything is possible within a given virtuality, where ‘the virtual’ names precisely this impossible (but no less real) paradigm of speed, distance, mass. Observers, God, Time – indeed any ‘outside’ elements need not apply.

On the other hand, and especially in his general relativity theorem, how could one square the ever-expanding universe with the notion that there was ‘no outside’? Like an Escher’s two hands drawing themselves, the very thought belies a certain kind of

logic; it's creepy and 'zen' all at the same time (how long is this piece of string: this long). And what of the silent mass of anti-space/anti-matter/anti-energy? Well, Einstein had an answer to this. He called it a kind of 'cosmological stasis' which occurred if one took the logical probability of high density dynamic relativism to its nth degree: at some point there would have to be stasis, despite an ever-expanding universe.

If one stayed within traditional physics and mathematics, this conclusion was a logical impossibility (to have an ever-expanding universe and, as well, cosmological stasis). Rather than throwing out the entirety of general relativity theorem, Einstein, instead added what is called the 'fudge factor' – he couldn't prove what he was saying or its impossible conclusions, but, by all rights, cosmological stasis made sense (it just unprovable sense). To put this slightly differently, his 'resolution' suggested that not only was there not exactly 'nothing' or 'void' or 'lack' before there was a 'something', but given the curvature of time-space 'itself', this 'nothingness' had a kind of shape or fold, we might nowadays call it a kind of blackhole elsewhere, filling in the gaps, as it were in our ever-expanding universe. (And if you think this is strange, how much more so to find out – as was recently recorded by satellite technology – that these 'anti-matter black-holes whistle, and do so in the key of b-flat). B-flat?!

Interlude 2: looking versus reading; hearing versus listening; smelling versus sniffing. You can look at something without reading it, but you can never read without looking. The same could be said of hearing and listening: the latter requires the former; whilst the former 'just is'. Perhaps it might be fair to say, then, that in the case of reading or listening or sniffing, translation forms the hinge of its truth; it gives reading/listening/sniffing a kind of unspecified mobility and depth of an immediate (surface) circuitry – a surface

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a theory of the ordinary (as easy as 1, 2, 3). Forget about fractions or fragments of a whole and the itty bitty in between betweennesses of the either/ors in the universe or in life. Let us inhabit, for the moment, the ordinary, seemingly basic comfort zones admitted, say, in the phrase: whatever+1. In this zone, let us allow the ‘whatever’ be any whole number, including zero, between nought and infinity. Now, according to Gödel’s infamous theorem, any ordinary (that is to say: whole) number within any ordinary calculus (as in addition or multiplication) or their related ordinary systems is always-already ‘undecidable’; that is to say, is always-already neither provable nor unprovable within that system.<sup>5</sup> This may seem counter-intuitive: for have we not been taught that  $n+1$  is always  $n+1$  (or  $1+1$  is always 2), no matter where or how or when? A scandalous irritation to normality and ordinariness, to be sure.

The erstwhile Mr Braithwaite, friend of Gödel, drew out the first of many weird implications of this ‘undecidability/unprovability’ within any system:

“Gödel was the first to prove any unprovability theorem for arithmetic, and his way of proof was subtler and deeper than the metamathematical methods previously employed. Either of these facts would have ranked this paper high in the development of metamathematics. But it was the fact that it was a proposition of whole-number arithmetic which created such a scandal.”<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>5</sup> K. Gödel, **On Formally Undecidable Propositions of *Principia Mathematica* and Related Systems**, translated by B. Meltzer and introduction by R.B. Braithwaite (New York: Dover Publications, Inc., 1992 [Basic Books: 1962 (first publication: 1931)]), pp. 38ff.

<sup>6</sup> R.B. Braithwaite, “Introduction,” **On Formally Undecidable Propositions**, p. 4.

it gets worse. The delicate, but inescapable, conclusion that even in simple maths, undecidability was the primary feature of all (dynamic) systems, meant also, both logically and practically speaking, that all dynamic systems, even and especially the most simple, would also ‘always-already’ (and, paradoxically) be: incomplete. Now this, by itself was not really enough, despite its stunning simplicity, to rock the very foundation of philosophic, aesthetic and scientific ‘uncertainty’ propositions heretofore untouchable when it came to the very notion of ‘systems’ not to mention logic, reason and indeed, the art of warfare itself. This was because before his ‘incompleteness theorem’, the very concept of uncertainty tended to be tied to the concept of totality, wholeness, enframing and etc (and its ability or not to escape that totality, wholeness, enframing, and etc). What was now on offer, instead, and more bizarrely, drew up a kind of logic which not only proved the unprovability of any simple system and the logic of ‘totality’ or ‘wholeness’ that the very concept of ‘system’ emitted; but that ‘wholeness’ and the certainty/uncertainty to which that wholeness gave weight, was, at its core ‘differently whole’, a kind of ‘differently wholeness’ which depended on something else or something other to make its cohesiveness ‘stick together’ (i.e., become ‘whole’). It meant more oddly, still, that this ‘differently whole’ entity was sutured by discrete fragments which were themselves neither fully formed (neither, say, as ‘atoms’ or molecular/ cellular entities) or as ‘abstract concepts’ (neither, say, as ‘thesis’ or ‘anti-thesis’ before being strapped into their synthesised grounds or goals).

