Creation, Resistance, and Refacement: Postfuturist Storytelling, Cultural Flows, and the Remix

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Creation, Resistance, and Refacement: Postfuturist Storytelling, Cultural Flows, and the Remix

by

Nikolina Nedeljkov

A dissertation submitted to the Graduate Faculty in English in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, The City University of New York

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THE CITY UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK
Abstract

Constitutive of my dissertation is an exploration of contemporary literature and culture. Vital to my research is the notion and practice of the remix. Originating in music, it is perceived and deployed as a hybrid expressive mode combining textual, audio, and visual components. The text of the dissertation, accompanying photographs, and supplementary video files demonstrate this principal aspect. Focusing on the fusion of quest narratives and social activism, the dissertation looks at critical and creative vernaculars as forms of peaceful/peaceable resistance against multiple oppression. Reflecting some of the permeating modernist and postmodernist concerns, it emphasizes an understanding of postfuturist storytelling as cultural exchange in the intersection of the time axes. Reading the works of Stewart Home, Jeff Noon, and Kathy Acker, alongside critical insights of Terry Eagleton, Richard Rorty, Fredric Jameson, and McKenzie Wark, contextualizes contemporary idiosyncrasies historically, thereby rendering tradition remixable, rather than radically abandoning it. The remix investigates alternating cycles of noise and silence in the communication channel as a basis for the disambiguation of the misconception about the totality of discourse. The approach delineates vision of refacement: rebirth through subtonic solidarity of selfless, yet reindividualized, fellow humans engaged in enduring the hindrances to patient, persistent creation of a free culture based on love and trust.
Acknowledgements

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¹ The photographs and videos are listed in order of appearance in footnotes instead of providing captions. The choice reflects the approach pivotal to the theme and the structure of the dissertation. It is an integral part of the remix: an antidistraction form of resistance to oppression as an instance of noise in the communication channel. Unless otherwise indicated, all photographs and videos are the author’s contribution, illustrating the remix as a conversation between and among different modes of expression. The photographs were taken and video material recorded during the research at different locations in the UK and the US, primarily in New York, London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. Some are titled, some are not. The videos are available as supplementary files in the electronic version of the dissertation and on You Tube.

54) Harlem. NYC. October 2009. p.163.


73) South Street Seaport. NYC. Summer 2011. p.203.


78) South Street Seaport, Detail. NYC. Summer 2011. p.213.


110) E 22\textsuperscript{nd} Street: Health. NYC. June 2010. p.293.


113) E 22\textsuperscript{nd} Street: Housing. NYC. June 2010. p. 296.


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17) *Narrow Daylighte*. p.44.


30) *Edi_I Choose to Thank*. p.86.

34) *This Is Radio NYC!* p.104.


89) *A Lot*. p.235.

100) *Haters Against*. p.269.


Chapter One

Deadly Dis-Quieted Metaphysics: The Remix of Noise through Subtonic Hi-Fi

“The end is where we start from.”
T.S. Eliot, *Four Quartets*

1.1 Toward the Beginning

Vital to my dissertation is the redemptive potential of creation. The work combines creative and critical components, focusing on the idea of the remix-creation nexus as a manifestation of the restorative capacities. The remix is a form of peaceful/peaceable resistance against multiple oppression. It is also the source of novel forms of storytelling and critical reexamining of cultural realities through DJ/turntablism.

Through an interplay between sound and silence, the textual is enriched with audio and visual imagery. The fusion evokes the questions of dominance and coercion, notably manifested in the

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ways cultural fragmentation and compartmentalization threaten to afflict the right and freedom to
the remix.

For that reason, my research is concerned with the writing styles from the margins, thereby
showing how politics of exclusion operates without typically defined cultural categories. For that
reason, my research is concerned with the writing styles from the margins, thereby
showing how politics of exclusion operates without typically defined cultural categories. Both
as an instructor and a student in an institution of higher education, in my scholarship the issues
are addressed through stylistic experimentation. The stylistic interplay suggests the lateral path
for the remix of discourse and cultural realities, thereby making manifest the vital power of
creation. Transforming a temporarily contaminated communicational tunnel into the green
communication channel, it celebrates the greatness of the human spirit.

If in the communication channel noise occurs, it disables dialogue. In order to ensure
fruitful debate among fellow humans, it is necessary to purge communication from obstacles—to
remix the noise. Noise, for example, is the aggressive nature of corporate culture that tends to
turn the everyday and discourse alike into a vast battlefield. Noise is also manifested in diverse
forms of delusional thinking, causing confusion in the domain of human interaction, creation,
and communal cohesion. My dissertation focuses on the possibilities for the remix.

Remix is typically understood to be a part of music making, just as storytelling is
traditionally considered to belong in the world of letters. Reading-writing across media,
disciplines, and genres enables a view based on the flow and intersections between words,

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3 Some of the works I analyze have been widely published and/or written about. However, within the body of works
that constitute the subject matter of this dissertation are those that have been overshadowed, overlooked, and/or, at
least, not extensively debated within the canon.

4 The term experimental signals a difference from argumentative writing as a preferred style in academic discourse. My
exploration of the novel as an inherently liquid/hybrid genre indicates an inclination toward unlabeling such
portions of my and akin works in order to destigmatize them, i.e., redone their status as a deviation from the
norm.

5 Instead of the conventional distinction between storytelling and the novel, both modes are understood as always
already remixes.
sounds, and images, thereby revising the notions of storytelling. Thus refigured, the concept implies the exploration of culture as a flux of interrelated stories and self as fluid and revisable through an exchange with fellow humans. By the same token, reciprocity in an interaction is pivotal to understanding tradition as reworkable.

The approach builds on Jeff Noon’s concept of liquid culture. The concept presumes that new expressive modes emerge in the intersections of the textual, audio, and visual. It shows the novel remixing devices such as hybrids, crossbreeds, and fusion as integral parts of fantasia poetics. The technique shows the possibilities of deploying in writing-reading flash backs, flash forwards, jump cuts, freeze frame, close up, zoom out, wide shot, slo-mo, scratches, loops, and samples. The reason for this Noon, in his literary manifesto “How to Make a Modern Novel” (2001), sees in the need for advancing the possibilities of the textual, reflecting contemporary culture and consciousness--multitasking while processing simultaneous cultural input.

DJ/turntablist poetics, emerging from the initial inspiration, is based on caritas and kenosis. It originates in the tripartite belief in grace, consisting in redemption, rebirth, and salvation. As such, it is hoped to be the source of alleviating detrimental effects of superficiality, hypocrisy, and self-centeredness. Appreciation of humanity, juxtaposed with the limits of the human, is perceived as a way of celebrating individuality that, contrary to some views, fortifies communality. Such an approach delineates vision of refacement: rebirth through silence and solidarity of re-individualized, selfless fellow humans engaged in enduring the hindrances to patient, persistent creation of a free culture based on trust and love.6

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6The term individuality is interchangeably used with Guattari’s terms singularity and fludiarity (1999), simultaneously blending them with Rorty’s concept of solidarity (1989).
Faith, the prerequisite for the unity in the struggle for freedom, fertilizes vision of good fellowship, requiring a combination of uncertainty, constant alertness, and the underlying unshakable determinacy throughout the remix of noise. Contrary to the uncritical stigmatization of rebelliousness among some Christians and non-Christians alike, baptizing with fire—the manifestation of Jesus Christ’s rebellious, yet peaceful/peaceable and unifying spirit—is here taken to be the impetus to fervent striving for reawakening cultural activism and regaining human dignity through soulful life. Mercy is the wager for the non-violent character of this passionate commitment to a continuous judgment day and perpetual rebirth through ceaseless resistance against destruction and ossification.

Transformative capacities of pluralist vocabulary are presented through a poetico-theoretical-cultural-spiritual correlation based on the belief in the redemptive power of a genuine exchange among these spheres. This dialectically holistic exploration acknowledges the spiritual, imaginative, emotional, rational, and physical as equally significant for an inspiring, fulfilled/fulfilling communal and personal life. In my work, the spiritual realm is portrayed as capable of recuperating the everyday and discourse through dissolvement of dehumanizing enslavement by mindless profit making oriented and/or heartless, egomaniacal, solely discursively defined identity.

Taking into account both the limitations and potential of language, this aspect of the remix, celebrating subtonic hi-fi, aims to reclaim the right to linguistically address experiences ungraspable through language. The unutterable literary tissue is perceived as a means of disambiguating a misconception about discursive totality. By extension, it is reasonable to believe that culturally constructed realities we know are not immune from remixing, either.

1.2 Words of Their own
“The rams’ horns sound for silence.”

James Joyce, *Ulysses*

1.2.1 Toward Turntablism Poetics

Constitutive of my work is remapping the paths of postmodernist discourse in the light of the lingering modernist legacy. It includes the questions of creation, meaning, responsibility, subjectivity, and tradition in the vein of Terry Eagleton’s thought in *Against the Grain: Essays 1975-1985* (1986):

Postmodernism[, by contrast,] commits the apocalyptic error of believing that the discrediting of this particular representational epistemology is the death of truth itself, just as it sometimes mistakes the disintegration of certain traditional ideologies of the subject for the subject’s final disappearance. (144)

The thematic of my work includes a critique of individualism, as opposed to individuality, massified amalgamation, as opposed to communality, commoditized emotionality and banalized sexuality, as opposed to passion, mechanistic prescriptiveness, as opposed to spontaneity, blinding noise, as opposed to soothing subtonic hi-fi, bewildering spirituality, as opposed to the beauty of the human face.

Drawing from pluralist vocabulary’s playfulness, the dissertation elucidates disguised authoritarianism in pluralist culture that threatens to cause disappearance of the human face. In contemporary fiction and theory these issues are manifested as creative takes on tradition and forms of resistance against manifold oppression. Part of such an approach to tradition is understanding of the modern as the historicizable ahistorical. It implies reimagining the present by revisiting the past, simultaneously updating it with vision of the future. Contemporary experimental prose, crossed with the resonating voices from the first half of the twentieth
century, illuminates certain aspects of the modernist-postmodernist trajectory. I read them as postfuturist responses against violence and ossification that portray the tension between reactionary and transformative vocabularies and practice. The term postfuture is adopted from Jeff Noon (“How to Make a Modern Novel” 2001) and reworked to signify the remix of the oscillations between melancholy and hope in the intersections of the time axes.

Thus, in the postfuturist key, the dissertation looks at the ways Jeff Noon, Kathy Acker, and Stewart Home, through a fusion of critical and creative vernaculars, remix traditional disciplines, genres, media, and the perception of self. Their works are observed through the prism of the latter day modernist concerns, such as the questions of authorship, ownership, and subjectivity embedded in contemporary subversive fiction and theoretical parlances. For example, criticizing materialist culture and its corruptive effects on human lives, Jeff Noon’s *Pollen* (1995) and *Nymphomation* (1997) are contextualized in McKenzie Wark’s *Gamer Theory* (2007). Likewise, Stewart Home’s *Down and out in Shoreditch and Hoxton* (2004) and *Memphis Underground* (2007), along with Kathy Acker’s *Great Expectations* (1982) reverberate with Wark’s theoretical idiom in *A Hacker Manifesto* (2004).

Noon’s and Acker’s portrayals of the cityscape as a vital element of the novel are merged with Home’s (post) psychogeographic approach. Particularly, his ideas in *Memphis Underground* (2007) solidified my perception of the significance of the fusion between reading and writing through the narrative labyrinth, mapping the path from the old school soul, blues, and funk tracks to today’s DJ culture. As such, reading-writing portrays the modernist problematic coinciding with the signs of times in which we live: alienation and the related issues that started burgeoning at the beginning of the twentieth century and marked the predicament thereafter. My reading of rock’n’roll subcultures casts light on the impact of consumerism and
cultural supremacy on urban countercultures, contextualizing the thematic within Anglo-American global politics.

I deploy the remixing approach to further explore the legacy of modernist, avant-garde, and postmodernist narratives. Only with the postfuturist twist. The term postfuture suggests the remixing approach to tradition. It symbolizes reimagining the future by revisiting the past via the resurrected present. The dynamic is investigated through the lens of Jameson’s archaeologies of the future (A Singular Modernity: Essay on the Ontology of the Present 215) taken as the paradigm of transformative approaches.\(^7\) The Christian aspect of the reading of the past as a cultural critique of the present, rather than nostalgic lionization of the preceding eras, is explored through the analyses of T.S. Eliot’s Notes towards the Definition of Culture (1948) and Vattimo’s Belief (1999). Their works are presented in the light of the call for the reconfiguration of tradition in the world of afflicted values. In that context, the remix is understood to be the recuperation of spirituality from the ashes of nihilo-cannibalism.

Relying on Eagleton’s ideas from Against the Grain: Essays 1975-1985, the approach insists on recombining the way in which postmodernism acquired modernist and the avant-garde legacies. Namely, the accent is on acknowledging the limits of absolute autonomization of art. Additionally, critical to the approach is reconfiguring the understanding of fragmented consciousness. Finally, repoliticized art assumes a new rationality that redescribes the avant-garde’s rejection of tradition. Rather, it perceives cultural vocabularies from the past as always already remixable, yet in the key slightly different from postmodernist narratives.

\(^7\)Implying both internal and external redemptive capacities, transformative is used synonymously with restorative, liberative, liberatory, and liberating, and Rorty’s revolutionary signifying the remix of the past, present, and future, simultaneously advancing the struggle for freedom and against inequity and soullessness.
As previously indicated, vital to the remix is the reworkable character of cultural realities. Emphasizing the unutterable literary tissue disrupting the discursive, the remix elucidates the bewilderment caused by totalizing tendencies of discourse. This enables reconfiguring stories and the everyday in the postfuturist, redivinizing light. I believe that such thinking and writing has been highly inspired by the early twentieth century cultural and literary fervor. Some aspects of the legacy we read in contemporary storytelling and cultural practices. They outline reanimating vision of solidarity and refacement—rebirth of the human face through alternating cycles of noise and silence, loops of disintegration, superseded by the reintegration of the subtonic layers into the wholesome sound of creation.

1.2.2 Rocks & Knocks: Toward Subtonic Hi-Fi

The linguistic turn presented to the world an unprecedented twist. Its investment in discursive versatility as a basis of a radical antifoundational and antirepresentational theory enabled a proliferation of cultural constructs in the way that assigned discourse the role of an acting foundation of the antiessentialist world. Some antimetaphysical tendencies, rightly acknowledging the impossibility of verbalizing certain realms of experience, denied—intentionally or otherwise—the very existence of such experiences. In particular, the life of the spirit and assertive communication about it have been overshadowed by certain schools of thought.

Centered on the liberating capacities of such insights—their playful, creative, and imaginative potential—my work explores the lateral possibilities for demetaphysicization of discourse without discrediting the spiritual. In that context, silence is emphasized both as the communication channel and as a literary element woven into the more accessible ones such as
the character, setting, and/or the tone. Apart from a theoretico-literary role, silence is crucial to my understanding of the ways the cultural domain can be reconfigured.

Postfuturist turntablist poetics samples from theoretico-critical insights of Fredric Jameson, Richard Rorty, McKenzie Wark, and Terry Eagleton. Although concerned with spiritual themes, it is not a metaphysics. Nor is it a poetics in the sense that suggests a normativity or foundational/representational postulates for reading-writing. Rather, it is a nonprescriptive reading-writing style. Despite the divergences among the selection of theoretical sources that inspired my vocabulary—their respective ideological, economic, cultural, (anti) philosophical, psychoanalytical inclinations—the dissertation focuses on the congruent aspects of these samples to elucidate the remix. However, the theories are not deployed in order to devise method because that would assume theoretical foundations and aspects of the scientific paradigm incompatible with the ways research is conducted in the humanities and some social sciences. It may also create an impression of the dissertation being an attempt to conjure up an ontology and/or epistemology inclusive of all the complicated and frequently misleading relationships between them. Instead, turntablist poetics, being concerned with nonprescriptive DJ interventions within existing vocabularies, treats the theoretical sources as the samples constitutive of the remix.

In this work, the vocabularies acknowledging silence, presence, and subjectivity are thematized neither theologically nor metaphysically. Rather, in the vein of the ideas from Terry Eagleton’s *The Meaning of Life: A Very Short Introduction* (2008), the remix embodies, instead

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8 The analyses include the ideas of Gianni Vattimo, Paul de Man, Jacques Derrida, Svetlana Boym, Felix Guattari, Jan Jagodzinski, and George Steiner. However, the four abovementioned thinkers provide the general framework for the implementation of theoretical samples.
of arguing, how immanence operates: as a voice sometimes manifest, at times subtonically present-
a vessel for the remix.

For that reason, the discussion is initially centered around the theories analyzed. Toward the end of the chapter a shift occurs, focusing on the voice of the DJ. This parallels the structure of the dissertation as a whole. The first two chapters feature literary and cultural analyses in a rather conventional academic fashion. They are followed by the chapters that combine creative and critical styles--inspired writing with an increasingly accentuated creative / critical streak. The tactic exemplifies the idea of an inspired study freed from theological and/or metaphysical grounding. Theoretically, it is close to Richard Rorty’s understanding of the redescriptions of the cultural paradigms as processes producing new vocabularies that replace the old ones by demonstrating, rather than argumentatively defending, their own validity. They outline the vision of solidarity and refacement--rebirth of the human face through an interplay of absence and presence.

This chapter discusses critical approaches to metaphysics. It focuses on the works of Richard Rorty, Paul de Man, Jacques Derrida, and George Steiner to illustrate the scale of vocabularies of presence and/or absence. Closely related to this are the questions of belief and fellowship elaborated in the following chapters. Simultaneously, this theoretical framework will introduce a platform for my literary approach to tradition and its remix.
1.2.2.1 Weak Textualist Solidarity

Reexamining the philosophical canon from Plato to Kant in *Consequences of Pragmatism: Essays, 1972-1980* (1982) and *Contingency, Irony, and Solidarity* (1989), Richard Rorty refers to it as a succession of vocabularies attempting to establish theoretical grounds that explain, describe, and found life. Those conceptual frameworks are understood as the links vouching the presumable correspondence between what one does, who one is, how one knows, what one creates, what one believes on the one hand and, on the other, how and/or what should be done, known, created, and believed. Stressing the futility of such attempts, Rorty disposes of the metaphysical concepts of Essence, Truth, Knowledge, Being, and anything that describes the world in immutable terms.

He criticizes metaphysical discourses privileging one particular as the bastion of Truth, thereby proliferating realities: "To say that truth is not out there is simply to say that where there are no sentences there is no truth, that sentences are elements of human languages, and languages are human creations" (*Contingency, Irony, and Solidarity* 5). His antimetaphysical, post-philosophical theory denies both a possibility and the need to establish a correspondence between the world and language because of their incompatibility: "The world does not speak. Only we do" (*Contingency, Irony, and Solidarity* 6).

Similarly, Rorty’s liberal irony challenges the idea of philosophy as a meta-territory, neutral ground ensuring a common social denominator, a mediator between the private and the public--between personal idiosyncrasies and communal wellbeing. Instead, he understands the human ability to feel pain as the only kind of social glue. The liberal perspective of his theory is concerned with moral aspects of living with other fellow humans. The ironist aspect in liberal irony accentuates the revisibility of one’s views, possible implications, and the relevance of an
ongoing redescription. Emphasizing both coexistence and the unbridgeable incommensurability between the public and private planes, Rorty’s antifoundational platform suggests an understanding of the two vocabularies as contingent and subject to ongoing revisions:

I shall define an ‘ironist’ as someone who fulfills three conditions:

(1) She has radical and continuing doubts about the final vocabulary she currently uses, because she has been impressed by other vocabularies, vocabularies taken as final by people or books she has encountered; (2) she realizes that the argument phrased in her present vocabulary can neither underwrite nor dissolve these doubts; (3) insofar as she philosophizes about her situation, she does not think that her vocabulary is closer to reality than others, that it is in touch with a power not herself. (Contingency, Irony, and Solidarity 73)

Contingency, Irony, and Solidarity presents Nietzsche as the first thinker proposing a contingent model of truth as creation rather than discovery. Additionally, Heidegger, Derrida, and Harold Bloom are cultural figures whom Rorty understands to have made major leaps toward ironist thinking. According to him, many revolutionary redescriptions of the vocabulary of culture have merely been shifts of the focus. For instance, the Enlightenment refocused human existence from God to science. German Idealism denounced the language of science and argued the vocabulary of philosophy be congruent with that of reality, while the Romantic poets shifted the focus from philosophy to poetry:

Kant and Hegel went only halfway in their repudiation of the idea that truth is ‘out there’ … What was needed, and what the idealists were unable to envisage, was a repudiation of the very idea of anything – mind or matter, self or world – having an intrinsic nature to be expressed or represented. (Contingency, Irony, and Solidarity 4)
Vital to the analysis is Rorty’s observation about the role of irony with regard to revolutionary vocabularies. More precisely, an ironist vocabulary does not strive to step outside the realm of the private and poeticized, because it entails what is in heideggerian terms called a metaphysical relapse. Just as Heidegger accuses Nietzsche of Platonism in disguise, Rorty criticizes Heidegger’s attempt to overcome metaphysics and all overcomings by introducing yet another capitalized notion—Being.

Rorty claims that the Romantic poets partially redescribed the vocabulary of culture of the nineteenth century. He sees the significance of Romanticism in its centering culture around a secular, albeit nonscientific, nonphilosophical vocabularies. Although a major contribution to a poeticized culture, Romantic irony is decisively distinct from liberal irony. While both imply radical playfulness, the former, according to Friedrich Schlegel’s _Lucinde and the Fragments_ (1971), is defined in terms of the absolute and necessity: “Irony is the freest of all licences, for by its means one transcends oneself; and it is also the most lawful, for it is absolutely necessary” (_Lucinde and the Fragments_ 161). Additionally, at least partly, it features a representational perception of poetry: “In each of its representations / transcendental poetry should / also represent itself, and should always be both poetry and the poetry of poetry” (_Lucinde and the Fragments_ 242).

From the Romantic point of view, culture should be poeticized because it is in poetry where the key that opens the door to the Truth can be found. Thus, in _A Defence of Poetry_ (1840) Shelley claims that poets are “the unacknowledged legislators of the world” (233). However, despite sharing a common belief in poetry as the language connecting microcosmic and macrocosmic voices, there are variations within Romantic poetics. For instance, in _Biographia Literaria_ (1817), Coleridge emphasizes polyvalent character of the manifestations of truth: “I
regard truth as a divine ventriloquist. I care not from whose mouth the sounds are supposed to proceed, if only the words are audible and intelligible” (Biographia Literaria 89). However, he stresses the organic nature of poetry, implying traditional, metaphysical notions: “A legitimate poem … must be one the parts of which naturally support and explain each other” (Biographia Literaria 172). These contradictions make Rorty suspect that the irony in the Romantic poetry is not necessarily the same as the one he is offering as a descriptive strategy. He also finds it reasonable to believe that the Romantic and liberal ironist worlds do not have the same vision of the poet as the central cultural hero—the latter proposes a dedivinized version of the former. This is reflected in his recapitulation of historical reshifting from religion to poetry via science and philosophy—secular vocabularies reverberating with the sacredness they were trying to refute:

I can crudely sum up the story which historians like Blumenberg tell by saying that once upon a time we felt a need to worship something which lay beyond the visible world. Beginning in the seventeenth century we tried to substitute a love of truth for a love of God, treating the world described by science as a quasi-divinity. Beginning at the end of the eighteenth century we tried to substitute a love of ourselves for a love of a scientific truth, a worship of our own deep spiritual or poetic nature, treated as one more quasi divinity.

(Contingency, Irony, and Solidarity 22)

A similar problem Rorty sees in another attempt aiming to recenter culture around the realm of letters. Examining the New Criticism, Rorty agrees with the claim that literature cannot reveal anything external to it (Consequences of Pragmatism 155). However, he disagrees with prioritizing close reading as the method for textual analysis because claiming a method implies claiming an epistemology—“mimicking philosophy” (Consequences of Pragmatism 156), thereby abandoning the model of an autonomous, revolutionary vocabulary that establishes itself
devising an authentic mode of speaking. Such attempts prevent poeticizing of culture, since they confine literature and the literary to the realm of old vocabularies: “The weakest way to defend the plausible claim that literature has now displaced religion, science, and philosophy as the presiding discipline in our culture is by looking for a philosophical foundation for the practices of contemporary criticism” (Consequences of Pragmatism 155).

Rorty is contrasting the New Criticism to the next historical occurrence of text-oriented, antimetaphysical thinkers whom he calls textualists:

[T]he so called ‘Yale school’ of literary criticism centering around Harold Bloom, Geoffrey Hartmann, J. Hillis Miller, and Paul de Man, ‘post-structuralist’ French thinkers like Jacques Derrida and Michel Foucault, historians like Hayden White, and social scientists like Paul Rabinow. (Consequences of Pragmatism 139)

This school of thought Rorty credits for nonargumentatively introducing new forms of reading literature, neither prescribing a method, nor assigning to their activity the status of a privileged vocabulary. Consequently, their works epitomize Rorty’s perception of poeticized culture based on a new understanding of literature and meaning as creation, rather than discovery: “By ‘literature’, then, I shall mean the areas of culture which, quite self-consciously, forego agreement on an encompassing critical vocabulary, and thus forego argumentation” (Consequences of Pragmatism 142).

In “The Pragmatist Progress” (1992), Rorty further develops vision of nonargumentative writing. It is presented as an act of creating meaning by different readers to different ends. Likewise, literary criticism is not understood as a practice of seeking the hidden, real meaning of the text, because there is no such thing. He suggests, instead, that there are as many meanings as there are uses of text within the process of knitting an intertextual, hybrid web of revised
vocabularies from the past and of the present. This perspective delineates the contested boundaries of the faculty called literary criticism. In Contingency, Irony, and Solidarity, Rorty observes the revised notion of literary criticism and notes that the term culture criticism would more accurately describe the actual practice. He notes that the term literary has, nevertheless, endured. Thus, instead of renaming the term literary criticism, the notion of literature has changed:

It is a familiar fact that the term “literary criticism” has been stretched further and further in the course of our [the twentieth] century. It originally meant comparison and evaluation of plays, poems, and novels – with perhaps an occasional glance at the visual arts. Then it got extended to cover past criticism (for example, Dryden’s, Shelley’s, Arnold’s, and Eliot’s prose, as well as their verse). Then, quite quickly, it got extended to the books which had supplied past critics with their critical vocabulary and were supplying present critics with theirs. This meant extending it to theology, philosophy, social theory, reformist political programs, and revolutionary manifestos. In short, it meant extending it to every book likely to provide candidates for a person’s final vocabulary … So instead of changing the term “literary criticism” to something like “culture criticism,” we have instead stretched the word “literature” to cover whatever the literary critics criticize. (Contingency, Irony, and Solidarity 81)

Casting aside any immutable component of reading-writing, these fluid, davinized notions of literature and literary criticism enable a plurality of created meanings. In other words, instead of proving to have “the key to the door,” this antifoundationalist approach to the world of letters is a revolutionary paradigmatic shift of cultural vocabulary, as explicated in Consequences of Pragmatism:
This is what the literary culture has been doing recently, with great success. It is what science did when it replaced religion and what idealist philosophy did when it replaced science. Science did not *demonstrate* that religion was false, nor philosophy that science was merely phenomenal, nor can modernist literature or textual criticism *demonstrate* that the “metaphysics of presence” is an outdated genre. But each in turn has managed, without argument, to make its point. (155)

Such shifts of paradigms Rorty sees as crucial for poeticizing culture. Accordingly, radical examples of revolutionary practice include Harold Bloom’s strong misreading and later Derrida, “the period in which his writing becomes more eccentric, personal, and original” (*Contingency, Irony, and Solidarity* 123). In the essay “From Ironist Theory to Private Allusions: Derrida” (*Contingency, Irony, and Solidarity*) Rorty praises Derrida’s challenging the consensus about the supremacy of argumentative discourse and domesticated private-public binary:

> I take Derrida’s importance to lie in his having had the courage to unite the private and the public, to stop trying to bring together a quest for private autonomy and an attempt at public resonance and utility. He privatizes the sublime, having learned from the fate of his predecessors that the public can never be more than beautiful. (*Contingency, Irony, and Solidarity* 125)

1.2.2.2 Potentials for the Culture Remix

Derrida’s *Dissemination* (1981) can be read as instances of poeticizing culture that indexes an immense investment in creation. While my reading mainly focuses on the implications of his cultural critique suggestive of sustaining the belief in agency, my analysis distances itself from his strong textualist philosophical tendencies. Derrida’s idiosyncratic, poeticized discourse revolves around the idea of writing that aims at refiguring the logocentric paradigm. He
redefines the notion of signification trapped in the true/false dichotomy, thereby challenging traditional determinants of value, deconstructing the subjectivity/objectivity nexus, and, by extension, cultural realities.

Showing the elusiveness of descriptions, Derrida’s experimental thought and writing investigate the true-false dichotomy in the context of traditional logic. Focusing on the use of notion of allusion in Mallarmé’s *Mimique*, Derrida differentiates it from the concept of illusion in order to disqualify the understanding of meaning as a fixed category and a discovery in the traditional epistemological sense. He redescribes the correspondence based approach and the canonical notion of value laden meaning:

But that this play should in the last instance be independent of truth does not mean that it is false, an error, appearance, or illusion. Mallarmé writes ‘allusion,’ not ‘illusion.’ Allusion, or ‘suggestion,’ as Mallarmé says elsewhere, is indeed that operation we are here by analogy calling undecidable. (*Dissemination* 219 italics in original)

Considering the status of mimesis and/or imitation in Mallarmé’s text, Derrida looks at its/their relation to truth. Observing that mimesis “has to follow the process of truth” (*Dissemination* 192), he wraps up the query with an insight that reshifts the mimetic conundrum. The insight in question centers around self-referentiality of what can potentially be perceived as imitation. First, he defines it within its own norm, order, logic, thereby demarcating self-referential notion of reference—“reference itself” (*Dissemination* 193). This introduces into the discussion an antimetaphysical perspective. Decontextualizing the invariable feature of self-referential reference from homogeneous autoreferentiality, Derrida shows how within “a regular alternation” (*Dissemination* 193), an alternative syntax judges mimesis by the standards
incompatible with its own. He contends that a coexistence of alternative syntaxes “escapes the
pertinence of truth” (*Dissemination* 193) without necessarily overturning it.

Here, a helpful remark is the one he previously made about a painting being “a painter’s
document” (*Dissemination* 189). Although emerging from the troublesome mimetic vortex, the
observation is for the purposes of this work illuminating, particularly in relation to Baudrillard’s
(*Radical Alterity* 2008) cultural critique that relies on the idea of the hospitable host, who in
order to process the information, must first receive it from somewhere. The source, thus, simply
helps refocus the conversation from imitation to hospitality to ensure exchange. In the
postfuturist parlance, it means that cultural flows inspire different remixes in each individual
case (to be further elucidated and elaborated throughout the dissertation). The perspective is
aligned with the abovementioned Baudrillard’s stance, alongside Terry Eagleton’s (*Against the
Jameson’s (*A Singular Modernity: Essay on the Ontology of the Present* 2002) critiques of a
disguised authoritarianism of contemporary pluralist discourse manifested in the stigmatization
of the notion of authenticity.

In Derrida, a kindred potential lurks from the white, unwritten page, from which silence
speaks in the way text cannot. However, it seems that in Derrida such potential is potential as
long as it remains potential, i.e., the blank page. Alternatively, his point about intertextual
dialogue adds an additional angle to dismantling the status of mime: “A writing that refers back
only to itself carries us *at the same time*, indefinitely and systematically, to some other writing.
At the same time: this is what we must account for” (*Dissemination* 202 italics in original). And
yet, the shadow of self-referentiality persists in Derrida’s analysis: ”It is necessary that while
referring each time to another text, to another determinate system, each organism only refer to
itself as a determinate structure; a structure that is open and closed at the same time” (Dissemination 202 italics in original). This is later traced back to the question of referentiality and, faithfully to its circularity, reiterated via the claim about “a difference without a reference, or rather a reference without a referent” (Dissemination 206).

Potential for demetaphysicizing discourse as it may be, the approach is criticized as tacit logocentrism by George Steiner (Real Presences 1989). Derrida’s counterargument can be imagined in the vein of his defense of Malaramé against possible accusations of Platonism and/or Hegelianism: ”It is thus not simply false to say that Malaramé is a Platonist or a Hegelian. But it is above all not true” (Dissemination 207). He goes on to lace it:”And vice versa” (Dissemination 207). Derrida underscores the point by recentering the analysis from philosophical propositions per se onto “the mode of their reinscription in the text of Mimique” (Dissemination 207). He contextualizes the discussion within the dream thematic where the typical philosophical propositions are being reinscribed in the text of Mimique as follows:

The referent is lifted, but reference remains: what is left is only the writing of dreams, a fiction that is not imaginary, mimicry without imitation, without verisimilitude, without truth or falsity, a miming of appearance without concealed reality, without any world behind it, and hence without appearance: “false appearance…” … The historical ambiguity of the word appearance (at once appearing or apparition of the being-present and the masking of the being-present behind its appearance) impresses its indefinite fold on this sequence, which is neither synthetic nor redundant: “under the false appearance of a present.” (Dissemination 211 italics in original)

The crux of the discussion is the triangulation within the appearing-apparition-appearance derivatives. However, as previously indicated, this dissertation avoids turning into a strong
textualist reading. The reason for this is that the key interest of my research is exploring the possibilities of disambiguating the deceitful totality of discourse. This streak might be related to Derrida’s antimetaphysical ruminations suspicious of inserting an assumption about “a natural language within the element of speculative dialectics” (Dissemination 220). The critical stance is enhanced by the remark about the absence, or, rather, ellipsis of the verb to be either signifying existence or as a copula in Malaramé’s work. In the original text he bases the analysis on, ironically called Mimique, Derrida points out casting aside of being and allowing play, game, act, and the notions of their ilk to occupy those hollow spaces. Along with an emphasis on a provisional ontology of what he defines as “false appearance of the present” (Dissemination 216 italics in original), it addresses the more general question of bodily metaphors (Dissemination 213).

Metaphors are where undecidability reinstantiates a framework for redefining the significance of literature. He seems to be suggesting that despite the fluctuating value of its meaning, literary musings still inspire reinscribing the relevance of literature in the fluid conversation between and among the threads in the intertextual web:

If this handbook of literature meant to say something, which now we have some reason to doubt, it would proclaim first of all that there is no – or hardly any, ever so little – literature; that in any event there is no essence of literature, no truth of literature, no literary-being or being-literary of literature. And that the fascination exerted by the “is,” or the “what is” in

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9 The remark is potentially controversial, since it addresses a grammatical classification in itself subject to debate. Namely, the category of verbs called copular is disputable. Such verbs are defined as connectives between the subject and its complement (in some terminology, it is called a predicate). The problem is that there are verbs that connect the subject and the complement (some adverbials, for instance) and would not fall in the category as typically defined. In other words, the very category of a copular verb eludes an unreservedly precise definition. Coupled with Derrida’s juxtaposing copula to be with the other, existential meaning of the same verb further complicates the issue, since it may implicitly exclude a possibility of the verb to be to signify existence as a copular verb and/or understand these two as necessarily disparate. I intentionally diverge from Derrida’s original wording “declaration of existence,” since I do not fully espouse the idea it may entail.
the question “what is literature” is worth what the hymen is worth – that is, not exactly nothing – when for example it causes one to die laughing. All this, of course should not prevent us – on the contrary – from attempting to find out what has been represented and determined under that name – “literature” – and why. (Dissemination 223)

1.2.2.3 Fruitful Readings of Fruitless Endeavors

However, for theorists, one of them being George Steiner, who have different views of literature and literariness, this does not suffice to express the nature of reading and writing. What is more, in his view, vocabularies of absence stand in sharp contrast to what actually makes literature what it is. In Real Presences (1989), he bases his view on the ethics of responsible responsiveness pertinent to reader’s relationship with text and, analogously, with the other. Unlike Derrida and Rorty, Steiner emphasizes the call to search for meaning in an encounter with a piece of literature: we are answerable to the text that speaks to us (Real Presences 8). With regard to reciprocity in the communication channel, he sees one’s encounters with literature akin to a religious experience.

To a certain extent similarly to Rorty’s account, Steiner offers an idea of reading and writing as intertextual dialogue. Further, Steiner and Rorty share an antitheoretical stance in their respective understandings of the exchange: they both see literary, rather than theoretical vocabularies, as means of redescribing other texts because the language of theory does not reflect the nuances pertinent to a literary expression. However, there are significant incongruities between Steiner’s and Rorty’s interpretative apparatuses. For example, Rorty considers new interpretations to be contingent revisions of other writings--truthless textual mosaics. In contrast, Steiner’s hermeneutico-archaeological model of intertextuality is a genealogy of a correlation between aesthetic and religious experiences. The responsiveness of the reader to literature is the
responsibility evocative of the communication with the original creation, demanding the recognition of the call coming from the other--the real presence.

Exploring the possibilities of meaning, Steiner develops an ethics of answerability to art. This implies a responsibility to respond to a creative piece by attempting to “hear its language” (Real Presences 156). To comprehend its meaning equals responding to the other. Human interpretative capacities are in this context acknowledged as a component that both enables and conditions comprehension of meaning. However, imprecisions and imperfections of such interpretative responses should not prevent one from answering the call: “Without the gamble on welcome, no door can be opened when freedom knocks” (Real Presences 156).

Responding to real presences is a kind of engagement that requires mobilizing faculties other than solely conscious, cognitive, and/or rational: there is an inexplicable affinity and compatibility between a work of art and the reader’s interpretative strategies (Real Presences 179). The aesthetic plane is the gateway to rendering the extralinguistic communicable: “It is a theology, explicit or suppressed, masked or avowed, substantive or imaged, which underwrites the presumption of creativity, of signification in our encounters with text, with music, with art. The meaning of meaning is a transcendent postulate” (Real Presences 216).

Hence, Steiner offers a conceptual framework suggesting an innate bond and continuity between the aesthetic, ethical, and religious. His hermeneutic discloses oscillations between constructivism and tacit essentialism. However, he disputes a radically discursive understanding of reality, arguing that during the decades between 1870 and 1930 in Europe, Central Europe, and Russia occurred a break of the covenant between language and the world in the new spirit manifested in self-referentiality of language, excluding a possibility of meaning as conditioned by, founded in, or related to anything but itself. While signification defined in terms of self-
referentiality outwits the notion of representation, it, according to Steiner, complicates the idea of text as the mediator between the reader and the transcendent. He refers to it as the “repudiation of the covenant of the reference” (Real Presences 96). Put differently, it marks the beginning of the world that has been superseded by the word: “The truth of the word is the absence of the world” (Real Presences 96).

The pre-modern world, apparently, was the other extreme: “The archetypal paradigm of all affirmation of sense and of significant plenitude – the fullness of meaning in the word – is a logos model” (Real Presences 119). Steiner considers Mallarmé to be a key figure in the process of dedivinization of language. Closely related to that, Steiner scrutinizes the process, instances, and consequences of the erosion of “the contract between word and the world” (Real Presences 132). He points to the role of deconstruction in the refutation of the search for truth:

Without having either to affirm or to deny the “death of God” – such affirmation being or denial being merely oratorical gestures on behalf of a vacant smile – deconstruction teaches us that where is no “face of God” for the semantic marker to turn to, there can be no transcendent or decidable intelligibility. The break of the postulate of the sacred is the break of any stable, potentially ascertainable meaning of meaning. Where the theologically and metaphysically posited principle of a continuous individuality, of a cognitively coherent and ethically responsible ego is dissolved (Husserl’s phenomenology being the heroic but doomed rearguard action in defence of this principle), there can be neither Kant’s “subjective universality”, nor that belief in truth-seeking which, from Plato to the present, from Phaedrus to now, had underwritten the ideals of religion, of humanism and of communication. It is this very impossibility that defines modernism. (Real Presences 132-133)
In Steiner’s view, the dismissal of the transcendent postulates is a nihilist legacy: “Thus the seductive force of the deconstructive semiotics of the ‘after-Word’ is that of a rigorously consequent nihilism or nullity (le degree zero)” (Real Presences 133). He holds that “Hegel’s crucial dialectical move” (Real Presences 133) enabled the traces of the grammar of nothingness in deconstruction (Real Presences 133). Needless to say, Steiner finds this approach counterproductive for regaining the presence of the world. He claims that Derrida’s deconstruction is a kind of antilogocentrism articulated within the logocentric paradigm (Real Presences 129), which may boil down to the view claiming Derrida’s logocentrism in disguise. Instead, despite the risk of destabilizing the presence of the world, Steiner champions redivinized culture in the key of responsible responsiveness: “To read a poem responsively (‘respondingly’), to be answerable to form, is to wager on a reinsurance of sense” (Real Presences 216). Despite the possibility of error or imperfection of reading, Steiner, nevertheless, insists on the response. That comprises the risk persistent in his understanding of the correlation between the aesthetic and the sacred.

In this dissertation, the risk that Steiner emphasizes is bracketed. While the approach in my work resonates with Steiner’s critique of the break with certain semiotic postulates, it does not hold that it follows that they can guarantee living in the Holy Spirit. In the vein of the theories that focus on the concept of immediacy, such as Terry Eagleton’s, not insisting on metaphysics does not outplay its object level: “[T]he most valuable forms of post-structuralism are therefore those which, as with much of Jacques Derrida’s writing, refuse to credit the absurdity that we could ever simply have jettisoned the ‘metaphysical’ like a cast-off overcoat” (Against the Grain 144).
Additionally, my work relies on the balance that Fredric Jameson points to in *A Singular Modernity: Essay on the Ontology of the Present* (2002) between what can be called radical aesthetization of the world on the one hand and, on the other, total “ontologizing” of the word. The distinction casts light on modernist legacy revealing that, despite of occasional tendencies toward both, it cannot be perceived as an instance of a nihilist inclination.

