

KAPUT

eerlijk gezegd heb ik geen zin een verhaal te vertellen

Ik wil best nu en dan verantwoording afleggen, of iets nader verklaren, maar ik ben niet van plan onderwijl steeds in mijn eigen staart te bijten.

- *Heb je dan wel een staart?*
- Het verhaal heeft misschien een staart.

– *Ik weet niet of je het weet, maar de Ouroboros, een slang die in zijn eigen staart bijt, is op diezelfde aarde een symbool van de eeuwigheid.*

– Kan wel zijn, maar als ik niet kan vertellen op de manier, die in de gebeurtenissen zelf besloten ligt, dan moet u maar genoeg nemen met de mededeling, dat de zaak rond is.

wat mijn interventies betreft. Het is niet voor niets, dat ik nog geen enkele keer ‘ik’ heb gezegd.

- *Behalve dan die drie keer.*

Weet je, geen van ons overziet het hele Pleroma, maar als je aan de rand van het Licht opereert, zoals wij, met zicht op die demonische wereld van de Duisternis, dan heb je het toch moeilijker dan de hogere entiteiten, die daar eigenlijk nauwelijks kennis van hebben; en jij staat zelfs nog meer dan ik met je rug naar het Licht en met je gezicht naar de Duisternis..

- Hoe kun je zoiets beweren?
- *Op aarde kun je alles beweren, en er zijn altijd mensen die je geloven.*

– *Ook jouw verhaal demonstreert weer waarom zij hier ontbreekt – en het maakt mij bedroefd dat dat zo moet zijn. Dat is wat ik tegen beter weten in altijd het meeste heb gemist, hier in het Licht. Aan liefde geen gebrek, gelukzaligheid, goedheid, wijsheid, waarheid, vrede, schoonheid, alles tot onze dienst, maar geen vriendschap.*

- U bent niet mijn vriend?
- *En ook niet je vriendin. In organisaties bestaan geen vriendschappen, en zeker niet in de onze,*

Vriendschap bestaat alleen in de abys. Ken je die beroemde, prachtige, ontstegen passages over de vriendschap, die Bacon kort voor zijn dood schreef? No receipt openeth the heart but a true friend – ja, en de halsslagader! Hij, die zijn beste vriend heeft laten onthoofden! Hoor je? Het lachen van de hartloze duivel, met zijn eigen temperatuur op het absolute nulpunt, schalt door de hallen van alle eeuwigheden.

- Nu begrijp ik eindelijk, waarom ik mij al die jaren heb ingespannen.

Wat wij hebben gemaakt, is meer gebleken dan wij dachten dat wij hadden gemaakt. Uiteindelijk zit in ons falen dus een compliment aan ons eigen adres: onze creativiteit is groter dan wij zelf zijn!

– Ook jouw optimisme is kennelijk onverwoestbaar, net als dat van Leibniz. Wat jij, ondanks al je vakbekwaamheid, blijkbaar in laatste instantie toch bent, is een onverantwoordelijke bohémien, een artistieke losbol, die denkt: God zegene de greep. Maar misschien zou je je kunnen afvragen of het inderdaad niet juist de afglans van de Chef is, die onze creativiteit groter doet zijn dan onszelf.

– Dadelijk zult u de noodzaak daarvan wel inzien. Ik heb alleen ingegrepen als het strikt nodig was, ik ga altijd zo zuinig mogelijk met mijn middelen om, maar ik moet nu eenmaal werken met dat taaie rubber, waarvan mensen zijn gemaakt. Als het nog onze gewoonte was het woord tot hen te richten, zou alles een stuk eenvoudiger zijn, – maar u hebt het al aangestipt: sinds die dromers zichzelf wijs hebben gemaakt, dat dat niet uit den hoge kwam maar uit hun eigen diepte, zijn wij daar mee gestopt.

– Ga door. Ik luister.

I give these ‘passages’, somewhat reluctantly, the innocent-looking word ‘passage’.
make it mean a movement towards disappearance, as we speak of someone’s death as a ‘passing’.

The words on the
page are,
covered with inscriptions
of various sorts, with strange inserts on the sides in smaller typeface,
names drawn from windows in walls: ‘Judases’ and ‘Jalousies’.

A Judas window is an aperture enabling a prison guard to see into a cell without being seen by the prisoner, a peephole.

but without further ado, or caveats, let us begin the destruction

so center attracts book?

A book, even a fragmentary one, has a center which attracts it. This center if not fixed, but is displaced by the pressure of the book and circumstances of its composition.

Yet it is also a fixed center which, if it is genuine, displaces itself, while remaining the same and becoming always more central, more hidden, more uncertain and more imperious.

why is displacing something that would affect the same, would position normally be enough to make it diff?

so center becomes these things?