To be blunt: Gödel’s ‘incompleteness theorem’, underscored the fact that whatever sense or truth emitted from those [whatever]+1 or whatever-1 comfort zones had more to do with mimetic viral assemblages and respectively linked recursive logics, than to the semiotics of representation, sign, signifier, signified. Or to say this slightly differently (and therewith say something perhaps very different): it meant

that a fragment was not always or only a ‘portion’ of the whole, say, a slice of the pie or a piece of the puzzle. Sometimes a fragment just ‘was’. Or to put it again, slightly, more clear, and yet more damning, still: there was (and is) no ‘outside’ nor ‘inside’ nor ‘in between’ to reality and its creatures, including, for example, the whole of the universe, despite its ever expanding or shrinking state.

a holographics of time (i’m my own grandma).<sup>7</sup> To restate this remarkable move, one last time and in a slightly aestheticised–political form: the most ordinary of truths could only (and did only) inhabit its functionality as truth by way of a viral – that is to say strangely fragmented or ‘differently totalised’ – logic, where meaning could only (and did only) ‘make’ sense (in the strongest terms of the infinitive phrase: to make [something happen] by, say, putting 2 +2 together in an ever expanding, recursively designed system, with no inside or outside or boundary or God. Moreover, or more to the point, this ‘putting together’ – did not necessarily entail intentionality or consciousness or indeed any form of subjectivity as such; it was subtler, some might say more meaningful and closer to the logics of sound and sense rather than knowledge per se; a kind of ‘intuitive’ logic; closer to networking an event (of appropriation) or the techne of poesis; where meaning is generated by resorting to its own recursive birthing process, recursive genealogy, recursive systematising. “This syntactical fact,” according to most meta–mathematicians, but particularly to the now breathless and excited Braithwaite, meant that Gödel’s discovery of this incompleteness and the recursivity to which it was attached,

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<sup>7</sup> In deference to the American folk song, ‘I’m my own Grandma,’ the first chorus and then stanza of which goes: “I’m my own Grandma (it’s the darndest mix-up); I’m my own Grandma (and it can’t be fixed-up); funny I know, but it really is so, I’m my own Grandma. Many, many years ago when I was 23, I was married to a widower, as grand as he could be. The widower had a grown up daughter, who had hair of red. My father fell in love with her, and soon those two were wed. OH! I’m my own grandma ...

remained “one of the greatest and most surprising of the intellectual achievements of this [the 20<sup>th</sup>] century.”<sup>8</sup>

how to tell time after Gödel (after Einstein after Heidegger after Nietzsche after Hegel after Kant after Ricardo after Smith). Deleuze had a particularly useful phrase for this pluralized event of incompleteness and recursivity. He called it, simply enough: cinema-time; and he christened its recursive requirements as ‘the powers of the false’

“The diversity of narrations cannot be explained by the avatars of the signifier, by the states of a linguistic structure which is assumed to underlie images in general. [...] In Nietzsche’s phrase, ‘with the real world we have also abolished the apparent world’.”<sup>9</sup> (We have instead a) “...series of time, which brings together the before and the after in a becoming, instead of separating them; its paradox is to introduce an enduring interval in the moment itself (...and also to) shatter the empirical continuation of time, the chronological succession, the separation of the before and after.”<sup>10</sup>

a few questions and answers.

Question: When is a curve no longer a line or a point?

Answer: When it morphs into an imaginary number (where n is part real, part make-believe).

Question: When is an imaginary number no longer a vectored curve?

Answer: When its rhizomatic spreadsheet is conditioned by its molecular regime.