Further, Steiner’s theory regards an aesthetic experience solely in the context of high art. Given that my research invests in the voices from the canon and the margins alike, the discord between it and the views presented in Steiner’s book can be elucidated within Svetlana Boym’s theoretical insights in “Nostalgic Technologies: Notes for an Off-Modern Manifesto” (discussed in chapter 2). The kernel of her thought considers reimagining cultural activism in a technologically advanced age. She notes a parallel between technological and human imperfection as a basis for lateral alleys of culture remapping. The instability in question resonates with what Steiner accentuates as an inherent component of interpretation. Here, it is adopted as an indicator of the limits of human power, rather than the determinant of what it means to be a human being. Thus, from the perspective of reconfiguring power dynamic, Steiner’s ethics of responsible responsiveness is taken tentatively, especially with regard to its cultural aspect.

From that angle, what seems to be missing from Steiner’s critique of deconstruction is acknowledging cultural significance of the theoretical apparatuses he criticizes. For example, Derrida’s statement about the limitless potential of literature (*Dissemination* 223) entails the idea of human inexhaustible creative capacities. Further, limitless freedom for recreating meanings is suggestive of the possibility to reread culture, deconstruct cultural categories, and rewrite the notion of power and remap power relations narratives. Such a take signalizes tremendous
potentials of agency that rests on the constructivist character of discourse and cultural realities. This potential emanates from the pages where Derrida considers the role of the reader. He meditates:

But does the Mime read his role in order to write his mimic or his booklet? Is the initiative of reading his? Is he the acting subject who knows how to read what he has to write? One could indeed believe that although he is passive in reading, he at least has the active freedom to choose to begin to read, and that the same is true of Mallarmé; or even that you, dear everyreader, retain the initiative of reading all these texts, including Mallarmé’s, and hence, to that extent, in that place, you are indeed attending it, deciding on it, mastering it. (Dissemination 223-224)

Derrida insists on undecidability as the central strategy of refiguring the character of reading and writing, thereby reinforcing indeterminancy of their roles and the relationship between reader, writer, and text. Derrida’s reading in a double key seems to be the only discursive certainty, that can also be a silent statement about his own narrative technique and writing by and large being “indefinite fluctuation between two possibilities” (Dissemination 225). If so, one wonders whether the decision to keep the fluctuation within the two possibilities is suggestive of the impossibility of an absolute break with traditional categories. If so, one wonders how to make such an endeavor if not fruitful, then, at least, interesting.

The query tracks one back to the possibilities for the culture remix. An inspiring context for reimagining the thematic is Kenneth Goldsmith’s comment about Derrida’s writing, clearly situating its restorative potentials within the possibilities for reconfiguring traditional power dynamic. In Uncreative Writing: Managing Language in the Digital Age (2011), Goldsmith
considers language poets and their experimenting with linguistic hierarchies. He relates such practices to Derrida’s thought:

Fueled by French theorists such as Jacques Derrida, they wanted to demonstrate that the textual field is unstable, comprised of ever-shifting signs and signifiers, thereby unable to be claimed by either author or reader as authoritative. If the reader were able to reconstruct the open text, it would be as (un)stable and as (un)meaningful as the author’s. The end result would be a level playing field for all, debunking the twin myths of both the all-powerful author and the passive reader. (Uncreative Writing 153)

In “The Rhetoric of Blindness” from Blindness and Insight (1971) de Man observes similar potential in Derrida: “His text, as he puts it so well, is the unmaking of a construct. However negative it may sound, deconstruction implies the possibility of rebuilding” (140). Although such a text does not guarantee the right strategy, it, nevertheless, opens up the avenue for the culture remix. Its nonprescriptive ethical potential constitutes a range of choices for undoing cultural knots, to tell anew the stories about the world. It is what makes it significant, as Rorty acknowledges in Contingency, Irony, and Solidarity:

The later Derrida privatizes his philosophical thinking, and thereby breaks down the tension between ironism and theorizing. He simply drops theory – the attempt to see his predecessors steadily and whole -- in favor of fantasizing about those predecessors, playing with them, giving free rein to the trains of association they produce. There is no moral to these fantasies, not any public (pedagogic or political) use to be made of them; but, for Derrida’s readers, they may nevertheless be exemplary – suggestions of the sort of thing one might do, a sort of thing rarely done before. (125)
1.2.2.4 How to Say Clearly That to Say It Is Nothing New

Further exploring possibilities for ironist revisions, Rorty investigates antimetaphysical vocabularies as sources of creating new stories about the world. In *Essays on Heidegger and Others* (1991), he revisits de Man’s “Criticism and Crisis” from *Blindness and Insight*, focusing on the tension between literature and criticism in time of crisis. Reflecting upon the tension between modernity and historicity of literary creation, de Man contrasts criticism to the disciplines such as anthropology, psychology, and philosophy. Criticism, as a metavocabulary, questions and establishes its own role. De Man situates criticism within a self-reflective scrutiny that, alongside its own fabric, investigates the circumstances that mobilize it. Penetrating the layers underlying the reading-writing practice that occurs in times of crisis is crucial for the existence of the discipline: “In the periods that are not periods of crisis, or in individuals bending on avoiding crisis at all costs, there can be all kinds of approaches to literature: historical, philosophical, psychological, etc., but there can be no criticism” (*Blindness and Insight* 8).

From his other works, such as *Critical Writings 1953-1978* (1989) and *The Resistance to Theory* (1986), particularly resonating with the thoughts from “Criticism and Crisis” and “Literary History and Literary Modernity” from *Blindness and Insight*, it could be inferred that laying claims about the specificity of the literature-criticism nexus results from contextualizing it historically within the web of diverse descriptions of the world. More precisely, it could be that the insistence on a certain autonomy of the language of literature and/or criticism comes as a response to the ages-long role of philosophy as the mediator between the world and what is being said about it. With the historical paradigm shifts, the center of culture was relocated and science asserted its mediatory privilege. It seems that de Man feels that via the legacy of the nineteenth century positivism, enabling the unlikely debris of the scientific paradigm, a lingering shadow of
philosophy is, too, being sustained in criticism. Since an “unmediated expression is a philosophical impossibility” (*Blindness and Insight* 9), de Man designates the area of literature as an impossible territory to be explored—and demystified—philosophically.

This invokes an antifoundational proclivity. Such a streak can also be sensed from his repudiation of the Romantic belief in the correspondence between the language of poetry and nature. Rather, he celebrates continental criticism for its fully espousing a metacritical stance in order to emphasize abandoning the idea of privileging literary vocabulary:

[I]t represents a methodologically motivated attack on the notion that a literary or poetic consciousness is in any way a privileged consciousness, whose use of language can pretend to escape, to some degree, from the duplicity, the confusion, the untruth that we take for granted in everyday use of language. (*Blindness and Insight* 9)

That’s why he keeps writing criticism in the way that self-exposes its internal dilemma—an attempt to say about literature that what can neither be entirely grasped nor theorized in the language other than its own.

Reflecting on the nature of literary language, he comes to the conclusion that what distinguishes it from other vocabularies is the awareness of its own duplicity: “But the fiction is not myth, for it knows and names itself as fiction” (*Blindness and Insight* 18). De Man claims that we devise different strategies in order to obscure this fact. In everyday language, we simply ignore it. Alternatively, we create metavocabularies to establish correspondence between words and the everyday. De Man reproves such identification and contends that the intricacy of literature is in its awareness of such an impossibility. Particularly, unless it is deluded, literature thrives on its inherent opacity – its inescapable inauthenticity. Yet, occasional disruptions of
delusional lucidity do occur -- the tension between history and modernity is a key factor for literature’s occasional periods of self-deception.

In “Literary History and Literary Modernity,” de Man specifically focuses on the dilemma as a phenomenon resulting from a creative impulse. He centers the analysis around the clashing aspects of it, emphasizing unavoidable self-reflexivity of literature. He goes on to elucidate the observation claiming that literature thrives on its inherent opacity. Namely, the destabilizing and preserving tension between history and modernity reveals literature oscillating between a sense of creating something altogether new, and yet being aware of the impossibility of a radical discontinuity of synchronic and diachronic intertextual dialogue:

The ambivalence of writing is such that it can be considered both an act and an interpretative process that follows after an act with which it cannot coincide. As such, it both affirms and denies its own nature or specificity. Unlike the historian, the writer remains so closely involved with action that he can never free himself of the temptation to destroy whatever stands between him and his deed, especially the temporal distance which makes him dependent on an earlier past. The appeal of modernity haunts all literature. (Blindness and Insight 152)

Occasionally, literature responds to the appeal. Such attempts de Man sees as blindness of literature caused by “romantic disease” (Blindness and Insight 13), the haunting ghost of the romantic belief in poetry as the voice of Truth: “The fallacy of the belief that, in the language of poetry, sign and meaning can coincide, or at least be related to each other in the free and harmonious balance that we call beauty, is said to be a specifically romantic delusion” (Blindness and Insight 12).
Delusional as it may appear, the indefatigable appeal of immediacy is as an undisputable characteristic of literary fabric as is its mediating nature: “No true account of literary language can bypass this persistent temptation of literature to fulfill a single moment. The temptation of immediacy is constitutive of literary consciousness and has to be included in the definition of the specificity of literature” (*Blindness and Insight* 152). The mediatory dialectic creates a lacuna, revealing literature’s playing on the edge of the abyss, as if attempting to substantialize the absence, the void: ”It is this possibility that constitutes the supreme wager; however, since it must remain wager, it is substance itself that is the abyss” (*Blindness and Insight* 245). From this perspective, to create in literary vernacular is to face the void and try to find the words to name the abysmal substance. Paul de Man, *Blindness and Insight*: “Poetic language names this void with ever-renewed understanding and, like Rousseau’s longing, it never tires of naming it again. This persistent naming is what we call literature” (18). All literature can do is simply never stop naming.

1.2.2.5 In the Service of Language

To sum up, self-reflexivity is commonplace to Rorty’s and de Man’s respective understandings of literature. Additionally, they share the conviction that it is not possible to step outside of language in order to ensure an objective ground for a literary analysis. Moreover, investment in intertextuality is characteristic of both thinkers. An incongruence between their antimetaphysical readings can be found in the ways they cope with essentialist traps, as Rorty demarcates it in *Essays on Heidegger and Others*. In accord with the antifoundational aspect of de Man’s thought, Rorty remarks in it remnants of deterministic thinking, a sense of atavistic essentialism lurking from de Man’s reflections about literature and criticism. Rorty’s ironist reading, integrating latent psychoanalytic elements, focuses on the notion of longing in de Man’s
explanation about poetic language as enduring naming of the void. From that angle, such drive is understood as desire that can never be satisfied: “the fact that language is a play of relations is just one more example of the more general fact that desire is, in its inmost nature, unsatisfiable” (Essays on Heidegger and Others 131). It is precisely this on which Rorty bases his critique of the overlooked, disguised philosophical tradition in de Man: “De Man should not turn essentialist at the last moment by claiming to have discovered such a nature” (Essays on Heidegger and Others 131).

This complements Rorty’s reflections about the tension between theorized and poeticized discourses discussed in Consequences of Pragmatism. His own vocabulary is oxymoronically called postphilosophical philosophy. Such a position entails uneasy negotiations between private idiosyncrasies and communal rhetoric: “moral objection to textualism … is also an objection to the literary culture’s isolation from common human concerns. It says that people like Nietzsche, Nabokov, Bloom, and Foucault achieve their effects at a moral cost which is too much to pay” (Consequences of Pragmatism 158).

Admittedly, he has no discursive way to support the belief in the incommensurability between the public and the private, or between fantasy and theory. What could be called the ironist dilemma is the implication of an antimetaphysical understanding of the world manifested in the irresolvable tension between the need to stand up for what is morally salient and inability to provide an encompassing argumentative defense of one’s stance. Rorty focuses on the conversation between and among diverse vocabularies without prescribing a normativity for the dialogue:

Bloom’s way of dealing with texts preserves our sense of common human finitude by moving back and forth between the poet and his poem. Foucault’s way of dealing with
texts is designed to eliminate the author – and indeed the very idea of “man” – altogether.

I have no wish to defend Foucault’s inhumanism, and every wish to praise Bloom’s sense of our common human lot. But I do not know how to back up this preference with argument, or even with the precise account of the relevant differences. (Consequences of Pragmatism 158)

In accord with his vision of a revolutionary vocabulary making its point without argumentatively proving its validity, Rorty’s own theory can be read as a claim that living without metaphysical consolation is just that. Thus, the significance, role, and *modus operandi* of anti-Philosophy / postphilosophy is being made manifest through an act of (self)-cancellation:

“The goal of ironist theory is to understand the metaphysical urge, the urge to theorize, so well that one becomes free of it. Ironist theory is a ladder which is to be thrown away as soon as one figured out what it was that drove one’s predecessors to theorize” (Contingency, Irony and Solidarity 96-97).10

Recapitulating the ideas of the key four thinkers analyzed in this chapter, it is essential to recognize their passion for antimetaphysical intertextuality. Further, via a belief in textual fluidity, they accentuate the potential of creation: they share hope that interpretation, as opposed to argumentation, can be an invaluable redemptive device for reconfiguring vocabulary of culture. Finally, claiming that language is only capable of expressing what is inside of it, they, nevertheless, do not shy away from thematizing that insight.

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10He also plays with the ladder metaphor in his de-thematizing interventions regarding historical occurrences of antimetaphysical tendencies found in Nietzsche, Heidegger, and Derrida (“Deconstruction and Circumvention,” Essays on Heidegger and Others 85).
Regarding some of the divergences among the approaches, it could be said that what differentiates Derrida and Rorty from de Man and Steiner are diverse perceptions of the notion of meaning. Claiming that truth can only be uttered in sentences and considering the question of the relationship between discourse and the world, the former pair would rather center the debate around a different subject. By contrast, Steiner and de Man, engaging in a discussion about the specificities of literature, do address the question of correspondence between the two realms.

However, this is not to suggest that their vocabularies completely coincide. In particular, for de Man, literary is the kind of language which exposes one to the predicament of a search with no (dis)closure. Literature is specific in its ability to reveal its own inherent duplicity, but never more than that – beyond that sheer fact is its abysmal substance. Conversely, for Steiner, literary language is the path leading to the encounter with the sacred – the meaning one creates is understood as a reenactment of God’s presence. As erroneous as it may be, and, perhaps, incapable of presenting the authentic experience beyond it, from Steiner’s point of view, the meaning created in language, is nonetheless fulfilling.

Building on Rorty’s idea of literary criticism that combines texts into beautiful unpredictable mosaics, my reading sees a synergy of the elements of de Man’s and Steiner’s thoughts in the following: the former’s tenacious questioning of literature and criticism between modernity and historicity signals the creative powers of (un)stable linguistic realities; coupled with the latter’s counteracting aesthetic and ethic of answerability, it creates a kind of dialectic that allows communication about the unutterable via ruptures in the discursive. Similarly, the remix of other theoretical apparatuses resonates with the samples. Only with the postfuturist twist: if the world does not speak and there are no truths where there are no sentences, it only
indicates the limits of discourse, not of the unsayable. Limits and power. Self-annihilation / self-preservation. In the service of language.
Chapter 2

Wiered to a Maze: Pixel Saturnalia and Refacement

2.1 Re-face

Imagine a life without dreams, without the human face—the world of genetically programmed babies, peculiar journeys, shadow reading, unfathomable powers, petals of time, tradition retold, soul searching, scientific visionaries, life won from the whirlpools of oblivion, reunion with the beloved, magical-erotic mathematics, games eating the gamers, compulsory (compulsive) domino (gamers), researchers on a mission of the Truth, academics on the quest, and corporate monsters. Imagine a dream. The picture you have created is the world of Jeff Noon’s novels *Pollen* (1995) and *Nymphomation* (1997).

Imagine a world of wicked pimps and zombie johns. Imagine a ghost town of tormented, ravaged souls. Imagine a community evicted onto the social margins in the name of the newly established order. Imagine persecution of the dispossessed in the name of Mammon. Think of a pilgrimage to the shrines where saturnalian deities are worshipped through a babylonian randomness of semantics. Envision a necroagony of addiction to dehumanizing hollowness. Imagine carnality robbed of the bodily—an individual devoid of substantiality. Hear a threat to silence. Visualize the communication channel contaminated by humiliating noise crippling human dignity. Imagine a city as an abyss, wide open, devouring the detritus of what used to be the definition of a human being. Picture enslavement by a belief that the wonder of meaning is not that it is. Welcome to Stewart Home’s *69 Things to Do with a Dead Princess* (2002) and *Down and out in Shoreditch and Hoxton* (2004).

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Dystopian as they may appear, the novels can be read as postfuturist phantasmagoric journeys. The term postfuture is adopted from Noon (“How to Make a Modern Novel” 2001) and sampled with Fredric Jameson’s syntagm “archaeologies of the future” (Singular Modernity: Essay on the Ontology of the Present 215) to suggest a transformative approach to writing-reading and cultural realities. It is read as the paradigm that assumes both a critical approach to and investment in tradition—the ways it is being lived and remixed. The fusion of Noon’s and Jameson’s ideas symbolizes the oscillation between melancholy and hope at the intersection of the time axes. Additionally, implicit are Jameson’s ideas from Postmodernism, or, the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism (1991) about the mutual conditioning between commodity culture and discourse pertinent to it. The emphasis is mass culture’s threats to the human face and fulfilled/fulfilling life.

The analysis is contextualized within McKenzie Wark’s Gamer Theory (2007) that explores living under the spectacle, contestable limits of control, and the boundaries of freedom. Through the prism of Jean Baudrillard’s America (1988) and Radical Alterity (2008) are thematized depersonalization and dehumanization in media-saturated corporate culture, while Felix Guattari’s The Three Ecologies (1999) is the context for rethinking individuality and communality through the remix in the three spheres: environment, society, and subjectivity (economy, ecology, and ethics).

Exploring the unverbalized, this chapter looks at the ways in which a social commentary is delivered through the tone and characterization. While looking at overt socio-political references in the novels, I choose to simultaneously acknowledge the tacit layers in order to offer an interpretation of the literary elements in a key accordant with Baudrillard’s vital point—recognizing and accepting the other with true interest (Radical Alterity). Closely related to this
subject matter is Svetlana Boym’s take on technology and the modern-day predicament from “Nostalgic Technology: Notes for an Off-Modern Manifesto.” Some of her ideas are implemented in the reading to show the lateral paths of reawakening cultural activism and reclaiming human dignity.

Playful literary and theoretical vernaculars are read as forms of resistance to manifold oppressive control. Fusing the quest and activism through the written word and other forms of creation, simultaneously redescribing the boundaries of traditional disciplines, genres, media, and self. Focusing on the elements of quest narratives and cultural activism, turntablist poetics draws on the mutable notions of traditional categories and a presumption that new expressive modes emerge in the intersections between the textual, audio, and visual. It flashes out reading-writing tactics as the remix of existing idiosyncrasies. Storytelling born in the remix addresses the question of cultural exclusion, at the same time delineating the possibilities of thinking, creating, and living differently from the imposed patterns. The remix is typically perceived as a form of music making, just as storytelling is traditionally understood to belong solely in the world of letters. DJ interventions reconfigure these boundaries, thereby accentuating the flux and interconnectivity, cultural exchange between and among fellow humans.

The critique includes the issues such as the misconceived totality of discourse, commoditized emotionality, vulgarized sexuality, afflicted playfulness, blinding noise, bewildering spirituality, oscillations between melancholy and hope, singularity and communality, reactionary and transformative vocabularies and practice. The reflections outline the vision of resingularized humans, engaged in creation and activism, galvanized by and fertilizing solidarity and creation--the rebirth of the human face through alternations of noise and silence. The phenomenon in question is called refacement and is understood as the reemergence
of selfless, yet re-individualized, fellow-humans, enduring the hindrances to patient, persistent creation of a free culture based on love and trust.

2.2 Wi(e)red

Once upon a time in the postfuturist wild, wild Manchester, the city exists more on the virtual maps of xcab drivers--the system run by shady powers--than in actual lives of its dwellers. When one is expelled from the map, his, her, or its existence is uncertain. Breathing is virulent due to the hayfever vurtbomb sent from Juniper Suction, a virtual land of recorded dreams, a replica, looking down at and rendering the notion of reality ridiculously redundant. The sneezing bomb launched from Vurt is about to explode. The pandemic vurtuality is conquering the zones of temporarily safe breathing. Tiny traces of the human are mercilessly marginalized.12

Jeff Noon’s phantasmagoric cityscape is a hybrid of cultures, myths, species, and emotions. For example, John Barleycorn, one of the Vurt bosses, is an evocation of the old English pagan saint of crops and harvest sacrificed to ensure the next year’s fertility. Crossed with the ancient Greek Cronus and Hades, this divinity from the replica world envies humans their mortality and uses it as a means of control against off-Vurt breeds. He is the demon husband of Persephone, the refigured Greek goddess of the Underworld, a flower-tongued assassin, and the seed of the Vurt hayfever, infecting the off-Vurt crossbreeds such as robodogs, doghumans, robocops, dodos, shadowcops, and zombies. The novel draws forbidden, guerilla quest paths. It portrays search for one’s missing half, shadow-tracking the memories of tragic romances, smoke-seeking

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12The terms virtual-virtual/virtuality-virtuality are deliberately used almost interchangeably to suggest playfully the etymological transformations of the word virtual from signifying that what cannot be replicated into a concept that complicates the meaning because of the reference to virtual reality—technologically “mimicked” reality engendering an ontology in its own right.
dead lover’s last thoughts, rebirth of mothers through a reunion with daughters, reanimated after suicide attempts. It also inspires reinventing humanity through the life contested between the hypercontroled Vurt zones and scarce pockets of temporary freedom.

The fictitious ghetto echoes the real Music City’s (Manchester’s) heyday. It gives off the smell of beautiful flowers of creation emerging from the soil of economic recession and social turmoil. From the mid 1970s to the mid 1990s, Manchester was the epicenter of lowkey creative responses against growing consumerism. It was a haven for lyrical, cynical, fun-loving, taciturn, flamboyant, freedom-and-experiment-starved outcasts. The performers include Joy Division, The Smiths, The Fall, New Order, Quando Quango, The Stone Roses, Happy Mondays, Inspiral Carpets, Oasis, and the acid house scene. Anchored in Anthony Wilson’s Factory Records and the Fac 51 Haçienda (a.k.a. The Haçienda) nightclub, new aural blood was, at least temporarily, reconfiguring the center-periphery relationship in the U.K. Originally an indie music sanctuary, the scene turned into a self-consuming empire--a party Titanic disappearing in a merciless mixture of unfortunate circumstances including corporate mismanagement, criminality, and conformism.

After the business closed, the building changed the owner. The Haçienda was transformed into the Haçienda Apartments, breeding the real estate property instead of music. In memory of the Madchester days, from mid July 2007 through mid February 2008, Urbis Centre hosted the 25th anniversary exhibition dedicated to the Haçienda. Curated by Andy Brydon, it showed original objects from the club, rare videos and recordings, and hosted talks and lectures revisiting the life of the community. Ironically, the exhibition center itself is a cultural yesteryear. At the beginning of 2010 it left the building to be replaced by the new National Football Museum in 2011.
The part of the city called Hulme, the club’s afterparty zone, underwent a radical transformation, as well. In the 1960s it was an innovative urban architectural project. The Crescents were designed to modernize the area and ensure good standard of living and quality of life for the predominantly working class demographics. However, contrary to the initial ideas, the housing soon proved not to be as affordable as originally planned. During the decades of 1970s, 1980s, and 1990s the neighborhood was transformed into an infamous squatter community that was going to be gentrified in the following years. Fortunately, some neighborhoods in Manchester today are negotiating the new aesthetic in a slightly different way. For example, the Northern Quarter, defining its identity between a tourist attraction and the authentic groove: the cozy, smoke-free staleness of the previous night’s evaporation in a secluded pub welcomes a passerby, protecting him or her from afternoon drizzle.\(^{13}\)

Outside of such pockets, the city is transforming into another massage\(^{14}\) in the global spectacle—a glossy surface, a battlefield for designer capitalist conquerors, and the arena of ecstasy.\(^{15}\) It is also a place on the map of the giant dreamer, negotiating its postcolonial identity between the imperial myth of an unrivaled power and an orwellian neocolonial reality. In the

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\(^{13}\) The creation of the account of the historical Manchester and that of the novels analyzed was helped by the information received in the interviews with Andy Brydon, Hillegonda Rietveld, and Jeff Noon (Manchester, 16 June, 2008, London, 20 June, 2008, and London, 26 June, 2008, respectively). Brydon, as a Mancunian and the curator at Urbis, now curator at Curated Place, provided information related to the Hacienda days, but also to the changes in the city that happened in the aftermath. Dr. Hillegonda Rietveld—professor of sonic culture and course director of the B.A. Program in Music and Sonic Media at London South Bank University; an original member of Quando Quango, a musician engaged in creative work at Factory Records, and a DJ at the Hacienda in its heyday—provided a testimonial of an insider of the Music City’s golden years and a downward passage from a troublesome empire of creativity to the increasingly mindless crime emporium. Noon, a native Mancunian who now lives in Brighton, elucidated the reality behind the fictionalized Manchester, its streets paved by broken glass and wandering souls, paralleling the life narratives that inspired it.

\(^{14}\) A critique of the media’s complicity in the massification of culture: “Mass(age) is the message” (Jean Baudrillard, In the Shadow of the Silent Majorities 44).

\(^{15}\) “Surface and appearance that is the space of seduction. Seduction as a mastering of the reign of appearances opposes power as a mastering of the universe of meaning” (Jean Baudrillard, The Ecstasy of Communication 62).
global power ring, the U.K. participates in creating the culture that urges one to choose the postfuture one wants to live.

Cultural critic Jon Savage observes the empire’s anticlimactic moment at the time of the Silver Jubilee of Elizabeth II, the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland on June 7th, 1977:

Here was the blind superiority that had characterized the English world-view after the Second World War; here was a concentrated dose of all the unappealing traits – snobbery, insularity, xenophobia – that rendered England’s continued claim to be a world power meaningless. (England’s Dreaming: Anarchy, Sex Pistols, Punk Rock, and Beyond 352)

Like the pagan divinity, sacrificed to ensure the next year’s harvest, the eroding imperial myth is expected to catalyze the emergence of new, preferably myth-free, realities. Meanwhile, it resembles Singland in Pollen, agonizing between Columbus’s maps and the Unbeknownst.

Remixing history through history, the participants in contemporary culture resemble Boda, the shadowcop in Pollen. She is on the mission to find her daughter. However, the prerequisite for this reunion is defeating John Barleycorn and Columbus, the rulers of the city maps. Barleycorn himself explains that humans invented him out of fear of death. As a response, Boda undergoes a redemptive trial of deathlike “deselfing,” after which she is restored and reborn in her daughter’s body. Having untied Barleycorn’s and Columbus’s knots, she breaks the pollen spell and makes the city breathe again. This act can be read as a redescription–emptying--of self, the much needed act in the culture of megalomaniacal power addicts. It is the subject’s realization and acceptance of human limits, implying humility in some, but not all the gamizens.

Vurt does something qualitatively different from the (self)-cancellation through the sublime:
Dialectically, in the conscious sublime, it is the self that touches the limit; here it is the body that is touching its limits, ‘volatilized,’ in this experience of images, to the point of being outside itself, or losing itself. What you get is the reduction of time to an instant in a most intense final punctual experience of all these things, but it is no longer subjective in the older sense in which a personality is standing in front of the Alps knowing the limits of the individual subject and the human ego. On the contrary, it is a kind of nonhumanist experience of limits beyond which you get dissolved. (Jameson on Jameson: Conversations on Cultural Marxism 46)

The following sections show this state of the virtual sublime, dissolution of the powers for resistance in pixelated discourse of saturnalian noise. In contrast, the remix is purging poetics of silence that creates room for refacement and the potential for waging “war” in a new voice.

2.3 (The) Noise

On Friday nights in Manchester, some time now in the future of the past, gamers do not “face the Alps.” Instead, they stare at the screens. Their personalities are dissolved in the nonhumanist experience, but such a sacrifice does not relieve them from craving the intensities of flashy surface:”The people of good Mazechester, wild-eyed and lost” (Nymphomation 319).

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17 Narrow Daylighte (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8IV_qjn0IIQ&feature=youtu.be)
There are moments that create an impression of uncontested unity, undivided commitment, and unquestioning determinacy. Only, the cohesion has nothing to do with fellowship. Also, the integrity is temporary; it lasts for a couple of hours. The magical hour is when the lottery, a domino game called nymphomation, is played. Hypnotized, Mazechester’s gamizens dive into a computer screen, TV, or radio. Strangely, the fact that each of them is simultaneously focused on similar objects does not make the game a communal experience. It is all about scoring, actually. However, such a singular goal by no means informs a sense of individuality. It is not so much about choosing to participate in the game. It is, actually, being thrown into it:

Ever get the feeling you’re playing some vast and useless game whose goal you don’t know and whose rules you can’t remember? Ever get the fierce desire to quit, to resign, to forfeit, only to discover there is no umpire, no referee, no regulator to whom you can announce your capitulation? Ever get the vague dread that while you have no choice but to play the game, you can’t win it, can’t know the score, or who keeps it? Ever get mad over obvious fact that the dice are loaded, the deck stacked, the table rigged and the fix–in? Welcome to gamespace. (Gamer Theory par. [1] square brackets in original)

Welcome to the nymphomation--the bone-domino world of reversed gazes, hyperreal horizons of (dis)appearance, organic adverts throwing gamers into the gameweb, magical-erotic mathematicians of a maze. The cyberpunk aspect of Noon’s envisioning lifespace colonized by Vurt resonates with Wark’s (2007) portraying computer games conquering the gamers’ world (Gamer Theory par. [015] square brackets in original) and causing redescriptions of both. Wark investigates the inversion of realities and hardships entailed by such shifts. The main difficulty of living in the world that has repudiated the distinction between the original and a replica results from the assumption on which the dismissal is based: repudiating the notion of the original,
thereby rendering replica redundant. Hence, the proliferation of realities is disabled at the expense of everything else. As a result, nothing is real enough. More precisely, having experienced the reality of gamespace from within, the world without doesn’t appear to be any more real than the game. Conversely, the game does feel real enough to keep ecstatically euphoric gamers captive. Nothing more. Or, so the game would have it.

Wark criticizes the military-entertainment complex that redesigns humans according to the logic of computer games. What makes such a culture specific is: (a) that it transforms play into a game, thereby rendering freedom, spontaneity, and creation robotic, manipulated, competitive, utilitarian, and goal-oriented; and (b) that it is everywhere; (c) well, almost.

Play becomes everything to which it was once opposed … The utopian dream of liberating play from the game, of a pure play beyond the game, merely opened the way for the extension of gamespace into every aspect of everyday life. While the counter-culture wanted worlds of play outside the game, the military – entertainment complex countered in turn by expending the game to the whole world, containing play forever within it. (Gamer Theory pars. [011-016] square brackets in original)

Wark’s vision exposes global capitalism transforming individuals into robozombies whose existence is reduced to craving and scoring instantaneous gratifications. Although, while engaged in the game, the nymphomation gamers feel hyperexcited, the sentiment is controlled through suspense and focuses on anticipating the outcome of the game--the flash, the climax of euphoric fantasies. This also means that anything anywhere outside that Friday night hardly exists. Such are the troublesome affective responses of these hyperorgasm junkies. The joy of immersing oneself in the process is superseded by stunningly challenging self-perpetuating and self-consuming endeavors aimed at proving one’s existence. The nature of the phenomenon is
presented in Jean Baudrillard’s *America* (1988): “Do we continually have to prove to ourselves that we exist? A strange sign of weakness, harbinger of a new fanaticism for a faceless performance, endlessly self-evident” (21).

It is small wonder that such futile activities make an individual feel displaced and overwhelmingly bored. Thus, gamizens find themselves in atopia—a nonplace such as the Manchester of *Nymphomation*. Noon’s prose is frequently characterized as futuristic, which it, in a specific cyberpunk sense, is. However, a look through the lens of Fredric Jameson’s thought adds to it an additional perspective: “That particular Utopian future has in other words turned out to have been merely the future of one moment of what is now our own past” (*Archaeologies of the Future: The Desire Called Utopia and Other Science Fictions* 286). Jameson’s ideas inspire one to think that in the postfuturist vernacular choosing the genre is an act of choosing what type of postfuturist one is, or, can be. As such, it implies a transformative approach: imagining a future through a revision of the past as a social critique of the present, rather than as a nostalgic lionization of the previous eras, or, a somnambulist image of the future: “Ontologies of the present demand archaeologies of the future, not forecasts of the past” (Jameson, *A Singular Modernity: Essay on the Ontology of the Present* 215). It means to excavate the future, revisiting the past, simultaneously updating it. In *Pollen* and *Nymphomation*, the future is hibernated between the present uncertainties and past confusion—between pollen invasion, magico-erotic mathematics, and undoing the knots. Conversely, reimagining the future through the cleansed communication with the past and resurrection of the present brings into the common perception of the spatiotemporal axes a ray of hope—it opens up the possibilities for the remix.
McKenzie Wark looks at the hindrances to that light and the ways of managing them. He tells a story about the travesty of the game transfiguring the gamers. Within such dynamic, inverted worlds emerge from the interaction between the game and the gamer:

The problem is that in gamespace things target people, rather than the other way around. It is not that the digital is a technology that cuts into the world and presents it to the human as if it were always and already cut to suit us. It is that the digital cuts into us, rendering us as bits, and presents those bits to the world made over as a gamespace in which we are the targets. (*Gamer Theory* par. [174] square brackets in original)

That is a story of blinding excitement preventing the gamers from realizing how repetitive, unimaginative, tiring, and mechanistic it all is: “No wonder people find their leisure as dull as their work--leisure is work” (*Gamer Theory* [156] square brackets in original). So do the gamizens, wild-eyed walkers through nymphomation, named after the lottery game designed as “a new kind of mathematics based on sex” (*Nymphomation* 257). It was initiated in the 1960s by Max Hackle and developed during the following decade by a circle of co-researchers, friends, and lovers. One of the collaborators was James Love, father of Daisy Love--Hackle’s student at the University of Manchester, a gifted researcher, whose inquiring mind is intrigued by mysterious knowledge, allegedly coded in the professor’s theory. Her research focuses on

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Hackle’s writings, but they only partially disclose the secret science. Most of the material is inaccessible. Yet, the titles do fuel the scientific imagination:

Twisted Hackle Paths and Other Such Wanderings’, ‘The Trickster Virus, its Effect Upon Play,’ ‘Maze Dynamics and DNA Codings, a Special Theory of Nymphomation’, ‘Sealing the Maze, the Theseus Equation’, ‘Lost in the Love Labyrinth’, ’Becoming a Maze, a Topology of Virgin Curves’, and even ‘Four Dimensional Orgasms and the Casanova Effect. (Nymphomation 119)

Among the available texts is the article “The Bifurcation Less Travelled” published in 1979 in Number Gumbo, a journal specializing in the Black Math Ritual. In a conversation with Max, Daisy learns about the postulates of Mathematica Magica, from which the nymphomation emerged only to be coopted by Anno Domino. Co that used it to turn Manchester into Madzechester--gamespace. Professor Hackle reveals to Daisy the secret about the character of the project, the spirit of the time when it was developed, and how experimenting with the maze provoked unlikely transformations. Hackle admits that he created the maze, challenging the boundaries of science with unparalleled enthusiasm:

It was a special time to be a scientist, the Sixties into the Seventies. Bliss to be alive. Lateral thinking, chaos theory, fractal dimensions, the unraveling of the double helix, cellular automata, complexity theory, the game of life. Each of these we could incorporate into the thinking of the maze. (Nymphomation 254)

Thus, the researchers continued building the questlike maze, making it ever more complex:

Why did I build the maze? To prove something to myself, I suppose. You know that the ancients built labyrinths not to get lost in, but to find themselves. Not all mazes contain a monster, some contain treasures. It was a spiritual quest, a tool of the mystics. So maybe I
was picking up on that feeling. You’ve read my early work, Daisy. You’ll know what the
Sixties were like then; we were the mathematicians of the soul. (*Nymphomation* 253)

He goes on to clarify that in the Sixties many activities were sexually based and
ritualistic. Thus, the esoteric science of probability lead the researchers to literally incorporate
their ideas into the maze. It was an experiment that launched the virtual turn. Hackle illustrates
this telling the story about Georgie’s experience, the turning point, darkly redirecting the flow
and purpose of the maze:

Over the next few months we experimented more and more with the Georgie-maze loop,
creating ever-more-complex pathways. Georgie would always find his way through. He was
becoming the maze. He took to spend all night linked to the machine, sometimes falling
asleep while connected. Amazingly, even asleep he could still affect the outcome. His
dreams were wandering the labyrinth, working the wanderers, breeding, multiplying,
succumbing to the nymphomation. This had a parallel effect on his waking life. It was a
two-way process. (*Nymphomation* 260)

This undoubtedly indicated innumerable possibilities. Unfortunately, one of them was
the transformation of the maze into a self-regulated system, disabling the designers’ control over
the processes. As a result, fellow-wanderers were getting lost. The system was spreading the
viral code, infecting the path and the walkers, injecting into them dangerous knowledge, turning
self-breeding data into an orgy of information. The less controllable the maze was becoming, the
more vehemently it was affecting the gamers. Some of them never returned from the maze. Its
power was exponentially increasing. The dynamic of self-proliferation and self-consumption
gained impetus to the point at which the game itself dissolved. Or, rather it was won over by yet
another quasi-omnipotent corporate deity Anno Domino. Co. Thereafter, the corporation would
run the business until the finale of Professor Hackle’s team fighting against the corporate monster. The climax of the war is the overthrow of Mr. Million, grey eminence, and, bizarrely, one of cofounders of the maze.

Such is the pathway from idealist revolutionary science to the soul-crushing beat of the Anno Domino gamespace. The seed of the sinister turn can be tracked down to the original axioms. One of them reads as follows: “To play to win a Hackle maze, all the various wanderers must actively fall in love with the puzzle. Every player is dependent on every other” (119). This would later be transformed into pure dependency, integrated into the mechanism of controlling the virulent addiction—the bloodflow of the gamespace.

In the game, the participants’ relating to each other does not imply intimacy. It brings no fulfillment. Instead, it breeds hardly redeemable disaffection: “That was it, wasn’t it? They were, all five of them, lost in their own little worlds, their own little mazes. Only the games had brought them together” (Nymphomation 328-329). This signals that the group activity in question has no communal bearings. It has no life-generating energy, no capacity to invigorate genuine intimacy and friendship. The corporation operates in a sophisticated fashion: it does not allow the gamers to be aware of the actual condition. What is more, it makes the world look contrary to what it really is, as evidenced in some of its rules:

5a. AnnoDomino will not permit the players to become addicted to the game.
5b. The players of the game will not give themselves up to addiction.
6a. We cannot allow society to be threatened by addiction.
6b. We must always be searching for profit.
6c. Rules 6a. and 6b. must never come into conflict with each other. (Nymphomation 37)
It seems that the only proper rule is 6b, while 6c combines the previous two simply to ensure the efficiency of 6b. Similarly, 5a, 5b, and 6a merely contextualize modus operandi. The travesty in question becomes more obvious once Noon discloses the role of the Government:

Keen for the game taxes, but fearful of the populace becoming too addicted, the Government had specified that the nation’s dominoes must contain a rare chance of losing, and losing badly … Of course the Government got it completely wrong: the chance of losing so badly only made the punters play to win even harder. That being the nature of the human soul. 

(Nymphomation 244)

The Government surely got it “wrong.” It is precisely human corruptible nature on which they counted to create the ever increasing desire in gamers. Fortunately, it is not all what the human soul is about. There is more to it. But, in the profit-driven culture, it is greed and fear that sustain the game. It is, at the same time, the most desirable type of desire, because it ensures a sense of “communality.” The absence of love provides space for desire, an urge to compensate for the lack. Supposedly, the hole cannot be filled because the missing part is forever elusive. This, allegedly, condemns one to living with an ongoing feeling of longing, at least in a culture that defines the words sex and love in terms of possession.

2.4 Toward the Remix

Were the Vurt sneeze bomb sent to our world, as it was in Pollen, it would come in the form of a bewildering massage. Its facelessness would be impressed on the human face. Its noise would mute the human voice. It would result from the assumption that corruption is what constitutes human nature. Svetlana Boym portrays part of such a dilemma in “Nostalgic Technology: Notes for an Off-Modern Manifesto” by drawing the parallel between
erroneousness of technology and human fallibility. The frustration and constraints one experiences on a daily basis confronted with technological dysfunctioning, in a way, proves the fact that to err is human. In other words, technological imperfection is mindful of our own. However, as much as it forces us to encounter the corruptible, malfunctioning aspects of our existence, technology, paradoxically, provides a platform for thinking and living differently. It informs our capacities to take advantage of what is typically perceived as a weakness and turn it into a potent device for walking the lateral paths. On “a margin of error” (Boym), occur encounters with such possibilities. Such erring is, as Boym sees it, neither high tech nor low tech. It is broken technology that she takes to be a basis of art’s new technology.