It seems that art was once the language of the gods; it seems, the gods having disappeared, that art remains the language in which their absence speaks -- their lack, the hesitancy ^{if they are absent why is their fate hesitant} which has not yet decided their fate. It seems, as this absence grows deeper -- becomes its own absence and forgetfulness of itself -- that art seeks to become the presence of art, but that it does so initially by offering to man a means of self-recognition, of self-fulfillment.

? > "individualist" view?

Art appears as the artist and the artist as man -- as man in the most general sense. Art is expressed to the extent that the artist *represents* humanity: represents, that is, the human being he is regardless of his particular being as an artist.

artist claims the name creator because he thinks that thus he takes the place left vacant by the absence of the gods

can only gods create?

. **The first task** then should be negative, —overthrow their altars, and break their pillars, and burn their groves with fire; and ye shall hew down the graven images of their gods, and destroy the names of them out of that place

<3<3<3 moo!

instead of simply appreciating the forces that produce Art, this work intervenes in them to destroy it. At one time, such an intervention would have been called the Death of God, or more recently, the Death of Man. What is called for today is

The Death of the Author

The author is a modern figure, a product of our society insofar as, emerging from the Middle Ages with English empiricism, French rationalism and the personal faith of the Reformation, it discovered the prestige of the individual, of, as it is more nobly put, the 'human person'. It is thus logical that in literature it should be this positivism, the epitome and culmination of capitalist ideology, which has attached the greatest importance to the 'person' of the author.

so author = broader than writer, before Middle Ages already authors (Greeks) and also in broad sense always existed (story-teller)

"I AM WHAT I AM."

says the artwork
(and the author(?))

The injunction, everywhere, to "be someone" maintains the pathological state that makes this society necessary. We've become our own representatives in a strange commerce, guarantors of a personalization that feels, in the end, a lot more like an amputation

is amputation the right word? what is amputated?

is Being amputated by the focus of being SOMETHING/someone?

– *Genoeg nu! Je moet ook van ophouden weten. Denk aan het woord van Goethe: 'In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister'.*

– Maar voor alle zekerheid heeft hij ook gezegd: 'Daß Du nicht enden kannst, das macht Dich groß'.

– *Ga door. Ik luister.*

Decades of concepts in order to get where we are, to arrive at pure tautology. I = I.

“I AM WHAT I AM.”

My body belongs to me. I am me, you are you, and *something's* wrong. Mass personalization. Individualization of all conditions Atomization into fine paranoiac particles. Hysterization of contact. The more I want to be me, the more I feel an emptiness. The more I express myself, the more I am drained.

To call this population of strangers in the midst of which we live “society” is such a usurpation that even sociologists wonder if they should abandon a concept that was, for a century, their bread and butter. Now they prefer the metaphor of a *network* to describe the connection of cybernetic solitudes, the intermeshing of weak interactions under names like “colleague,” “contact,” “buddy,” “acquaintance,” or “date.”

“WHAT AM I,” then?

Since childhood, I've been involved with flows

of milk
smells,
stories,
sounds,
nursery rhymes,
emotions,
substances,
ideas,
gestures,
impressions,
gazes,
songs,
and foods.

“WHAT AM I?”

Tied in every way to places, sufferings, ancestors, friends, loves, events, languages, memories,
to all kinds of things that obviously

are not me.

Everything

that attaches me to the world, all the links that constitute me,
all the forces that compose me don't form an identity, a thing displayable on cue,
but a singular, shared, living *existence*, from which emerges—
—at certain times and places—that being which says “I.”

inconsistency with what. the world? then the culprit is not nec. the I. could be society. with ourselves? then on what basis, if there is no self? with others? is that not the human condition of not being an Other but always an I?

Our feeling of inconsistency is simply the consequence of this foolish belief in the permanence of the self and of the little care we give to what makes us what we are.

since when does an I constitute permanence of THE self. it constitutes permanence of A self, or at least the psychological condition for a self

but the I's in the creation are not always the author

the Author is, **so they** say, the creator: “I.” the creator of a new reality,
which opens in the world a wider perspective, a possibility by no means closed but such,
on the contrary, that reality in all its forms is enlarged because of it. He is, moreover, the creator
of himself in what he creates. He is a richer artist because of the trials he undergoes for the sake
of his works. He is other than he was thanks to this process, and if sometimes he is exhausted
and dying in the work, *it* is thereby only the more alive.