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<sup>8</sup> R.B. Braithwaite, p. 32. Of interest: *I’m my own Grandma* is a country-twanged Americana song, whose refrain and the first stanza goes something like this: “I’m my own Grandma – It’s the darndest mix-up; I’m my own Grandma (and it can’t be fixed up). Funny I know, but it really is so: I’m my own Grandma. Many many years ago when I was 23, I was married to a widower as grand as he could be. The widower had a grown-up daughter who had hair of red; my father fell in love with her and soon those two were wed! OH! I’m my own Grandma, it’s the darndest mix-up...”

<sup>9</sup> G. Deleuze, “The Powers of the False,” in **Cinema 2: The Time-Image**, (London: Athlone Press, 1989 [1985]), ch. 6, p. 137.

<sup>10</sup> **Cinema Time 2**, pp. 139, 155. The other two time-images to which Deleuze refers in the quote above and develops in “*The Crystals of Time*” and “*Peaks of present and sheets of past: fourth commentary on Bergson*” (chapters 4 & 5, pp. 68-97, and 98-125, respectively) deal with, as he puts it “the *order of time*, that is, the coexistence of relations or the simultaneity of the elements internal to time.” (p. 155).

Question: When is the condition of a molecular regime problematic?

Answer: When that molecular regime is able (just because it can) to install the war machine, as Deleuze would call it, into every available hole and niche and quadrant.

Question: When is a war machine able to 'install' itself everywhere at anytime without too much (or any) awareness or resistance that a microfascism is starting to implant and grow? That is to say, when can the war machine install itself "just because it can"?

Answer: When the morphed continuum recursivity's viral load paradoxically subsumes the dividing lines whilst simultaneously resurrecting segmented strata. Translation: It has nothing to do with 'false consciousness' and even less to do (at least in the beginning) with identity politics, nationalisms and ethnicities. It is rather a particular kind of bureaucracy, a rather particular kind of managerialism, a particular kind of art/school mutation, sweeping over Europe (old and new) at this very moment, as we speak. It is a paradoxically situated 'situation': both binarically coded and deeply 'open-ended'. "The masses certainly do not passively submit to power," observe the Deleuze & Guattarian eye, "nor do they 'want' to be repressed, in a kind of masochistic hysteria; nor are they tricked by an ideological lure. Desire is never separable from complex assemblages that necessarily tie into molecular levels, from microformations already shaping postures, attitudes, perceptions, expectations, energy, but itself results from a highly developed, engineered set up rich in interactions: a whole supple segmentarity that processes molecular energies and potentially gives desire a fascist determination. Leftist organizations will not be the last to secret microfascisms."<sup>11</sup>

the tired man speaks. (The tired man speaks . . . In the last milliseconds of the "what does it matter," the tired man speaks, wears, brandishes his/her last speck of individuality, possession, dignity). Haven't we heard this somewhere before, say in some famous man's remarks about the ability or not to write poetry after the genocidal stamping out of human identities, as so many singular beings (identified, too, with the individual group identity of Jew, Christian, Muslim, gay, mad, whore, gypsy, 'Other') were condemned to endure. A collective headstone of black ash, smoke, and dust, which, as Adorno so morbid-eloquently put it: wriggled ever skyward from the ovens of Auschwitz and elsewhere.<sup>12</sup> I want to say, by saying this: that to want, and to know that one wants, should not be forgotten or thrown away, as if, 'unimportant', 'begging the question'. For those honest enough to admit it, it this remains at the very basis of a new being, poetics, and, indeed, politics.

microfascism/macrofascism and the problems of everyday life. (I want to go home [there is no home]). Ordinary fear, according to our friend, Mr. Freud, is quite distinct from anxiety or fright. "Anxiety," he writes in his *Transitions and Revisions*, "describes a particular state of expecting the danger or preparing for it, even though

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<sup>11</sup> Gilles Deleuze & Felix Guattari, "Micro politics and segmentarity," in *a thousand plateaus: capitalism and schizophrenia*, (London: Athlone Press, 1988/1999), p. 215.

<sup>12</sup> Paraphrased from T. Adorno, *Meditations on Metaphysics: After Auschwitz*, in his *Negative Dialectics*, trans. E.B. Ashton, (London: Routledge, 1973), p. 363.



it may be an unknown one.”<sup>13</sup> Or, as the old phrase used to go: ‘just because you’re paranoid, doesn’t mean they’re not after you.’ With fear, one knows precisely the object of their worry; that is to say, they know the ‘what’ or the ‘that’; they just do not know the when or the how or the where. Fright, on the other hand, is “the name we give to the state a person gets into when he (or she) has run into danger without being prepared for it; it emphasizes the factor of surprise.”<sup>14</sup> Terror, we might tidily conclude is the name we give when all three (anxiety, fear, fright) condense to form the condition of the unconditional (freedom, law, hope, love), en passant.