Boym’s parlance is suggestive of the image of margins of error opening up an off-modern avenue for neither quixotically fighting technological goliath nor sheepishly following its commandments. Put differently, it presents us with a possibility to see the world afresh if we opt for off-modern alleys. According to Boym, instead of the terms modern, postmodern, antimodern, or hypermodern, choosing the off-modern mode makes it possible to reclaim the uniqueness of the cities threatened by the global uniforming atomization. It also enables one to see the human face again. By extension, it expands and clarifies the understanding of what it means to be human. Based on Boym’s off-modern thinking about moving laterally, through the “exploration of the side alleys” (Boym), one is prone to note that “to err is human” should not be confusedly equated with “to be human is to err.” Because to simply be—to resist the mindless “progress” rush—is part of what it is to be human, as well.

Lateral alleys of exploring such possibilities concern critical thinking, cultural practice, and reconfiguring the communal. Wark points out that in gamespace critical theory is, like sports or porno, yet another specialized, precisely regulated vocabulary. It becomes “pornography of
the concept’ … a mere subset of gamespace, a hypocritical theory, with different specialists, playing by different rules – equally worthy of the Marquis de Sade” (Gamer Theory par. [151] square brackets in original). Perhaps. But, as it could be inferred from his further observations, the critic, too, inhabits the gamespace. S/he can choose how to play: take the red pill, “playing for the real” (Gamer Theory par. [019] square brackets in original), which also means proliferating the unreal. But, there’s also the blue pill that allows one to “play within the game, but against gamespace” (Gamer Theory par. [019] square brackets in original).19

The absolute power of gamespace is a misconception parallel to that of the totality of discourse. Notwithstanding being thrown into the maze, gamers can look for the channels to reclaim play. What Wark describes as a hypocritical position comes as a result of trying to step out of the game in order to confront and conquer it. It entails further multiplication of (un)realities and keeps a gamer captive. Conversely, playing within, yet making choices through the cracks, lateral alleys of gamespace, enables disambiguating its totalizing tendencies. It means to “be ludic, but also lucid” (Gamer Theory par. [151] square brackets in original). In Noon’s idiolect, it translates into the following:

Allow them play … All the underachievers, the desperate and the wild; the users, the losers, the self-abusers; the closet queens, the wardrobe kings; the mix-masters, the fixers, the mix’ n’ matchers; dead-enders, big spenders, low enders, pretenders to the bone; the pros and the knows and the job-blows; the drunks and the skunks and the hunks; the survivors, the suicides; the morticians, the mathematicians; bimbos and criminals; rich men, poor men,

19 A similar prospect for subversiveness can be found in Jameson’s (1982) remark about fictional works dealing with imaginary totalitarian societies: “if these Stalinist masters dispose of some perfected scientific and technological power, then genuine freedom of inquiry must exist somewhere within this state” (156).
beggar men, thieves; the nameless and the gameless … All citizens, good and bad. Allow them play. Allow them numbers. (Nymphomation 320)

This inspires thinking in the vien of the Groove Armada track and bearing in mind that “If everybody looked the same / We'd get tired looking at each other” ( “If Everybody Looked the Same” 1-2). The question is essentially about coping with the difference-commonality dialectic, as Terry Eagleton observes in Reason, Faith, and Revolution: Reflections on the God Debate (2009):”A culture which results from the active participation of all its members is likely to be more mixed and uneven than a uniform culture which admits new members only on its own terms. In this sense, equality generates difference” (153-154). The reason for occasional perplexities caused by such tensions of peculiar dialectics often lies in amnesia. We sometimes forget that the deprivation of rights and liberties is not limited to one’s own marginalization and exclusion, but rather concerns oppression and dispossession in general terms.

Consequently, the mechanisms originally fought against are being perpetuated because such a war disables crossing cultural boundaries and keeping in mind that one cannot be emancipated at the expense of someone else’s deprivation. This calls for the reanimation of the authentic faith in freedom and rethinking social power dynamic that defines heterogeneity as a danger rather than a wager for solidarity, as noted in Paul Gilroy’s Postcolonial Melancholia (2006): “Indeed, the evasive meanings of colonial history and its potential value to the multiculturalism of the future are pending inside the new global role of the United States as a successor to the European empires that were defeated and transformed during the twentieth century” (3).

Those who appreciate the European spirit and refiguring its invaluable heritage also find invigorating the love for the anti-American Americana because it is faithful to the original
American dream which disseminated cultural gems from gospel, via jazz, the blues, to rock & roll. For such a hybrid mindset has been nourishing unstoppable restorative potentials of the heritage. They say there are no second acts in American lives. Or, is it wherever war on terror is being waged instead of generating resistance against culpability culture, fearmongering, pathologization, aggression, and materialist wealth ridden, robozomboid mindset--whenever hypocrisy engenders alienated social relations and occupies the human face?

For that reason, novels like *Nymphomation*, *Pollen*, *69 Thing to Do with a Dead Princess*, and *Down and out in Shoreditch and Hoxton* inspire imagining different living conditions and sentiments. This includes love freed from distorted manifestations of it. Such an understanding and experience of love does not necessitate reaching out in order to find the missing part. Paradoxically, it is about reaching out to give (because it is not about having) and to receive (not to take). Because: “Love is receiving what one does not have and giving that of what one has no power” (Critchley, 2009).

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21 In *The Faith of the Faithless: Experiments in Political Theology* (2012), Critchley puts a twist on this bringing to the fore and enhancing the point about the paradoxical nature of the exchange: “To love is to give what one does not have and to receive that over which one has no power” (153).
The reading of *69 Things to Do with a Dead Princess* in this chapter is focused on an intertextual exchange and its potential for reanimation of human solidarity. It is concerned with vocabularies that favor glamour over human relationships, advertisements impersonating a genuine exchange, porn ventriloquizing an erotic experience, games that are supposed to pass for spontaneous creativity, lionization of celebrities, and the fetish commodity aiming to compensate for spiritual fulfillment. The problem of discursively defined boundaries of freedom is read in the light of resistance against multiple oppression. In the context of an exchange, oppression is noise in the communication channel. Resistance to it is pivotal to the remix of noise.

Among the questions the book explores is contemporary culture’s susceptibility to sensationalism and instantaneous gratifications. Specifically, it addresses conspiracy and glamorization of the death of Princess Diana as a means of control through the fabrication of desire in a faceless cultural amalgamation. Perverse indulgence in the lives and deaths of celebrities is a picture of displacement, uprootedness, and neglect of the innermost needs. The

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novel implicitly addresses the issues related to reactionary aspects of British politics and English supremacy. The critique references the complicity of the social segments across the class divide in perpetuating the politics of exclusion. At the same time, given the social engagement of the Royal Family and their participation in charitable organizations, the symbolism of Princess Diana in Home’s novel inspires thoughts about economic inequality, the public-private divide, and the possibility of bridging the gap between the upper and the lower social strata, the ruling and the dispossessed.

*69 Things to Do with a Dead Princess* is a travelogue presenting a journey around Aberdeenshire inspired by the alleged true story about the death of Princess Diana written by K. L. Callan in his book of the same title. Home, essentially, focuses on the social aspects of the historical events that reveal culture of spectacle vultures perversely indulging in a tragedy and private life of celebrities publically exposed. In such a society, constructs ensure both emancipation and impositions. Discursive constructs both enable destigmatization of the social margins, but they can also proliferate cultural realities that cause confusion—noise in the communication channel. Amid such noise—between coercion and liberation—the characters in the novel are trying to detect the voices of truth, as the epigraph suggests quoting from Samuel Taylor Coleridge’s *Biographia Literaria*: “I regard truth as a divine ventriloquist. I care not from whose mouth the sounds are supposed to proceed, if only the words are audible and intelligible” (*Biographia Literaria* 89). Immersing themselves in a questlike endeavor, they find themselves intent on devouring books in accordance with the other epigraph quoting from Karl Marx’s letter to his daughter Laura in which he describes himself as a "machine condemned to devour books.”
A man whose names fluctuate from Alan to Callum comes to Aberdeen with an intention to end his life, but needs someone to assist him. He lives in an apartment full of books. He spends his days reading them: “Alan wanted to become a machine” (*69 Things to Do with a Dead Princess* 24). One day, he meets Anna, a student who is also engaged in exploring the world of books. They eat and drink at restaurants, all the while discussing literature and theory. Once Alan reveals his obsession with K.L. Callan’s book *69 Things to Do with a Dead Princess*, they together decide to test veracity of the story.

According to Callan’s narrative, the official version of the accident in Paris is fake. Alternatively, Callan claims that Princess Diana was “strangled to death Thuggee-style at Balmoral by an unknown assailant” (*69 Things to Do with a Dead Princess* 67). In fact, her death was a result of the failure of the security service to safeguard her. Out of embarrassment, the security decided to dispose of the body. For that purpose they delivered it to K.L. Callan in hope he would find a way to manage the difficult situation. He did come up with an inventive solution. He took the body around the Gordon District Stone Circle of Trail. Within the itinerary, originally including eleven and later being extended to sixty-nine ancient religious shrines in Aberdinshire, the body was decapitated and dismembered.

In order to test the feasibility of Callan’s narrative, Alan and Anna set out on a bizarre trip, indulging in randomness of discursive and sexual games. With them they take Dudley, Alan’s ventriloquist dummy. First, he is only a prop. Later, he becomes a participant, gradually taking an active, occasionally dominant, role in the confusion of discursive self boundaries, sexual fantasies, oneiric desires: “The body of a dead princess as a metaphor for literature” (168).

Their heroic pilgrimage (67) embodies fetishist affinities in contemporary culture. Alan and Anna epitomize discursively defined identities in a battlefield of power. They are wandering
through the maze. It seems that their search brings no (dis)closure. Such an anticlimax happens in the world desensitized to revelation. The sacred stones turn out to be everything but holy. Rather, they are sites in a wasteland in the military-entertainment complex--the society of dispirited physicality and discursively determined selves.

The sound in this anti-novel is beehive buzz of a multitude proliferated through abundant banality of discursive carnality, “the orgy of history” (22). Masturbation symbolizes self-referentiality, noise in the communication channel in discursively minded culture, self-absorption in the circularity of transformations “from semen to semantics” (8). The concept of rape is used to criticize coercion, dispossession, and aggression. From the perspective of power relations, language games do not always appear to be a free play of the signifier and signified: “Alan had been raped by those who’d forced him to constitute himself as a bourgeois subject but his tormentors had been similarly abused” (57). Unlike masturbation and/or rape, the sixty-nine pose is suggestive of communicational reciprocity. Sexual intercourse is constitutive of the versatility of carnal games in which partners, blindfolded, indulge in sexual experiences without much need to actually “talk” to “interlocutors.” However, their identities cannot be reanimated through depthless buzz of discourse. In spite of visiting religious sites, they can’t be enlightened. Partly, such a disillusionment can be understood in terms of George Steiner’s critique of the broken contract: “the contract between word and the world” (Real Presences 132). In response to the world of empty signification, the characters in Home’s novel turn pages and turn away from them: “Living out the death of these fantasies in blasted and blistered night, we were consumed by the turning of the page…” (69 Things to Do with a Dead Princess 168).

Aberdeen of today is not desensitized to communication. Its streets are welcoming and friendly. Its denizens responsive to inquires. The city is being gentrified and not entirely averse
to entrepreneurial sentiment. Consumerism and mammonesque idolatry are evident in the Granite City’s peculiar eclecticism, particularly in the vicinity of the Trinity Centre, the Kirk of St. Nicholas, and casino iconography in a gambler paradise near the Beach. Fortunately, the brooding fiscal fog cannot conquer the gleam in the sand, the breath of the caressing waves, and the overarching blue dome that on the odd day happens to be bright, too.\(^\text{23}\)

Thus, one is prone to read cultural critique in Stewart Home’s *69 Things to Do with a Dead Princess* as an inspiration that vitalizes thinking about the potential for recuperation of the everyday. It stimulates ruminations about the communal restorative capacities in an age of media saturated realities and possibilities for living fulfilled/fulfilling life despite aggressively manipulative and dehumanizing politics. Disaffection and dissolvement of authentic needs, primarily love and freedom, in commoditized superficialities are crucial parts of such critique, providing a platform for reimagining solidarity through the reconstitution of the human face. Endurance in resisting hindrances to fruitful exchange and creating a free culture based on love and trust enables reanimation of solidarity and refacement--rebirth of the human face through the remix of the alternating cycles of noise and silence, loops of disintegration and the reintegration of the subtonic layers into the wholesome sound of creation.

2.5.2 Whose Remix It Is

Genuine exchange and its redemptive power on vocabularies and the everyday can further be explored via Felix Guattari’s refiguring the notion of subjectivity in the context of ecosophy, a hybrid ecology across the realms of “environment, social relations and human subjectivity” (*The Three Ecologies* 28). Painstakingly outlining purifying tactics in the three spheres, Guattari looks at the problem of diluted individuality, polluted morality, distorted political sphere, and

\(^{23}\)The information and impressions presented here are based on my research trips to Scotland (Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen) in August 2009 and August 2010.
unwholesome environment: “social ecology, mental ecology and environmental ecology” (41).
The tripartite cultural paradigm shift is envisaged through the channels of genuine exchange.
One of them is a transnational conversation called rock & roll. Its transformative impact on
fragmented, alienating, and faceless culture in the Integrated World Capitalism Guattari presents
as follows:

As for young people, although they are crushed by the dominant economic relations which
make their position increasingly precarious, and although they are mentally manipulated
through the production of a collective, mass-media subjectivity, they are nevertheless
developing their own methods of distancing themselves from normalized subjectivity
through singularization. In this respect, the transnational character of rock music is
extremely significant; it plays the role of a sort of initiatory cult, which confers a cultural
pseudo-identity on a considerable mass of young people and allows them to obtain for
themselves a bare minimum of existential Territories. (33)

Guattari calls for resingularization, as opposed to individualism. Such individuality
invigorates communal cohesion because it is based on a new perception of subjectivity freed
from dominance ridden relationships, “heterogenesis, in other words, process of continuous
resingularization. Individuals must become both more united and increasingly different” (37).
They might be pseudo-identities, but the transnational character of rock & roll and its capacity to
ensure a sense of personal autonomy, individuality, and privacy can be perceived as an impetus
for refacement--rebirth through the solidarity of reindividualized, selfless fellow humans,
engaged in enduring creation of a free culture based on love and trust. It also reverberates with
the tension between uncertainty and the underlying stability throughout the remix
Postfuturist emphasis on communal cohesion at the intersection of the time axes understands refacement to be resurrection of the present by redeeming the past and recuperating the future. As such, it engages in disambiguating a misconception of the totality of discourse and its tendencies to colonize the everyday. Taking into account both the limitations and potential of language, this aspect of the remix, celebrating both silence and sound of creation, focuses on silent disruptions in the discursive, thereby making the unuttered communicable. It also accentuates resilience of language. Due to its conventional character, it is remixable. By extension, it is reasonable to believe that culturally constructed realities we know are not immune from remixing, either and that, consequently, one is free to think and live differently from cultural impositions.

To a high degree, all of it concerns living with fellow humans. In this context, I rely on Jean Baudrillard’s idea of radical alterity illustrated on the example of Japanese culture as the epitome of “true exoticism … based on a back and forth between recognizing the Other and returning to oneself” (Radical Alterity 64). Radical alterity, as presented, ensures recognizing in the other what is different from ourselves, accepting, and loving them for who they are. Baudrillard praises Japanese culture for living out the belief that “everything comes from the outside” (Radical Alterity 69). Accordingly, the input received from the outside is appropriated by the host, making Japanese a culture of hospitality, not imitation.

It is worth acknowledging that in each individual case different remix is created out of the input received. The remix, in a mutually constitutive relationship with refacement, makes manifest the potential of creation in idiosyncratic idioms. Reading them in the key that fuses the

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24 Baudrillard’s idea about true exoticism is based in the presumption that there is nothing intrinsic that welcomes input from the outside. Without claiming the opposite, my weak postmodernist remix does not entirely embrace the postulate.
elements of quest and activism reveals their capacity to not only address the problem of oppression, but to epitomize its repressive effects. Consequently, they inspire responses. Many of the stories that demonstrate, rather than describe or explain, the problem of discursively defined identities and dehumanizing cultural realities call for the reader resistance. The reader’s subversive affinities, in such cases, help devise both linguistic expressions and an actual manifestation of resistance to oppression. Such responses are instances of refacement that reanimates individuality and reintegrates communality from the ashes of the objectified and, consequently, melancholy imbued everyday into soulful life.

2.5.3 To Be Human: Noises & Voices in Ye Land of Ye Olde Folks

The following reading of Stewart Home’s novel *Down and out in Shoreditch and Hoxton* focuses on reanimation of redemptive silence through the remix of noise. The remix includes, but is not limited to, acknowledging the silent layers of storytelling and rendering them accessible: the unuttered literary tissue, cracks in the discursive, lateral paths of cultural remixing. In Stewart Home’s novels, a social critique is both overtly presented and implied in the

interventions manipulating the genre and literary elements such as characterization, tone, and setting. For instance, the characters, featuring emotional sparseness and awkward ways of socializing, are sketches of nihilo-cannibalist culture. Insistence on compulsion and aggression is a caricature of a human being in a soulless world. Disorientation and confusion, presented in the text and coupled with what is infused in the subtext, add up to a sketch of a fragmented culture of robozombies. A sense of isolation, dispassion, and destitution is accentuated through the broken beat plot. Rather than explicate, syncopated rhythm patterns make demonstrable how it feels to live in an alienating culture in which fetishized labor relativizes the notion of everyday in a highly undesirable way, as Terry Eagleton remarks on the state of affairs in *Reason, Faith, and Revolution: Reflections on the God Debate*: “Truly civilized societies do not hold predawn power breakfasts” (11).

In *Down and out in Shoreditch and Hoxton*, Home portrays the character Eve in a minimalist fashion, thus suggesting detrimental effects of capitalism on an individual, as he states in *Bubonic Plagiarism*: “in this world we are all prostitutes. It isn’t really possible to jump in and out of commodity culture” (62). Eve explores the transformation of quantity into quality, the distinction between art and crime, the pleasure-pain divide (*Down and out in Shoreditch and Hoxton* 13). Among her clients is Adam, who is interested in investigating prostitution and its cultural aspects. They engage in a joint research discussing contributions of certain cultural figures to intellectual history. Part of the thematic is proliferation and commodification of art: “Needing money to pay off debts, I resolved to transform prostitution into an art form” (*Down and out in Shoreditch and Hoxton* 27). Further implications in political terms can be imagined along the following lines: “Crime became art and art became crime” (*Down and out in Shoreditch and Hoxton* 15). This casts light on the novel’s problematizing mutual conditioning
between the authorities and the mainstream culture on the one hand and, on the other, criminalized social margins.

What makes this social commentary specific is that, as much as it is overtly stated, it is also delivered through the silent cracks, mainly integrated into the characterization and the tone. The character of Eve, for example, symbolizes the stigma against junkies and prostitutes. Home makes a point about stereotyping that masks politics of exclusion: “the condemnations that are sometimes directed towards junkies and prostitutes should be deflected back against the alienated social relationships that produce prejudices” (Bubonic Plagiarism 61). Hence, the characterization constitutes tacit cultural critique combined with what is uttered. The fusion of the verbal and what punctures discourse tells a tale about a world in which afflicted solidarity engenders individualism instead of individuality. The culture of self-absorbed, commoditized humans is depicted in the thematization of prostitution between a choice and necessity, between privacy and spectacle: “To begin with transformations. I decided to throw away my own rules. I planned crimes against grammar by immersing myself in the grammar of crime” (Down and out in Shoreditch and Hoxton 7).

In the context of the interlaced social and discursive realities, the Jack the Ripper conspiracy delineates a parallel between the nineteenth century and contemporary culture’s sensationalist susceptibility thriving on insatiable hunger for the euphoric. Closely related to such sentiment is the idolatry situated within infatuation with celebrity culture. Thus, among the candidates for the identity of Jack the Ripper are the characters based on cultural figures such as Henry James and William Burroughs, just as some of the prostitutes’ clients are Martin Heidegger, George Sorel, Albert Camus, Gilles Deleuze, and Jim Morrison.
Such characterization creates a platform for the scrutiny of power relations within the cultural establishment and a critique of institutionalized knowledge. The novel features obscenities in educational institutions, thereby questioning morality within the mainstream culture. For example, a promiscuous university art professor seduces a student and exposes his neurotic inclinations through violent sexual conduct, luckily, frustrated by premature ejaculation (Down and out in Shoreditch and Hoxton 24-25). Images of graphic sex and violence make visible corruption and social relations based on exclusion and dominance. By depicting an alienated bodily experience and vulgarized sexuality, the novel makes an implicit commentary about body politics as a form of socio-political control that disguises questionable morality under the language of political correctness.

Hypocrisy is also problematized through the critique of global politics and the state of affairs in the European Union based on the Old-New Europe divide. Many of the prostitutes, for example, are from the former Communist Bloc, which emphasizes the problems of inequality and inhumane treatment of disenfranchised demographics. Expanding on Marx’s critique of alienation and exploitation in capitalist and alleged socialist/communist societies alike, prostitution is used as a metaphor for social and existential dilemmas. For example, the character of Eve is portrayed as a well educated, well spoken artist-prostitute-crackhead. Along with a class reference, crack, as the drug of “choice” of the impoverished, also metaphorizes prevalent affective patterns of our time, characterized by addictive behavior, brevity-intensity nexus, instantaneous gratifications, and superficiality in human interaction that clearly dissolves solidarity.

The novel shows an individual as dehumanized, bewildered commodity. Through this is addressed the question of freedom under a threat of the military-entertainment complex. The
symbolism of the occult demonstrates the characteristics of such culture. Literary techniques, used in the novel as means of experimentation with the genre, accentuate the cultural critique in question. Home comments on the approach as follows: “Above all, and like all my books, *Down & Out* is about the impossibility of separating form from content within human expression and the ultimate futility of genre distinctions” (*Bubonic Plagiarism* 59). Insisting on one hundred words being the exact length of every paragraph, Home aims at subverting the distinctions between poetry and prose (*Bubonic Plagiarism* 59). The first part of the novel mainly follows conventions of traditional storytelling. As a parody of a bourgeois genre, the novel features “the odd elements of realism” (*Bubonic Plagiarism* 60). As the parody progresses, elements of goth aesthetic, occult, ritualistic, phantasmagoric scenes supersede the elements of realism—the narrative is moving from sex to death, again to convey a social message: “So the book becomes utterly fantastic” (*Bubonic Plagiarism* 60). Home claims that the technique shows his “interest in the cultural construction of the relationship between sex and death” (*Bubonic Plagiarism* 60).

In this stylistic spin-off is instigated the idea about cultural constructs as means of control and oppression. Esoteric context is suggestive of manipulative social mechanisms carried out via persecution and prosecution of the social margins. This addresses realities of prostitutes’ activities in gentrified areas, where “dressed in widow’s weeds, they were able to solicit business unmolested by the cops” (*Down and out in Shoreditch and Hoxton* 153). Simultaneously, it reiterates the critique of discursive realities and cultural constructs: “The reversibility of sex and death is never more apparent than when whores turn tricks in a graveyard” (*Down and out in Shoreditch and Hoxton* 159). Such a picture of the modern world inhabited by robozombies deprived of their own will, having projected on their brains “series of pictures with bright and vivid outlines” (*Down and out in Shoreditch and Hoxton* 166), evidently references the dilemma
of living in media saturated realities. Similarly, artistic circles are reminiscent of mystical orders in which objectification maintains social relations based on dominance and exclusion.

Typically, London is both the setting and a character in Home’s novels. The portrayal of the character of London in *Down and out in Shoreditch and Hoxton* charters the changes in the area between Bethnal Green and the City. Cultural context indicates a mute collaboration and a mutually conditioned relationship between the authorities and the ghetto via the sustenance of tribulations within the neglected communities and/or neighborhoods. Partly, the problematic can be understood in the light of Jürgen Habermas’s thought about the politics of distraction. In “Modernity--an Incomplete Project” (1983), he writes about a populist reaction to neoconservative cooption of communication infrastructure. Different forms of resistance to modernization and science in the service of capitalist economy are suppressed under the flag of progress. Habermas reveals the underlying motives for modernization and the resulting socio-political dynamic. More precisely, he implicitly discloses the truth about scapegoating of certain cultural segments and practices in the name of advancement of the cultural spheres by nature detached from the communication in question. Simply put, it might translate into seeing the key role of economic and administrative factors in the circles and activities whose primary interests are of a different character:

But the occasions for protest and discontent originate precisely when spheres of communicative action, centered on the reproduction and transmission of values and norms, are penetrated by a form of modernization guided by standards of economic and administrative rationality – in other words, by standards of rationalization quite different from those of communicative rationality on which those spheres depend. But neo-conservative doctrines turn our attention precisely away from such societal processes: they
project the causes, which they do not bring to light, onto the plane of subversive cultures and its advocates. (“Modernity--an Incomplete Project” 8)

In this light can be read certain aspects of Home’s novel depicting modernization in urban areas. Focusing on architectural reconfiguration of the cityscape and cultural restructuring, it discloses instrumentality of modernizing policies in the criminalization of the dispossessed. Put differently, the impoverished neighborhoods are being gentrified, while the denizens are being continually marginalized. The underprivileged in the rejuvenated areas cannot meet new economic demands, so they not only remain culturally excluded, but are also forced to relocate to the areas where affordable housing disguises (or, flashes out, for that matter) the class divide. In order to endure the hardships, preserve day-to-day living, or, simply to support certain lifestyles, the dispossessed frequently opt for illegal activities. In such cases, the supposedly life-preserving choices are also destructive and degrading. Paradoxically, the authorities keep a blind eye on some aspects of crime because of their own complicity, at the same time not shying away from criminalizing those same social strata on a different basis, thereby sustaining the vicious circle.

Accentuated is the impact of the so called modernization turning the city into a jigsaw puzzle26 of fashionable facades, bizarre galleries, grotesque shopping malls, olympic villages, and slums. Home elucidates hypocrisy behind such urban policies by pointing out that, contrary to the presentations in the media and arts of the urban transfiguration, the reality shows little evidence of easing social tensions.27 Rather, they have been intensified through racist exclusion

26ResT (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oLRgyjoFec0&feature=youtu.be)
27This is particularly prominent in the area bordered by Brick Lane, Bethnal Green, Bishop’s Way, and Hackney Wick; between Dalston Junction and Hackney Central, and all the way to Liverpool Street; and the Bethnal Green-Bow Church-Whitechapel triangle (the information and impressions based on my research trips to London in June, August 2008, July, August 2009, July, August, December 2010, January 2011, May 2012, July, August 2013, and June, August 2014).
with regard to employment and housing opportunities. The distorted image of cultural realities in the East End of the mid noughties Home comments as follows:

The yuppies really changed the character of the area and have made it a lot worse for the predominantly Muslim local population. At the same time I’d be reading stuff written by art critics in which they’d be going on about how gentrification had solved the problem of racism in the Brick Lane area. This was complete nonsense, since community self-defence against fascism had addressed the most blatantly criminal aspects of this. However, institutional racism remains a massive problem in the area and gentrification has exacerbated it in terms of housing and jobs. (Bubonic Plagiarism 59-60)

New money, thriving on unfathomable valences of economics, a manipulated image of power, and the affinities for sensationalism generates the logic of pricy cheapness that seems to be spreading beyond the East End, as suggested by the title of Home’s pamphlet Bubonic Plagiarism. As it is, it is reasonable to believe that, simultaneously, a web of resistance against those overwhelming corporate threats is spreading in the overlooked, forgotten, masked parts of the city. One is prone to imagine that the authentic flavor of resistance can still be felt around slightly damaged facades in the originally Huguenot immigrant neighborhood in the Brick Lane area, in the unmowed grass in Weaver’s Fields, in the charming, supernarrow passages off Whitechapel High Street, or, in the buildings to be rebuilt in the King’s Cross St. Pancras area.28

There is the 5 Caledonian Road radical haven at Housmans bookstore. Lateral alleys of resistance can be found near Bunhill Row. Just off Bunhill Fields, the historic cemetery, where nonconformers such as William Blake are buried, there is a potential to inspire the dormant song

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28 At the crossroads of Pentonville Road and Gray’s Inn Pl. there is a building usurped by the real estate. To best of my knowledge, construction works were initiated after at least three years of this site having been neglected during the period from 2009 to 2013.
of the chimney sweeper. In Finsbury Square, Occupy London calls for vitalizing the cleansing capacities of the remix.29

Literary playfulness, contesting cultural conventions, demarcates the ways of resisting cultural impositions, at the same time reconstructing the communal being and reinventing individuality, as Home suggests: "The one thing I know is that we have to work this out together, no one in isolation and acting on their own will find the solution" (Bubonic Plagiarism 64). In the interstices of text, one finds creative spaces for cleansing the communication channel, for purging it from dehumanizing obstacles. Those recuperating energies constitute the redeeming power of creation—the source of the remix, an inspiration for a reanimating intervention on behalf of the DJ.

Literature shows both what language can and what it cannot do. It certainly reaffirms that it is not possible to step outside of language in order to verbally express something. However, not only the verbalized is what makes literature literature. There are layers within the literary elements, such as tone, characterization, and setting that deliver a message unutterable in and impenetrable through language. That is how silence punctures discourse. As much as cultural constructs condition freedom, they also enable contestation of the constructed categories. Constructiveness of cultural realities makes them reworkable. The remix generates unifying energies for the restoration of vital ingredients of fruitful communal exchange.

29The information about the Occupy activities is based on my research trip to London in May 2012.
Interlude One

Low Tech Postfuturist Poetics: Imagery and Tone in the Service of Knowledge

“But ye know, what if, like, all of life is just one big remix / what then / I mean, what if we’re
still caught up in it? . . . you’ll need a bloody good dj, won’t you?”

Jeff Noon, *Needle in the Groove*

1. Wi(e)rd Epistemology: Acts, Virtually

Drawing from McKenzie Wark’s ideas about low theory in *The Beach beneath the Street: The Everyday Life and Glorious Times of the Situationist International* (2011), low tech
postfuturist poetics explores the relationship between the proliferation of realities, the notions of
reader/viewer and text, and the very experience of reading/viewing. Wark notes the way in which
low theory reconfigures discourse reshifting it from high theory toward a more accessible, yet
not oversimplified, not less rigorous vernacular. Also, unlike high theory, aimed at overcoming
of other theories, low theory concerns the everyday in conjunction with the theoretical. Low tech
postfuturist poetics stems from that framework, only to relate it more closely to the investigation
of the remix in liquid culture. Imagery in Jeff Noon’s novel *Vurt* (1993) and David Cronenberg’s
movies *Dead Ringers* (1988), *Videodrome* (1983), and *eXistenZ* (1999) are analyzed in the light
of such thoughts. Rather than offering a platform for a radical breakaway from tradition, the
perspective provides a context for rendering vocabularies from the past remixable, just as
contemporary cultural realities are. It situates the remix within the dialogue between change and
preservation.

In *The Beach beneath the Street: The Everyday Life and Glorious Times of the
Situationist International* (2011), McKenzie Wark states: “The essence of technology is nothing
technical” (145). He goes on to ask:” But could it be something playful? Could it be a way, not
of instrumentalizing nature, but of producing a new relation to it, as a totality?” (145). He wonders: “Is it possible to imagine collective human agency as productive of something playful, joyous, communal, even beautiful?” (144). Part of the response to these ruminations can be found in Jeff Noon’s prose and David Cronenberg’s films. Although typically characterized as dystopian science fiction, these works, in fact, feature imagery that destabilizes classification. Imagery is not perceived exclusively in visual terms. It is closely related to the tone, both in acoustic and literary senses. In Cronenberg and Noon respectively, diverse modes of expression are intertwined, thereby constituting the imagery-tone nexus.

Both in Noon’s and Cronenberg’s works, subtonic layers are of vital significance. Read in the postfuturist key, low tech imagery is the fusion of the textual and audio-visual expressive modes, constitutive of the fantasia called postfuturist turntablism poetics. It features hybrids such as metaphorized flash backs, personified flash forwards, similized jump cuts, alliterated freeze frame, feathered close up, hyperbolized zoom out, sampled wide shot, slowmo fade out. To DJ is to conjure up a social critique reimagining those idiosyncrasies in the intersection of the time axes: to understand them as a conversation between and among the redeemed future, revised past, and reawakened present, rather than as nostalgic lionization of the previous eras, or, a somnambulist projection into the future. It can also be described as critical/creative reimagining of the past by reawakening the future and resurrecting the present. In the postfuturist idiolect, to DJ stories and cultural realities in such a key is called the remix.

Originating in music, the remix is sound-sensitive. It is attuned to the cultural flux and responds to the fluctuations in the communication channel. If noise precludes cultural dialogue, the remix devises means of resistance against communicational obstacles. The postfuturist streak of the remix can be encapsulated by Terry Eagleton’s remark about modernist, avant-garde, and
postmodernist narratives. In *Against the Grain: Essays 1975-1985*, he presents vision of contemporary art that borrows from the avant-garde a pursuit for the novel, however understanding the impossibility of a radical breakaway from tradition. It is a repoliticised modernist aesthetics that acknowledges the anteceding era’s perception of “the fragmentary or schizoid self” (*Against the Grain* 146) as a reflection of certain cultural dynamics, yet refuses to believe that it is the only description of either self or its interaction with the everyday. Instead, as Eagleton puts it, reconfigured politicized art marks “the emergence of a transformed rationality” (*Against the Grain* 147). Building on the modified modernist legacy, contemporary art adopts from postmodernist narratives a playful, eclectic mosaic, mixing the twentieth and twenty-first centuries vocabularies. The postfuturist intervention consists in the focused, critical/creative remix of postmodernist combination in accord with Terry Eagleton’s thought.

Given the context of the remix and its relation to contemporary art as delineated via Eagleton’s theory, one understands the choice of the genre to be inseparable from the choice of the postfuture one lives and/or can live. Thus, turntablism poetics looks at the present as a recuperation of the past redemptive of the future. To DJ in this fashion is to find beauty and joy borne out of the agony of *Dead Ringers* and the anxiety of the adventure in which the characters in *Vurt* immerse themselves. The whimsical oscillations can be contextualized within the postfuturist twist that introduces a perspective disrupting a dystopian logic with a ray of hope. It colors the genre with a specific, slightly modified, cyberpunk shade.

2. Blue-Green Is the Yellow of Cyber-Styling

Postfuturist reflections about cultural ramifications of cyberpunk tensions can be elucidated within the analyses of Jeff Noon’s fiction and David Cronenberg’s films through the lens of jan jagodzinski’s concept of the inverted gaze from *Youth Fantasies: Perverse Landscape*.
of the Media (2004) revealing the aspect of the encounter between the viewer and the content on the screen. His account resonates with Jean Baudrillard’s observations from The Vital Illusion (2000). The crux of the thematic Baudrillard sees in hyperreality of the world of fabricated information and proliferated, media saturated realities. Within a portrayal of a quirky epistemological shift manifested in objective irony, Baudrillard aptly remarks that hyperreality ensures an environment for a reconfiguration of the traditional hegemonic subject epitomizing the classic epistemological paradigm. In a new, hyperreal scenario, the subject no longer discovers the object by knowing it, but is also discovered. This triggers the remix of both. Clearly, it also alters the relationship between them. Such reshifting creates a context that reveals both tradition and contemporary cultural realities as remixable. Welcome to vurtuality.

In hyperreality, Baudrillard suggests, the object, being discovered, simultaneously discovers the subject. Such refiguring inspires rethinking the notions of reader/viewer, film/viewer. Layered structure of Cronenberg’s Videodrome (1983) can be taken as a basis for an analysis in the key of subtle filtering and distinctions between and among diverse levels of narration and reading/viewing. Problematizing connections between and among them, Cronenberg inspires reiterating the theme of the relationship between the object level and the meta level. The film features Videodrome, snuff TV showing real time hardcore pornography and violence on CIVIC TV Channel 83, Cable 12 run by Max Renn (James Woods). Nicki Brand (Deborah Harry) is apparently a minor media personality, yet turns out to be a key player in Videodrome. The two characters partake in noisy communication that can be perceived through the prism of Baudrillard’s theory.

Being exposed to the content of the show, the viewer in the movie experiences a severe noise attack causing hallucinations, instantly recorded and turned into integral constituents of the
TV content. The screen, by the designers of the show defined as the retina of the mind’s eye, is interactive and transmutable into a 3D animation, blending with the viewer’s consciousness. Hypnotizing instructions deployed within such transformations massively raid the viewer’s mind. The viewer fights back. “Death to Videodrome! Long live the new flesh!” (Cronenberg 1983) is the slogan that frees. Or, does it? Is it, actually, the horizon of disappearance of both the hypersubject and hyperobject? If so, what happens to the interlocutors in that hyperdialogue? That answer might not be accessible through the epistemological apparatus of the viewer of the film. One can only think in terms of the relationship between the subject and the object.

Certain elements of the thematic explored in Videodrome can also be found in Cronenberg’s eXistenZ (1999). A crucial part of the communication in Videodrome occurs when tapes are inserted in the videodromer’s abdomen. In eXistenZ, a similar quasi-organic interplay happens within the biotechnological game of the same title. Cyborg-styling, the protagonists plug the consoles into the bioports inserted in the lower part of their spines, thereby interconnecting their nervous systems, bodies, emotions—the whole being.

Unlikely confrontations between the guardians of the gamespace and the realists’ uprising highlight the revisability of realities: in eXistenZ, realists are, as McKenzie Wark puts it in his cultural critique of a similar thematic, “playing for the real” (Gamer Theory par. [019] square brackets in original). Only, playing for the real translates into proliferating both the real and the unreal. In Wark’s parlance, it is an equivalent of taking the red pill—playing against the game from without. There is also the blue pill (Gamer Theory par. [019] square brackets in original). With this in mind, one would be prone to remark that realists in eXistenZ are not on the red pill because they are not playing for the real from without. They cannot be on the blue pill either, because they are not playing against gamespace.
What color is the pill that realists in *eXistenZ* take? Is it a pill? Is it anything, really? That answer, perhaps, they can give. If anyone in that game knows who realists are. If anyone knows who the designer is, what game they are playing, or whether they are in the game to start with.

In gamespace, identity flow occurs. Cronenberg destabilizes the notion of reality, simultaneously questioning fixed identities from the very opening. The scene shows a seminar organized by Antenna Research, the manufacturer of *eXistenZ*. Volunteers from the audience participate in testing the game. The only way to learn how to play it is to, actually, play. The seminar leader is the game designer Allegra Geller (Jennifer Jason Leigh). She promises a wild ride. And she keeps her promise. Yet, even before the journey begins, she almost dies in an ominous attempted assassination, which might have been masterminded by the competition, game manufacturer PilgrImage. Alternatively, Antenna’s *eXistenZ* might be happening within PilgrImage’s *transCendenZ*. Who knows.

One thing is quite certain, however. The supposed omen might not be of the sinister character, were it not a homicide attempt. But the act itself is questionable, too, given that Allegra Geller turns out to be a character in the game, who, together with her boyfriend Ted Pikul (Jude Law), engages in an attempted assassination of the supposedly real game designer Yevgeny Nourish (Don Mckellar) immediately after the wild test ride ends. Prior to that, the organizers of the seminar secretly share a concern about a strong antigame element detected during the testing. Cronenberg poses an implied ethical question about their acts occurring within the game. Supposedly, antigame elements signalize subversive potential within gamespace. One wonders what kind of subversiveness it is. The answer to that question might not be known even to the gamers. That is the answer one doesn’t have to give. Instead, it is the choice one makes. Only with the postfuturist twist.
In its low-tech glory, David Cronenberg’s *Dead Ringers* (1988) looks at the akin thematic of making choices. It portrays the respectable twins, gynecologists Elliot and Beverly Mantle (Jeremy Irons) engaging in a bizarre scientific experiment. Their patient, Claire Niveau (Geneviève Bujold), has an atypical reproductive system. Her three cervixes are an inspiration for the doctor-brothers’ unorthodox medical adventures. As surgical instruments are carving new highways through an epistemological puzzle, the mind and the body are interlaced in reinventing each other. The blueish greenness is sagging into an increasingly darkening shade of the generic color. Parallel to an increased intake of mind altering medical substances is the characters’ diving into a psycho-chemical crossover of mutually enhancing desire, perversity, and drug addiction. They find themselves irrevocably entangled in the most of peculiar investigations of the inner space.

In this medico-erotic-psycho-junk narrative, Elliot and Beverly’s affair with Claire starts without her knowing that she is dating two persons. Or, is she really, given that the twins’ medical adventure ends up in the doctors’ undergoing a self-conducted separation of Siamese twins. Only, Elliot’s and Beverly’s bodies were never joined. They disappear on the horizon, not unlike the inverted gaze—an interpassivity indulged in by the object and the subject. More precisely, their scientific experiments resonate with the redescription of the epistemiological paradigm as Baudrillard presents it. Within such an interaction (for lack of a more adequate term) between the subject and the object in hyperreality, the hyperspace of *Dead Ringers* turns the twins into a personified version of the dynamic (for want of a better word) between the content on the screen and the viewer. In the context of the inverted gaze that jagodzinski analyzes primarily through dynamics in cyberspace, the subject gazes at the object and the object gazes back. Gazing and being gazed at generates an interaction that triggers certain activity and, at the
same time, sabotages it. Hyperreality mobilizes the subject’s involvement in the communication within which is developed a sense of absolute control: “This is a perverted subject since it can act as a god—a demigod” (Youth Fantasies: The Perverse Landscape of the Media 195).