Still, what does the expression *to be alone*
signify? When is one alone? Asking this question should not simply lead us into melancholy
reflections. Solitude as the world understands it is a hurt which requires no further comment
here. **In the solitude** of the work -- the work of art, the literary work -- we discover a more essential
solitude. It excludes the complacent isolation of individualism; it has nothing to do with the quest
for singularity.

gvd ik wrijf net in mn oog en geloof dat er peper en zout op mn vinger zat

**The image of literature
to be found in ordinary culture is tyrannically centred on
the author, his person, his life, his tastes, his passions, while
criticism still consists for the most part in saying that
Baudelaire's work is the failure of Baudelaire the man,
Van Gogh's his madness, Tchaikovsky's his vice. The
explanation of a work is always sought in the man or woman
who produced it, as if it were always in the end, through the
more or less transparent allegory of the fiction, the voice of
a single person, the *author* 'confiding' in us.**

is it not failure of x
the artist?

always is a big
word

as if a *monologic whole*

But to create does not mean to invent. Every creative act is bound by its own special laws, as well as by the laws of the material with which it works. Every creative act is determined by its object and by the structure of its object, and therefore permits no arbitrariness; in essence it invents nothing, but only reveals what is already present in the object itself.

the work *is* Heiddeger boekje - it hard to define what that "what" is eminently *what* it is made of. It is what makes its nature and its matter visible or present, it is the glorification of its reality: verbal rhythm in the poem, sound in music, light become color in painting, space become stone in the house.

in the usual object (this much we know), matter itself is of no particular interest; and the more the matter that made it made it right for its use -- the more the material is appropriate -- the more it nears nothingness.

The Statue Glorifies the Marble do i want to be the marble or the statue

That the work *is* marks the explosive brilliance of a unique event which comprehension can then take over, to which it feels it owes itself as if this event were its beginning, but which it initially understands

only as that which escapes it.

works do not spread by contamination but by *resonance*. Something that is constituted here **resonates** with the shock wave emitted by something constituted over there. A work that

resonates does so according to its own mode.

It takes the shape of a music, whose focal

points, though dispersed in time and space, succeed in imposing the rhythm of their own vibrations, always taking on more density.

To the point that any return

to *the Author* is no longer desirable or even imaginable.

The Death of God did not

call for the assault of priests or the burning of churches,

the Death of Man did not

propose genocide

Each death denounces a concept as insufficient, critiques those who still

insufficient? or veiled? smt different?

believe in it,

and demands its removal as an object of thought.

uhhh does it have this moral load or can it be more neutral as well

the creator is the one who from then on is dismissed, whose name is erased and whose memory fades.

This also means that the creator has no power over his work,

that he is dispossessed by it, ¹

that in it he is dispossessed of

why dispossessed of himself if there was nothing of him in it. was he not always dispossessed

himself.

He does not hold its meaning, its privileged secret.

he instead becomes a secret. why

Even if she ends up spilling everything, it turns out to be nothing.

nice

Why?

The secret first hides within dominant forms to limit exposure,

yet what it smuggles inside is not any specific thing that needs to evade discovery.

love word smuggle

the artist does not belong to truth because the work is itself what escapes **The** movement of the true.

Author

is defeated because it serves as the head and reason of the **Work** for the principle even

of the head is reduction to unity, reduction of the world to
God.

*Binnen afzienbare tijd zullen zij zich meester gemaakt hebben van ons absolute
voorrecht: het creëren van leven,*

*– Als zij willen, kunnen zij zelfs de aarde vernietigen. Neem mij niet
kwalijk, maar dat vermogen was nu toch werkelijk ons privilege.*

Je brengt mij van mijn apropos- waar had ik het over?

Over de algemene ondergang van alle dingen!

Ja, en dan vooral ook die van ons.

the hand, cut off from any voice,
borne by a
pure gesture of inscription, traces a field without origin
– or which, at least, has no other origin
than language itself, for its own part it does not begin.
It is always anterior to any beginning, it is always already finished.

language which ceaselessly calls into
question all origins looks to generate movement in ways that are
absolutely unintelligible to any form of capture.

the New authorial position

in it is characterized as something essentially negative,
as an absence of the usual authorial subjectivity.

The absence of his head

– Gefeliciteerd! Dat moet toch een bevredigend moment voor je zijn geweest.

– Maar alleen gedurende een moment. Daarna was het zoals het altijd
gaat: als je eindelijk hebt bereikt wat je wilde bereiken, is het niet meer wat
je wilde bereiken, maar eenvoudig datgene wat je hebt bereikt.

Dan is het
vanzelfsprekend geworden. Wat je wilt verliezen je eigenlijk, welbeschouwd.
Bovendien, als je ziet wat je hebt moeten aanrichten om het te bereiken,
dan vergaat de bevrediging je wel.

so rest remains?

what other analyses can we do on the body? on the limbs? on
the organs?

does it matter that text says his?
should one have had a head first to be decapitated?
what does it mean if the author never had a head, see f.e. minority authors
with pseudonyms: is more than just a name

I HAVE NO HEAD AND I MUST
SCREAM

what is head?

give me a head first

what does having a head mean? having a language?

is there a difference between losing a head or having no head? in
second case we do not nec. say absence of head, but headless?
maybe?