microfascism/macrofascism and the problems of everyday life. (I want to go home [what’s become of my home?]). What, then is fascism and its accompanying terror (ism)s? From the point of view of the fascist, it is nothing more nor less than the embedded trajectory where, as D&G detail, “the barriers between offices cease to be ‘a definitive dividing line’ and are immersed in a molecular medium (milieu) that dissolves them and simultaneously makes the office management proliferate into microfigures impossible to recognise or identify, discernible only when they are centralisable: another regime, coexistent with the separation and totalization of the rigid segments.”<sup>15</sup> What then is fascism and its accompanying terror(ism)? From the point of view of the anti-fascist: it is the horror and disgust of being witness to, participant of, and host-body for this molecular-political cancer. D & G, again:

“Rural fascism and city or neighbourhood fascism, youth fascism and war veteran’s fascism, fascism of the Left and fascism of the Right, fascism of the couple, family, school, and office: every fascism is defined by a micro-black hole that stands on its own and communicates with the others, before resonating in a great, generalised central black hole. There is fascism when a war machine is installed in each hole, in every niche. [...] If Hitler took power, rather than taking over the German State administration, it was because from the beginning he had at his disposal micro-organizations giving him ‘an unequalled, irreplaceable ability to penetrate every cell of society,’ in other words, a molecular and supple segmentarity flows capable of suffusing every kind of cell. [...] What makes fascism dangerous is its molecular or micropolitical power, for it is a mass movement: a cancerous body rather than a totalitarian organism.”<sup>16</sup>

In the searing scream that each being shouts at the moment of this ‘event’, the secret (and not so secret) event-rebuilding of the binaric codes; in that searing scream: “Oh God! Why hast thou abandoned me?!” – The silence can be – and always has been – deafening.

OH! This putrid skin! Would it not to have been so alive!

ecce homo (this man; this woman; this being; this One – and no other). Today: today I am part thief, part iron-claw, transformed in the first instance as a swift and shadowy runner, skimming the surface of greasy back alleyways with goods close to hand! Nothing stops me: not sirens, not wounds, not the filthy dirty air! Nothing

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<sup>13</sup> Sigmund Freud, “Transitions and Revisions,” *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, in *The Freud Reader*, edited by Peter Gay (London: Norton & Co., 1989), p. 598.

<sup>14</sup>Ibid.

<sup>15</sup> *a thousand plateaus*, p. 214.

<sup>16</sup> *a thousand plateaus*, p. 215.

impedes my rush! But at the slightest sniff of danger I can transform! Oh, I can transform into – a blue flower! Or maybe a nasty coral reef! Or perhaps just some old rusty tractor, digging and banging and digging some more, same place, same time, same rhythm. And I think to myself: isn't it just grand how the ground gives way under my – imagination! Maybe this is what it means to colour code time in the age of relativity and technological change? I want to say: yes (but not exactly).

grey-blue (i hold a memory old dream: wormhole philosophy no. 9). Lesson in how to make your shadow bigger or smaller irrespective of your own size, light, measure. 'The first old dream she places on the table is nothing I know as an old dream. I stare at the object before me, then look up at her. She stands next to me looking down at it. How is this an "old dream"? The sound of the words "old dream" led me to expect something else – old writings perhaps, something hazy, amorphous.

"Here we have an old dream," says the Librarian. Her voice is distant, aimless; her tone wants not so much to explain to me as to reconfirm for herself. "Or it is possible to say, the old dream is inside of this."

I nod, but do not understand.

"Take it in your hands," she prompts.

I pick it up and run my eyes over the surface to see if I can find some trace of an old dream. But there is not a clue. It is only the skull of an animal, and not a very big animal. Dry and brittle, as if it had lain in the sun for years, the bone matter is leached of whatever color it might originally have had. The jutting jaw is locked slightly open, as if suddenly frozen when about to speak. The eye sockets, long bereft of their contents, lead to the cavernous recesses behind.

[...]

"I am to read an old dream from this?"

"That is the work of the Dreamreader," says the Librarian.

"And what do I do with the dreams that I read?"

"Nothing. You have only to read them."

"How can that be?" I say. "I know that I am to read an old dream from this. But then not to do anything with it, I do not understand. What can be the point of that? Work should have a purpose."