As a matter of fact, the subject is being submerged in total interpassivity—potentially bewildering communication with the object. In his psychoanalytic reading, jagodzinski calls such a situation “a psychosis where authority disappears” (Youth Fantasies: The Perverse Landscape of the Media 197). jagodzinski contextualizes the world of demigods within Ego-games that inform a delusional idea of the aggrandized self and a perverted image of power. Within such interaction, the relationship between the subject and the object is the horizon of disappearance of the interpassive demigods.

What choices are offered to the gamers in an environment aiming to create a sense of omnipotence? What color is the pill that they take? Is it a pill? Is it anything? That answer, perhaps, they can give. It could easily be the no pill situation. Further exploring the ideas about game and play from Gamer Theory, McKenzie Wark meditates: “It’s still a fine slogan: Never work! Perhaps we could add: Never play! For play is becoming as co-opted as work, a mere support for the commodity form” (The Beach beneath the Street: The Everyday Life and Glorious Times of the Situationist International 157).

3. How to Feather Vurt

Jeff Noon’s novels typically present peculiar kaleidoscopic journeys through colors and sounds. For example, in Needle in the Groove (2000), during those travels, the characters are remixing liquid music. The band are: donna, the singer, 2spot, the drummer, elliot, the bass player, and the dj, jody. 2spot and elliot, awkward interlocutors, confused in their insular worlds, are becoming friends. Their remote universes are being connected via music. 2spot shows elliot
how samples are combined and where they originate in: “--that’s where it all comes from, he says / from out of the blues” (Needle in the Groove 68). They learn by learning the history of music. As a rule, it leads the researcher all the way back to the very blue note. However, for each individual, it has a slightly different sound. Each sound inspires a different choice.

Likewise, in Noon’s novel Vurt, colors dance as the feathers are being swallowed, as the characters’ search is initiated by a feather of a particular kind. There are feathers that enable soft porn simulacra. There are feathers devoid of dreams. There are also knowledge feathers, feathers of desire, feathers that confront one with emotions otherwise inaccessible, bootleg feathers: six feathers for six types of experiences. Feathers come in different colors: pink, silver, black, blue, cream, and yellow. The protagonists swallow feathers and undertake journeys to the dreamworld Vurt. The most challenging form of interaction between Vurt and the real world occurs when a person takes the most dangerous, yellow feather, thereby potentially taking a death trip. The yellow is also specific because it is a ride, unlike any other, with no “jerkout facilities” (Vurt 43). By providing such a narrative frame, Noon complicates epistemological aspects of proliferated realities:

Awake, you know that dreams exist. Inside a dream you think the dream is reality. Inside a dream you have no knowledge of the waking world. It is the same with Vurt. In the real world we know that Vurt exists. Inside the Vurt we think that the Vurt is reality. You have no knowledge of the real world. (Vurt 32)

The yellow activates exchange mechanisms--black holes in the Vurt, through which creatures from what is commonly perceived as real world are sometimes swapped for Vurt creatures. It is possible to undo the unlikely exchange. Predictably, one must go back to the yellow in order to rescue the hijacked ones. That is how the narrator Scribble, that shakespearian
cyberhybrid, decides to take the yellow trip again. He needs to find his sister-lover Desdemona who disappeared in the yellow. Yellow is a ride unlike others: it is a death-for-life feather (*Vurt* 302). However, first he has to find the feather. Icarus has it. Scribb sets out on a surreal, feather-driven ride to meta-Vurt, the enlightening garden of English Voodoo. As if it were now, amidst postcolonial reconfiguring the role of the U.K. in global politics: “WELCOME TO ENGLISH VOODOO. EXPECT TO FEEL PLEASURE. KNOWLEDGE IS SEXY. EXPECT TO FEEL PAIN. KNOWLEDGE IS TORTURE” (*Vurt* 112 capitalization in original).

*Vurt* demonstrates what Jan Jagodzinski calls “hysterized behavior, a state of constant troubling doubt” (*Youth Fantasies: The Perverse Landscape of the Media* 110). He points out questlike lifestyles in the world that is trying to deny them: “Not believing in what is being offered as the ‘truth,’ at the same time frantically searching for a ‘truth’ to live by—as a lifestyle or as a New Age religion” (*Youth Fantasies: The Perverse Landscape of the Media* 110). In a world seemingly free from authority, superficial options are being sought: “There is no Name-of-the-father and hence an imaginary substitute must be found” (*Youth Fantasies: The Perverse Landscape of the Media* 197).

Jagodzinski sees restoration of traditional authority as a response to postmodern uncertainties as a somewhat paradoxical combination of fundamentalism and cynicism: “The return is always to install a ‘difference’” (*Youth Fantasies: The Perverse Landscape of the Media* 120). However, he goes on to clarify:” But this is always an ideological question of the ‘difference’ since it embodies an unconscious fantasy of restoration” (*Youth Fantasies: The Perverse Landscape of the Media* 120). In designer capitalism, versions of traditional narratives retold often leave a gap where cynicism enables a parody not always easily distinguishable from the “real thing” (*Youth Fantasies: The Perverse Landscape of the Media* 121).
Concerns about the collapsed social stability can inspire different forms and degrees of radical conservatism, frequently enhanced by idealized perception of the eras bygone. Such a stance oftentimes thrives on an exclusionary political mindset. Coupled with it is a corporate sensibility. Either, or the combination of the two, is, essentially, deeply reactionary and regressive. By contrast, the remix is not a nostalgic re-establishment of the past, because no historical epoch is worthy of complicity in restoring and reaffirming inhumane social relations. Nor is it an attempt to properly release the inhibited progress as it is defined in the vocabulary of entrepreneurship. Conversely, postfuturist transformative DJing is a critical/creative reconfiguration of the redeemed past in the light of the reawakened future and resurrected present.

Such interventions on behalf of the DJ can be thought of in terms of the resonating literary devices in Noon’s prose. He conjures up a hybrid world to bridge the gap caused by the experiences typically avoided, denied, or ignored. Weird kaleidoscopic crossbreeds render confrontations with disturbing realities bearable. Hybrids that inspire revisiting the question of living in multicultural communities are cyborg-archaeologists, excavating virtual chasms to swap beauty back. At present, when the world faces oppressive scenarios of a strange dialectic combining elements of the politics of posthuman fearmongering, war on terror, and culture of nihilo-cannibalism, diversity happens to be among the most intriguing words in social vocabularies.

For that reason, stories like Vurt are vital for reading contemporary cultural realities. According to Noon, “Vurt is also about escape and facing up to the realities of what it is you are trying to escape from” (Johnson, “Jeff Noon: Needle in the Groove: Liquid Culture”). It might entail utterly unpleasant experiences and troubling interaction with fellow travelers. As Noon
remarks, it keeps reminding one: “Pure is poor … in Vurt they celebrate the exact opposite: the impurity of race, or the impurity of being, the more mixed up you are, the better it is!” (Southern and Amerika, “As per Vurt”). In cacophonic whirlpools of Noon’s phantasmagoric wizardry of storytelling, fa(e)ther seems to be a troublesome, yet potentially benevolent, notion. In this respect, Noon’s “filthy” polyphony, despite its temporary psychedelic cacophony--or, indeed, by virtue of noise–delivers a message of an insight. Out of hallucinatory meta-Vurt, virtual experiences become distinguishable. The identity flow can only occur within such distinctions. To know is an act of liberatory, transformative “deselfing.” It is also a curious way of recuperating the subject-object relationship.

4. The Sobject, Actually

In this cyberspace there are yet other cyberspaces, as McKenzie Wark’s A Hacker Manifesto inspires one to think (par. [389] square brackets in original). And they are this one, called virtuuality. In it, an encounter between the reader and the text renders both remixable. Through such communication the sobject emerges. This hybrid dynamism can be perceived as the horizon of disappearance of both, the reader and the text because it reveals their constructed aspects and, thus, discloses the limits of both, thereby constituting a basis for their respective reintegration in a fresh fashion.

According to Jean Baudrillard’s cultural critique in The Vital Illusion (2000), in hyperreality the classic epistemological narrative featuring the traditional hegemonic subject that discovers the object by knowing it is redefined. In hyperreality, passivity rules; hence, it is not through the activity of the subject that the object is discovered. The object, between being invented and discovered by the subject, simultaneously “discovers-invents” the subject. The passivity of the object tends to deprive the subject of its subjectivity either by objectifying it, or,
simply, rendering it redundant. By the same token, the object is being dissolved in its own self-
annihilating inactivity: “This duel engaged in by the subject and the object means the loss of the
subject’s hegemonic position: the object becomes the horizon of the subject’s disappearance.
Obviously, this new scenario, this new dramaturgy, is opposed to the classic theory of
knowledge” (The Vital Illusion 76-77). The epistemological shift at play Baudrillard calls
reversion and he compares it to a discovery of a virus. Such an object is indifferent to both being
discovered and the subject that it discovers. Yet, such indifference generates a specific kind of
activity out of passivity.” This is what I call objective irony: there is a strong probability, verging
on a certainty, that systems will be undone by their own systematicity” (The Vital Illusion 78).

It inspires metaphorical thinking about language as an epitome of the dialectic of
consumption and creation. Language is elusive. It resists absolutely precise and/or total
signification. However, it is also protective. By making manifest its own imperfection, it silently
acknowledges its limits. Analogously, it shows the limits of human grandeur and reaffirms
human potentials. It does so by demonstrating the impossibility of replicating what contemporary
pluralist discourse suspiciously calls authenticity.

From the ashes of that self-consuming/self-preserving act, the remix is being born.
Language, while revealing its constructiveness, simultaneously disambiguates a misconception
about the totality of discourse. By extension, it is reasonable to believe that culturally constructed
realities we know are not immune from remixing either. In order to sustain that awareness, one
(re)sensitizes to the literary subtleties needed for “discovering” the necessary object in which, as
Baudrillard urges, not to believe. In the world of slippery boundaries between the living and the
inanimate, the very notion of the animate is being rendered disputable. In such a context, realities

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might be merely hypostatized worlds engaged in by participants, but they can also ensure the participants’ rebirths.

Such a world abundantly rewards its inhabitants with unthinkable, at times darkly bewildering, yet undoubtedly beautiful, eddies of creation. Of who one is. Because there is a profoundly salient silent message subverting noise and confusion on the surface: the message about the choice to resist noise. The choice is the right to the remix.

5. How Do You Say Glocal In The Queen’s English: Out Of Paulifonei--Refacement

As if it were now, amid the polyphony of Britain’s reimagining postcolonial realities, the voice of Irvine Welsh arises. In the novel Trainspotting (1993), he criticizes commodity culture, focusing on the specificities of the 1980s Scottish milieu. Particularly, the way the Edinburgh^{30} drug subcultures--mainly heroin scenes--are presented reveals the impact of drug addiction on youth demographics, but also accentuates countercultural potential in those habitually apathetic strata of the society. Renton, a character in the novel, spells out a form of resistance against oppression:

Choose life. Choose mortgage payments; choose washing machines; choose cars; choose sitting oan a couch watching mind-numbing and spirit-crushing game shows, stuffing fucking junk food intae yir mouth. Choose rotting away, pishing and shiteing yersel in a home, a total fucking embarrassment tae the selfish, 

^{30} Edi_I Choose to Thank (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ni8yqcSzm6o)
fucked-up brats ye’ve produced. Choose life. Well, ah choose not to choose.

*(Trainspotting* 187-188)*

The novel amplifies the voices of these typically indifferent social classes. The narrative technique reveals certain aspects of the pluralism of cultural vocabularies. There are no centered protagonists. There is no main narrator, no conventionally structured narrative line, either. The tone is mutable. The characters take turns in telling the tale. Perspectives change. Stories change. Accents vary. Either democratic, multicultural, or merely multivoiced is the polyphony in the novel. Sometimes, it is as cacophonous as the world in *Vurt*. From daily junkie confusion, hope lurks between the agony of withdrawal and needle sent paradise. Such extreme vacillations create space for the choices emerging in the interstices of a junkie routine.

Renton questions an assumption that to choose life does not affirm a person’s credibility for such a choice. He accentuates social control and socially constructed realities that do not acknowledge the role of an individual and, by extension, deny a possibility of human agency. An individual is not credited for successfully choosing to live, according to such logic. Absurdly enough, to fail to make such a choice would not necessarily be attributed to the society. Or, it would, but in a different way. One would imagine that the society would explain it as a failure to choose them and, therefore, failure to choose life. An individual obviously does not play a major role in that scenario. An unrecommendable form of cultural practice as it is, drug abuse seems to be a way for Renton and his acquaintances to resist the imposed modes of living. Paradoxically, drugs act as a shelliesque (self)dissolving power. Yet, in some cases, overcoming them initiates the shift toward the reconstitution of wholesome energy.

They can also play a role in a crosscultural exchange: “Iggy Pop looks right at me as he sings the line:”’America takes drugs in psychic defence’; only he [Tommy] changes ‘America’
for ‘Scatlin’’ (Trainspotting 75). Tommy assumes American culture through rock & roll: it is Iggy Pop’s concert, Iggy himself is looking at him and, as Tommy realizes, describes him more accurately than anybody else has ever done before. Via this transnational communication, Welsh addresses the question of cultural boundaries in the era of globalization. The way he portrays the notion of the nation stimulates questioning national myth as such. From the juxtaposition of the Scottish national code with a supranational cultural exchange, it can be inferred that encounters with different cultural idioms can sensitize one to the culture different from one’s own. Such a transcultural stand implies that the adopted elements are not experienced as alien, threatening, but are selectively fused with the existing ones.

In order to unpack Scottish national myth, Welsh devises a vernacular that combines standard English with the mid twentieth century Edinburgh junkie slang and local dialect shared by the Scottish communities beyond the drug scenes:

It’s nae good blaming it oan the English fir colonising us. Ah don’t hate the English. They’re just wankers. We are colonised by wankers. We can’t even pick a decent, vibrant, healthy culture to be colonised by. No. We’re ruled by effete arseholes. What does that make us? The lowest of the fucking low, the scum of the earth. The most wretched, servile, miserable, pathetic trash that was ever shat intae creation. (Trainspotting 78)

Insistence on the local idiolect is an anticolonial statement. Since it is informed by a crosscultural conversation, it, actually, lives in a form of a glocal idiolect, which is a way for youth cultures to rebel against the entrenched traditional gender, national, and other cultural stereotypes. They politicize typical junkie self-loathing: “Ah don’t hate the English. They jist git oan wi the shite thuv goat. Ah hate the Scots” (Trainspotting 78). The reluctance one experiences encountering difficult choices between and among cultures in contact is undoubtedly depicted in
the following: “Ah never felt British. It’s ugly and artificial. But ah never felt Scottish, either” (Trainspotting 90). The ambivalence reflects Britain reconfiguring the postcolonial image from the imperial myth of an unrivaled power to orwellian neocolonial haze. Clearly, it calls for the choice of the postfuture one lives and can live.

For many of us in the twenty-first century globalized world amid the rise of reactionary, seemingly progressive policies, the dilemmas of unlikely trainspotters in Welsh's novel resonate with the uneasiness we oftentimes experience faced with the choices we make on a daily basis. One questions a transcultural attitude because of neocolonial streaks in the world politics. At the same time, one does not whole-heartedly embrace the defensive stance because of supracultural beliefs. In any case, one does what one can to conjure up modes of resistance against multiple oppression. It is the source of inspiration for and the right to the remix.

6. Sobject to Change: Creative Reading in the Remix

: Welcome to 1000 FM. You are listening to WELD/Program. awm. This is your DJ speaking. It is Friday. 9:40 AM. This is the Program. Ladies’n’Gents, today we are setting out on a journey through a maze called creative reading. Be ready to engage in an exploration of vurtuality, revealing puzzling corridors of mind-bending experiences. But more than that, keep your attentiveness maximized in order to detect the levels of the narratives underlying and by far exceeding the provocativeness of what is more often than not taken to be the clue and the contents of the mystery. Have an enjoyable and safe trip!

The concept of creative reading originates in William Burroughs’s ideas from the essay of the same title (“Creative Reading,” The Adding Machine: Selected Essays 1985). His approach,
based on communication between and among stories, is implemented in this article to
demonstrate the possibility for the remix. In the remix, stories are considered in terms of
diverse expressive modes, with a slight intervention on behalf of the DJ. In liquid culture, the
encounter between the reader’s liquid self and the flux of the story is an exchange entailing the
remix of both. In sum, it is a constituent part of refacement: rebirth through alternating cycles of
noise and silence.

The dynamic is partly comparable to Matthew Collin’s remark about the absence of an
overt agenda in the ecstasy subculture. In Altered State: The Story of Ecstasy Culture and Acid
House (1997), he maintains:

The idea that Ecstasy culture has no politics because it has no manifesto or
slogans, it isn’t saying something or actively opposing the social order,
misunderstands its nature. The very lack of dogma is a comment on contemporary
society itself, yet at the same time its constantly changing manifestations – ravers
fighting police to gain access to a warehouse party, criminals shooting each other
in feuds over the dance-drug trade, teenage girls baring flesh in baby-doll dresses,
black-market entrepreneurs selling records from the backs of vans – serve to
dramatize the times we live in. (5)

A glocal idiolect indicates oscillations between the public and the private planes and a
possibility of relieving one from the schism sometimes resulting from an interaction between the
global and the local. Crafting communal identity partially satisfies the need for individuality.
Creative reading soothes the friction between these two coexisting and possibly compatible

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31 Drawing from William Burroughs’ s idea of creative reading, this section appears as the remixed version in my
article “Liquid Identity: Cultural Exchange between the Reader and the Text” published in Cultural Studies,
Education, and Youth: Beyond Schools. Eds. Benjamin Frymer, Matthew Carlin, and John Broughton. Lanham:
planes. It also opens the space for relating one’s local cultural paradigm to the global sphere. Reading a piece of literature coming from a culture different from one’s own, a person encounters different cultural codes, sensitizes to them, and is more able to selectively fuse them with the host cultural content.

Exploring the territories of empathy and tolerance provides one with filters for resensitizing to one’s own, as well as for adopting a different cultural vocabulary. Part of that dynamics can occur within an encounter between the reader and the text. The exchange entails the remix of both. Their respective reconstitution and the recuperation of the relationship between them reanimates the communal in the key of a creative / critical practice and human dignity—essential components of refacement.

Here cultural code or cultural identity does not solely mean belonging to a particular cultural group. For example, one can relate to diverse contents and, through multiple filtering, associate them with culturally conditioned situations. As Paul Willis contends in Common Culture: Symbolic Work at Play in the Everyday Cultures of the Young (1990), one’s empathy can be founded in being underprivileged on different bases (71).

Thus, a lonely, white, female heterosexual reader can empathize with a black male homosexual character. Similarly, an atheist junkie can sensitize to the predicament of a believer struggling with temptation, while a young disabled professional from suburbia may grasp part of the dilemma of an urban elderly dweller. Such conversational channeling enables conversation between and among different cultural idioms. This fertilizes liquid exchange being born through refacement: rebirth through silence and solidarity of reindvividualized selfless fellow humans, engaged in enduring creation of a free culture based on trust and love.
Trust and love are never lived out in a sappy fashion; rather, they are a hard-won victory of a tight-rope walker, struggling and juggling between pinball elusiveness and unshakable stability underlying uncertainty on the surface. Nor does it mean being constantly dislocated into an ideal, but impossible future. It is a *hic & nunc* poetics: being present in the here and now without implying a *carpe diem* logic of instantaneity. Postfuturist literary DJs critically/creatively recuperate the past, reimagine the future, and resurrect the present. It is not a nostalgic attempt to reestablish the past, as no historical epoch is worthy of complicity in restoring and reaffirming inhumane social relations. Nor is it a somnambulist projection into a romanticized future.

Not only does the critic say something that the work does not say, but he even says something that he himself does not mean to say. The semantics of interpretation have no epistemological consistency and can therefore not be scientific. But this is very different from claiming that what the critic says has no immanent connection with the work, that it is an arbitrary addition or subtraction, or that the gap between his statement and his meaning can be dismissed as mere error. The work can be used repeatedly to show where and how the critic diverged from it, but in the process of showing this our understanding of the work is modified and the faulty vision shown to be productive. Critics’ moments of

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greatest blindness with regard to their own critical assumptions are also the moments at which they achieve the greatest insight.

Cite the source, for f*ck sake!


The poetics of *Trainspotting* is compelling because it reassures one that making a choice is important and possible. From the postfuturist angle, it is a reminder about the peculiarities of an encounter with the text: it reinstates a frequently ignored fact that a novel and reading occupy slightly diverse levels. This evokes the idea about the novel as a source of learning the remix.

*Trainspotting resensitizes* one to literary subtleties, thereby reanimating and reawakening one's DJing skills, i.e., reequipping one with reading-writing-remixing tools and inspiration. Welsh's novel can be criticized for lacking an overt ethical stand toward morally questionable conduct such as drug abuse, that it is insufficiently critical of the phenomenon. An extreme reading would even see the novel as divested of any attitude whatsoever regarding moral aspects of addiction and lives of addicts. The possibility for such critiques of the novel's nonjudgmental approach to the subject matter might result from their overlooking, ignoring, or failing to make a clear distinction between the metalevel and the object level.

More precisely, stylistic interventions in certain scenes may trick the reader into believing that details from a life of a junkie presented in a piece of literature can be experienced in exactly the same the way in the world off the page. That, of course, is far from being true. For example, the episode “House Arrest” depicts Mark Renton's tantalizing withdrawal. Back to his parents' place, he feels everything but the warmth and security that his mother and father are communicating. His sickness is a shield that, instead of providing protection, causes hardly
manageable irritability. Instead of safeguarding, it obstructs communication. His is a nightmarish trip through a magnified psychodrama mixing the elements of the reimagined tragic past events, the reality of his parents' house, and brainwashing TV programs that, as if his own consciousness weren't noisy enough, bombard the tortured brain drained of endorphin. Welsh's portrayal is a psycho-horror extravaganza that colors the scenes in the episode with specific subtlety suggestive of the unheard layers of comfort amid the brutality of emotional and physical pain. As a reading experience, it can be frustrating, but it is also deeply moving.

Further, the episode “Glass” shows the characters Begbie and Renton on a night out in the company of their respective girlfriends June and Hazel. The relationships are awkward. The atmosphere is tense. The pub is overcrowded. The bar is barricaded by the armies of thirsty locals, fun-starved tourists, and short-tempered eccentrics. It takes ages to order a drink. It takes a lot of patience, too. Begbie, a true devotee to violence, is in the upstairs area of the pub, waiting for his beer. Memories of Julie Mathieson, one of the numerous AIDS victims during the eighties when sweeping polytoxicomania was taking its toll in Scotland as in many other parts of the world, seem to prompt Begbie's impatience to escalate. But with a weirdo like Begie, it could be just about anything. However, he waits for his beer before the action starts. “He takes one fucking gulp” (*Trainspotting* 79) and then he elegantly throws the empty glass over his head. It falls in the downstairs part of the pub. On somebody's head. It cracks open. Graphic violence is Welsh's commentary on macho-cult, other dominance-driven cultural phenomena, and oppressive social mechanisms.

“The First Day of the Edinburgh Festival” shows Mark Renton sick beyond belief. Desperate to score, he sees no solution for yet another torturing withdrawal. No way to alleviate pains and anxiety. Only the hostility of his room. But it could be just about any other place. No
place is worse than any other when withdrawal transforms the world into a hopeless atopia.

Typically, it would be at Swanney's, or Mother Superior's, as they called the main dealer in Leith, where consolation could be found. Not this time, though. This time it's the Muirhouse guy, Mike Forrester (in the movie played by the writer himself), who is the healer. Yet, it turns out that not much luck awaits there, either. Instead of the much needed heroin shot, only rectal opium suppositories can be had. Mikey wouldn't even let Rents administer the drug in his apartment. Humiliation is mounting up as the day is heading toward its apex.

Mark is in a public toilet, a supersevere sensory blow even for a person in best shape. For a sick junkie, it is perhaps just as bad as any other site—just a place that can become a more pleasant environment once it enables an intake of the much needed substance. Not an easy task, especially for a heroin user suffering from constipation. But, one does what one can. And Mark does it. He is no longer constipated. Lava of feces flushes the filth encrusted toilet bowl. Alas, along with the organic excrement, the eruption expels the suppositories down the toilet. Instantly, he is elbow-deep in the thick, brownish liquid—the vast territory full of treasure known and unknown alike. What is known and had been lost was found now. Safely reinserted.

In the 1996 screen adaptation of Welsh’s novel of the same title, Danny Boyle presents a take on the psychedelia of sickness. The movie puts a spin on the scene “House Arrest” stressing an aesthetic crossbreed of light-handed comics iconography, urban youth idiom, and a multiple noise attack. In such a hybrid voice, Boyle marvelously flashes out the most striking aspects of the intricacies of a junkie's relationships with parents, friends, oneself, and the world. In Boyle's movie the tension of the “Glass” episode, that Welsh depicts so vividly, galvanizes the grotesqueness of failed relationships and confusion. This almost hyperreal-verging-on-the-surreal
effect is, to a great extent, created thanks to the stunning performance of Robert Carlyle who plays Begbie.

Danny Boyle's imagery underscores weirdness of the toilet scene in “The First Day of the Edinburgh Festival.” Mark, played by Ewan McGregor, is in the worst toilet in Scotland, as the notice on the door informs the visitor about the experience s/he might expect. Yet, Mark’s need and perseverance turns that nasty hole into a pleasuredome. Not only is he diving through the hardly penetrable mass of excretion, but, as he is progressing, the brownish thickness is clearing and gives way to a soothing shade of turquoise. He is on a paradise-like underwater trip. The whole universe seems to be in sync with his now smooth movements, his smile, and, above all, Brian Eno's soundtrack “Deep Blue Day” from the album *Apollo: Atmospheres and Soundtracks* (1983).

Having fought the initial olfactory attack, affecting the tactile sensations as well, he soon finds his whole being engaged and all his energies mobilized toward just one clearly defined goal—to win the drug back. And he does. Mark is relieved. In the dodgiest of circumstances. Against all odds.

So is the viewer. And the reader, especially once the adventure reiterates the distinction constitutive of an encounter with a stylized, aesthetic, meta, and/or imaginary versions of the everyday. In particular, the “House Arrest” episode is horrifying, but woven with a touch of humor both in the novel and in the movie. In contrast, the severity of the experience of withdrawal can hardly be linked to the narrative charm of the *Trainspotting* episode.

The “Glass” episode is grotesquely hilarious, while the seductiveness of that stylized take on violence cannot be imagined as part of the everyday. “The First Day of the Edinburgh Festival” is both mindblowingly funny and nauseating. On the object level, it would be the
feeling of being “the lowest of the fucking low” divested of any possibility of self-indulgence in the devastating misery, to say the very least. On the object level, any aspect of the life of a junkie depicted in the novel and/or in the movie features no ornamentation, no stylization, no traits one finds on the meta level. There are works whose aesthetics delivers a message about such an awareness. They need no overt moral commentary in order to make it clearer than it is.

: In the name of the mofa(e)thers! First, I would like to thank all the contributors for fervent listening to today’s excavations of the resurrected future via the redeemed past and the reawakened present. What once was the future is the present now is the past of the future. You’ve been listening to WELD/Program. awm. It is 3:30 PM. Lemmie meekly remark that you are tuned just phunkie right. The reader, too, has to be “a bloody good dj.” As one reads, writing weaves the network of stories. The DJ puts their isolated worlds in conversation. Some of them reverberate harmoniously. Some, however, generate cacophonous buzz. Diving all the way down to subtonic tunes of the soul, the reader turntables all the way to the remix of liquid music. Mashups can be dreadful. But, they can also be beautiful. In any event, one gets better equipped for sharing with others the wholesome sound of creation. Hitting the blue note can, indeed, reinvigorate communal cohesion. It is reasonable to believe that it cannot leave one unaltered. Out of those alternating sound variants within the oscillations between change and preservation, the human face is being reconstituted. Refacement is the cohesive tissue unifying selfless, yet reindividualized, fellow humans in creative/critical social activism. The remix is the sound of refacement: solidarity in resistance to oppression. Temporary cycles
of deadening nihilist noise cannot sabotage the living subtonic hi-fi purifying the communication channel and engendering the life of fulfillment.
Chapter Three

Shadow Talk: Sites of Decapitated Majesties, Cites of Dethroned Words, and…

3.1 (An) In-Cighte

If noise occurs in the communication channel, the information flow acts accordingly in order to remix it. Communication is, by definition, in the service of the sovereign—language. It is also a form of resistance against contamination, i.e., a means of remixing noise. Language epitomizes the dialectic of consumption and creation. In language, it is possible to express, say, tell, present, state, utter. These verbal expressions are sometimes not entirely precise. In some instances, communication is unverbalized; it is carried out via the extralinguistic communication channel. As a result of such elusiveness, occasionally, a distorted message is delivered.

However, language is a twofold blessing because, despite being erratic, it is also protective. By making manifest its imperfection, language shows the limits of human grandeur. Yet, it simultaneously reconfirms human potentials. Through the constructive character of discourse and cultural realities language demonstrates the impossibility of replicating what contemporary pluralist culture suspiciously calls authenticity. Creation is a purifying force in the communication channel. In “The Revolt of the Reader” (Against the Grain: Essays 1975-1985),

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The notion of (an) incighte was inspired by the lyrics of the Rage against the Machine (RATM) song “Take the Power back”: “In the right light, study becomes insight” (line 4). A slight alteration in spelling references jan jagodzinski’s homology site/sight/cite reflecting the three lacanian registers—the Real, the Imaginary, and the Symbolic. Rather than accentuating the psychoanalytic aspect of it, jagodzinski’s word play is further developed into the triad site/cite/insight unified in signifying cultural positioning, narrative exchange, and vision/comprehension. Implied are also Paul de Man’s ideas about blindness and insight. Note that the reference to the RATM track focuses an individual’s sensitivity to cultural flows, stories in contact, and cohabitation with fellow humans rather than the entrenched idea of power preserving social relations based on dominance-subordination. This reflects the overarching idea in this dissertation about the oscillations between the limits of human power/control on the one hand and, on the other, the potentials of humanity. It is the platform that enables reshifting the debate onto the remix based on mercy.
Terry Eagleton calls for a rebellious reading practice in order to “to take over the means of production” (184). Reading against oppression, from the postfuturist perspective, is an ecorebellion.


Extralinguistic and imponderable as it may be, silence, is innate in literary playfulness. It is the impalpable level of the story that suspends the reader’s belief, and yet sustains stability amid oscillations and uncertainties. It stirs the slumberous spirit of resistance. It undoes delusional thinking and further inspires critical reading of contemporary culture, all the while exploring the possibilities of dissensus: a disbelief in what cultural mechanisms of control impose on one as the only way to live. It is resistance against entertainment-military complex that, on the one hand, degrades individuality and, on the other, dissolves communal cohesion of the fellowship.

Reading-writing is a creative practice--a form of resistance against noise pollution. Literature enables noise filters in order to silently clean the communication channel. The tone is frequently
the literary element that renders the unsaid of the text communicable, thereby ensuring a fruitful exchange. Both overtly and subtonically, Kathy Acker’s *Great Expectations* and Stewart Home’s *Memphis Underground* tell stories about how it feels to live in an age of curiously uniforming and atomizing globalized culture. They challenge the reader, destabilize reading, reshift trust in the narrative, and open up the lateral paths of undoing the forged image of the totality of discourse.

In that context, reader-writer is the DJ—the voice sometimes manifest, at times subtonically present, a vessel for the free information flow. Implicitly addressing the notion of a construct, storytelling shows the limits of a deceitful idea about the omnipotence of dehumanizing cultural forces, but also exposes the limits of human control and power, thereby rendering both discourse and cultural realities remixable.

3.2 Grace and/as Justice: Kitch’n’Sink Aesthetics of Ignoration

Reading-writing across media, genres, and disciplines is a unifying practice combining words, sound, and images. It is a remixed concept of storytelling suggestive of the possibilities of interventions on other planes. For example, it implies a critical reading of self as fluid and revisable through an exchange with fellow humans. Likewise, it opens up the back alleys enabling silent disruptions in discourse, thereby subverting the false idea about the totality of discourse. By extension, it is reasonable to believe that culturally constructed realities we know are not immune from remixing either. For that reason, this chapter is written in hope to reanimate the spirit that the novels analyzed propagate: freedom from deception that is transforming the world into a disney-babylonian market. Kathy Acker’s *Great Expectations* (1982) portrays consumer paradise, exposing the picture of Dorian Gray of commodity culture. Acker’s critique
of obsession by possession is perceived as a literary tool enabling responses to oppressive cultural realities and tradition in the key of redemption.

In *England’s Dreaming: Anarchy, Sex Pistols, Punk Rock, and Beyond* (2001), Jon Savage contends that “history is made by those who say ‘No’” (541). The exploration of Acker’s writing reveals a genuine punk contribution to the process of making/writing history, the process that should by no means be confused with monopolizing history. Rather, it implies challenging and remixing bewildering realities thriving on possession and the exercise of sheer power.

McKenzie Wark:

Even the would-be “radical” histories, the social histories, the history from below, ended up as forms of property, traded accordingly to their representational values, in an emerging market for commoditized communication. Critical history only breaks with dominant history when it advances to a critique of its own property form, and beyond, to the expression of a new productive history and the history of the productive. (A *Hacker Manifesto* par. [094] square brackets in original)


*Great Expectations* opens with an air of conventional narration. The tone is measured. The storyline linear. Strangely evocative of traditional storytelling. The protagonist's Christian name is Philip, but he calls himself Peter. His father's name is Pirrip. It inspires anticipations of an overt reference to the family name Pirrip and the first name Pip from the pretext. Instead, the novel continues retrospectively evoking childhood of a female character. First, she remembers her mother's suicide. From the past, the narrative moves toward what then was the present, slightly disrupting chronology with an interjection of fortune-telling. The character named
Terence is a Tarot card reader and answers the female character's questions about her future boyfriends. Christmas is near, the first anniversary of her mother's death. The novel proceeds retrieving more memories. Gradually, they acquire properties of a reality that occupies the everyday of the female character. On Christmas Day, a revelatory oneiric invocation of her mother announces the separation of the everyday from fantasies:

Today is Christmas. Huge clean piles of snow cover the streets make the streets magical. Once we get to the park below the 59th Street Bridge I say to myself, 'No foot has ever marked this snow before.' My foot steps on each unmarked bit of snow. The piles are so high I can barely walk through them. I fall down laughing. My mother falls down laughing with me. My clothes especially the pants around my boots are sopping wet. I stay in this magic snow with the beautiful yellow sun beating down on me as long as I can until a voice in my head (me) or my mother says, 'Now you know what this experience is, you have to leave.' (Great Expectations 174)

Memories persist. Life from the past, or an imagined present, is what the female character, Claire, lives even amid the following adventures in the adult world. The final break away from both the haunting past and the fantasized present is disclosed at the very end of the novel.

"And the characters? Can you see them? … You can move character and the story to a different time and place" (William S. Burroughs, “Creative Reading,” The Adding Machine 42-43).

Characterization in Acker’s novel reflects the fluidity of a nonlinear storyline. Through a complex psychodrama, characterization in the novel epitomizes living in culture of fluctuating media, self, and storylines. The characters flow and mutate, thereby suggesting both their interrelatedness and diversity within one. For instance, in the opening fake quote, Pirrip's son,
Philip, who calls himself Peter, is to be later developed and presented as a “morally middle-class” (*Great Expectations* 217), promiscuous, jealous, murderous cokehead. Another character, O, emerges from a conversation with Rosa, who is introduced through the epistolary correspondence with her boyfriend Peter. Kathy, with whom Peter falls madly in love, finds his passion disproportionate to his class background. She needs someone richer, better established, and well-connected in the world of art so she can be famous. That is how Acker plays with liquid characters in liquid culture, whose imagery is a cacophonic perspectivalism enabled by the ways visual arts have broadened and multiplied viewpoints:

Cezanne allowed the question of there being simultaneous viewpoints, and thereby destroyed for ever in art the possibility of a static representation or portrait. The Cubists went further. They found the means of making the forms of all objects similar. If everything was rendered in the same terms, it became possible to paint the interactions between them. These interactions became so much more interesting than that which was being portrayed that the concepts of portraiture and therefore of reality were undermined or transferred. (*Great Expectations* 218)

*Great Expectations* criticizes vulgarized, watered down aesthetics reducing the everyday and creation to the lowest common denominator, humiliatingly dehumanizing, and bluntly uniforming—the spectacle. Acker presents the schism between commoditized cultural realities. She inspires pondering the possibilities for a counteracting cultural practice. The themes related to the relationship between societal institutions and art are underscored via the character of Kathy, a New York City artist who moved to Seattle. A new place is a means for her reconfiguring herself. She marries in order to be able to “stay away from New York City” (*Great

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34 This Is Radio NYC! ([https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wAWBHiyWaqc&feature=youtu.be](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wAWBHiyWaqc&feature=youtu.be))
Expectations 216). The character symbolizes the collapse of the private within the media-saturated public plane. The poignancy of the spectacle seemingly makes the two commensurable. Focusing on the intriguing, provocative, and controversial, Acker satirizes celebrity culture that humiliatedly redefines the human face in the language of face-lifting and sappy entertainment. Dissolved emotionality, devoid of intimacy and genuine passion, is suggested through art, sex, money, and politics, sickly conspiring in corruption.

Understandably, the details from private life flashed out in this manner are, actually, not private at all. For instance, Kathy’s husband is involved in” the North Eastern power coalition” (Great Expectations 218), whose socio-political-financial positioning is enabled by the connections with intelligence and other agencies, organizations, and bodies of political significance. The story acquires the elements of a psychothriller, depicting distorted familial relationships interlaced with political and financial controversies. The husband orchestrates a revenge against his wife’s father, recklessly instrumentalizing her. Moreover, he has sex with his wife’s mother. In the tradition of Greek tragedy-turned-melodrama, the father/father-in-law/husband finds out about the affair and kills his wife:

The female artist's husband from whom she's separated used to fuck her mother. Her father, discovering them, kills his wife in a jealous rage. The lover revenges himself by marring the daughter, cutting her off from her father. Now the husband loves her because he's part of the North-Eastern Reagan group and wants to use her to do her father in.

(Great Expectations 218)

The controversy and perversity reveal the absurdity of the indistinct, yet incommensurable, private and public planes. Such a critical stance challenges the readership’s susceptibility to sensationalism. In order to criticize cultural realities by demonstrating an
extreme version of the commodity-induced insanity, the text may acquire something of the sentiment it reflects upon. However, the tone, heavily relying on irony, ensures a distinction between the culture of the spectacle and a critique of it. The story, thus, safely deploys shocking, destabilizing techniques without being domesticated by the subject matter it scrutinizes. It provokes the reader’s suspension of the belief that being obsessed with possession is what makes a human being human.

Subtonic strata of the narrative, quite clearly speak about how it feels to be alive in the world that makes the human face horrifyingly invisible. Insisting on the superficial, prosaic, and vapid, between abhorrence and abhorrency, the story shows the monstrous, deviant image of the human face. Logically, the absurdity of such culture is presented in the artistic context which precludes creativity instead of enabling its flourishing. The tone is stunningly subtle, yet disarmingly direct and paralyzingly honest:”All my family is dead. I have no way of knowing who means me harm and who doesn’t” (Great Expectations 209). That is how a human being feels threatened by babylonian-disney trade: family, money, family money, art, sex, celebrity, and inheritance conspire against a person enraged on the surface and sad deep inside: “I knew I was no longer a person to a man, but an object, a full purse. I needed someone to love me so I could figure out reality” (Great Expectations 209).

Latent pain speaks particularly through the episodes about Claire’s relationship with her family. Her father is self-absorbed, abusively aloof, and aggressively negligent. Her mother is a disturbingly self-centered actress, enmeshed in a troubled, pharmacologically enhanced inner storm, tragically ending in suicide. The family scenario is an alienation script for Claire, as she suggests: “My mother is adoration hatred play. My mother is the world. My mother is my baby. My mother is exactly who she wants to be. The whole world and consciousness revolves around
my mother” (Great Expectations 176). As a consequence, Claire is growing up into a person who will later be looking for consolation in nymphomaniacal, sadomasochistic, self-oblivious placebo.

Syntax signals the state of the mind in a limbo where the broken family narrative meets the erosion of communication on the communal level. The closing paragraph in Great Expectations is a breathless flow of speech disjoined from thoughts. Punctuation is scant. It delineates the horizon of disappearance of the invisible subject and the hardly identifiable object. The punctuation, sketching the ghostly dummy subject, is also suggestive of the subject/object recuperation: “What is, is. No fantasy … I know the only anguish comes from running away” (Great Expectations 242).

Amid that detrimental noise, a noise filter arises. Acker’s voice is blatantly defiant, yet astonishingly elegant with a queer twist. Its delicacy is in surgically meticulous (dis)obedience and wild lyricism. It is also exaltedly humble, as the syntax suggests. From such a broken beat narrative is born a peculiar form of subjectivity. Antonio Negri: ”These paths are rich—paths that lead not to undefined nothingness but to the fullness of destiny, to an objective and dramatic limit, that will, through pain, become subject—a process of redemption” (The Labor of Job: The Biblical Texts as a Parable of Human Labor 107). The path to redemption is humbleness. Acker’s quasi-subjectless sentences are suggestive of the redemptive potentials of the alternating cycles of “deselfing” and reintegrated individuality. Liquid identities in liquid culture.

Acker’s critical reading of conventions is a very specific literary intervention, as Anne Humpherys observes, loosely delineating the notion of postmodern:

The term is significantly a controversial one: it can describe a historical movement (what comes after and is opposed to modernism); a continuation and extension of modernism
(intertextuality); a way of reading (against the text); and a cultural phenomenon in all the arts including quotation and self-reflexiveness. ("The Afterlife of the Victorian Novel: Novels about Novels” 442)

To contextualize Acker’s narrative tactic historically, aesthetically, and/or subculturally, Anne Humpherys specifies a possible approach to the relationship between the pretext and the aftertext, or, as Humpherys calls it, “aftering”:”One novelist who is unquestionably postmodern by anybody’s definition dispenses with irony and attacks the Victorian novel (among much else) head-on: the punk novelist Kathy Acker” ("The Afterlife of the Victorian Novel: Novels about Novels” 449).

What in particular it means includes, but is not limited to, a radical subversion of hierarchy. From the perspective of rewriting gender power relations, undermining patriarchal authority is certainly symbolized in the way Acker’s Great Expectations afters the pretext. Anne Humpherys:

Acker appropriates not only one of the greatest titles in English fiction and many sentences from Dickens’s novels, but also the three-part structure of Pip’s expectations (childhood, which she entitles “Plagiarism” and which contains the subsections “I Recall My Childhood” and “I Journey to Receive My Fortune”; then ‘The Beginning of Romance”, and finally “The End”). ("The Afterlife of the Victorian Novel: Novels about Novels” 449)

As much as it is a literary tactic, Acker's maneuvering is also a political statement against prescriptive normativity and social relations based on domination. It can be read as a response to the dilemma presented in Cora Kaplan’s Victoriana: Histories, Fictions, Criticism (2007). Kaplan wonders why the Victorians still inspire us. She notes that there are writers who are
trying to respond to the contemporary sentiment that widely adopts poststructuralism that “jubilantly, but prematurely, announced ‘the death of the author’” (*Victoriana: Histories, Fictions, Criticism* 8). Some such attempts are, in effect, uncritical revamping of the Victorian monolithic subject. In contrast, there are readings of history that remix it. Kaplan claims that a correlation between Victorian sentiment and that of our epoch lies in our need to rediscover humanness and innocence. She puts emphasis on a humble acknowledgement of human imperfection as a basis for empathy with the Victorians from a contemporary point of view.

Imperfection is certainly a way to contextualize an understanding of humanity. However, instead of asking why the Victorians still inspire us, one is rather inclined to accentuate the inquiry differently and ask why they inspire us now. One wonders whether reiterating the Victorian sentiment indicates a disguised susceptibility to sentimentalism, sedentary imagination, and dispiriting torpor. A possible reason for the interest in Victoriana can also be that today there is an aspect of the antecedent era that resonates with contemporary predilection for denial and/or deception. As there was in the time of the Victorians, today there is also a need for undoing fabricated realities. Back then, it was the imperial myth of omnipotence. Today, it is the delusional conviction in the totality of discourse. Therefore, postfuturist research seeks “the sediments that must be there if one is here” (Jay Clayton, *Charles Dickens in Cyberspace* 29 italics in original).

Jon Savage, for example, looks for the other Victoriana in *England’s Dreaming: Anarchy, Sex Pistols, Punk Rock, and Beyond* (2001). Situating the study within the subcultural milieu, he criticizes the misconception of punks. More precisely, he points out that a reductionist

35See Kaplan’s analyses of A.S. Byatt’s *Possession: a*, David Lodge’s *Nice Work*, Michel Faber’s *The Crimson Petal and the White*, Fowels’s *The French Lieutenant’s Woman*, and particularly Julian Barnes’s *Arthur and George*. 
perception of those subcultures as solely aggressive and destructive results from a lack of recognition of the subtext source of intensity in punk expressive modes. Namely, the extremity of punk rock idiosyncrasies comes from the investment in resistance against the imposed ways of living.

In that other Victoriana that Savage seeks, he sees the correlation between contemporary culture and tradition: “With their syphilitic, archaic language – ‘vile’, ‘poxy’, ‘bollocks’–and this costume which theatricalized poverty, the Punks were the Postmodern children of Dickens” (England’s Dreaming: Anarchy, Sex Pistols, Punk Rock, and Beyond 374). Or, perhaps, postfuturist renegades of Dickens. Punk rock writers, remixing the words of historical mafathers, are not nostalgically trying to reestablish the past, as no historical epoch seems worthy of complicity in restoring social inequities, austerity, and inhumaneness. Instead, drawing inspiration from existing narratives, yet always bearing in mind the remixability of tradition, the postfuturist DJs critically reimagine the past to reawaken the future, by resurrecting the present.

Terry Eagleton:

There were, inevitably enough, one or two false starts. As the long history of Romantic conservatism suggests, it is always possible for any protest movement to mistake as radical what is in fact a regression to pre-capitalist social relations, in which one form of oppression is nostalgically exchanged for another. (“The Revolt of the Reader,” Against the Grain 181)

Thus, in the effort “to bring the margin to the center,” (Anne Humpherys, “The Afterlife of the Victorian Novel: Novels about Novels” 446), one can create “quite conventional and nostalgic novels in both form and content” (Anne Humpherys, “The Afterlife of the Victorian Novel: Novels about Novels” 444). Rewriting the past in such a key frequently results in the
aftertexts’ both admiring and criticizing the pretext “by inserting what has been ignored, diminished, mis-stated, or distorted” (Anne Humpherys, “The Afterlife of the Victorian Novel: Novels about Novels” 451). Such interventions can be read as the aftertext’ subversion of the pretext in order to criticize the history as a succession of the narratives of exclusion.

Anne Humpherys elucidates the thematic bringing into the focus the question the ontology of or entailed by certain redescriptions: "Finally, at a deeper level, the acknowledgement of these gaps in the pretext frequently results in a questioning of the very possibility of representation, narration, and history" (“The Afterlife of the Victorian Novel: Novels about Novels” 447). Attempting to redescribe normativity and dominance, past narratives can be treated the way Acker undercuts the narrative authority of Charles Dickens and asserts equality of diverse levels and kinds of realities. She entertains the idea about ontological relationships between the text and the world. She experiments with putting them on the same ontological level. Further, she plays with ascribing to text a privileged position and with “representing text” (qtd. in Anne Humpherys, “The Afterlife of the Victorian Novel: Novels about Novels” 449).

Such a commentary on discursive proliferation of reality realms, populated by the quasi-dead, prematurely dismissed history, authors, and subjects, can be further investigated through the prism of McKenzie Wark’s theory:

For history to be something more than a representation, it must seek something more than its perfection as representation, as an image faithful to but apart from what it represents. It can express rather its difference from the state of affairs that present themselves under the authorship of the ruling class. It can be a history not just of what the world is, but what it can become. (A Hacker Manifesto par. [091] square brackets in original)
Indeed. Envisioning such prospects, the looming shadow of the past legacy, coupled with the opacity inherent in literary fabric and the conventional nature of language, causes a twofold conundrum with regard to devising new narrative strategies. One of its aspects concerns the problem of power; the other is related to the question of novelty. The former’s complexity lies in the fact that official historical records mostly evidence the political elites’ monopolizing the production of knowledge. Creating alternative narratives can be a NO to the fabricated scenarios. The latter (the question of novelty) reflects the opacity of language as both an obstacle and an inspiration for sustaining perpetual dialogue between modernity and historicity.

Postfuturist storytelling takes a decisively non-violent approach to the remixability of tradition: no past is seductive enough to invite rewriting it in the key that would distort the vision of the present; no image of the future is more appealing than its resonating with the present; no present has the privilege to downplay the significance either of the past or the future. Neither nostalgia for the idealized past nor a ceaseless dislocation into romanticized anticipations of an impossible future, postfuturist storytelling is a counter-carpe diem idiom, embodying the vacillations in the intersections of the time axes here & now.
3.3 The Present of the Future Past: On What Can Be

“[T]he trade sells itself on enjoyment, on not offending.”

Stewart Home, “Writing about Writing,” *Bubonic Plagiarism: Stewart Home on Art, Politics & Appropriation*

Navigating the seas in which all stories meet in the communication flux demands devising tools for expressing one’s voice without necessarily claiming newness in the strict sense of the word. How then, one wonders, can the past narratives acquire the voices in which to speak here and now from the recuperated future? How can the communication channel be freed from contaminating noise, so the remix can speak clearly in the intersections of the time axes?

McKenzie Wark:

Hacker history does not need to be invented from scratch, as a fresh hack expressed out of nothing. It quite freely plagiarizes from the historical awareness of all the productive classes of past and present. The history of the free is a free history. It is the gift of the past struggles to the present, which carries with it no obligation other than its implementation. It requires no elaborate study. It need be known only in the abstract to be practiced in the particular. (A *Hacker Manifesto* par. [097] square brackets in original)

In “Dead Doll Prophecy” Acker explicates her hacker tactics. She discloses particulars of the legal battle fought over the four appropriated pages from a novel by Harold Robbins. How abstract hacking needs to be in order to be practiced in the particular without legal repercussions? How many generations need to pass on the gift so that one day today can be the history of the free? How does such history write itself?

Acker portrays generation of a piece of writing that entailed legal action and caused a disheartening, strictly legally speaking, futile defense. The character in the story, a writer doll,
wages the war and, strictly legally speaking, loses battles against the establishment. On the one hand, the four hacked pages inspire the writer to question her literary creed and, on the other, to suspect the literary establishment’s doctrine. Both have a paralyzing effect on her because the law is murky and the kafkaesque experience precludes understanding of the situation she finds herself in: “Didn’t know of what she was guilty” (“Dead Doll Prophecy” 30).

In the story, the character Capitol is an artist who makes dolls of the protagonists in the drama presented: writer, feminist publisher, journalist, solicitor, agent, lawyer. The characters of the dolls symbolize various aspects of commoditized society and fetishized art: ”HERE IT ALL STINKS … ART IS MAKING ACCORDING TO THE IMAGINATION. HERE BUYING AND SELLING ARE THE RULES: THE RULES OF COMMODITY HAVE DESTROYED IMAGINATION” (“Dead Doll Prophecy” 29 capitalization in original).

The writer doll embarks on a journey into the literary world. She practices her writing according to the founding belief, instead of conforming to the doctrine of the elders of the trade. She believes that writing has nothing to do with the rules they invented and everything to do with freedom: “Writing must be for and must be freedom” (“Dead Doll Prophecy” 27). For her to be free means to refuse the advice from the Black Mountain bards who inform her “that a writer becomes a writer when and only when he finds his own voice” (“Dead Doll Prophecy” 21). She finds it confusing and, for that reason, decides against such a piece of advice. Instead, she chooses writing.

Accepting the Old Masters’ sagacious recommendation would be an act of succumbing to the patriarchal authority, against which she, actually, rebels. That would mean acknowledging god-like figures, and such recognition would offend her sense of power and divinity: “All these male poets want to be the top poet, as if, since they can’t be a dictator in the political realm, can
be dictator of this world” (“Dead Doll Prophecy” 21). Approving of their quasi-godliness would be a self-sacrificial act that she finds...well, just out of the question: “Deciding to find her own voice would be negotiating against her own joy” (“Dead Doll Prophecy” 22).

Instead of a demigod, she decides to be who she is—writer: ”Wanted only to write ... To hell with the Black Mountain poets, even though they had taught her a lot” (“Dead Doll Prophecy” 22). The writer doll detects diverting strategies in their teaching, though. Like the grey law, the Black Mountain poets’ rhetoric disguises the narrative of a different kind: “Knew that none of the above has anything to do with what matters, writing” (“Dead Doll Prophecy” 34). She learns what heritage is and what to do with it. She learns how to hack. McKenzie Wark:”The hacker class is not what it is; the hacker class is what it is not—but can become” (A Hacker Manifesto par. [045] square brackets in original).

: “Style can be a limitation and a burden” (William S. Burroughs, “Creative Reading,” The Adding Machine 39).

Yes, if it is calcified. But, then, one wonders whether it can be called style. In any event, in order to distance herself from the ossified perception of writing, the writer doll creates an oppositional literary persona. She realizes that part of her writing tactics is multiple offenses: “Offended everyone” (“Dead Doll Prophecy” 22). She suspects that the criteria determining what good literature is corresponds to that what qualifies a book as a winner of a literary prize (“Dead Doll Prophecy” 22). Pornography, science fiction, and horror novels, according to the literary standards, cannot be characterized as good literature. In response, she opts for “both good literature and schlock” (“Dead Doll Prophecy” 22).

The writer doll's decision to choose a combination reflects her refusal to trust the bards’ supposed cleverness. She feels that what is commonly perceived as cleverness is hypocrisy,
violence in disguise, blindness to susceptibility to social control, complicity in sustaining social
relations based on self-centeredness, competition, and dominance. In a word, the so called
cleverness is, in fact, the logic of nihilo-cannibalist culture. For that reason, she advances,
refines, and redefines her literary tactics:”Decided to use language stupidly. In order to use and
be other voices as stupidly as possible, decided to copy down simply other texts. Copying them
down while, maybe, mashing them up because wasn’t going to stop playing in any playground.
Because loved wildness” (“Dead Doll Prophecy” 23).

The writer doll faces the consequences of apparently breaching Harold Robbins's
copyright. In order to ensure a satisfactory outcome of the affair, the writer is asked to sign a
letter of apology to Harold Robbins. The writer promises to sign it on one condition: “Informed
her agent that would sign if and only if received full and final settlement upon signing” (“Dead
Doll Prophecy” 32). Soon, she is informed by the publisher that the letter is going to be signed
and published regardless of her signature. The bathos of the controversy finds her dispirited.
After the noisy, exhaustingly humiliating communication between the writer, publisher, agent,
literary solicitor, lawyer, and, indirectly, journalist who “discovered” “plagiarized” text, initiated,
and intensified wandering through the murky labyrinths of legislature, she admits: “Understood
that she had lost. Lost more than a struggle about the appropriation of four pages, about the
definition of appropriation. Lost her belief that there can be art in this culture. Lost spirit” (“Dead
Doll Prophecy” 33).

Eventually, Capitol decides not to make dolls any more. Instead, in the world without
dolls, she starts engaging with language in a slightly different manner: “SINCE THERE WERE
NO MORE DOLLS, CAPITOL STARTED WRITING LANGUAGE” (“Dead Doll Prophecy”
32). She decides to bury the dead doll: “SINCE CAPITOL WAS A ROMANTIC, SHE
BELIEVED DEATH IS PREFERABLE TO A DEAD LIFE, A LIFE NOT LIVED ACCORDING TO THE DICTATES OF THE SPIRIT” (“Dead Doll Prophecy” 34). Her belief in the role and significance of the artist recuperates the dead doll's destitution and defeatism:

“SINCE SHE WAS THE ONE WHO HAD POWER IN THE DOLL-HUMAN REALTIONSHIP, HER DOLLS WERE ROMANTICS TOO” (“Dead Doll Prophecy” 34).

She contemplates upon the dead dolls, their disintegrating flesh. She meditates upon the nature of matter: “CAPITOL THOUGHT, IS MATTER MOVING THROUGH FORMS DEAD OR ALIVE?” (“Dead Doll Prophecy” 34). Capitol acknowledges that she survived the dolls:

“CAPITOL THOUGHT, THEY CAN’T KILL THE SPIRIT” (“Dead Doll Prophecy” 34). The revelatory insight, ascending from the tacit layers of the story, informs critical reading that primarily focuses on the question of a response to such an unpredictable, capricious narrative.

Part of the answer to the perplexity of a quirky narrative can be found in Robert Glück’s “The Greatness of Kathy Acker” (Lust for Life: On the Writings of Kathy Acker 2006). He writes about the first encounter with Acker’s text as a massively confusing and unsettling reading experience. First, it didn’t reveal anything. Nor did it bring consolation. It inhibited any typical response. It is small wonder, because it aims at subverting literary conventions by destabilizing the reader, “keep[ing] the reader off balance” (“The Greatness of Kathy Acker” 46). It disables identification with the text (“The Greatness of Kathy Acker” 47). It suspends belief in the text.

Glück first realizes that reading Acker’s fiction is an oneiric-like experience. He also decides that in the story, it is repetition that has a dream-inducing effect. It is the repeated, verbatim copied paragraph of a description of a dream in Acker’s I Dreamed I Was a Nymphomaniac that makes the reader question one’s perception. The passage that describes a dream Glück finds intriguing. The doubling of words makes him feel anxious because he cannot
understand the reason for that discursive self-proliferation. He is not able to comprehend it because he cannot identify a possible reason for the writer’s strategy. Her intentions, at that moment, are completely beyond his imaginative and mental capacities.

A disruption of the communication between the reader and the writer is a source of bewilderment and sadness. It arouses a feeling of loneliness, of being “lost in strangeness” (“The Greatness of Kathy Acker” 46). In that instant, the reader sees no sane way to respond to what appears to be a psychotic text. The intention of the writer might not be entirely graspable. And yet, the text that wants to be loved despite its hating itself (“The Greatness of Kathy Acker” 46) can certainly inspire the reader to ignore such an invitation and, by doing so, endure in suspending belief in fabricated realities. Instead of loving the unlovable text, the reader can love the reading experience for providing one with an insight. The intersections of subjectivity, authority, and identity seem to be pivotal to Glück’s analysis of that revelatory encounter with the text:

When I lost my purchase as a reader, I felt anguish exactly because I was deprived of one identity-making machine of identification and recognition. I gained my footing on a form of identification that was perhaps more seductive, a second narrative about Acker manipulating text and disrupting identity. To treat a hot subject in a cold way is the kind of revenge that Flaubert took. Acker’s second narrative acts as a critical frame where I discover how to read the work: the particular ways in which a marauding narrative continually shifts the ground of authority, subverting faith in the “suspension of disbelief” or guided daydream that describes most fiction. (“The Greatness of Kathy Acker” 47)
On a daily basis, language reaffirms its imperfection. As a means of human communication, it also reinstates human imperfection. By doing so, it reassures one of the limits of human grandeur. It dissolves the fantasy of human omnipotence. As such, language is, paradoxically, a purifying, counter babylonian-disney-market tactic. Its power stems from the belief in weakness as the source of subjectivity. It teaches that to be human implies acknowledging one's limits. However, this is not to reduce a human being to a fragility void of agency. On the contrary, it is precisely humbleness that purges communication of deception and confusion coming from the proliferation of fabricated realities, which, like Acker's narrative that Glück analyzes, wants one to love them despite their own self-abhorrence. Like Acker's verbatim repeated dream paragraph, bewildering cultural realities can be understood as a call to overthrow their constructed authorities. For green communication and for the recuperation of human dignity critical thinking is crucial. Carefully selecting what to accept and what to reject is of the essence.

"Does the writer play fair with the reader?" (William S. Burroughs, “Creative Reading,” *The Adding Machine* 42).

Yes. Glück demonstrates an experience of the reader who is inspired and patient enough to recall that discourse is a means of social control and manipulation. Acker’s text makes manifest the ways in which authority can communicate its power and what possible responses to it can be. Her work demonstrates how resistance can be defined and articulated:

Acker takes revenge on power by displaying what it has done; she speaks truth to power by going where the power differential is greatness, to a community of whores, adolescent girls, artists, and bums, the outcast and disregarded … If hegemony defines itself by what it tries to exclude, then the excluded merely need to describe themselves in order to describe hegemony. (‘The Greatness of Kathy Acker” 48)
And they do. Sometimes by voicing out such definitions. At times, shadow talk defines those social relations. The self-abhoring text that wants the reader to love it is also the text that wants the reader to know that it is fiction, rather than to suspend disbelief in its fictitious character. It is the fake authority that wants to be overthrown. The reader can respond to that. Postfuturist storytelling bears witness to the ways in which language sometimes savagely, yet generously, reveals its twofold blessing. Language epitomizes the dynamic of consumption and creation. Language is both threatening and friendly. Language is as elusive as its fluctuating laws are. However, it mercifully recuperates the right to the remix: it enables cleansing communication from self-inducing and self-annihilating confusion. It can be a cause of confusion, control, oppression, and suffering. It can also be the source of the redeeming remixing potentials. Through such weird vacillations, liberative capacities of language ascend. As one reads, one encounters offensive texts. As one speaks, one realizes that the communication channel is polluted. One recognizes the communication flux as being, by definition, in the service of the sovereign—language. That awareness ensures resistance against contaminating noise. That subtonic ecorebellion is the remix of noise.

"Does the writer have a distinctive style?" (William S. Burroughs, "Creative Reading," The Adding Machine 39).

Yes. It tells about the vision of reindividualized humans, engaged in creation and activism, vitalized by and inspiring solidarity and creation—rebirth of the human face through alternating cycles of silence and noise defining resistance against cannibalist culture of competitors and nihilist greed, as Eagleton remarks:

As for wealth, we live in a civilization which piously denies that it is an end in itself, and treats it exactly this way in practice. One of the most powerful indictment of capitalism is
that it compels us to invest most of our creative energies in matters which are in fact purely utilitarian. The means of life become an end. Life consists in laying the material infrastructure for living. It is astonishing that in the twenty-first century, the material organization of life should bulk as large as it did in the Stone Age. The capital which might be devoted to releasing men and women, at least to some degree, from the exigencies of labour is dedicated instead to the task of amassing more capital. (*The Meaning of Life: A Very Short Introduction* 89)

Acker’s uncompromisingly disobedient voice is a NO to such culture. In that voice she exemplifies a-proprietary writing of history. At the same time, in her shadow talk, it is a YES to the remix and to recuperating human dignity. In Leslie Asako Gladsjo’s documentary *Stigmata: The Transfigured Body* (1992), Acker rebels: “If I had to spend all the time thinking what I cannot do, I wouldn’t be able to live.” This statement encapsulates resistance against oppression. It inspires further reconfigurations of the questions of control and power. It also spurs meditations and practice that render remixable both tradition and contemporary cultural realities. As such, it demonstrates a potential for refacement, since it invokes the capacities of creation, the significance of the uniqueness of the human face, its reanimation and reemergence from the blurry cultural amalgam of noise and reintegration into the solidarity of the fellowship.

Refocusing the axes of dominance, reshifting the power relations narrative, redefining and reanimating subjectivity raises awareness about living in a culture where providing sufficient space for passionate immersion in creation is not a priority. But can be. By showing its limits, language indicates the limits of the human grandeur and reaffirms human potentials. It does so by resisting the belief in the possibility of replication. It shows that a replica is an impossibility by reanimating the stigmatized belief in authenticity. Playfully subversive expressive modes,
reemerging from the edges of dark lands and drawing inspiration from the transformative power of the world of letters, turn a temporarily contaminated communicational tunnel into the green communication channel and celebrate the greatness of the human spirit.

3.4 Voices & Noises in (Un) real Mafotherlands: Resistance & Solidarity through Subtonic Hi-Fi

Reforgotten poetics in Stewart Home’s *Memphis Underground* (2007) inspires readings in diverse keys. One of the ways to approach this complex book is to recognize its invitation for an exploration and reaffirmation of the significance of critical thinking. Home remaps vocabularies of mafotherlands, presenting the locations, most of which do have precise geographical correlative, but also symbolic meaning in their own right. Along with investigating the notion of spatiotemporality, such a narrative technique casts light on the everyday threatened by colonizing strategies of military-entertainment complex. McKenzie Wark: “In its thirst for labor that would make land actually productive, and yield a surplus, no indignity is too great, no

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37 The term merges the words fatherland and motherland—a reference to the inspiration postfuturist storytelling finds in tradition, all the while remixing it.
corner of the world exempt from the claims of property and the uprooting of its custodians” (A Hacker Manifesto par. [102]).

The book’s manifold structure and stylistic variety owe mainly to its generic playfulness. Stylistically, it combines plethora of creative / critical reflections, interwoven with fictionalized autobiographical accounts, peppered with noncanonical expressive modes, lightly punctured with angular, yet piercingly subtle, lyricism:

What I’ve just written … is in many ways more like a diary than autobiography.

I’ve tried to exclude reflections about how random incidents on the road contribute to a general lack of pattern in my life. I’ve simply taken a slice of (un)reality, and what I’ve left out is just as important as what’s been put in …

Autobiography as science fiction. Journalism has always played a role in shaping my fiction. For many years I’ve modelled my prose on pulp styles that were in turn influenced by the popular press. Although I want a critical relationship to all modes of writing, this does not necessarily prevent me from being amusing. (Memphis Underground 307-308)

Home’s remix features broken linearity, discontinuous storyline, syncopated chronology, fragmented characterization, and the tone oscillating from affective blankness, via bizarrely sparse communication--despite rhetorical abundance--darkly inhibiting detachment, carefully laced with the odd sense of humor. The antisentimentalist tactic in question is rooted in provocative, destabilizing maneuvering. It is a lateral path, an offbeat approach to the exploration

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38Wark portrays the historical development and perpetuation of proprietary relations (“legal fictions” [101]) and the emergences of new classes with a new form of property. He presents a “progression” from pastoralists who dispossess farmers from land, via capitalists who hack land and transform it into a new, abstract form of property--capital that turns farmers into the working class--to vectoralists who hack capital into its abstract form (intellectual property), subsequently hacked from them by the hacker class should they become one.
of living under the circumstances not entirely of one’s choosing. As a critique of reckless commodity culture, Home’s work can be read in the light of Antonio Negri’s reflections in *The Labor of Job: The Biblical Text as a Parable of Human Labor*:

The crisis of value and of labor leaves us with a decisive choice between alternatives. Either the continuity of a mortal ailment that expands in the inertia of the world, in the confusion of every choice, in the irrational determination of Power; or the creative discontinuity and its system – the system of the alternative, the river that courses and the banks that it gradually constructs around itself – a system of power. We propose to follow the second course. It is the one that, against the backdrop of the tragedy that invests us, illuminates the human power of creativity. This creativity, this hope and risk of reason, I call Job. (15)

The fusion of creation and practice is a redemptive response against fabricated realities whose valences are strikingly incompatible with the chemistry of playfulness. The subversiveness of the shadow talk of Home’s creative practice undercuts a delusion about the totality of discourse. Reworking the static-kinetic dialectic within the narrative labyrinth, *Memphis Underground* is remapping the path from the old school northern soul, rhythm and blues, and funk tracks to the contemporary DJ sound. Deploying the remixing approach, this chapter accentuates Home’s absorbingly mutable revisit to the thematic that emerged at the turn of the twentieth century and has lingered thereafter.

Claire thought I was pulling some kind of Samuel Beckett routine that I was sick of filmmaking and was going to switch to fiction. She imagined I’d spend my days composing lures of the following type: ”I have nothing to say but I’ve yet to run through the effluvium with which I might describe my taste for dissipation. My contribution to avant-garde fiction is to announce its exhaustion, which is merely another way of proclaiming it must live out
its own death, since there is exhaustion and exhaustion—as well as lethargy, languor and lassitude…”. (Memphis Underground 210)

Certain responses to a particular kind of exhaustion have transformative powers. In many instances, it is the unuttered that is the source of such potentials. Being inextricably connected with characterization, the tone frequently directs the course of the quiet action of the silent uprising against the tyranny of the ossified and/or imposed ways of speaking and living. The character of London in Memphis Underground is deindividualized. Like other characters in the book who aimlessly wander from one entrepreneurial enterprise to another in hope to recuperate life and regain human dignity, London is awaiting its refacement. Between the swinging Sixties, punk-rocking Seventies/Eighties, raving Eighties/Nineties, the Millennial confusion, bewildering noughties, and the present, London is walking in solitude, brooding over its abandoned streets: “I’d never known London to be as boring as it had become at the beginning of the twenty-first century, even the early eighties had been better” (Memphis Underground 292).

Home's observation should not be confusedly equated with uncritical nostalgia. Rather, it is vision of DJing the present as a reimagined history, resurrected to redeem the future decades in the here and now. It is a NO to the culture of denial and/or deception. It is a YES to the remix of the cityscape as a ghostless apparition:

The Shoreditch and Hoxton I’d once loved had receded into the mists of history.
Money trampled everything before it, and in the case of this and other recently gentrified neighbourhoods, what got destroyed were the very things that had attracted these fatal attentions in the first place. I was the last of London, and now London was the end of me. (Memphis Underground 153)
The prevalent global sentiment demands surrendering uniqueness to uniformity. Uniformity is not to be confused with unity; on the contrary, it is atomizing and alienating. Commoditized arts and the aggressive real estate industry, are among the forces that have contaminated the communication channel and degraded human communication: “Money destroyed truly human relationships” (134). Money and other noises made London a replica of Baudrillard’s “nonexisting” America: “That first doubling/coupling consisted of an unreal city of finance generated from and mediated by an unreal city of cool” (Memphis Underground 129).

Is such a portrayal an image of London as an alienated creature, one wonders. Is, thus, the character of London alienated? Is this a book about alienation? Alienation from what? The postfuturist reading of the character of London perceives it as a response to the perplexities of postmodern cultural ramifications. It clearly speaks about amnesiac noise pollution, about a nonexistent feeling of being isolated from something that does not exist, as is evident from Terry Eagleton’s meditations upon the subject matter:

The depthless, styleless, dehistoricized, decathected surfaces of postmodern culture are not meant to signify an alienation, for the very concept of alienation must secretly posit a dream of authenticity which postmodernism finds quite unintelligible. Those flattened surfaces and hollowed interiors are not ‘alienated’ because there is no longer any subject to be alienated and nothing to be alienated from, ‘authenticity’ having been less rejected than merely forgotten. (Against the Grain 132)

In the world that knows no alienation, one presumably experiences an inadequate sense of displacement. For that reason, the characters in Memphis Underground are mutable and dissoluble. They cannot be contained within one. Neither can they sustain consistency within the multitude. The sense of being a misfit appears to be inappropriate--because, allegedly, there is
nothing to fit. Because everything is dissolved in spellbinding oblivion. Hence, toward the end of the book, the characters partake in an episode in a phantasmagoric Finland, Minnesota, one of the sites that does have an actual geographical correlative, but is also a source of myriad literary and cultural signification. Both a state of mind and a physical place, the settlement crowns the psychedelic wandering.

How inappropriately dislocated does John Johnson feel as Tony Cheam’s failed impersonator, looming through the state of mind called Finland, Minnesota? What thoughts occupy Tony Cheam’s mind? Can he have any, given that, apparently, somebody else is living his life? If proper names are the ultimate instances of constructed identities, what contains the power of (un)real life? In the maze of discursively constructed realities, facing confusion in every attempt to understand both external and inner spatiality, the character meditates as follows: “I was finding it increasingly difficult to differentiate London and Basel, Zurich and Hamburg, Mainz and Berlin. Real life was elsewhere. Real life was everywhere” (Memphis Underground 300).

John Johnson, Tony Cheam, Scotland, U.K., America, Orkney…Does John Johnson have these thoughts as Tony Cheam’s failed impersonator, looming through the state of mind called Finland, Minnesota? What thoughts occupy Tony Cheam’s mind? What occupies Tony Cheam’s mind. Has Tony Cheam withdrawn from life if he cannot rise to the occasion and keep the position of artist-in-residence in Scapa Loch on the island of Hoy in Orkney off the Scottish north coast? Does Tony Cheam exist if he withdraws from who he once was?

“Who am I?” I repeated. “Surely such a question lost any meaning it may have possessed once modernism went into decline. Who am I? Tell me that and you’ve solved the riddle of the sphinx. I am that I am. I am a man. And as for me, I’ve no
interest in issues and debates that revolve around completely arbitrary notions of identity. As a proletarian postmodernist I am engaged in continuous becoming, and I’ve no time for nonsense about centred subjects.” (*Memphis Underground* 140)

He is a talented artist suffering from “stalled career syndrome” (*Memphis Underground* 149). Thus, he suggests that John Johnson take over his post in the Scottish settlement, a demilitarized American suburb. According to the scenario offered in the novel, Scapa Loch was originally built for the personnel of the U.S. Naval Intelligence. At the time when John Johnson starts standing in for Tony Cheam, the real estate developer Retro Americana (Suburban) Homes already began renovation works. John Johnson, a DJ-turned-entrepreneur, finds himself broke and homeless after unsuccessful dot.com merchandizing, government welfare cuts, and “council housing … deliberately run down” (*Memphis Underground* 130). For obvious reasons, he accepts the forged identity of the Scapa Loch artist-in-residence. Shortly, he reveals that both public and private money support his artistic engagement disguising the actual agenda behind the inauguration of the Scapa Loch art scene. Namely, his artistic efforts are being instrumental in Retro Americana (Suburban) Homes’ attempt to reanimate the sparsely populated Isle of Hoy by attracting potential house owners and, actually, make them purchase property in demilitarized sections of The Scapa Loch Housing Estate.

The first project the artist-in-residence undertakes is marking the entrance into the estate with a metal sign reading: “Welcome To The USA. America is a state of mind, not a geographical location” (*Memphis Underground* 30). Having announced the start of his artist residency, the fake Tony Cheam dedicates his practice to a thorough investigation of cultural heritage. Without much hope of getting the message across, he is, nevertheless, outspoken about his worldviews in a conversation with the workmen, who are still refurbishing the remaining
parts of the estate:”We’re all Americans now, or at least we’re all a product of the Black Atlantic, we all have a stake in modernity and America is the Utopia of modernity” (Memphis Underground 31). His thought is met with a decisive lack of understanding on the part of the interlocutors. Although he does not expect to be enlightening, the artist uncompromisingly discloses the dilemma underpinning the vocation:”Well isn’t that the perennial problem of the artist, the problem of expressing himself, of communicating beyond the immediate milieu of his peers and making himself understood?” (Memphis Underground 31).

The question of troubled communication is to be explored via a sequence of supposedly countercultural activities with a tendency to intensify their damaging aspects, as the real estate sales stagnate, the wilderness of the surrounding keeps reminding about its remoteness from the more densely populated parts of the country, and, finally, as wild experimentation with drugs reaches the extent at which they can no longer be controlled. His re(pro)gression is presented through the dynamics of his increasingly active role of the forged identity of an artist. The Comparative Vandalism show launches a series of events demonstrating the notion of cultural hooliganism. The character’s cultural engagement parallels an escalation of a destructive lifestyle and gradual disappearance in the labyrinth of liquid identities, faux personalities, and the unlikely daily concoction of heroin, cocaine, and LSD. The psychedelic whirlpool is an anticlimactic apex of the transformation of the character from an unsuccessful entrepreneur to a failed impersonation of the Scapa Loch artist-in-residence whose active participation in the assigned program leads toward becoming an artist in his own right. In a way, it happens to be detrimental to his career, since the manner in which his subversive artistic endeavors are carried out reveals a destructive character that finally leads to his dismissal.
On the other hand, it opens up other alleys for him to continue his forging cultural activism. He obtains a falsified passport and, as Tony Cheam, embarks on a modernist/avant-garde/Situationist International pilgrimage. The travels climax in the arrival in Finland, Minnesota after a journey across Ireland and visiting in Dublin places of relevance for the literary legacy of James Joyce. Before Finland, Minnesota appears in a fully elaborated form as the finale of the novel is unfolding, the more travels around Europe and visiting cities such as Berlin and Zurich present to the reader another self-reflective loop within which Stewart Home’s books, including *Memphis Underground*, fluctuate in accord with the mutability of characters and setting, thereby providing insightful commentary about the twentieth century cultural flows.

After the syncopated passage, Finland, Minnesota becomes the setting for a mock goth phantasmagoric episode. It is a trip through the history of music and a conversation with The Grim Reaper who is constantly sabotaging John Johnson’s exploration of northern soul rarities. Within the liquid characterization and labyrinthine narration, even the very book *Memphis Underground* becomes an ironic postmodernist response to James Joyce’s *Finnegans Wake*. Reportedly, in Finland, Minnesota, The Reaper is trying to use the character of the artist as the canvas “to create a meaningless post-modern allegory” (*Memphis Underground* 296). If it is an end of Tony Cheam, it is announced by John Johnson’s clearly stated artist manifesto (if these names mean anything at this stage of the story): demystified are the narrative techniques that simultaneously correlate autobiography and science fiction and insist on ceaseless combining of the three modes of expression.

Meanwhile, a recurrent loop of bewildering noise echoes the dissonance bombarding one’s capacities for clear imaginative reasoning, thereby violating the flow in the communication channel. The noise in this book comes in shapes and forms ranging from individuality reduced to
discursive self-referentiality, cityscape face-lifting refashioning bucolic periphery, dispossession, fabrication of history, dispassionate relationships (or the absence thereof), fragmented potential for critical creativity, muted vitality of the cradle of radical sound, and a blocked vision of the future. Thus, toward the closing scene after the tectonic trembling of the oneiric soil in Finland, Minnesota, yet another self-reflective loop announces its deceptive disappearance:


Home presents a critique of commoditized arts and a sketch of a countercultural practice by refiguring modernist and the avant-garde legacies on the one hand and, on the other, of postmodernist authoritarian pluralism, excluding from the debate questions such as: How is it possible to feel the impossibilized alienation? If there is no such thing as alienation, one wonders how to call an unpleasant feeling of isolation that some human beings experience in the cold of the communication channels. One would be prone to suspect if, perhaps, it is the word communication that calls for reconfiguring. Alternatively, one reimagines human interconnectivity on the communal level in the way that would ensure genuine exchange and relieve one from disconnectedness.

The episode featuring the conference *Work, Talk, Rest & Play* particularly invites rethinking the twentieth century heritage. Home’s critique of institutionalized hyperproduction of knowledge, reveals an evaporating spirit of solidarity that sabotages creative criticism in “that
multifarious enigma known as contemporary society” (*Memphis Underground* 77). Drawing from leftist social critiques, Home addresses the question of domesticated artistic practice, particularly accentuating normalization of the twentieth century avant-garde by contemporary culture (*Memphis Underground* 216). Not only does such culture threaten to hijack paradigmatic creative accomplishments, but, by so doing, it also enhances various forms of cynicism and nihilism. It is small wonder that such sentiment is manifested in a feeling of indifference with regard to cultural and geographical context. In *Memphis Underground*, urban London imbues the everyday with the same sense of isolation as do the not-so-densely-populated areas off the Scottish north coast. Similarly, European cities welcome one with the same looming ennui. Such a world atlas results from global capitalism that leaves little room for a vibrant community of reindividualized humans and an awful lot of reason to believe that such conditions need be confronted with whole-hearted resistance.