She shakes her head. "I cannot explain. Perhaps the dream-reading will tell you. I can only show you how it is done."<sup>17</sup>

libidinal dream. It's been a long, hard day at (a) work; (b) play; (c) fill in the blank. Tiredness starts at the back of the neck, life being rather a grind, repetitive, monotonous, and a little bit grey. As I enter my house, I realize I'm entering the home of my youth, a kind of neo-suburban-military split-level affair, snug, uniformed, sometimes green, and tucked away in a ticky-tacky county as part of a ticky-tacky city, surrounded by a series of ticky-tacky Confederate states, just a few miles south of the Mason-Dixon line. It is here I where I learn what it means to be a Yankee and how not to fit in. It is here where I learn how to skateboard, my finest achievement being able to go downhill at top speed: on my head. It is here where I learn how to play "doctor" and where I start my very first period. It is here where I open the door to this house, all red walled and blue carpeted, with my mother sitting at a table or on the couch. I am always shocked to see her—as she is dead—nevertheless, we have the same conversation, time after time, door after door: "My God! You're alive!" I shout in (a) joy; (b) grief; (c) horror. I run to her hugging her, alternatively as a grown adult, alternatively as a child, hugging her, hugging her!

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<sup>17</sup>Haruki Murakami, "Shadow," in **Hard-boiled Wonderland and the End of the World**, translated from the Japanese by Alfred Birnbaum, (London: Vintage/Harvill Press, 2001), pp. 58-9.

“It’s okay, dear,” she gently responds, running her fingers through my hair. “When realized I was alive, I simply opened the casket and came home.”

graspable dream. Close your eyes and picture yourself in the dream home of your dreams! Or perhaps you are worried you will never get there! Or perhaps you are already in it! Is your household dream vision a foreseeable expression of your own hard work and sweat, a collective effort, or just a roll of the dice? Maybe it is all three. In a fit of depression, I should like to say ‘only the roll of the dice’; in collective wolf mode, I should prefer to say ‘the pack’s own doing’; in being the bold and the beautiful, I should like to say ‘a good architect.’

lying (on the carpet) aspirational dream. So let us dream it! Let us dream it as a kind of sumptuous, generous portable fire! this home! this moveable feast! this banquet! Let it leap from our brains, and skins, and pleasures and wants into some kind of permanent structure, some kind of perimeter, ready and able to hide, contain, reframe that fire, that ice, wind, drought, that crazy kind of nourishment. (Perhaps this is what Lyotard meant when he so quietly wrote: “who knows not how to hide, knows not how to love.”)<sup>18</sup>

all that jazz. But perhaps it is closer to an acoustic move – not ‘sound’: but acoustic: now as the multiple ‘enduring interval’, in all its recursively corrosive, virally routed, dirty, non-edged a-systematic details (though no less measureable – a la Einstein et al details). One might wish to say that the ‘aural’ as ‘space-time’ becomes the groundless/ rootless and utterly surface curve-ball rhizomatics of a pitch. Others might wish to call this a stretching of the dimensions, a kind of constellation, a shape-shifting where distance and speed overtakes time (and indeed, becomes it); where folds take on rhythms, and stains become their beat; where force has a materiality, indeed an end-game as mid-game that is not seen or smelled or tasted or touched but is toxic and mean and playful and erotic nonetheless. Some call it: TRANSLATION – the language of the gods. (Mental note: maybe we should just call it ‘all that jazz’ – a kind of ‘pluralized-acoustic-event’, this sensuous surface disembodied mobile multi-medium).

Zeta-physics: Or maybe, just maybe it’s the death of metaphysics and a whole new end-game as mid-game, a projected memory of the nth dimension neither past, nor

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<sup>18</sup> J-F. Lyotard, **Libidinal Economy**, trans Iain Hamilton Grant, London: The Athlone Press, 1993, frontispiece dedication.

future nor present-tense. Romanticism is not just for fools and horses – and hindsight is not just 20–20 vision.

‘encyclopedia, wand, immortality, paperclips.’

“Just great,” I said. “So I’m screwed. How far gone are these circumstances of yours?”

“You mean the circumstances in your head?” asked the Professor.

“What else?” I snapped. “How far have you wiped out the insides of my head?”

“Well, according to my estimates, maybe six hours ago, Junction B suffered a meltdown. Of course, I say meltdown for convenience sake; it’s not as if any part of your brain actually melted. You see—“

“The third circuit is set and the second circuit is dead, is that correct?”

“That’s correct. So, as I was sayin’, you’ve started [translating]...”<sup>19</sup>.

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<sup>19</sup> Murakami says ‘bridging’; I have changed this to: translating. Haruki Murakami, *Hard-boiled Wonderland and the End of the World*, p. 282.