It is the politics in which military-entertainment complex eradicates the traditional notion of the global-local divide. It aims to colonize every aspect of the everyday and subjugate it to the rule of materialist wealth. The real estate industry plays a major role in such mapping, especially “in places such as Los Angeles, New York and London” (*Memphis Underground* 215). At the conference *Work, Talk, Rest & Play*, John Johnson presents his view on the intricacies of urban planning:

Furthermore, cultural production was closely tied in with the gentrification of what were traditionally working class areas in these cities, and the meteoric rise of property prices had destroyed much of what had given such areas their character, and thus what initially made them attractive to the artistic vanguard among the gentrifiers. (*Memphis Underground* 215)
It is no wonder then that The Grim Reaper in the Finland, Minnesota episode poses the question about the ontology of America:

The issue The Reaper wants the living to ponder is whether America is a geographical location, a state of mind, a way of life, or even all three of these things and much more to boot. Perhaps he even believes that the dead are all Americans now, since military devastation has become Washington’s way of providing the wider world with the gift of democracy. (*Memphis Underground* 258)

Such policies threaten to transform the world into a place where individuality matters as long as it can be instrumentalized in global fiscal orgies. But then, the very notion of individuality, one would assume, would require systematic reconfiguring. Where can the everyday acquire humane characteristics protecting the human face from the fashion of fast living? Where, one wonders, can redemptive power of subtonic hi-fi can shield one from noise? Home’s artist claims that there is still hope for social remapping that will purify both art and the everyday from adulterating cultural practices:

The goal of communism is to abolish the reification of human activity into separate realms such as work and play, the aesthetic and the political. Communism will rescue the aesthetic from the ghetto of art and place it at the centre of life. Where then, I asked rhetorically, does this leave the role of the artist? (*Memphis Underground* 216-217)

Stewart Home’s *Memphis Underground* inspires further explorations of the ramifications of the legacy of modernist, avant-garde, and postmodernist narratives. Only with the postfuturist twist. Relying on Eagleton’s ideas from *Against the Grain*, the approach assumes vision of contemporary art as a combination of modernist aesthetics with an implicit political subtext and a transformed rationality (147). From the avant-garde it inherits a pursuit for the novel, yet
understands the impossibility of an absolute breakaway from tradition. While acknowledging that the perception of the self as fragmentary does reflect the dynamic of cultural forces tending to preclude experiencing oneself as a whole, it refuses to believe in an imposed confusion about the impossibility of reintegration. It adopts a playful, eclectic mosaic from postmodernist narratives, yet reads critically the ways in which they combine elements from the early twentieth century heritage. More precisely, the postfuturist intervention consists of the focused, subversive, critical-creative remix of the combination. Terry Eagleton:

> From modernism proper, postmodernism inherits the fragmentary or schizoid self, but eradicates all critical distance from it … From the avant-garde, postmodernism takes the dissolution of art into social life, rejection of tradition, an opposition to ‘high’ culture as such, but crosses this with the unpolitical impulses of modernism … An authentically political art in our own time might similarly draw upon both modernism and the avant-garde, but in a different combination from postmodernism. (Against the Grain 146-147)

Crossing the politicized avant-garde with a critically reconfigured modernist perception of a fragmented self, and the remixed postmodernist combination of tradition, the noise filter--refacement--emerges. McKenzie Wark: “Recuperation must be all or nothing” (50 Years of Recuperation of the Situationist International 10). Temporary cacophonic whirlwinds alternate with green communication. Vulnerable words, exhausted by the cycles of noise, between death and the undead, are awaiting for redemptive silence. McKenzie Wark: “In this tiresome age, when even the air melts into airwaves, when all that is profane is packaged as if it were profundity, the possibility yet emerges to hack into mere appearances and make off with them. There are other worlds and they are this one” (A Hacker Manifesto par. [389] square brackets in original).
In the remix, the reshifting from noisy to green communication modes ensures reanimation of the hibernated words. Enduring shadow talk cuts across the circle of discursive self-referentiality. Stewart Home: “That’s why I had decided to give up writing, and it is also what made the resolution essentially meaningless. The point was that there was no point, that giving up was essentially the same as carrying on” (Memphis Underground 210-211). For that reason, I read Memphis Underground as the postfuturist call for the reemergence of genuine passion and for the union of fragmented, defaced entities into a cultural practice, renaming them human beings, whose face radiates life freed from dark lands. As the turntablist reading, it is the remix of the past, reanimating the present, and redeeming the future. DJing in this vein relies on Eagleton’s vision of the excavations in the intersections of the time axes:

All historical epochs are modern to themselves, but not all live their experience in this ideological mode. If modernism lives its history as peculiarly, insistently present, it also experiences a sense that this present moment is also of the future, to which the present is nothing more than an orientation; so that the idea of the Now, as the present, as full presence eclipsing the past, is itself intermittently eclipsed by an awareness of the present as deferment, as an empty excited openness to a future which is in one sense already here, in another sense yet to come. (Against the Grain 139)

Postfuturist storytelling praises such openness as an opportunity for subtonic ruptures in discourse. They are constituent ingredients of the remix of noise: an ecointervention that redeems the union of the fellowship from phantom alienation and pervasive proprietary social relations emptying resistance of the potential for containing, rather than escaping the problem of power, as McKenzie Wark points out the distinction in the context of reshifting and fine-tuning the power relations narrative (50 Years of Recuperation of the Situationist International 2008). In the light
of Eagleton’s meditation on the problem of power in the literary context, critically distancing from the Readers’ Liberation Movement’s (RLM) slogan “The authors need us; we don’t need the authors” (Terry Eagleton, Against the Grain 181), this chapter accentuates the refusal of the traces of poststructuralist dismissal of the author. Instead of prioritizing the significance of either writer or reader, their respective capacities are perceived as interlaced and can be best understood in the remix through the role of the DJ--the voice sometimes manifest, at times subtonically present, a vessel for the free communication flow, an embodiment of the belief that to be human implies acknowledging the limits of one’s own control and/or power. Antonio Negri:” The idea of liberation is an idea of creation” (The Labor of Job: The Biblical Text as a Parable of Human Labor 2). Selfless, yet reinvivdualized, the DJ acts in concert with Terry Eagleton’s critique of radical constructivism: “Surely life itself must have a say in the matter” (The Meaning of Life: A Very Short Introduction 67).

Realizing one’s own limitations is indicative of the impossibility of total control on the other planes, as well. For example, being culturally conditioned, political power is, too, imprisoned in discourse. Therefore, text can serve the sovereign as a subversive machine dethroning fabricated authorities. Through silence the message is delivered. The tacit layer, the music of the text, is a means of fine-tuning. The tension between the imprisonment in language and the elusiveness of the unuttered reflects the oscillation between melancholy and hope. The vacillations result from threats to freedom and the affliction of reanimating potential of subtonic hi-fi. The remix puts in conversation antithetical, yet not antagonistic, sides that alternate, reflect, condition, and challenge each other, thereby also mitigating the friction. This dialectic of silent spots is the source of joy, as well.
William S. Burroughs:”There are rules to this game between reader and writer” (“Creative Reading,” *Adding Machine* 42).

   Indeed. As long as the game is, in fact, play, Glück-like reader is sufficiently inspired and patient to understand the dynamic of an occasional seemingly unfair treatment. McKenzie Wark: “Play, yes, game - no” (*Gamer Theory* par. [015] square brackets in original). The distinction is taken to be pivotal to the critical incighte into the question of power: merely taking over the ruling position does not promise the remix of cultural realities. Rather, it requires refacement: reconstitution of the human face out of confusion and its reintegration into the reconsolidated solidarity and creative potentials free from noise. Life of mercy is the wager for the cohesion of the fellowship confronted with a challenging alternations of uncertainties and subtonic certainty throughout the remix of noise.

Epilogue: Shadow Talk in Ye Land of Ye Olde Folks

Ye Bard: All hail cute walkers du sud!!!

Ye Walker: Sweet to me your voice.

Ye Bard:: Welcome to Ye Land of Ye Ancient Folks! Thou, whome we abad, Thou, kotorie tak cchastlego priehalN, Nerd-person, ye beloveth.

Ye Walker: May your melliferous vox linger on till the last falling star ends its journey in the oceanic chasm.

Ye Bard: Allow me to note that on no horseback you arrived, me fRiends…

Ye Walker: Ye name is… your Boldness.

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Ye Bard: Me freonds, feel freo / 2 C zis land as eower / Let no mann sell you diamonds for s*it.

Ye Walker: If thou could be more specific, eower Boldness.

Ye Bard: Sure. Lemmie tell you a hi-story...Once upon an ancient time like this, we used to take great pleasure in reclaiming human dignity by infusing a massive amount of the ride in the fables we amused each other with. Of course, we would be accused of elitist bulls*iteering, but only a fool would take such seriously deranged somnambulists as accountable conversationalists. Back in the day, we knew no metas*it—the ride or nothing at all! You may think it was radical, but lo! Nothing can be radical if it’s not relational. Well, language plays tricks on us and you may want to call the thing groove...ehem?

Ye Walker: Eower Boldness, as hard to believe as it may appear, but thy humble interlocutor is familiar--to say the least--with both notions....ahem.

Ye Bard: How stunningly praise worthy est to be told such spirit-soothing news.

Ye Walker: Glad to bring more warmth to your heart of light.

Ye Bard: You kinda ram it home!

What blocked the vision, fabricating a perception of ye land as a desert, was being lifted from the horizon: the whole heaven-like translucent curtain was dissolving into dusty, subatomic splinters, exposing to the eye a site never seen or possibly imagined before: mountain is the only word to denote the denotatum (if you have a problem with circularity, well...ask a linguist!; for connotation, talk to a friend!; for everything else: ontoaesthetician: check it out!). Back to the point—what so poorly worded stood in front of the viewer was something that makes you look: up!
Ye Bard: Laudanum igitur / Ivvenesdum cumus / Semper oversaturated in flore / Me olde habitat est sejchas eower / Luflice I declare:*: May shadow talk be ye groove of thy bright day!!!

Interlude Two: Book-Quest at Work

Search for Nonprescriptive Narratives: Disruptions in Discourse, Wellspring of Words

Casting light on some of the questions in the intersections of historicity and aesthetics, this interlude explores certain aspects of the investment in creation. Combining creative and critical styles, it asks whether the world of letters is solely discursive matter. If so, could it be granted autonomy, provided that cultural realities are discursively conditioned, as well? If not, can the world be free from cultural overdeterminism? Consequently, does it mean that one needs not be deprived of an idiosyncratic idiom? Can extralinguistic realities inform that who one is? In an age of peculiar pluralism, a twofold blessing enables voicing out diverse beliefs, simultaneously imposing boundaries on the vocabularies in which they are verbalized. Thus, one wonders how to resist oppression and express that what refuses to disappear: a sense that part of reading-writing might be creation of meaning haunts ceaseless explorations of literary fabric. The remix, sustaining the rigor of explorations, puts in conversation literary and theoretical vocabularies, thereby elucidating insights borne out of fruitful oscillations between and amongst oppositional, yet not antagonistic, pairs: dissensus and agreement, playfulness and normativity, inherent and culturally conditioned, individuality and communality, authorship and text, biography and hermeneutics, social plane and idiosyncratic intricacies, to name but a few.⁴⁰

Welcome back to 1000 FM. You are listening to WELD/Program. awm.

This is your DJ speaking. It is Friday. 9:40 AM. This is the Program. Honorable audience, do stay tuned just phunkie right to hear from the correspondent whose mellifluous voice is relaying part of the atmosphere of the datamining taking place at the Library of Snapshot Fingertips to the hypersensitized ears of yours, me fervent listeners:

In mysterious corridors, endless bookshelves ornament the walls of the ancient building. Databases are its impalpable decor. Silence, looming above the minds immersed in the texts as versatile as they get, is saturated with pondering whose vehemence can only be compared with the pounding of an infant’s skull on the pulsating membrane of the placenta. Thoughts have weight here. They are hanging from the ceiling…brooding thoughts are looking at their own generator. A jungle of neurotransmitters’ electrifying trajectories. Galaxies full of orbits of unpredictable movements. Pulverizing impenetrability of riddled strings of words. Infinitely puzzling. Infinitely secretive. Endless strings of words. In books. In the book.

Name is deeply absorbed in the piece one’s holding in one’s hands. On How to Phunkie WriteRead (ØØØØ) is the title of the book Name is diving into, trying to emulate the concoction of various ideas so irritably, to one’s mind, limiting the joy potentially brought to the reader through the magic of an encounter with the words coming from a source outside of oneself.

In one’s surgical adventures, Name uses sharp-edged tools in order to remove alien tissue darkly attached to the hidden bends on the soft inside of one’s cranium. Faced with one’s hand reaching for the goodies from the collection of what to a more aesthetically inclined eye may look as
curved, crooked, metal devices of astonishing delicacy...sinuous artistry...For Name, however, they are just surgical tools—for digging the archive. Here’s what Name’s dug:

During a Surgical Intervention

Name is now immersed in thoughts about a paradoxical dynamic of extremes. More precisely, it is diametrical opposition that reaches the point of convergence once the utmost limit is hit. The most helpful, illustrative, and illuminating example are the phenomena called poverty and wealth. When manifested in their respective radical forms, they both have an astonishingly detrimental effect on the human soul, heart, and body.

Now, for the advancement of Name’s mental spirituality, it is immeasurably important to find other opposites in order to elucidate the dynamic. At the moment, no such instant comes to Name’s mind. Except perhaps...that of the ungraspable activity of sedentary bodily states. To break the spell of crypticity, let’s point out the fact that if seated in an unmoving position long enough, the body experiences kinetic energy equal to the force developed by a spaceship at the moment before it starts landing. True. There is another instance, yet it concerns a completely different thematic. Specifically, a continual intake of carbohydrates miraculously triggers biochemicaly generated proteins. But, Name’s thoughts, despite the immaculate support that exemplifies the abstractions, find no analogy in the abundant source of perspectives provided in On How to Phunkie WriteRead (ØØØØ). It sure is the point of reading such a book: detecting absent views, so they can be conjured up from silent spots. There are many candidates for how that can be done. Many explanations: psychological, psychoanalytic, (new)historical, (A)historical, (neo)Marxian, (post)Copernican, (pre)Khunian...you name it...How political is political? There is no description of the future dystopian enough to be scary. True. Because no
such a description depicts an unlived historical moment. All the historical processes (and moments for that matter) are irreversible, irrevocable, incorrigible, and, allegedly, irredeemable. Therefore, one can only move forward—back to something one n/ever dreamt about before.

Like *pppphunk*--right on.

A poetic expression is a process through which the mind propagates thoughts and images, all the while transforming itself into a modified version of its original condition, fertilizing the soil for the next occurrence of metaphor proliferation. For example, the situation in which a subject, or, a character, is seated in a room that separates one from the scenery (evidently so appealing to oneself) is clearly meant to symbolize the predicament humanity was faced with in the postrenaissance era. More precisely, the increasing polarization between the mind and the body—not to mention the soul—was proportionate with the degree of the human innerness being torn between the urge to think and a simultaneous impulse to physically exist. Somewhere in the semilost debris of what had been regarded as an inherent trait was a halvmuted cry for something that had to do with belief. Arguably, the split resulted from a serious (some would even characterize it as soul-shaking, but one needs not use jargon-free tools to negotiate theorizing), unprecedented shifts in the ways the society was structured and, more importantly perhaps, the modes of an individual’s positioning in the restructured world. To elucidate the point, we will briefly consider the rise of the industrialist culture rendering identity definable in class, rather than cosmic, terms. In particular, the revision of the social and private alike went from the dismissal of the Great Chain of Being to embracing the great order of producing. Reducing a person to a laborer—exploited to death—had a devastating effect on one’s experience of the
inner space as much as it forever changed human understanding of societal institutions. The overall impression of an individual inhabiting such a new world was that of incorrigible hostility.

An exposé of this new social situation was provided by the eminent theoretician of the post-Great-Chain-of-Being culture by the name of George Turner. In his most recent study *Looking and Being Looked at* (2045), quite in accord with his previous theorizing, Turner delivers an explanation casting light on the condition in which the humanity experienced something that would linger on for the next couple of centuries—a dark cloud over civilization sewing a seed of what was believed to be an irrecoverable sense of inexplicable anxiety. He claims that not only a major aspect of human existence was profoundly shaken, but that it practically disappeared (51). Discarding religious vocabularies from the specter of descriptive tools, in Turner’s opinion, was a major contribution to phantom theorizing. Strangely, one may argue, the discharge of insufficiently factitious descriptions of the world and evidence-free cosmologies, brought to man’s chest another kind of burden: an irreconcilable states of having certain experiences and the inability to talk about them.

Although widely accepted as a plausible, historically informed take on post-Great societies, Turner’s speculative apparatus features potentially flawed argumentative maneuvering. As is convincingly explicated in *The Comprehensive Guide through the Allegedly Phantom Culture* (2050) by Larsønæ Emoennent, *Looking and Being Looked at* impartially succeeds in rationalizing the complexities of the newly arisen social structure, inner turmoil, and theoretical tribulations. Vital to Emoennent’s critique is a lucid insight into Turner’s falling short of giving a more elaborate defense of his views, thereby finding himself faced with the caveat that he is thematizing. The
paradox of such a theoretical impasse is further brought to the reader’s attention in what can be regarded as the thesis of this impressive work of Emoşn’s:

To say that a certain way of experiencing the world persisted after tectonic social movements changed both how we realize our communal being and the modes of talking about them is to lose one’s theoretical threat in the foggy realm of the irrational, that peculiarly existed and did not at the same time; to track the civilization’s unease through the scary, untrodden woods of the lost world is to speak the language that cannot tell whether one intended to be a flash in the obscurity of thought. (721)

To sum up, given these divergent, yet highly regarded and utterly informative views, we can say that to sit does not necessitate cognitive engagement, although such an office is by no means excluded from the range of human capacities in such a situation. Furthermore, to cognate seemingly inhibits the forces that can reach the fruition of the prevailing attempt to live freed from the threat of amputation. It is to watch behind the window pane and be focused on the sill. It is to dissolve oneself in the burning ocean of the blueness that no glass can keep distant enough from a mind’s grasp. It is to be colored in the shades of mixture that no space can keep, contain, or, prevent sparkles from spraying up. It is to live whosever dream without feeling slightest fear that it can do something to the innermost smile.
By Way of a Social Commentary

Deep chasms of the privileged compartment of the Truth in the faculty of poetry was soon to be discovered and classified as poetics of oblivion. Overpoeticized and rhapsodic interpretations of reality were to be shunned as inappropriate representations of what really constituted human life. The anxiety shaking one’s positioning in the ever growing web of societal categories was to be questioned from the perspective of the validity of the vocabulary utilized for talking about such a state of affairs. Far from claiming that existential concerns were no longer being expressed through the language of poetry, this article aims to show the shift in narrative devices that in a much-more-to-the-ground manner told stories about what it meant to be human and alive at a certain point in history. The pillar of the argument is the idea that the establishment of social institutions, paralleling the reinforcement of a particular policy on what is nowadays called global plane, reconfigured power relations classwise in the way that gave rise to the voices of the overexploited as much as it was a playground for the overprivileged to contemplate upon and reaffirm their social positioning. So restructured social relations were impossible, to say the least, to be expressed in a poetic vernacular; instead, a new, prose, vocabulary was launched as a fresh means of telling the world about how it felt to be part of it.

In her revolutionizing study about the social and literary phenomena in question titled Why We Still Long for the Impossible Naivety of the Times Bygone (2047) Channa Kerrion exposes to the reader a notorious truth about the importance of refocusing on the poetics of the everyday and the magnificent powers of the typically downplayed mundane language of the prose that depicts a historical moment. S/he stresses the much ignored fact about the potency of the language of an
ordinary man pushed to the margins of existence through the severely broadened gap between
the overprivileged and the underprivileged:

Once man found himself stripped to the basic ingredients of what would have otherwise
been called life, s/he came to fully realize the fatality of the development caused by the
growth of certain social strata. Poverty was firmly established as a cultural category
determining man’s identity. That fact forever changed the way man experienced himself;
it also undoubtedly altered the possibilities of read-writing about the new existential
situation. (1)

The new possibilities Kerrion has in mind can be found in the rich literary legacy left for us from
that period. It is small wonder that they still inspire our linguistic curiosity about the nuances of
everyday language and awaken our sentiment directing it towards seeking the secret that enabled
the big social truths to be revealed through such simple narrative devices. To illustrate the point,
one is, time and again, drawn to the example found in the literary treasure chest from that period.
A section from the novel *Life and Love as They Are Imagined by the Rich to Be Lived by the
Poor* (3077) by Sannuu Dation is an instance of such an idiosyncratic subtlety:

S/he stood by the window. S/he was sitting in the armchair, waiting for her final decision:
now was the moment when their destiny was to be determined by her simply saying *Yes*,
once and for all freeing both of them from the respective predicaments. If s/he agreed to
marry him, his identity would forever change from that of a harshly impoverished factory
worker to a member of country gentry. For her, it would be a passport to a promised land
that disposes with humiliation or bigotry as a surrogate key to family psychodynamics.

(615)
This passage evidences simplicity of literary expression, clarity of the train of thought, purity of genre, and crystalline nature of emotions. It also bears witness to deeply depressing social realities, from which naivety emerges as an extraordinary power reflected in the world of the letters. It is due to the preservation of that sentiment that we are today still able to confront the escalation of social inequities and political vandalism, claims Kerrion (130).

Anti-Ludites Culture: The World That Takes No Brains for Myths

The window, like a willow.

The eyes. I see with;

The space behind it—

Never to be spaciousal enough.

Or, it really is?

Many a thought has so far been devoted to Alliana Nusraum’s coded, enigmatic language in her poem mystically titled “Is Really Or” (4040). Most interpretations literary theoreticians, critics, and literati by and large have based on the playful, yet eerie, relationship between the words denoting physical objects and the abstract nonobjectness suggested through their sparse presence. What singularly catches one’s attention is the concreteness of the opening: the juxtaposition of the animate with the inanimate prompts the mainline of the grist to Nusraum’s mill. The contrast between them is sharpened through the use of punctuation. However, other figures of speech—such as alliteration and simile—simultaneously bring these elements closer to each other. In her groundbreaking analysis Or. What Space. Is Never? (5501), Maergareth Olegalestic, the leading analyst of the culture of anti-ludites, characterizes this relationship as “edgy rubbing on a brink
of softness” (202). The second line features assonance that enhances the repetitiveness of the audio component. It introduces phonetically the theme that is in the next line lexically realized. However, Nusraum rarely lets her verses speak up—the punctuation cuts the breath of the trope, defragmenting the potential unity. This “shallow breathing,” as it is sometimes called, is allegedly Nusraum’s poetic device suggesting the world’s suffocating and attempting to breathe again during a series of wars and the phunkie peace interrupting them. Further, the dash in the third line is not merely a reflection of the poetess’ inventive use of punctuation; it is a social commentary referencing the previous era and the prevalent implications of the social relations that characterized it. Finally, the word order in the closing line is deliberately bewildering, as it invites a question ignoring the traditional syntactic requirement for inverted positioning of the subject and the verb.

Jolly good and neat indeed. Name finds oneself reflecting on the portion of the dazzlingly critical mind, freed from emotional superfluousness. But lo! A pang in Name’s chest speaks up instead of one’s vocal apparatus: What one phunkie gets from a phunkie book like On How To Phunkie ReadWrite (ØØØØ) is that an article like the one from which Name has just read an excerpt betrays the spirit of the era it criticizes. Simply put, it is blasphemy of a sort, as it violates the very cornerstone of the new way in which the world of letters was being imagined. Particularly heretical is the observation about the dash—it introduces in the debate the social component absolutely unthinkable within the literary vocabulary of the anti-ludites culture. The rest of Nusraum’s analysis is seemingly in tune with the anti-ludites demand for poetic autonomy. Yet, it, essentially, leaves poetry in the backyard of its own house.
The way back to the house leads through unconscious memory of the future when the past pursuit was going to be accomplished is a secret code that obliges the reader to unveil the subject matter through the decryptoprocessor of one’s interpretative apparatus. Although adopted as an emotio-mental pattern, the mechanism gets domesticated so the host has no memory of not having had it as a part of his or her biological being. What is more, the decryptoprocessor gets automatically activated when the one finds oneself faced with text of the approximately following content:

October 27th, 20X

I see you in the arm cut off and falling from where it used to be. Joined…attached to the shoulder. Its departure is an avalanche of gushing blood, torn tissue, broken bones, and spurting lymph. I am looking at what used to be the point of junction; now it is a howling crater fully prepared to devour…backwards…the lava of life…suck it into its depths…let it simmer the juices springing from its cradle…is processed and ready for another passage. Entering where the arm once was. And now is cut off.

Encountering the piece entitled “October 27th, 20X” by Anonymous, Seemrole Yock, the leading critic in the field of acquapatternism and director of the PostFestAfterWhat program at the Department of Retroimprovement, University of HowYesNo, provides the following account of his or her reading experience and presents the interpretation resulting from it. Professor Yock, along with the unavoidable, interpretative subtext, finds it necessary to consult the bible of acquapatternism—Myths, Holes, and South Roles (6442) by Barnara Cordhajmo. In the light of the theory discovered by Cordhajmo, the text becomes available for interpretative investigation when the first veil of the subtext deactivates its codebreaking disabler. Once the sine qua non is
ensured, the process is set in motion. Cordhajmo claims that the first stage of reading, following deactivation of the disabler, happens while the reader is still perplexed by the impenetrability of the subject matter. Put differently, the first two stages of reading, actually, start in the crepuscular haze, reminiscent of the misty dawns of the days primordial. Devoid of unnecessary, human-related burden of existence and reading, the contact with the text in the key of the desert immemorial ensures purging of the interpretative channels from the noise of the autobiographical, socio-political, and/or isms of their ilk. Such purity of vision is another prerequisite for distilling from the text the radical essence.

Cordhajmo devises another angle from which to approach the language of the text in question. More precisely, s/he is suggesting that in order to impregnate the reading material with the imprinted code, the reader needs to inhale a significant amount of a haphazard mixture of linguistic patterns, hold it inside one’s verbal chamber for twenty-four seconds, and exhale it onto the surface of the text analyzed. By doing so, the organic concoction gets exchanged between the two poles of the communicational tunnel. A matter of fact is that this infusion of the seemingly nontextual components, actually, dislocates the insipidness from the otherwise futile linguistic substance.

*Myths, Holes, and South Roles* further explicates the evolution of the reading process by exposing to the investigator the facticity of determination inherent in the nature of weaving the web of meaning. The most prominent aspect of that unshakable fact is revealed through innovative strategies of making the imprinted creating pattern visible to the interpretator, albeit not before the first unconscious and the second semiconscious stages are completed. Thus, with
the beginning of the third phase, the reader starts applying reading tactics in the way typically perceived to be a discovery of meaning.

Within the third stage occurs what is normally known as rereading the written. Through the pair of eyes provided by Cordhajmo’s theory, “October 27th, 20X” is read by Professor Yock as follows. First, the image of a falling arm is taken as an unmistakable piece of evidence of the death of history through the rebirth of myth. It shows how certain imagery—a cut off limb included—are a reoccurrence of the haze in the collective mythocalar. Simultaneously, it is a manifestation of the narrative as the line of life, as long as you say LIVE and pronounce it as /li’me/. The very scene of the phantom extremity invokes the deafening noise of the primordial howling at dawnbreak. In the dripping liquid, launching potentially toxic droplets in the space surrounding the text, one reads the letters of the inscribed drama of familial taboos. Specifically, the spot of disjunction is a portal into the darkened, rugged narrative of incestuous mutilation at the moment of the integration of a dildo into one’s unreachable regions of spiritual-intellectual DNA. The sacred cow is dethroned at a stroke of a thought revisiting the moment when the parental sexual organ transforms into a vaginal brain at the moment when penetration meets the climax of the beginning of the long descend into the oblivion of childlike retardedness euphemistically termed naïveté:

*Go and molest me no more with my sea keenness…kinetextesse…textesseSX…rodeo in Leeds…Ekaterinsburg circus in Liverpool, Dublin drama club in Kansas City, Japanese pebbles in Drvar, smearing infectious jelly over a napkin….gets absorbed…awaits to emanate a new contingent of killer germs…innocent touch of the crime infested neighborhood…phunkie phunk…smoking with the fervor of a gentle warrior locked inside one’s exploding mind.*
Ooops!!!!!! This is yet another instant of the abutting narrative’s leakage into the verbal tissue. Professor Yock is trying to handle through the microscopic lenses of Cordahjmo’s thought. The actual interpretation, after this first attack of noise, filtered through the theory’s camera obscura for the elimination of mental projection of the approximately following content. The symbolic of the torn tissue signals the dormant branches of the family tree crudely shaken on a crispy morning of an unpredictable day. The motion that stirs the sedated parts of the forest flora is the effect the present participle has on syntactic dynamics, while the past participle combined with the fraction consisting of the first and second conditionals causes Artistitelian nuancing in the sphere of the adjectival.

Oho! Phunkie phunk da phunkoderilctousnesslishnessdeliphunkie...Crapoidicus ala sitophagus detrementalissimo magnificent comesurement sur le fabrique de la sacramento crudilimentoco da profagoidmenturo et le brutaljno-neobiknowenoe-extraordinaire-appearance—charmament et nonsubstantialise ...Oooops!!!! The membrane between the narrative is getting more and more propulsive. The flow is impossible to stop. Unthinkable is to prevent the influx from one narrative into another. It is the fact/law now.

Admission: Save Some Sharks, or, Something...

A/Quelle est votre vacation? Ih been wired. From age V estestveno, ochervateljnoe, voilaesque tranquilstasis. Oho!!! Ubuscaen frivoloitus ma gastronimique palatonous ja door.

Crepeculissimo! Tres beau elle est aussi und him ih simplement the door. No, chto takoe za barbaritochku? Kaledioscopically, cra-cra-cra...sss...hhhh. Oho! Bist du oine klein Evan the grjazni? Ih surement sono! Und du yourself? As per moi, well...well...well...tochka, tochka, tochka. Do you vous? Nien! Mere ten. Quatro...sete...nove??! Nay...Ih bin bid been glich lick.

Was? Us! Pardon my 100 Pipers. Oho!
Holding a copy of the [in]famous book—now known to be—titled *On How To Phunkie WriteRead* (ØØØØ) in one’s hands the text acquires twofold meaning. Or so it seemed after the first interpretative stage. Initially, the platform suggesting that the book be used for deciphering this coded message engraved on the walls of the cave in the forests of the West Volkanian region of the southeast Lumboynthia can be found in the article “Like Save Some Sharks, Or, Something, A?” (330 BC) by Miguelle De Castra.

The main argument the author presents focuses on the idea of spatiality as a cultural construct to be imagined 3300 years after the text was written and boomerang-style rewritten in new light. The author is of the opinion that all migrations are culturally based. That said, it reconfigures anthropological claims emphasizing economic factors by encapsulating them within the hub *cultural*. De Castra, however, decisively insists on the interchangeability between *culturalism* and *culturality*. Only under such a linguistic condition can migrations be understood in the light of their nature. Confronted with the counterargument about the incompatibility of the coexisting terminology, De Castra elaborately tracks the meaning of the words to the nature of the mobility of aboriginal ethnic groups that inhabited the cave before they got dispersed throughout the globe and, later, around the universe. For example, s/he explains how the Hula Tribe left their original habitat because of the impulse telling them that the northern areas would be more in accord with their inner being. Thus, the first major migration was spurred by the unheard sound, carrying the information about proper geographical positioning.

The following wave of migrants took the unheard sound about cultural synchronicity to be the axiom. However, schematization of the-elusive-by-default caused serious misperception of what was then taken to be dogma. Thus, the culturalism-culturality continuum underwent conceptual
shading that caused disagreement between the hub and the elements linked to it. For that reason, DaHaila tribe from the southwest looked for its true settlement in the far east, completely misguided by the notion of language. This came as a result of the conflict between the words *rhythm* and *class*. More precisely, having assumed that, as the components of the same molecule called cultura / al / ism / ity, these, along with the notion of melody were being irrevocably fused with the traces of *derivatives*. The linguistic reality of this historical moment redirected DaHaila’s views on the institution of love (Oho!). Particularly, what up to that instant was known to be an innate right of polygamy was redescribed into the law-based linguistic blood. This massive shift liberated the peoples from the southwest from the superimposed inherent laws of belonging to the far west, thereby enabling them to identify the far east as the location of choice.

The groundbreaking discovery of De Castra’s presents the text “October 27, 20X” as a consequence of such historico-linguistic reconfigurations. Specifically, it shows that the anonymous author of the text originates from the southern hemisphere, that his/her DNA would prove that it has been a fe/male, that it spoke Sabhilly fluently, and could write and read in Lace’n’tramu. Finally, De Castra’s insights prove that after a major trauma, the author migrated from its native south to the central area of the southeast corner of the hyper-pass. This is evidenced in the author’s inclination to repeating lexically void phrases and in the text’s inability to resist the intrusion from other texts. In the school of thought called semiweek-character-based philosophy, this is interpreted as a psychological strength. However, the movement that calls itself “voices from behind the cabinet” claims that the phenomenon has nothing to do with weeks, days, or other manifestations of the root word VEAK, but rather tells about the author’s predilections for specific kind of philharmonic dialogue between cello and viola.
Closely related to this is one of the most provocative thematizations of the ancient Icelandic Apocrypha—the twenty-seventh century theological interpretation of the episode originally telling a story of a young woman who lived in a cottage with her daughter. Their life consisted of getting up at the crack of dawn, going to the mountain to fetch water to the cottage, and spending the rest of the day weaving. Occasionally, merchants from the near-by village would make a visit, buy a couple of pounds of their products, call it a day, and leave. One day, an unexpected villager stopped by bringing a message from the regional settlements united around the proclamation of the woman and her daughter to be *personae non gratae*. Needless to say, any attempt to overrule the excommunication verdict was futile. Ergo, the woman and her daughter were forced to leave for good and find a place in the sun in another galaxy. Indeed. They did. And ended up their lives as saintesses due to the martyrdom they had endured. Now, the twenty-seventh century theologian claims (well…many things, but one focuses on just one of them to try out the thoughts from *On How To Phunkie WriteRead* /ØØØØ/) that the protagonists of the episode from the Icelandic apocrypha are, actually, men. One takes such a presumption very seriously. Thinks over all the angles of both the original tale and the theological interpretation. Sees no way to relate them to *On How To Phunkie WriteRead* (ØØØØ). Then a tiny detail from the theological account captures one’s attention: the way the interpreter bases his/her argument on the description of the women’s hair as indicative of a disguised decastrated male martyrdom. In it one finds the key: One sees no ride.

One knows from similar experiences that it is a waste of time trying to dissect such expressions using the means and methods available to man for breaking logico-emotional quandaries. The only way to do anything with such a situation is to work it through an example. One, for some reason, thinks of an anthropological article about a bamboozling inscription on the wall of the
underwater cave in the seas around the Nordico-Anemiw Isles originating from the umptieth century before the n\textsuperscript{th} eon. The engraving is proverbial for it is clearly a premonition of what’dl have been found in street art murals on the outer walls of the buildings in the urban areas of south-central Tuluska on the Cybi_Clavlnd subcontinent in the 5050\textsuperscript{th} century. The writing says: Wherever a person sees two or three stars in the sky at the same time, it is to be taken as the evidence of the existence and righteousness of Psycho-Stellar Altaers. It turned out that the street art from 25000 eons after the words were written on the cave’s walls ‘dl have been a reenactment of the very message. Needless to say, the art simultaneously proves the truthfulness of the words. But all is not as easy as it seems. No human being, not to mention other species, would ever come to such a seemingly banal, mundane conclusion be it not for an accompanying piece of text of the approximately following content:

*Star observation may under NO conditions be carried out while sitting, lying, standing, or, striking any other fixed, immobile pose; the evidence will be considered as valid only and only IF the observer casts his or her eye on the sky during a walk, run, swim, dive, or, any other kind of movement.*

Thus the 5050\textsuperscript{th} century artists’dl have been moving through the city using very special devices designed for the invocation of the voice encrypted on the cave’s wall and its subtext of the approximately following content: A successful reenactment of these words will forever lift a suspicion about eternal cosmic justice; moreover, it will verify the truth about all the religions being extended versions of ideologies and, by extension, a heroine for H’r’Hness.

This sounds like the Ride. One thinks and feels good.
Ye Empirium of Ye Groove

: Thanks to the voices from the Library and welcome back to the studio. Inspired by this impressive datamining, some of your fabulous remixes have been created, me honorable listeners. Having said that, from now on, till the end of today’s program, no instant will be waisted:

41 Shifting Gears: “We’re attempting to delineate an America that is markedly different to the one Jean Baudrillard fancied didn’t exist. American is dead. Long live America!” (Stewart Home, Memphis Underground 285).

42 “America gave us rock’n’roll” (Memphis Underground 31).

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They say “that mortgages are the new rock’n’roll” (*Memphis Underground* 166).

Or, so the real estate industry has it.

Once upon a time in the postfuture: “stone roses junction … inspiral carpets warehouses” (Jeff Noon, *Needle in the Groove* 213-216).

Let’s Groove: Ram it!

t-h-e-g-r-o-o-v-e-s-o-f-t-h-e-s-o-u-l: Orajt, lemmie spell it out for you: there is noise and *noise*. The former is noise pollution: delusional babylonian

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43 L.E.S.. NYC. November 2009.
44 The Statue of Liberty. NYC. March 2009.
belief in a positive connotation of Disney, etc. Then there’s a noise filter: the noise. But it’s kinda different. It’s ro-ro-rockin’N’ro-ro-rollin’. The latter is used to green the former.

Inner City Blues: Home’s critical concept of The Black Celts—triracial Celtic tribe, consisting of ancient African, Indian, and Viking civilizations—is playful questioning of the avant-garde-modernist-postmodernist trajectory. Home portrays an Afro-Celtic carnival as a glorification of the dull everyday turned into an endless party. Or, so it seems.


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46 whose record (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PsagnflTD0&feature=youtu.be)
Bustin’ Loose: Drawing upon Du Bois’s concept, Gilroy argues that being “both European and black requires some specific forms of double consciousness” (*The Black Atlantic: Modernity and Double Consciousness*) 1).

Home, too, insists on the significance of the Black Atlantic living legacy: “Out of the horrors of slavery and the black holocaust came the Black Atlantic culture that is the basis of almost all worthwhile music and literature today” (*Memphis Underground* 156-157).

Hot Pants: The Black Atlantic double consciousness generates a theoretical background that would outmode the essentialist take on cultural integrity. Gilroy offers an antiracist, supranational idea of identity based on hybridity and crosscultural exchange, where borrowings and blendings are not understood as signs of ethnic impurity, but rather as a platform for the shift in discourse and cultural practice. He proposes the idea of the Black Atlantic as a transcultural, international formation with a “rhizomorphic, fractal structure” (*The

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49 Washington Heights. NYC. September 2010.
Black Atlantic: Modernity and Double Consciousness 4). Gilroy calls for a reading of culture beyond the notions of nation and race. He also accentuates the importance of crosscultural borrowings that relativize the concept of cultural homogeneity. Bridging the black-white gap between and/or high-low cultures enables exercising the assertive mood (The Black Atlantic: Modernity and Double Consciousness 16) of the dispossessed communities.

Green Tambourine: The postfuturist renegades of Dickens--punk rock writers--remix the words of historical mafothers. It is not a nostalgic attempt to reestablish the past, as no historical epoch seems worthy of the complicity in tacit reactionary conservatism and reaffirming social relations based on control and inhumaneness. Instead, literary DJs critically reimagine the past, resurrecting the present to redeem the future.

Soul Superman: Yet, interest in the past does persist. The exploration of history is fueled with the passion of a journey into otherness. It sometimes causes uneasiness and restlessness. At times, however, communication with the past eras can be pleasurable.

What one experiences exploring the past, simultaneously evoking the future into the reawakened present, is featured in creative techniques ranging from irony, camp, humor, silent commentaries, via elements of allegory, appropriation, citation, plagiarism, parody, metafiction, matacritique, detournement, filtering, and drugging the pretext…all the way to the point of encounter between the subject and the object.

52 East Harlem. NYC. September 2009.
However, rather than in a duel, they engage in sometimes antithetical, albeit not antagonistic, dialogue, which is also a joyful immersion in the dialectical alternations of morphing and reindividualizing of the subject.

Trouble Funk Express: Jazz rock fusion mystically infused in Tricky’s electronic ocean. Powerchords imbued in core wrap, 4/4-meets-broken-beat-underneath, peppered with the traditional Middle Eastern sonic miniatures in Asian Dub Foundation. DJ Shadow and Cut Chemist’s Brainfreeze (1999) live remix of the old school funk, soul, blues, and rhythm and blues samples, blending with turntablist wizardry, creates a new aural iconography. Thievery Corporation featuring a range of artists including a Brazilian singer and an Indian sitar player mixing the elements of world music, jazz, blues, and soul notes with urban electronic sound. Johnny Winter reinventing the blues guitar…

54 Harlem. NYC. October 2009.
55 Ial (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=My3erNCuCYk&feature=youtu.be)
Funkier Than A Mosquito’s Tweeter: Red Hot Chili Peppers combine spoken word with the melodic line and harmonic variants of the pop tradition, Motown, and Chicago sound with a fresh infusion of the modern day slapping, loosened by sparse, edgy guitar riffs on the early albums, and with electrifyingly dense six-string monstrosity of the latter day. Keep moving to the stable beat of the rocking drum. Forward. All the way to the north along the West coast—to the heart of grunge groove.

Lee Scratch Perry’s Jamaican dub-rock-steady-ska is an offering to the young punks’ experimental explorations. The likes of the Clash, the Specials, Madness, the Ruts, to name but a few, incorporate reggae elements into the explosive base, from the seventies onwards known as punk rock. Diverting from glam and prog rock structural complexities and expressive verbosity, these bands’ minimalist musical philosophy radiates surplus of energy amid economic scarcity. Their music breeds lyrical delicacy underneath an ugly mask of anger and violence. The Sex Pistols opened up lateral postfuturist avenues under the disguise of dystopian cynicism, verging on nihilism. In The Damned, a touch of goth harmony meets the rebellious impulse. The Stranglers’ keyboards are an insider’s provocative invitation to the conversation with comrades.

57 Drummatics, 34th St, Herald Square subway station. NYC. September 2008.
The World is a Ghetto: Miles Davis keeps resisting simpletonics accusing him of betraying jazz. Instead of defending the title of bip-bop bard, he hacks Cyndi Lauper’s “Time after Time” and comments on that eccentric pop daughter’s number in his blasphemous doo-bop vernacular. The Cramps and the Jesus and Mary Chain create a new genre called psychobilly: the former’s signature being a psychedelic, fragmentary, distorted take on rockabilly syntax, while the latter find the unique expression in a heavily lingering delay of dazzlingly hypnotizing, floating queer chords, spreading melliferious smell falling from the steely sky. Jon Spencer Blues Explosion corrodes the conventions of the blues with (a) the vehemence and brutality of a surgical knife cutting off the umbilical cord and (b) the beauty of the first inhale.

“[T]he avant-garde ‘s insistence on the element of innovation within its creations leads to a spurious denial of its historic roots” (Memphis Underground 77).

Natural Soul Brother: White Stripes learn from the fathers to become mafothers. Their radically rudimentary blues powerhouse is untamable string ode,

slaying across the drum foundation. Violent Femmes’ and Wilco’s subtle critical references to country music tell stories of the reconfigured American Dream. Pop structure, yet somewhat different undertone, in the Rezillos’s tongue-in-cheek acidic edginess and a sweet aftertaste is the sound of… the other Scotland…the Scotland of Cocteau Twins.

Neil Young’s rebirth through the guitar sound on the soundtrack for Jim Jarmusch’s movie Dead Man (1995) is another example of the remix. ZZ Top introduce to the ear of the listener the glory of seductive irony. Iggy Pop’s steady rockin with the leftist twist immemorial on “Louie, Louie” is a survivor manifesto.

Givers Don’t Lack: Primal Scream’s amazing transindividualism is as versatile as their chameleonic passage from a crooked version of Brit Pop, via filtered echoes of acid house, to the modified Delta sound. Decades of stylistic experimentation make their music exemplary of telling stories in different keys, yet sustaining unmistakably recognizable tone in each expressive mode.

Their playfulness inspires further thinking about cultural flows and exchange: postmodernism might be right to abandon the notion of representation, but the presupposition of such a shift is disputable. Specifically, representation is worthy of rebuking, not because the very concept of fidelity is questioned, but because a replica is an impossibility. Instead of proliferating

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dichotomies, rendering them redundant is needed in order to cast new light on the much suspected idea of authenticity.

61 Sheena: the greatest punk rocka of them all.

62 Digging the archive of the giant body of research is to spin one record after another until the flow is established and a leakage from abutting narratives is purified. In the remix, scratching is an outburst of the radical light’s friendly smile in the communication channel, rather than a noisy agitation in the dark tunnel.

62 Brookland. NYC. October 2011.
once upon a time…walking on four postfuturists boulevard: “but yer know, what if, like, all life is just one big remix / what then / I mean, what if we’re still caught up in it … you’ll need a bloody good dj, won’t you?” (Jeff Noon, *Needle in the Groove* 287)

Yes. And mind you, the reader, too, has to be a bloody good DJ. To remix the text and one’s good self guided by reforgotten turntablism poetics. To figure out the alphabet of the alternating cycles of noisy uncertainties and subtonic certainty. To remap the vocabularies of the socioscape and the inner tissue alike is to bloody undo the knots in the dreamscape of mafatherlands.

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Spot on! Respected fellow travelers, you’ve been listening to WELD/Program. awm. It is 3:30 PM. I do want to thank you for the most inspirational contributions. It’s been a privilege to participate in the stunningly passionate exchange.

If this way of DJing the roots of matherlands is linguistically sinful, let’s immerse our good selves in the blasphemy of creatively critical corrosion of discursive authenticity. If the flow is a potential anagram of something else, let’s play Silent Spelling Bee. Yo! If a communicational tunnel can become the communication channel, please stay tuned just phunkie green. Yo!

If it is antisubtonic to assume that a dream of self-creation is incompatible with deselfing and / or cultural remixing in the spirit of communal cohesion, one would rather be humble enough to call oneself a postfuturist--the offspring of the bloody phunkie DJ mafthers. If this way of reimagining literature, practice, and the everyday sounds too utopian for the pluralist critical taste, too bad for the consensus. Postfuturist storytelling finds the challenge worthy of resistance. Because the remix simply is in alignment with life.

If to follow the radical guiding light of refacement is perceived as contradictory to critical remapping of the creative realms, one should be modest enough to be reborn through silence and solidarity of reindvividualized selfless fellow humans engaged in enduring creation of a free culture based on trust and love.
Chapter 4

We Care a Lot: (Latter Day) Modernists against Destructiveness and Ossification

4.1 Persistently Distrustful Comrades in Tribulations

This spirit of quarrelsome comradeship which he had observed lately in his rival had not seduced Stephen from his habits of quiet obedience. He mistrusted the turbulence and doubted the sincerity of such comradeship which seemed to him a sorry anticipation of manhood.--James Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

Once upon a time in the postfuture, humanity realized that many individuals were increasingly withdrawing from the streets. Into other universes: their rooms, skulls, echoes of somebody else’s words. At that point in history, humanity started thinking compulsively about the places where the soles touched the ground. And everybody was wondering if those places were good for laying their weary feet on the soil. Nobody seemed to have an answer. The questioning was a shuttle-locotive running from one ear to another, drawing ellipsoid orbits on the inside of the cracked consciousness and pulsating craniums. The buildings were tumbling down. Outside …. The fields were purple and sticky. The sky steely. No valleys. No boulevards. No clouds. The whole universe just shut down. And it was not certain whether the deafening roar was coming from the inside or from the cut-off outside. Many were asking themselves if it was a

good direction from which the mindblowing howl was coming. There was no answer. Because nobody knew where was what. Or, from. Or, who.

At that point in history, humanity realized that an increasing number of individuals were thinking that there was no such thing as a good or bad place to lay one’s muddy soles…because some noises are unbearable…some comparisons impossible…Unlike the remix: only slower.

4.2 Givers Don’t Lack: Knocks of Promise

”[W]hen a people is passive, may be torpor: when a people is quick and self-assertive, the result may be chaos.”

T.S. Eliot, “Unity and Diversity: Sect and Cult,” Notes towards the Definition of Culture

The title of this chapter is a reference to the Faith No More track “We Care A Lot” on the album of the same title (1985). The lyrics emphasize a critical stance toward the much needed accountability of cultural figures, political establishment, and social activism. In the light of the Faith No More criticism, the ideas of T.S. Eliot (On Poetry and Poets 1969, The Idea of a Christian Society 1940), Hannah Arendt (The Origins of Totalitarianism 1958, The Human Condition 1958, Between Past and Future: Eight Exercises in Political Thought 1961), Terry Eagleton (The Gatekeeper 2001, After Theory 2003), and Gianni Vattimo (Belief 1999, After Christianity 2002) are presented in this chapter in order to investigate the modernist-

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66 Coke. NYC. Summer 2011.
postmodernist nexus. The concluding observations are laced with Jean Baudrillard’s remarks from *The Vital Illusion* (2000) and revisited Felix Guattari’s eco-cultural critique from *The Three Ecologies* (1999) in order to look at the ways in which the idea of progress has been expropriated in the vocabularies of nihilo-cannibalist culture. The discussion is concerned with the threats to refacement by the effects of self-absorbed/self-absorbing, profit driven cultural amalgamation, conditioning beliefs solely in materialist terms. In that context, the spiritual realm is explored as the territory of recuperation of the human face from the ashes of afflicting forces. It is also a commentary on the unsayable as the language of the remix.

The first half of the twentieth century found the Western world bewildered by the newly emerged circumstances in which war, destruction, collapse of order, and eroded morality played crucial roles in shaping individual lives and socioscape alike. The world faced a demand to respond to the novel realities. A devastating effect of The First and the Second World Wars exposed the reasons for profound suspicion about humanity and civilization. Individuals whose lives heavily relied on creation felt an urge to speak about it. Sometimes their voices were loud cries, sometimes shadow talk.

Regardless of the tonal register, they were patently calls addressed to fellow humans. At times, those were embittered laments. They were often reanimating tactics, however. As a rule, they acted as an injection of new blood in the atrophied body of humanity. Those calls were the routes of regaining human dignity through the power of creation against the acute infestation of the intersubjectival web. Concomitant with that was the noise precluding clear vision from within. In response, fresh vocabularies were being devised. New realities demand new ways of speaking about new experiences: “When the poem has been made, something new has happened,
something that cannot be wholly explained by *anything that went before*. That, I believe, is what we mean by ‘creation’” (T. S. Eliot, “The Frontiers of Criticism,” *On Poetry and Poets* 112).

T.S. Eliot’s was among those brave voices that were focused on spiritually based moral and social renewal. Terrible noise was accompanying the decomposing world, agonizing between gravely gravity and trying to defy such force. There was a bone shaking anxiety in that invasive *timor mortis*. There was a life threatening uncertainty in the attempts to regain a sense of continuity. There was also unbelievable courage to say *NO* to a delusion that it was the only way to live:

There is one class of persons to which one speaks with difficulty, and another to which one speaks in vain. The second, more numerous and obstinate than may at first appear, because it represents a state of mind into which we are all prone through natural sloth to relapse, consists of those people who cannot believe that things will ever be very different from what they are at the moment. From time to time, under the influence perhaps of some persuasive writer or speaker, they may have an instant of disquiet or hope; but an invincible sluggishness of imagination makes them go on behaving as if nothing would ever change. Those to whom one speaks with difficulty, but not perhaps in vain, are the persons who believe that great changes must come, but are not sure either of what is inevitable, or of what is probable, or of what is desirable. (*The Idea of a Christian Society* 11)

This dilemma feels eerily familiar when contextualized within a mindless obsession with possession and gain that one knows to be the living environment at the beginning of the twenty-first century: the world of commoditized emotionality, banalized sexuality, afflicted spontaneity, blinding noise, bewildering spirituality, oscillations between melancholy and hope, singularity and communality. Living in such a world reanimates Eliot’s concerns about ceaseless
simultaneity of the communication between and among cultural vernaculars both synchronically and diachronically. Imagining prospects for rebirth of British culture, he muses on a possibility of the emergence of an altogether new religion/culture. Exercising vital perceptiveness for the reworkability of tradition, Eliot observes:

The existing order is complete before the new work arrives; for order to persist after the supervision of novelty, the whole existing order must be, if ever so slightly, altered; and so the relations, proportions, values of each work of art toward the whole are readjusted; and this is conformity between the old and the new. Whoever has approved this idea of order, of the form of European, of English literature, will not find it preposterous that the past should be altered by the present as much as the present is directed by the past. (“Tradition and the Individual Talent,” *Selected Prose of T.S. Eliot* 38-39)

Similarly, one contextualizes part of the contemporary worldview within the remixable legacy of the modernist forerunners of contemporary poetics. A possibility to read the continuity-disruption dialectic is evident in the work of some contemporary writers. Stewart Home, for example, playing with genre and expressive modes, responds to the predicament in question. Pondering the characteristics of modernism and postmodernism, he claims: “Both movements were simply stages in a single trajectory,” as stated in “Plagiarism as Negation in Culture,” a text, alongside “Statement” and “The Role of Sight in Recent Cultural History,” accompanying the show *Desire in Ruins* at Transmission Gallery in Glasgow (1987).67

Relying on such assumptions, postfuturist idiom relates them to Terry Eagleton’s reworking postmodernist combination of the elements inherited from modernism and the avant-garde, coupled with Paul de Man’s observations about perpetual oscillations between modernity

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67 The texts were published in Stewart Home’s *Neoism, Plagiarism & Praxis* (1995).
and historicity. Their ideas are integrated into the remix as follows: (a) avant-garde’s uncompromising break away from the antecedent vocabularies is contested through the enduring dialogue with tradition always already remixing it; (b) fragmentary consciousness that the modernist knew is also part of contemporary realities, but is not accepted as the only modus operandi of the human mind; (c) apolitical preservation of the autonomy of creation is integral to the ultimate dream of freedom; this by no means prevents one from juggling these two seemingly incompatible vocabularies.

Further, Eliot’s Christian socio-poetic manifesto in this chapter is read alongside Gianni Vattimo’s theory to show the potential for resistance against destructiveness and ossification as indicators of oppressive social relations. Although Eliot sees unification of religious and artistic faculties as a utopian goal, the dialogue between them is pivotal to the sustenance of anti-consumerist culture. Intercultural dialogue results from an individual’s presence and participation in life: “Yet there is an aspect in which we can see a religion as the whole way of life of a people, from birth to the grave, from morning to night and even in sleep, and the way of life is also its culture“(“The Three Senses of Culture,” Notes towards the Definition of Culture 31). Since postfuturist fellowship is an exchange in liquid culture, partly drawing from the modernist cultural flux, Eliot’s holistic approach to culture is taken as a vital aspect of meditations about humans both in individual and communal terms.

By the standards of aggressively utilitarian cultures of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries, Eliot’s agenda is perceived either enthusiastically because of its heedfulness, or with cynical suspicion because of its incompatibility with the dominant vocabulary. Nonetheless, he, having seen meaningless noise in the goal-ridden world and meditated upon the notion of
civilization, insists:”Culture may even be described as that which makes life worth living” (“The Three Senses of Culture,” *Notes towards the Definition of Culture* 27).

Excavating the potentials for the recuperation of human dignity at the beginning of the twenty-first century in the spirit of the syntagm *ontologies of the present-archaeologies of the future*, one finds the notion of waning affect from Fredric Jameson’s *Postmodernism, or, the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism* (1991) to be one of the permeating concerns since the era of modernism. In addition, the fragmented culture that is today perceived, experienced, and responded to with varied degrees of resistance, for Eliot and his contemporaries was similarly unsettling. He accentuates disintegration of culture resulting from the fragmentation based on specialization, class, or any parameter that classifies certain strata as so separate that “they become in effect distinct cultures” (“The Three Senses of Culture,” *Notes towards the Definition of Culture* 26).

Postfuturists, too, are well aware of such a predicament. The dynamic is by no means nostalgia for the past, as no historical epoch seems worthy of the complicity in tacit regressive conservatism and restoration of oppressive, inhumane social relations. Instead, literary DJs critically reimagine the past, resurrecting the present, and redeeming the future. Neither a projected future longing, nor yearning for the past, postfuturist thinking focuses on the future as nostalgia for the present, illuminated--albeit not irrevocably conditioned--by the past. Critical reimagining in the intersections of the time axes is the postfuturist remix, requiring a combination of uncertainty, constant alertness, and the unshakable underlying stability throughout the remix of noise. The DJ is a voice--sometimes manifest, at times subtonicly

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present—a vessel for the remix. In “Tradition and the Individual Talent,” T.S. Eliot outlines kenosis-friendly responses to the culture of the magnified, babylonian ego. To be an empty vessel through whom many voices speak Eliot depicts as follows: “What happens is a continual surrender of himself as he is at the moment to something which is more valuable. The progress of an artist is a continual self-sacrifice, a continual extinction of personality” (“Tradition and the Individual Talent,” Selected Prose of T.S. Eliot 40). He goes on to specify: “… that the mind of the mature poet differs from that of the immature one not precisely in any valuation of ‘personality’, not being necessarily more interesting, or having ‘more to say’, but rather by being a more finely perfected medium in which special, or very varied, feelings are at liberty to enter into new combinations” (“Tradition and the Individual Talent,” Selected Prose of T.S. Eliot 40-41). He laces the meditation with the thought: “But, of course, only those who have personality and emotions know what it means to want to escape from these things” (“Tradition and the Individual Talent,” Selected Prose of T.S. Eliot 43).

In the postfuturist vocabulary, Eliot’s concept of self-sacrifice and the related concerns from the quote are perceived with a considerable caution and not without certain reservations. Namely, in order to distance itself from a senseless misuse of the meaning of “new combinations” in terms of any combination, the remix focuses on the idea of refacement: rebirth through silence and solidarity of re-individualized, selfless fellow humans engaged in enduring the hindrances to patient, persistent creation of a free culture based on trust and love.

The delicate question of surrender needs to be observed in contrast to the susceptibility of mass society to the belief that superficial, instantaneous gratification is all that can be expected from life. This, Eliot stresses, is made manifest in culture’s shaping literary tastes in the way that keeps readers’ horizon of expectations within the boundaries of satiating thirst for materialist
gain. Consequently, it tends to radically dissociate the spiritual and the moral from the literary. Likewise, it seems to enhance experiencing the present in the way that fashions off-focus indulgence in mindless instantaneities. It is a distracting technique attempting to desensitize one to the fact that, actually, there is tomorrow, just as there was yesterday:

It is simply that it [modern literature] repudiates, or is wholly ignorant of, our most fundamental and important beliefs; and that in consequence its tendency is to encourage its readers to get what they can out of life while it lasts, to miss no ‘experience’ that presents itself, and to sacrifice themselves, if they make any sacrifice at all, only for the sake of tangible benefits to others in this world either now or in the future. (“Religion and Literature,” *Selected Prose of T.S. Eliot* 106)

Eliot’s approach delineates an anti-sensationalist critique, championing holistic potential of literature:”Though we may read literature merely for pleasure, of ‘entertainment’ or of ‘aesthetic enjoyment’, this reading never affects simply a sort of special sense: it affects us as entire human beings; it affects our moral and religious existence” (“Religion and Literature,” *Selected Prose of T.S. Eliot* 103). Holistic, yet critical, is also his account of the human faculties typically perceived as incompatible:

And I must stress the point that I do not think of *enjoyment* and *understanding* as distinct activities – one emotional and the other intellectual. By understanding I do not mean *explanation* though explanation of what can be explained may often be a necessary preliminary to understanding. (“The Frontiers of Criticism,” *On Poetry and Poets* 115 italics in original)

It is an implied statement against cultural fragmentation and disciplinary compartmentalization that enables dominance of certain vocabularies and, by extension, reflects
and/or enables oppression on a larger scale. It also threatens to degrade a human being to a fractured version of that what one is supposed to be and can be: life of fulfillment. This is reflected in Eliot’s critique of discursive reductionism reverberating with cultural realities not entirely unlike the glorification of ecstatic sentiment in the twenty-first century:

We are in danger even of pursuing criticism as if it was a science, which it never can be. If, on the other hand, we over-emphasize enjoyment, we will tend to fall into the subjective and impressionistic, and our enjoyment will profit us no more than mere amusement and pastime. (“The Frontiers of Criticism,” On Poetry and Poets 117)

Many instances of Eliot’s work aim at showing that the dialogue between the aesthetic and moral spheres are inevitably interwoven, significantly affecting each other. Just as secular latter day modernist thinkers criticize postmodernism in anticapitalist light, so does Eliot assert in The Idea of a Christian Society that certain confusion between the two spheres resulted from industrialization and the development of capitalist society, favoring materialist over moral and spiritual values. His observation that the society at the turn of the twentieth century was a financial oligarchy, rather than democracy (The Idea of a Christian Society 12), feels bizarrely in tune with the sentiment of consumer culture. He illustrates the deviation by noting the paradox of materialistic efficiency ranking high among real ideals in such a culture. That, too, is consonant with certain aspects of contemporary culture. In the world that denies the significance of anything that is not translatable into the vocabulary of finances, one’s supposed inefficiency, in fact, signals being well equipped for life. Likewise, what is typically perceived as efficiency should not be confused with having a critical mind:

And the tendency of unlimited industrialism is to create bodies of men and women--of all classes--detached from tradition, alienated from religion, and
susceptible to mass suggestion: in other words, a mob. And a mob will be no less a mob if it is well fed, well clothed, and well disciplined. (*The Idea of a Christian Society* 19)

To refuse efficiency as it is celebrated in financial oligarchies to be the yardstick for humanity is to acknowledge other, underrated spheres of humanness. If the first half of the twentieth century was characterized by increasing anesthetization of the moral sphere, its implications are evident from Eliot’s “Religion and Literature.” If the twenty-first century can learn how to keep alertness and resist confusion of that kind, Eliot’s thought can be of help:

I am convinced that we fail to realize how completely, and yet how irrationally, we separate our literary from our religious judgments. If there could be a complete separation, perhaps it might not matter: but the separation is not, and never can be, complete. (“Religion and Literature” 100)

Morality can be thought via the intersections of the two realms. The world might be more comprehensible if one could read literature with the aesthetic mind, and manage social conduct deploying the ethical compartment. But it does not correspond with the way we live, think, feel, and create. Instead, these two are in constant communication. However, the way they are combined is socially conditioned. Thus, we bear witness to “aesthetization” of the moral sphere, but that should not be confused with concepts such as Rorty’s idea of poeticized culture (*Contingency, Irony, and Solidarity*). Instead of poeticizing culture, in accord with its own demand and affinities, it is, in fact, being subject to oversimplifying sensationalism. Simply put, aesthetics has been crudely reduced to spectacle. To analyze in detail how that affects morality is beyond the scope of this work. Suffice it to say that the most prominent manifestations of such combinations are questionable dialectical pairs that include, but are not limited to, the following:
immediacy/immanence, instantaneity/focus, sedentariness/peace, visual/vision, euphoria/joy, political correctness/humanness, uniformity/union, individualism/individuality, mass/fellowship, utility/solidarity, economics/politics, atomizing diversification/versatility of union, banalized sexuality/passion, robozomboid pragmatism/rationality, globalization/insularity, affectation/affection, sensationalism/beauty, possession/substance, formalities/civility.

It should follow that we keep ethically charged the realm of the beautiful. However, it is not always the case. Religion, from Eliot’s perspective, should be able to either reconcile the two or somehow regulate the discrepancies between them. Yet, although he ascribes to Christianity the role of the moral arbitrator, he does not prioritize that fact as the reason for embracing Christian morality:

To justify Christianity because it provides a foundation of morality, instead of showing the necessity of Christian morality from the truth of Christianity, is a very dangerous inversion; and we may reflect, that a good deal of the attention of totalitarian states has been devoted, with a steadiness of purpose not always found in democracies, to providing their national life with a foundation of morality—the wrong kind perhaps, but a good deal more of it. It is not enthusiasm, but dogma, that differentiates a Christian from a pagan society. ([The Idea of a Christian Society](#))

Postfuturist idiom agrees with the emphasis of Eliot’s reasoning. Yet, in accord with Rorty’s critique of the Romantics ([Contingency, Irony, and Solidarity](#)), feels that it goes only half-way through freeing the spiritual from doctrinal foundations. In an indirect way, Terry Eagleton’s critique of the misconception about the totality of discourse addresses the issues and provides a possibility for reshifting the debate:
Perhaps the meaning of life is not some goal to be pursued, or some chunk of truth to be dredged up, but something which is articulated in the act of living itself, or perhaps in a certain way of living. The meaning of the narrative, after all, is not just the ‘end’ of it, in either sense of the word, but the process of narration itself. (*The Meaning of Life: A Very Short Introduction* 50)

If such an approach can further inspire thinking in terms of immediacy and immanence and if it can deprive a religious vocabulary of the privileged meta-position, it by no means entails moral arbitrariness in relativistic terms. Although it may imply fluctuating, linguistically informed ethical categories, it does not mean that any moral conduct is acceptable. Again, although where there are no sentences there are no truths, as Rorty asserts (*Contingency, Irony, and Solidarity* 5), Eagleton ruminates about the relationship between language and the world:

Meaning, to be sure, is something people do; but they do it in dialogue with a determinate world whose laws they did not invent, and if their meanings are to be valid, they must respect this world’s grain and texture. To recognize this is to cultivate certain humility, one which is at odds with the ‘constructivist’ axiom that when it comes to meaning, it is we who are all-important. (*The Meaning of Life: A Very Short Introduction* 71)

Eagleton’s observations prompt further reconfiguring of Eliot’s critique. Because of certain conservative streaks in Eliot’s writing, uncritical, reductionist interpretations of his idiom present it as less resilient than it actually is. While it is true that he advocates for order, tradition, dogma, and societal institutions, his approach to these issues signals a very specific understanding of conservatism. His perception of culture as a way of life is indicative of resistance against ossification. Contrasting liberalism with conservatism, Eliot holds a decisively critical view toward their extreme forms: ”In the sense in which Liberalism is contrasted with Conservatism,
both can be equally repellant: if the former can mean chaos, the latter can mean petrification” (The Idea of a Christian Society 14). For example, instead of aiming at a redescription of particular legal and political segments of the British society, his social platform is more concerned with the possibilities of creating new, unpredictable Christian layers within the existing cultural web:

It appears to assume something which I am not yet ready to take for granted: that the division between Christians and non-Christians in this country is already, or is determined to become, so clear that it can be reduced to statistics. But if one believes, as I do, that the great majority of people are neither one thing nor the other, but are living in a no man’s land, then the situation looks very different; and disestablishment instead of being the recognition of a condition at which we have arrived, would be the creation of a condition the results of which we cannot foresee. (The Idea of a Christian Society 50)

Eliot’s insistence on situating the definition of disestablishment within the notion of unforeseeable future whose past is the present is akin to the remixing approach to tradition, particularly emphasizing transformative cultural potentials in the intersections of the time axes. However, postfuturist idiom does not think of the culture remix exactly in terms of the questions Eliot asks. Redescriptions of the present as the future of the past and the past of the future are not concerned with the destruction-preservation dichotomy, as perceived in Eliot:”We are always faced both with the question ‘what must be destroyed?’ and with the question ‘what must be preserved?’ and neither Liberalism nor Conservatism, which are not philosophies and may be merely habits, is enough to guide us” (The Idea of a Christian Society 14). Excessive as Eliot’s rhetoric may be in order to make the atrocities of the First and the Second World Wars more prominent, postfuturist idiom doesn’t entirely embrace such an expressive mode. Namely, while
the remix of tradition or current situations certainly implies preservation of some of its aspects, the selection of what is redefined is based on the belief in peaceful/peaceable social activism.

Of particular significance is the remark about education from the first half of the twentieth century:

The point upon which all who are dissatisfied with contemporary Education can agree, is the necessity for criteria and values. But one must start by expelling from one’s mind any mere prejudice or sentiment in favour of any previous system of education, and recognizing the differences between the society for which we have to legislate, and any form of society which we have known in the past. (*The Idea of a Christian Society* 76-77)

Postfuturist concerns regarding academic compartmentalization and cultural fragmentation find in this remark of Eliot’s fertile soil and a springboard for advancing the remix in the light partly akin to his idea of constant reform (*The Idea of a Christian Society* 48, 60), albeit investing in an anti-metaphysical potential of his philosophy. From that angle, Eliot’s thoughts from “What Is Minor Poetry?” (*On Poetry and Poets*) are read as a transformative take on the conventional divisions within the literary canon and academic realities of that time, reverberating with similar concerns in contemporary culture.

Eliot destabilizes the minor-major divide by discarding the most common criteria deployed in characterizing a poet as either. Among such criteria is whether the poetry has been anthologized or not, whether greatness or importance can be detected in the poetic work, or how the poet’s works are perceived or judged by the literary establishment. Conversely, what governs the reader’s decision about whether poetry is worthy of reading is based on “an awareness of genuineness” (*On Poetry and Poets* 51).
Quirks like this within Eliot’s conservatism undermine frequent misreadings of his cultural critique. Indecisiveness of the readers could be related to Eliot’s own reluctance to articulate with precision that what exceeds available linguistic devices. It can be because his cultural critique addresses the concerns that only the future can more precisely define. And that future is always already partly present, and partly yet to come, as Terry Eagleton asserts in *Against the Grain* (139). Eliot expresses such peculiarities in the intersections of the time axes as follows:

But we have to remember that the Kingdom of Christ on earth will never be realised, and also that it is always being realised; we must remember that whatever reform or revolution we carry out, the result will always be a sordid travesty of what human society should be—though the world is never left wholly without glory. (*The Idea of a Christian Society* 60)

Perhaps it is the intensity of Eliot’s expression, more than the actual content, that creates an impression of inflexibility. Maybe the time in which he lived demanded such tone in order for the message to be conveyed. The tone might have been a device for coping with the excessively contaminated communication channel. Cleansing it was a matter of oscillating from outvoicing noise to purifying it subtonically. From that perspective, his alleged conservatism is revealed as something very different from the preservation of tradition in a calcified form. His thought leaves plenty of room for rethinking the past, while being highly critical of it, simultaneously distancing oneself from an uncompromising breakaway from it: “Conservatism is too often conservation of the wrong things; liberalism a relaxation of discipline; revolution a denial of the permanent things” (*The Idea of a Christian Society* 102). The legacy of his balanced approach to the relationship between preservation and transformation, communality and individuality,
morality and beauty are among the key thematic foci of this dissertation. Building on Eagleton’s recombination of modernist reverberations in postmodernist narratives, this chapter in particular looks forward to new, neither forceable nor foreseeable, manifestations of disestablishment. Only with the postfuturist twist. In the remix.

4.3 Against Nihilo-Cannibalist Culture

In contrast with those whom we have called materialists Mr. Joyce is spiritual; he is concerned at all costs to reveal the flickerings of that innermost flame which flashes its messages through the brain, and in order to preserve it disregards with complete courage whatever seems to him adventitious, whether it be probability, or coherence or any other of these signposts which for generations have served to support the imagination of a reader when called upon to imagine what he can neither touch nor see.--Virginia Woolf, “Modern Fiction,” The Common Reader

Within Christian social vision there is space for managing friction while negotiating traditional vocabularies in the remix. It is the unifying, peaceable/peaceful spirit of Jesus Christ, whose rebelliousness is the source and the impetus to fervent striving for reawakening cultural activism and regaining human dignity through soulful life. Mercy is the wager for the nonviolent character of this passionate commitment: “It is only in a society with a religious basis—which is

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not the same as ecclesiastic despotism—that you can get the proper harmony and tension, for the individual or for the community” (*The Idea of a Christian Society* 42).

More than a half a century after Eliot, in *Belief* (1999) and *After Christianity* (2002), Gianni Vattimo continues explorations of the possibilities to rework the spiritual realm out of the ashes of nihilism. There are aspects of his thought that develop in the way slightly different from Eliot’s. However, many conclusions and implied assumptions in these two thinkers are consonant. First, Vattimo insists on secularization being the opportunity for an inspired evolvement of Christian thought in a pluralist, fragmented, and spiritually troubled postmodernist world—the climate that offers interpretations of reality freed from anchoring it in a neutral, objective metalanguage. The polyphonous interchangeability of descriptions of the world in the postgrand-narrative time allows a vernacular that expresses the life of the spirit in the kindred antimetaphysical way. It prioritizes immanence of the living spirit and takes it as the paradigm for the immediacy of living experiences inspired by it: “Revelation does not speak of an objective truth, but an ongoing salvation” (*Belief* 48).

Vattimo draws on the hermeneutic tradition of nihilo-antimetaphysics to claim a mutable, interpretative character of truth and religiosity. His *weak ontology* or *ontological hermeneutics* is an elaborate platform for a spiritual understanding of the historical shift from a religious to secular culture after the collapse of grand narratives. Abandoning metaphysics and the vocabulary of natural religion is apprehended as particularly significant for an authentic spiritual experience. Vattimo reveals death of metaphysical God and doctrinal, victim-based religiosity as a vitalizing force for the emergence of spiritual life based on ongoing salvation.

This is somewhat different from Eliot’s accentuating the importance of dogma for a Christian society. Considering the relationship between God and individuals, Vattimo claims that
victim-based religiosity founded on the first principles enabled consolidation of belief, but cannot advance spirituality based on a historical, interpretative understanding of salvation. Unlike him, Eliot envisages a slightly different trajectory with regard to the investment in religious fear for the emergence of religious hope: “We need to recover the sense of religious fear, so that it may be overcome by religious hope” (The Idea of a Christian Society 63). Vattimo repudiates the mediating role of the Church in one’s relationship with God. In this respect, Eliot’s emphasis on a traditional role of the Church as a mediator stands in sharp contrast with Vattimo’s unmediated spiritual communication. From the postfuturist standpoint, one would be prone to think that while it is certain that conduct discordant with the kenosis-charity-salvation nexus is not in accord with refacement either, it is necessary to make a distinction between that fact and conditioning life of fulfillment by fear and vengeance.

Hannah Arendt speaks in the interstices of the debate about mediation and forgiveness. In The Human Condition (1958), she examines the relationship between human and God’s forgiveness. The crux of her critique is interrogating the confusion resulting from the unclear conditionality between them:

It is decisive in our context that Jesus maintains against the “scribes and pharisees” first that it is not true that only God has the power to forgive, and second that this power does not derive from God—as though God, not men, would forgive through the medium of human beings—but on the contrary must be mobilized by men toward each other before they can hope to be forgiven by God also. (239)

Slightly differently accentuating the discussion, focusing on kenosis as an act of humility, Vattimo shows charity and salvation as firmly interlaced, mutually inspiring, and ongoing unmediated, life-generating processes constitutive of the exchange between and among re-
individualizing selflessness at its purest. Thus, charity is no longer a means of salvation. It is salvation (*After Christianity* 120). Such a radical remix in the perception of the salvation-love dynamics entails a major revision of the concept of sin. It is no longer related to fear, guilt, punishment, and a jealous god, but rather to a general need for forgiveness which we all share because we “‘failed’ toward those whom we were supposed to love – God himself perhaps … and the neighbor through whom God becomes present for us” (*After Christianity* 90). Although implicitly providing a basis for the recuperation of the supposed failure, the stance is by no means uncritically permissive.

*Weak ontology* presents Christianity as a form of exercising spirituality aimed at communal life beyond oppression and the politics of exclusion. Ongoing salvation based on love is certainly the wager for the nonviolent character of the victory against ossification and ostracism. Some prospects for thus crafted social thought can be found in other fellow latter day modernists. Terry Eagleton elucidates the idea of salvation via *kenosis*:

The ancient world believed its social order had to be cemented by sacrifice, and it was perfectly correct. It was just that it tended to see such sacrifice in terms of libations and slaughtered goats rather than as a structure of mutual self-giving.

(*After Theory* 211)

Vattimo’s understanding of the social implications of human relationships founded on trust and love is convergent with Eagleton’s. There is no limit to the capacity to humble oneself. Endless are fruits of such rebirth of individuality out of the blurry haze of cultural amalgamation. Humility teaches how to be oneself through self-giving and what kind of cohesive power refacement has for the fellowship. Rejuvenation on both cultural and personal planes occurs
through the ceaseless “deselfing” and re-individualization through enduring resistance against destruction and ossification.

When Eagleton in *The Meaning of Life: A Very Short Introduction* meditates on dying to self as a source of life of abundance, he grounds his thought in the idea of exchange. Transposed into the context of liquid culture and the flux fueling fruitful communication, his observation can serve to resituate the idea of refacement: rebirth through silence and solidarity of reindividualized selfless fellow humans engaged in enduring creation of a free culture based on trust and love. Today’s prevalent self-centered, competitive, utilitarian, nihilo-cannibalist cultural climate might perceive such mentality as naïve and/or, perhaps, inefficient. In response to the general doubtful reception of the lifestyle celebrating sparseness as abundance, fellowship as individuality-enabling, and individuality as a token of speaking the language of the species, Eagleton notes: “If this sounds unpleasantly slavish and self-denying, it is only because we forget that if others do this as well, the result is a form of reciprocal service which provides the context for each self to flourish. The traditional name for this reciprocity is love” (91).

There is a peculiar dynamic to such reciprocity, an interplay of receding and reoccurring through a mutual repost, weird oscillations of attuning to the sound of that rhythmic purification of the communication channel. There is joy in the silence of selflessness, fulfillment in the fellowship, eerie beauty in the ambivalence between indeterminacy and certitude. There is an immense sense of doing the right thing--being at home in the act of giving:

To be concerned for another is to be present for them in the form of an absence, a certain self-forgetful attentiveness. If one is loved and trusted in return, it is largely this which gives one the self confidence to forget about oneself, a perilous matter otherwise. (*After Theory* 131)
Such absence is the weakness that is a peculiar source of strength—the power of humbling oneself, the courage to love the other, to participate in crossinvigorating exchange within mutual, harmonized disappearance and reemergence. The alternating cycles of noise and silence in a syncopated conversation make peace audible in the broken beat of the language of paradox. It makes life livable amid deadly dissonance. The exchange is embodied in the miracle of the jazz band jamming:

[T]o a large extent each member is free to express herself as she likes. But she does so with a receptive sensitivity to the self-expressive performances of the other musicians. The complex harmony they fashion comes not from playing from a collective score, but from the free musical expression of each member acting as the basis for the free expression of the others. As each player grows more musically eloquent, the others draw inspiration from this and are spurred to greater heights. There is no conflict here between freedom and the ‘good of the whole’, yet the image is the reverse of totalitarian. Though each performer contributes to ‘the greater good of the whole’, she does so not by some grim-lipped self-sacrifice but simply by expressing herself. There is self-realization, but only through the loss of self in the music as a whole. (The Meaning of Life: A Very Short Introduction 100)

Music can be playing. Playing can be listening. Listening can be harmony. Harmony can be cacophony. Cacophony can be confusion. Confusion can be clarified. Clarity is pertinent to salvation. Eagleton’s jazz trope presents an exchange fully realized through giving and receiving freely the content conveyed through the decontaminated communication channel. It is life-generating blood injected in the human face of the hibernated humanity under the attack of sweepingly dehumanizing abuses of the mistakenly confused terms humility and humiliation.
Eliot contextualizes these notions within the deceptive idea of progress in the era of fragmentation and phantasmal denial of individuality:

The feeling which was new and unexpected was a feeling of humiliation, which seemed to demand an act of personal contrition, of humility, repentance and amendment; what had happened was something in which one was deeply implicated and responsible. It was not, I repeat, a criticism of the government, but a doubt of the validity of a civilization. (*The Idea of a Christian Society* 65)

To be human, in this context, is inseparable from the notions of humility and forgiveness. Eliot’s observations about the culture in the aftermath of the First and Second World Wars comprise an account of what financial oligarchies impose on one as a model diametrically opposite to the ministry of charity. His thoughts inspire further search for the ways of coping with the abusive interpretations of the terms and using them as an excuse for wrongdoing.

Humanity apparently gained eyesight after the dark Middle Ages. With the onset of the Enlightenment, the awakening of reason, and an establishment of an individual within the context of individualism, the human race was to see their heyday. In *The Origins of Totalitarianism* (1951), Hannah Arendt delineates the occurrence of certain historical coincidences, roughly summed within the narrative of imperialism. What that story in particular signifies is the world being inhabited by increasingly self-aware and, indeed, self-absorbed mass of isolated people.

Such an atomizingly uniforming culture was enabled by the emergence of an economic consciousness as a prevalent denominator of subjectivity. The rise of economy of financial speculation (*The Origins of Totalitarianism* 135) coincided with the incubation of liberalism proper that was to spur a transmutation of politicians into businessmen. This transfiguration was
to be secured by the reinforcement of private practices as a basis of public engagement. The subtext of this narrative is a growing faith in the power of property and material possession.

Arendt backs her thought with Hobbes’s philosophy as an explanation of the ever-expanding mentality of self-centeredness. She exposes the rise of the culture of competitors, the culture of hostility. Expansion apparently becomes a political principle that tends to create a confusing equation between human and inhuman. In other words, the world becomes a battlefield in which a socio-political version of the natural survival is the name of the game and the means are as arbitrary and numerous as ends allow. Anchored in power politics (*The Origins of Totalitarianism* 138), nihilistic-cannibalist competitors have been mercilessly engaged in an exercise of a simplistic version of society.

In such circumstances, morality is conceptualized in terms of commodity. Arendt points out the historical trajectory of the alliance between capital and mob opening up new ways of strategizing power-relations. The nineteenth century lays the cornerstone of the empire of a mindless, violent robbery disguised behind a mask of a civilized, rational, liberated politico-economic exchange; the early twentieth century solidifies the erosion of sensibility, all the while imposing the travesty of fragmented consciousness as the socio-psychological normativity; the late twentieth century meets the beginning of the twenty-first century in the lingering ghost of the nihilist orgies.

Down the road of delusional thinking, toward an ever-expanding financial oligarchy, one, now and then, engages in a dialogue with fellow travelers. The dictum of self-aggrandizement, coupled with insatiable thirst for power and materialist wealth, frequently trials an individual’s survival skills. In response, one commits deeds not entirely in accord with poetics of charity. Be it benevolent cheating, shamelessly malicious theft, blatantly inflicting pain on others, or
homicide—all of it and much more is elegantly justified as being merely human weakness, imperfection, erroneousness, or anything else that makes one a human being. Or, so the logic of mindlessness has it. Like forgiveness, the understanding of humaneness can be uncritically manipulated. Namely, to recognize human imperfection can be indicative of humbly admitting the limits of the human. Identifying imperfection as a human characteristic can also mislead to a crass misconception of the idea of the fellowship and morally acceptable behavior. Irrational as it may be, it is the history of civilization that has seen instances of the power of reason at its most mindless.

Arendt’s critique of the world after the scientific turn scrutinizes an absurd decrease in sensibility in age of reason and the following epochs. The prevalent aspect of discourse reflects such discrepancies. Her questioning the supposed disinterested scientific standpoint addresses the troubling intersection between biological determinism and discursive polysignification: “For no matter what learned scientists may say, race is, politically speaking, not the beginning of humanity, but its end, not the origin of peoples but their decay, not the natural birth of man but his unnatural death“ (The Origins of Totalitarianism 157).

As civilization has been galloping toward a more perfect world, more profit, more houses, cars, fewer fruitful conversations, and less time available for meditation, it has, without knowing it, been dissolved between discourses of radical cultural constructivism, biological, and social overdeterminism. Postfuturists are not unaware of such bewilderment. But, just as Arendt did, we, too, know that the paradox of the human limits should not be confusedly equated with a nihilo-cannibalist deception using questionable morality as justification and/or proof of humaneness. Occasional erroneous reasoning and temporary meaninglessness can signal human imperfection. However, it is by no means all what to be human is about.
Reshifting the debate onto the remix based on humility and charity takes both the limitations and potential of the human to be a source of cultural reconfiguration. Language is constantly reconfirming those capacities. What cannot be verbalized may be an indicator of the imperfection of language, simultaneously signaling the twofold blessing. There is a protective side to its erratic character. In the remix, subtonically disrupting the puzzling narratives, silence disambiguates misconceptions about the totality of discourse. Language, thus, indirectly admits its limitations, which is another way of opening up a possibility to think differently and refocus on the potential stemming from its limits. By extension, it is reasonable to believe that culturally constructed realities are not immune from remixing either.

New blood infused in the atrophied humanity is the power of NO to confusion. That reanimating energy purges the communication channel from the noise that sometimes manifests itself in deadening persuasive techniques attempting to impose on one a belief that devaluing the other makes one worthy and virtuous. These dangerous rhetorical devices arouse a sense of self-righteousness on which will power thrives. And is dissolved when it hits the limits of its presumably unrivaled empire—“the sky.”

A beautiful portrayal of the potential of silence and the power of weakness can be found in Terry Eagleton’s *The Gatekeeper: A Memoir* (2001). Reminiscing childhood and adolescence, Eagleton writes about the utterly elusive, emotionally and spiritually challenging character of his father. Eagleton ascribes uneasiness--part of their relationship--to his father’s shyness and socio-emotional inarticulateness. An incommunicado parent is surely an enigma for the child, but also a great lesson for the little one. Admittedly, he is still not entirely sure whether “his [father’s] silence was a rock or an abyss, strength or indifference” and that “it was hard to know whether he was a friend or an alien” (*The Gatekeeper: A Memoir* 121-122). However, he can with a fair
extent of certainty identify the realm of stability: his father was “practical, rational, reliable and infinitely patient” (The Gatekeeper: A Memoir 121). Thus, Eagleton seems to have learnt from the sparse emotionality and radically restrained expression of thought how to differentiate between the “two images of God” (The Gatekeeper: A Memoir 122).

One is fearful God, “before whom we bargain our way to salvation by performing certain cultic rites and being remarkably well-behaved” (The Gatekeeper: A Memoir 122). The other is humble God, “who does not need to be appeased because he has forgiven us already, and scandalously accepts us just as we are” (The Gatekeeper: A Memoir 122). Eagleton goes on to conclude: “This image of God, as counsel for the defence or even as co-defendant in the dock, is known as Jesus, friend of the shit of the earth” (The Gatekeeper: A Memoir 122).

Thanks to silence, one also learns how to accept the gift of kenosis from the source of love and salvation. For that reason, Eagleton’s portrayal of family relationships inspires reconfiguration of dominance-based social relations through reawakening cultural activism and regaining human dignity in soulful life. Negotiating traditional vocabularies in the remix is based on the unifying, peaceable/peaceful power of humility as the wager for the nonviolent character of the passionate commitment.

4. 4 Pre & Post (Latter Day) Modernist Aethics

Hannah Arendt is concerned with an aspect of the parental problematic in The Human Condition. She considers the violation of freedom resulting from the erosion of the public and the private, integral to the collapse of authority. In the culture of competitors and the rule of sheer utility, the life-enhancing capacity for creation seems to be afflicted by noise in the communication channel. Namely, considering the problem of permanence of the world and the work of art, Arendt accentuates the durability of artistic work to be preconditioned by the
invincible aesthetic aspect. She states that any artifice is inevitably judged as ugly, beautiful, or an increment on the ugliness-beauty scale. This is clearly a matter of an exchange normally happening on the public plane, as the judgment of that kind presupposes perception by the other. Since a financially based culture of power thirsty, self-centered non-individuals can hardly enable communication within which the perception can occur, the aesthetic remains hidden from the eyes of the alleged interlocutors.

Such discordance between the public and the private creates a living environment that disables cultural dialogue. Crucial for the sabotaged communication is the violation of the notion of authority and, as a result, ill-managed, deviant social relations. In “What is Authority?” from Between Past and Future: Eight Exercises in Political Thought (1977), Arendt talks about the world after the scientific turn as a succession of instances of the execution of power as futile pretensions to the title of authority. Futile because they fail to meet the prerequisite for being one:

Since authority always demands obedience, it is commonly mistaken for some form of violence. Yet authority precludes the use of external means of coercion; where force is used, authority itself has failed. Authority, on the other hand, is incompatible with persuasion, which presupposes equality and works through the process of argumentation. Where arguments are used, authority is left in abeyance. Against the egalitarian order of persuasion stands the authoritarian order, which is always hierarchical. If authority is to be defined at all, then, it must be in contradistinction to both coercion by force and persuasion through arguments. (Between Past and Future: Eight Exercises in Political Thought 93)
One bears witness to an ages-long continuum of social and political variants of flawed authority in the culture of faceless, self-absorbed pretendants to authority amidst proliferated, mediated, coercive relations, mistakenly confused with public debate proper. Likewise, the personal realm is being severely afflicted, since “[a]uthority implies obedience in which men retain their freedom,” as Arendt asserts (*Between Past and Future: Eight Exercises in Political Thought* 105). If anxiety about the decadent materialist, utilitarian culture of the twentieth century was an inspiration for social refocusing, nowadays the same sluggishness of imagination, as Eliot puts it, is a good reason for similar reshifting. Contemporary culture redefinitions concern the uniformity of mass culture and its threats to the joy of refacement. Eliot saw individuality as a response against amalgamating forces of the military-entertainment complex, i.e., financial oligarchy and its deceptive triumph over human dignity. 70

The mutually conditioning relationships between interpersonal communication, cultural relations, technology, and progress is certainly part of the thematic. So is it in the context of this work. Only with the postfuturist twist, preserving a necessary distance from demonizing technology and media *per se*, and yet, being aware of coercive mechanisms of control frequently exercised through inducing disorienting torpor, strangely empowered by imposed hyperactivity in mass culture. There is a peculiar dynamic of sedentariness within the fast pace of progress. Imposed as the models of the everyday, they mainly aim at distracting individuals from a possibility to think differently and to base on it solidarity against oppression.

Jean Baudrillard’s thoughts from *The Vital Illusion* (2000) reinstate the correlation between individuality and communality in the world of eroding morality, the inflated drive for instantaneous gratification and robozombism mistaken for subjectivity.

70 *Individuality* should not confusedly equated with *individualism.*
And yet, within the seemingly disheartened portrayal of catatonic cultural climate is the germ of the investment in the restoration of human energies and reconstitution of communal cohesion:

Through the media, it is the masses who manipulate those in power (or those who believe themselves to be). It is when the political powers think they have the masses where they want them that the masses impose their clandestine strategy of neutralization, of destabilization of a power that has become paraplegic. (*The Vital Illusion* 53)

Baudrillard’s cultural critique reiterates investment in human agency. Its hopeful post nihilist aspect is in a certain respect suggestive of the call not unlike Guattari’s ecosophy. Against social inhibition of culturally disintegrated masses, Guattari offers: “Rather than looking for a stupefying and infantilizing consensus, it will be a question in the future of cultivating a *dissensus* and the singular production of existence” (*The Three Ecologies* 50). Meditating upon the impact of Integrated World Capitalism (IWC), Guattari insists on the reconstitution of subjectivity and social interconnectivity in resisting erosion in the realms of the three vital spheres:

There will have to be a massive reconstruction of social mechanisms [*rouages*] if we are to confront the damage caused by IWC. It will not come about through centralized reform, through laws, decrees and bureaucratic programmes, but rather through the promotion of innovatory practices, the expansion of alternative experiences centered around a respect for singularity, and through the continuous production of an autonomizing subjectivity that can articulate itself appropriately
in relation to the rest of society. (The Three Ecologies 59 italics and square brackets in original)

Transformative potential for the culture remix stems from the belief in the possibility of a dialogue between and among discrepant sensibilities and sentiments, united around a simple, yet vital, consensus against ossification and destructiveness. Terry Eagleton’s reflections upon the tribulations in the post 9/11 world are understood as a call for the restoration of human dignity based on the unifying power of peaceful/peaceable solidarity:

![Image](image_url)

Few prospects could be more admirable in this respect than that of the millions of Americans who, in the face of this reckless, world-hating hubris, continue steadfastly to speak up for humane values, with the spirit of independence, moral seriousness, sense of dedication and devotion to human liberty for which they are renowned among the nations. If it is unAmerican to reject greed, power and ruthless self-interest for the pitiable frauds that they are, then millions of Americans must today be proud to call themselves so. It is this authentic America – these political friends and comrades – that I would wish to share dedication of

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History, despite being erratic, teaches that the future is partly an unforeseeable/unforceable segment on the time axes, partly an integral constituent of the present. Likewise, the present is the current everyday, but also the future of what once was the past. Thus, dark times have always been alternating with light. Today, in a globalized world, to be un-American the way Eagleton defines it is certainly a call for reimagining history in the language of humbleness in the service of peaceful/peaceable resistance and solidarity.

Neither longing for the past nor dislocated in an impossible future is this extravagantly utopian call. No past is appealing enough to maintain social relations based on inequities. Similarly, no somnambulist future projection is seductive enough to distract one from the perseverance in *hic & nunc / anticarpediem* poetics.

If a parent can teach, the lesson to be learnt can be about the belief in the dream of human integrity and fellowship. If such an understanding of individuality and communality is constitutive of the remix, it is based on a genuine exchange between and among humans. Prerequisite for such cultural flows is the communication channel purified from noise. Such a green environment is inseparable from fine-tuning in the realm of storytelling and the everyday alike.

Incessant modifications are being carried out through the alternations of noise and silence, “deselfing” and refacement. For the reconstitution of the human face it is necessary to endure in persistent peaceful/peaceable resistance against oppression. The politics of humility can look naïve to the utility-minded, dominance-driven, but it
shouldn’t prevent one from whole-heartedly embracing consensus against such a distorted perception of power. It might seem too demanding to the culture attuned to ruthless social reenactment of biological survival. And yet, such a nihilo-cannibalist mindset is by no means a reason for weakening hard-headedly enduring in antibabylonian solidarity.

One would be humble enough to persevere in forging postfuturist supracultural remapping in the key of the remix. Genuine phunkie offspring of the DJ ancestors are mafothers of the posterity conjuring up stories to help each other creatively and critically recuperate the past, reimagine the future, and resurrect the present. The radical guiding light of shadow talk and subtonic hi-fi in the spirit of refacement is rebirth through silence of selfless, yet reindividuated, fellow humans united in the service of language: creation of social relations free from contaminating noise throughout the remix.
9/10 July, 20II

Once upon a time humanity found itself plagued by lexical proliferation. The critical area of confusion happened to be the schizoid split within the term privacy. On the one hand, the meaning of the word got atomized through replication, resulting in seemingly akin, yet, in fact, resolutely distinct, concepts such as intimacy, individuality, identity. On the other hand, however, the fragmentation in question led to an overwhelming sense of universality, consisting of an interaction between and amongst the particularities at stake. The universality, for some reason, felt unbearable. Unbearable because of the counterintuitive clash between resemblance and differentiation. Counterintuitive because intuition presumes coincidence, resonance, and/or convergence between logically discordant phenomena. Logically discordant because of the counterintuitive, a priori laws of logic. Counterintuitive because of the logic of negation of innate categories. Negation because of the facticity of the constructivist character of the mind.

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73 South Street Seaport. NYC. Summer 2011.
74 Sounds from beneath the surface of the earth, from somewhere, are heard. An exchange of vibrations with the surrounding saturates the words as they are being morphed. Aural magma grips the rising consciousness. Confusion reigns. Observations about the babylonian orbits are emanated into the atmosphere of the newly born heavenly bodies, struggling to find their places in the galaxy of multiple suns. The epistolary sun, the melancholy sun, the sun of fire, of the purifying water, and the sun of laughter rotate, thereby establishing a verbal carrousel, bringing to the ear of the reader content for poetic / metacritical excavations. Through the passages across unidentifiable territories, polluted with deafening noise, new voices are being crystallized as the communication channel is being cleansed from confusion spreading the sound of creation.
Constructivist because of the counterintuitive nature of the perception and meaning of the likes of color red as a stimulation of neurons, communication between transmitters and the rest of the nervous system, climaxing in the signal reaching the target in the central part of it, revealing to the remaining parts of the organism that the sensory input translates into \( \Lambda \)-AE-D.

By the time this counterintuitive replication of sensory meaning reached the level of alarming dubiosity, to say the least, the person by the name of DamendHer was already two years old. Orphan by birth, the child spent infancy and early childhood living six months in a boat on the river SiDzi, the other six in the nest on the tree overshadowing the boat. Although at such a fragile age, the child demonstrated an astonishing attunement to the theoretico-scientific flux, whose vital issue was concerned with the question of privacy. Attesting to this fact, frequently welcomed with natural resistance on behalf of those capable of medico-logical reasoning, a letter written by the abovesaid was found exactly three years after one was born and is addressed to the future adopter. The following is a copy of the original archived at the Suprastellar Omnimuseico Corporation & Co.

9/1Ø July, 2ØII

Daer Adopter:

Although well adapted to the circumstances under which many a man would curse the day when the absent parents threw one into this world, I am writing to, nevertheless, express immeasurable excitement caused by even a slightest thought of meeting one’s future caretaker. The delight one feels at a mere nanoimaginometer of envisioning the moment when a new chapter of one’s life as a born orphan will start, comes, believe-it-or-not, from one’s daily engaging in conjuring up a
comprehendible web out of outrageous threads of meaningsz. Recent achievements in the hybrid form of thought, sampling the elements of AeristoTalyan tradition with advanced D-AE-Rwinism-meeting-greenH-AE-Dism, inspired one to create one’s own contribution to aestheticized politics of medico-morality. What follows is an exposé intended to be delivered V U as a token of gratitude for the anticipated generous act of YOURSZ.

In sum, my groundbreaking discovery lies in a shamefully simple fact: the word privacy has been interchangeably used with the word secrecy. And/or vice versa. This creates the basis for understanding and experiencing safety as hiding. In turn, one learns to appreciate individuality as an apex of identity in absentia. Consequently, it bases one’s daily activities on the detective story paradigm. As the phenomenon advances, the basic pattern is being enriched by an addition of other transmedial elements such as thriller, horror, psychodrama, romance gris, pixilated picaresque narrative, crossed with confectional poetry with an air of steroidized kitch’N’sink symphony. On the meta-level, this results in endless replicas of the synonyms for the concept of privacy. On the object-level, implications are numberless. However, the predominant one appears to be the increments on the life / death scale, whose contradictory extremes alternate, while engaging in a dynamic anthitetical, yet not antagonistic, dialogue constituting a coexistence involving a mind-ôffending simultaneity and its bizarrely undeniable facticity. The first cosmic truth borne out of paradox: Everything starts with the second year in one’s life.
From the point of view of someone who has experienced the condition firsthand, it can be described as the following lousy attempt will try to illustrate to a curious mind willing to digest cold leftovers of somebody else’s w-h-a-t-e-v-e-r-i-s-t-h-e-o-p-p-o-s-i-t-e-o-f-c-o-l-d lunch. Personally, one isn’t sure if one’s gastrointestinal tract would process such input, but there are digestive systems and digestive systems. Hence, for those who would compromise digestion for the sake of uncompromising research politics, the meal is just about to be served.

The troublesome interplay between life and death in the age of lexical proliferation of meaning was experienced most vividly on the inside as a rotation of flashes of a categorically different character. On the outside, the appearances wouldn’t display the least percentage of the drama from the space enclosed by the epithelium. At least not for the lenses of a camera set by default to the XO-flash image mode. Other lenses opened for the cyclonic luminescence stimuli. The non-dramatic projection of the agonistic hurricane would appear as follows.

It’s 8 AM. I’m walking through a bright spring opening of a promising day. I see streets whose light grey pavement whispers of the juicy concrete to kiss the feet in a couple of months’ period when the sun will be closer to the earth and directing its laser jet from a different angle. But, right now, I am walking through the lightness of the warm spring air, anticipating the noon and,

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75 Housing. NYC. Summer 2011.
more so, the evening hours of calm, comforting solitude. What the span between now and the
long awaited moment has in store for me is beyond my epistemology. What was before this
moment and the previous realization of what once was anticipation is, by my standards, beyond
living within the boundaries of good taste. My noons are usually joyful because that’s when I
take a walk in a nearby park, not far from my office, for midday indulgence in gustation. That
keeps my spirit sufficiently charged to endure the long afternoon office hours. After which I,
should the weather permit, take another twenty-or-thirty odd steps towards the sanctuary of the
evening. With the discreet creak of the door opening, I am losing myself to the seductive
dimness of the space that I pretend I don’t know to be my own apartment. And I play estranging
the familiar territory in order to enhance the solicitude necessary for the invasion of such turf.
Once I allow for the dialectical turn which shifts the direction and agents in the conquest, i.e.,
once the active part on my behalf is complete, I allow the hollowness of the secretive darkness to
suck me into its velvety spiral corridors. Downwards. All the way to the heart of the vacuum
called the bliss of an evening calm experienced in solitude.

On the inside, however, the situation is radically different. My casual morning walk through the
freshness of the urbane ozone forest is a feast of denial. What is being denied is a
counterintuitivly non-carnal sensory experience. An instance of such a blow to rationality is my
walking towards a heap of flowers that is acquiring the properties of an organism. This is being
manifested in the heap’s movements increasingly resembling breathing. With each inhalation the
petals covering this bizarre hill start vibrating to the particular melodies imagined by each of
them, respectively. This generates cacophony of movements whose secondary effect is upPing
the pace of the alternation of inhales and exhales. When the vibration reaches the level of a buzz,
the final exhale leads to the transmutation of the floral mountain into a pile of unidentifiable
greasy particles whose contact between and amongst each other causes a kinetic chain reaction resulting in the creation of an image of a gigantic slippery wave elated above the surface of the ocean whose fluctuation of the thick amalgam of feces and mucus evokes the ominous smile of the universe in the interregnum before nothingness and the big bang. The titillations happen to be the harbingers of the birth of civilization from the simmering brew of uncreated, albeit existing, gases that lead to the moment of the historic rise of the slimy, dripping billow.

My enlightened lunch time is, on the inside, a jump into the bubbling cosmic hemorrhage. As I am entering the park, a dollop of thickened scrap from a laboratory specimen hits me with the intensity of the scorchingly sour smell more than what it does to me visually / VC 450 flight to Bristol has been delayed due to the severe weather conditions / I am shocked by the effect, as I do not normally experience olfactory hallucinations during the lunch break. On the inside of my forearm a cut opens. Looks like a freshly made scar…a result of playing with a penknife…quite benign / Lufthansa 230 flight to Berlin has been cancelled > passengers are kindly requested to be patient, as the information about the next flight will be provided shortly > Can I help you? Yes, please…um…scrambled squid--poached, not shaken; shrimp coated with pickled sour kraut-flavored mayonnaise…make it rare > The cut is mutating from a smile-shaped curve into a

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76 Williamsburg. NYC. Summer 2011.
laughter-deformed caricature of the portrait of my great granddad hanging above my bed in the room that I always visit in a dream I have on Sundays / All passengers from the BA 100 flight to Vienna are requested to alight their interbypass carousels, as the vehicles to the airbus will be provided as soon as the last call for RyanAir 22 is announced / Any dressing, seer? Yes, please…garlic-ginger / Through the poisonous curtain of the caries infested mouth cavity, I hear the pulse orchestrating the transformation of the bedrock of the part of my body alienated from myself. As a result, I see the thin line growing into a 12-lane gangrenous highway for chopper-carriers of electric cars as an advanced way of the preservation of energy in the post-fossil-fuel era / Anything to drink? / Smoking-free zones will be used as temporary shelters and needle-sharing centers until the airport hospital reopens having been raided by a group of passengers from the redirected CV 315 flight to Miami and its forced landing in order to avoid a possible tragic outcome due to the air traffic being momentarily inaccessible to land control / My forearm, which is not mine any more, smells of sour kraut-flavored pickles from the time when my grandma was a wee lassie > Yes, please…diet coke. > As I am approaching the bench (my miniscule midday retreat) I get attacked by a wild look of a withdrawal-crushed shadow of a junky, who says: My flight has been being delayed for three consecutive days. I am out of my f*cking mind. I am a shadow dying of sickness-induced insomnia. My heart is extinguished. My muscles dehydrated. My mind is out of sight. I am a sickness-ridden shadow. Looking for a way to trick my prospects for health and get as HI as a f*cking KItte, as stoned as the raockey beach of my shitty descending. As s/he says so, I feel the eruption coming from the core of my skeleton, rockiteering upwards…towards what used to be the epithelium boundary of one’s body. I can smell a 99 year garbage can stink approaching the surface at maximum speed and strangely feel the transpositioning of the olfactory pandemonium into a visually palpable head-shaped
hemorrhage, puncturing the bone, tearing the connective tissue, breaking the blood vessels, and screaming at the world around itself as if it were the first audio second in the life of an uberville >Seer, you dropped you wallet, seer…Thanks, angel. Help yourself to a fiver and get some ice-cream for being such a sweetie > As I hear myself pronounce the very last syllable of the last word of the sentence / utterance, I feel sharp objects being attached to what was previously my forearm…or so it felt…or so I identified it…or so I am able to describe it…beyond the description was just the jaws devouring the monster being born from my own tissue…and between the inhalation and the exhalation, dividing two megabites, a gust of hardly identifiable verbal content, mixing with the odor of a mayonnaise’s tropical fortnight, strikes me with a familiar voice: I am a f*cking shadow and I will eat you alive if you don’t get me to the sexed up smoking-free zone as soon as f*cking possible. Having heard the last word, I realize that my lunch-break is over.

“The flight has been cancelled*…*Diet coke.*…*Three consecutive days*…*Yes, seer*…**Eater of my intergalactic black holes**Needle-sharing centers*…*Wild flash from a stranger’s eye cavity*…*Your wallet, seer*…*Whipped cream*…*Yes, seer…My feet are heavy, but my steps are light. 70% of my blood is being engaged in the digestion of the uneasy lunch*break, but my mind is used to running on the minimum of whatever percentage of the

77 Sugarland, Williamsburg. NYC. Summer 2011.
fluid. Я-AE-D. The usual twenty-to thirty odd steps on my way back to the office are a space oddity in their own right. But my sense of direction works proportionately to the level of confusion. I always make a left on the first corner, past the shabby tobacconist, but now I walk two more blocks and slip into the side alley after I buy a gallon of expensive, super-filtered, ultrapure still water bottled in the ancient Japanese sanctuary by monks of the xClancio order, known in religious circles worldwide for its Spartan moral code, Athenian ecclesiastic practices, and Roman understanding of urban planning (although the latter is indisputably beyond the scope of the order’s activities) *I am a ghost of a shadow*…*VC 34 flight to wherever*…*Three consecutive days*…*Yes, seer**Eater of my intergalactic black holes**Your wallet, seer. I see the building where I work. I pass the security desk without having my ID checked. Because they know my name****Historian specializing in mummies****I take the elevator to the eleventh floor to my office. Number V. I walk past the coworkers, who came from their lunch break, not unlike myself. I wonder what kind of olfactory cacophony they experienced while they were having lunch. What did they have? A piece of pizza? Baked sweet potatoes? Garden salad? Or ssuop? I prefer to think they had tuna salad instead. They might have had it, as well*…*I need you to get me to the temporary shelter/former smokinfree zone as soon as f*ckin possible*…*Shadow of the looted hospital*…*Now boarding*…*Yes, seer**Sup of my coup…Incestonaut**I sit at my desk. I have a computer on it. My computer is incessantly connected to the internet. I am also part of the intranet. And the Ethernet. I do 80% of my work on the computer. Online. My colleagues do approximately the same. I create maps. I am a map-designer. I use advanced technologies for the creation of maps. I create maps presenting the interconnectivity between and amongst people who are interested in the technologies of the preservation of the ancient Japanese water-bottling ceremonies*…*I am
in love with my own mind…*Now boarding*…*I don’t do prescription stuff*…*I am in love with a lamp-shaped face*…*I am a lamp dying to score*…*Your flight, seer**Eater of my interneurotransmitter vacancies**I draw maps of family trees of the trustees of the xClencio lamps & Co. In my work I use sophisticated computerized protocols for the selection of the individuals to be included in the maps. They are being chosen based on the degree, level, and/or percentage of the proliferation of lexical meaning in their lives. And depending on the synonym they use for the word privacy. I sometimes have to visually indicate how such persons are positioned within the web. At times, however, their presence and interconnectivity are suggested by the use of other means. Once I wrote a poem that stood for the person who donated four old timer airplanes from his/her private collection to the Japanese sanctuary on the Mountain of Lamp Worshippers&There Disciples:

Con-commitant, ye beloved.

GoodNerd, cava!

I am in love with my own mind—

I am dying to get me a lamp.

I am a lamp worshipper.

Eater of my rash-ravaged skin.

My dream kitch’n’person / Ye soul of my lamp.

As I recall the poetic intervention created upon request of the trustee, I hear the sound from the nearby belfry. And I know it is 6 PM. And time to go home.
There is Unholy Trinity Sq. past the intersection of Floral Hill St. and Half-Way-Between-Saturn&Moon’s Major Southern Crater St. that I always pass at around 7 PM on my way back from work. Funny site—an urban planning quirk par excellence. On its side facing the east there is an arcade. Always in the shade. Not only does it leave the passer-by irredeemably perplexed by the architectural site’s defying basic astronomical facts and realities, but it is also an aesthetic well-spring of a kind. Its semi-darkness creates sharp contrast with the rest of the square in the background, intensifying the visual effect based on the conversation between different wavelengths that at different speed stimulate one’s eye. The reason why Я mention this is because every time I cut across that place, it never fails to catch my whole sensory-perceptual apparatus. Soon after my voluntary subjugation to such a bodily-architectural thrill, I turn into Floral Hill St. for carbohydrate supplies—highlight of my night, crown of my day. I change neither the riddim nor the pace of my walk from work. Rain or shine, my walk is the same.

Thus, Я, without an exception, arrive to the place that I pretend I don’t know to be my own apartment at around 8 PM. The contact between the key and the lock is a recurring daily promise that finds its realization in the series of wonts of mine. I open the door and before my hand reaches the switch, I take a quick emotional shower of an anxiously pleasurable anticipation. My apartment, before I completely enter it, welcomes me with a look of seaweed entangled around

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78 South Street Seaport, Detail. NYC. Summer 2011.
one’s ankle. When I turn on the lights, it is a kiss of wet grass on a scalding, humid day in July, before early birds-joggers steal scarce oxygen and leave the unfortunate shortage of the gaseous mixture to welcome bohemian heavy sleepers/late birds. When I am inside in all my entirety, I hear cutlery being laid, as the table is being set for breakfast. Then I recognize the smell of white coffee that chronologically contextualizes the sound nearly forty years ago in the mornings when the sun meant sweet fruit, and rain freedom from everything, but not for anything.

Two easy steps to the right and voila you see me in the barbarously regal shrine of my multiple-sensory/kaleidoscopically spiritual ceremony. First, before I even wash my hands—let alone have a shower proper—I look at the mirror. Just to reset my senses from the previous attunement to old-timer airplanes, to recast my cartographer mind of a slightly different type, due to the altered set up, to defragment my brain and gather the scattered mental particles excruciatingly remote from each other in the vastness of the skull, having survived the flight–cancellation--meets—the-haunting-look-of-the-junky’s-shadow-refugee-from-the-purgatory--assault. Immediately following that ritualistic resurrection is the second when one of my feet presses with its toes the heel of the other feet, thereby half taking off the shoe. In accord with the spirit that nourishes my private (derivatives of the word privacy do count and are part of the culture of proliferation of lexical meaning, but because this is an intimate moment, the discussion about a special treatment of such linguistic complexity-inducing factors is beyond the scope of the vocabulary currently available) oasis in the desert called time, the other feet collaborates and, as soon as one pronounces, “Redirect all your cookies my way, and then, hold your biscuits, Tas/hkon!” the other responds by throwing the shoe high in the air, sometimes hitting the ceiling, sometimes not. I turn on my stereo to have life-restoring vibrations accompany me on my way to the bathroom, where I take the first steps towards regaining human dignity by
sustaining smooth skin on one’s elbows. I let the water fall over the scar on the inside of my forearm. And then, after I return to the living room to sag into the luxurious silent hug of the sofa, the human-presence-sensitive lamp is activated and a luminescent jet projected from its face-shaped shade finds its focus on the page of the book I hold in my hands with the tenderness of a parent touching a cheek of ye person-child beloved. The title is On How to Phunkie WriteReadRemix (ØØØØ).

Neveř have i imagined my life to turn into an inexplicable commitment to switching from a sitting to a lying position; neveř thought that turning from one’s back to one’s belly would become the foundation of one’s wellbeing; neveř would have believed if somebody had said that the excuse for one’s being alive would have been gluttonous indulgence in externally stimulated fabrication of one’s jealousy. Hence, one spends nights in the shadow of long days, losing oneself to the proliferation of fantasy like there is no tomorrow. Hard times demand hard fancy. How one is to cope with such realities is a matter of personal choices. Nearly each individual would have one’s own reason for choosing this or that word to attach it to the experience selected in solitude, secretly. Neither solid nor fluid are such decisions. Neither impassioned nor aloof. Neither heedful nor indifferent. Just words, random choices picked from the sea of lexical abundance, emptied of innateness, stripped of fixity, freed from inevitability. Mine can be found in the answer to the riddle of the signifier for the antonym of the expression****three dirty overcoats****Whoever thinks of solving it…well, that’s a very bad sign.

Those are my thoughts, sealing the nightly recovery from daily intoxications. The rest is…
Daer Adoptear, the rest is the reality of the shamefully simple truth, whose blatantly disarming obviousness one is trying to verify conjuring all sorts of complexities imaginable to a human kidney. Out of such lousy attempts, such as the abovewritten account of one’s daily rootiness, is borne an escalating confusion of an impressive spreading capability. Yet, the unavoidable fact to be faced by anyone worthy of one’s sugar is the first cosmic truth borne out of paradox: Everything starts with the second year in one’s life. And sees the beginning of its fully fledged realization a year later with the release of one’s sense of poetic vision. In hope that your empathic capacities exceed the limitations of the emotion imprisoned in the repressively oppressive consequences of verbal expression, I am addressing you with the plea to hear one’s testimony of living in the age of the world economic power-charts being topped by the variables of mutable identities, of the sky-rocketing sales of information smuggling, of the global economic elite-states losing zillions of their ploughpersons to suicide, of ideologies refigured to the level of comparison ad absurdum, of ethics equated with legality, the latter further identified with the new rave, of the market gris devising disguised assisted suicide techniques as part of the elevated, human-centered war on the red market, of tolerance, open-mindedness, and deabjecting politics being conditioned by closeness of the heart—irrationality of the highest order, the far cry…posterity…of the ancient master skill of sophist logic and rhetoric. In hope that your intellectual ability can transcend one’s hopelessly foggy verbalization of the train of thought per

Harlem Magnolia. NYC. April 2011.

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se bewildering enough, one offers this modestly crafted emulation of perceptions filtered through the sentimental, albeit not sentimentalist, grid of individually (despite the blasphemy of all the implied, hypothesized, assumed, and presumed repercussions, persecutions, and prosecutions), albeit not individualistically, created ideas of all the possible synonyms for the word privacy in the age of proliferation of lexical meaning and the emergence of the groundbreaking discovery turning into the cornerstone of the development of a three year old child’s poetic vision: the word privacy has been interchangeably used with the word secrecy—and/or *vice versa*—thus creating the basis for understanding and experiencing safety as hiding. In turn, one learns to appreciate individuality as an apex of identity *in absentia*. In such world, beauty is being shifted from the realm of aesthetics to that of face lifting. The pen is, analogously, being replaced by a surgical knife. *Kenosis* is confused with liposuction. Oat fields with silicon valleys. Where the size of one’s love muscle corresponding to one’s tubularo-uteral dimensions attests to living in a degendered culture. In which chromosomic reconfiguration is a matter of pixelated pigmentation as the ultimate proof of the victory of progress and the power of constructivism. In which the results of scientific research are subject to adjustments depending on the stage of one’s tenure-trial years or other conditioning factors within the upward academic mobility dynamics, the results of medical laboratory tests go under the umbrella title: *Wassup!* Where languages are being used in ways that betray their origin, i.e., supposed means of communication, thus leading towards better understanding between and amongst humans. The culture from which this letter is being written is that of an anxiety-infested kingdom of the complex entertainment industry—the world of flashy white teeth displayed behind the uninterrupted smile, leaving little-tø-nø røøm for laughter. Because one fears the consequences of exposing the architectonic fragility to even a slightly-more-energetic-than-ye-average-pneumatic-kinetic.
For that reason, in solicitude ruminating about the destiny of one’s own house, one is sending this letter to the focus of one’s joyous anticipations. In hope that at least 20% of the scribblings will be met with reasonable empathy (although any percentage will alleviate one’s current disquiet) one continues virtually exploring the possibilities of advanced communication. In true aspiration of some response, I am closing these broodings with an admiration for the generous future act of *yore--dapoltri*.

i yours!

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Days Off Refforgotten Mind--Appendix *U*

I frequently phantasmagorize of being a writer. On one of such occasions, I wrote a letter to my imaginary reader. The letter is of the approximately following content:

DaerRietdaer:

I sometimes phantasmogorize of conversing with thou. Such situational somnambulism is to me invaluable inspiration. What it is for thou I have no knowledge of. But one thing I do know. That thing is that I am dying to ask thou some questions. To them thou will give suitable answers that will be revealed to thou shortly. One of the themes that interest me as a topic of our communication is the milieu foYr ye sustainability of a good concept. With that thematic

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framework in mind, we will open ye conversation. Proceed we will as we please, i.e., as the dialogical flow leads us.

Yoursz Vurtually,

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Characters A&B are in the lounge of the hotel Waxing Loose. It’s late afternoon in June. Sunshine is playing with the surfaces of the objects present. Despite the number of guests in the hotel, it is quiet. Pleasant. The voice recorder is on. The voices are, too.

A: Please define for me your understanding of reading in the age of deterministic inauthenticity.

B: All historicality is always already historicity. And so is history.

A: What, in your opinion, is more historical than temporary spaceship?

B: TemporiVM absentio est declenciossum mea faVoUrite.

81 Coke. NYC. Summer 2011.
82 Mack. NYC. Summer 2011.
A: If that is your way to emphasize a(n) historical connection between fructose and ferry, I think I can extrapolate the linguistic, i.e., etymological aspect from your proposition. That said, can we go on to consider possible interpretations of the word exhaustion.

B: Escape is a good concept if one is to speak about hierarchy, imposition, power-relations, and the phenomena of their ilk.

A: Let’s then imagine a writer’s mind during the performative act of creation.

B: To say that one cannot do this or that thing only means that such a capability existed in the past.

A: What is then your perception of the present?

B: A dark cloud of the future primordial defines authentic determinism as the antebellum anxiety overshadowed by postdiluvian crisis of affect.

A: Do you anticipate a decrease in a-XO-mie in the years following the class divided Globe?

B: To me—and everybody else, regardless of the extent of an individual’s awareness of the fact—skin is as deep as genitals, unlike—and, indeed, despite the overwhelming popularity of—fiendship.

A: Do you hold it to be the ground for conceptualizing life as an anagram of “death”?

B: There is no such thing as bad vision. If one cannot see well, it is then spekky sight.
The characters’ thoughts are brooding in the invasive silence. Somewhere above, an echo of their conversation is drifting below the ceiling: *me* got an obligation, given to me through the performative act of birth; it is called List—foYr—Live. It is partly a choice, partly an imposition. That’s why it’s sometimes an ocean of happiness, at times a chasm of sadness. That’s why one chooses it—because one can only choose between whatever and nothingness.

[2nd AVgust, 20XX]

DaerReatdeir,

I found myself lost when I finally realized that it takes endless alternations of day and night to acknowledge that when I’d met you, I realized that the breath of my reader mind got irreversibly colored by the depth of your words.

You told me something. And I didn’t know it was you. Until I heard how your words reverberated. Then I told you who I was. Later, you said, Thanks. I didn’t know you’d said that. But I said, Thanks, nevertheless. Because nobody else could say that. Because nobody would hear.

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Then you wrote… a book or something. I read it. Because there is nothing else I can read. Because nobody else can read it. Then I learned how to write while I was walking. Still know how to do it. Because there is no other way to, *phunkie*, read.

Yoursz Vurtually,

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*Days Off Refforgotten Mind--Appendix F / 360 (a.k.a. Dapoltri)*

*Wassup!*

Let’s say *NO* to the concept of sign. How’s that for starters? Stories can be told in languages known to man. But to call one this or that, one must be able to imagine a tale told in the words not discovered yet. Between such words there is nothing. Thus, undiscovered words are pending names—both being involved in an alternating, at points bifurcating, act of signifying the fluctuating signified, thereby proliferating abundance of abstraction.

It’s just to say that partly as a choice, in part as an imposition, one gets accustomed to double-role playing. In the age of deterministic inauthenticity, it only means that riddle-laden resources of recurrent potentialities for situational somnambulism at certain points get exhausted. One then, instead of shifting towards the untrodden territories in search for raw materials, freezes in the emptiness of temporary spaceship. With the awareness of the impossibilities of the resources hitherto available, one understands that the word impossibility acquires a different meaning (risk taken for all the blasphemy extracted from this hate speech), emerging from such a resourceless context. In the upcoming reprint of *On How To Phunkie WriteReadRemix (ØØØØ)*, it (the newly acquired meaning, i.e.—despite its / the meaning’s, i.e., and, perhaps, by extension,
the book’s, as well / radical political incorrectness) will appear as a dictionary entry of the approximately following content:

**impossibility (n.)** – not that what is not possible, but what no more exists as a past resource of recurrence; what is to be sought in what has not occurred yet, but might one day become unrecognizable and, daerfoYr, unrecurable;

**impossibilize (v.)** – to make not impossible but free from the potential past repetitions and for freezing in order to see; partly an act of will, in part surrendering to the uncontestable circumstances imposed by Nature on one’s idea of measuring Time; to render the shared / discoursizable / exposed among different subjects what has not occurred yet, but is seen through the lenses of the question:

Let’s imagine an answer that focuses on the aspect of the question discoursizing time. Specifically, to say that time is by nature namable is to define it as the potentiality for becoming the *subject-matter* of linguistic games known to man. It also means that linguistic games known to man are but series of discontinuous continuity consisting of points between which there is nothing. Those nothingy gaps—houses of void—are unrealizable recurrent potentialities, i.e., spots of recurrent possibilities repeated, had the resources not run scarce. To say that time is by nature namable is to assume the character of time as a signified in constant becoming.
Consequently, it is also to attribute to it the potential foYr being a signifier in the next cycle of signifying alternations. Nature, in turn, becomes an implodable intersection of the time axes. The weakness manifested in fluctuation is, in fact, an actualization of (a) namability of both “nature” and “time”; and (b) realizibility of exhausted impossibilities.

It’s to see double-role playing as germane to a wondering search for spekkie sight. To admit an inability to deny the arising angle, from which it is possible to see what cannot be. Recurrent potentialities acquire an identity of the vanishing point. Where melt the memories of the second reforgotten to itself to be a 1/60th of a minute that, in turn, is reforgetful of its (own) being a 1/60th of an hour. A reforgotten reminiscence of the stormy night when one was conceived. On a lake. Or-f/ph-an by the performative act of birth. Ignorant by the performative birth of an act. Ignoble by natural unmeasurability of time and spaceship between life and death at the moment of one’s coming to this or that world. By the absence of words to name such recklessness. Of such unforeseeability of what one day will become an unrecognizable, unrepeatable, immobilized potential. What will one day refuse to be a memory of the time ahead in the age of deterministic inauthenticity. Discovering life in racing nanoseconds. Blissful weakness. Of having the mind conquered by ye kitch’n’person. In understanding one’s (own) being to be forever lost in ye eye of the cyclone.
Subject-Matter: Do you have the time?

RXrRXr: All historicity is always already signification of the sight spec/kie. To say that such vision requires a discontinuous continuity of spots of words between whom there is nothing is to be a grain of sand on a rocky beach…splinters on stones’ surfaces reflect sunshine, breaking ye spectrum into an overflow of an abstract rainbow…translucency of crystals…persistence of childhood memories in evaporation of waterless haze…spWriteReading.

Subject-Matter: Do you read-write while you are write-reading?

RXrRXr: All walking is always already nothing but the shade of mauve slurping a dollop of turquoise to drip down a washed away crimson background against the front of rich blue mixed with emerald-yellowish. Ye river of nocturnal beige rolling soft breezy kisses from a bank / through invisible branches / silent whispers of ye leaves.

Subject-Matter: Do you measure thy name?

RXrRXr: The precision of a linguistic expression is the power in its own right. To be out of seasons…a nest for ye rain’s afterhours…an ear for the smell of a(n) haphazard stroll…Through

84 Traffic. NYC. Summer 2011.
85 aT (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ne1KaIyvMrl&feature=youtu.be)
a meadow…alleys dividing divine bushes in ye rose garden…Dividing ye smell from ye rest of the world…Eyes for the rest of the world…In hope for an odour-leakage. In.

Subject-Matter: Do you skin recurrable potentialities?

RXrRXr: Neither repetition. / Nor now / Rather all the posthumous prenativity sucked into the moment of a flashy buzz from the iris of another body’s eye / partly a warning / partly an invitation / The totality of its fragmentary inarticulateness / hypnotizing sedateness of ye purple hug / at the crack of dawn / and all the stories told in the language of the awkward / shy phrases / Tales reluctant to be told / emptied ecastacies / vapid gush of blood / lazy eyelids / cold nostrils / Thinning skin / hurting naked tissue / pulsating / like ye heart of a dog ready for the red market everything-must-go-sale / To save a life of a dying stylist / who doesn’t know who a dog is / or ye heart / or ye stigmatized words / Censored emotions / Castrated limbs / _up_.

Subject-Matter: Does scientific objectivity exist independently of discourse?

RXrRXr: Unquestionably so. Because when a monkey changes into a donkey— there is no word that can prevent such transformation. One might argue that it has nothing to do with labeling it either scientific or objectivity, but that’s just human mind speaking desperately in the misery of

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80 Like…Candy. Winter Garden, NYC. Summer 2011.
its limited comprehension and * curvy pathways inside the skull being filled with luminous
nectar * defrosted crystal * nectar flow * carving a microriverbed as it is gently pushing its way
forward* fresh water caring seaweed * languid stream * cooling warmth of ye nastily obedient
waves.

Subject-Matter: Does art belong in discourse?

RXrRXr : Irrefutably so. If it weren’t for discourse, many a *nest-ms-tr-ess-me-DJ* pieces would
be lost. Wouldn’t have been created to start with. It is the *sine-qua-non-ness* of discourse that
conditions the existence of art…creation arises from ye words not discovered yet * events not
actualized yet * because there is no stuff from the past to be replicated * there is no vacuity
empty enough to preclude the implosion in the intersection of time axes***cosmic/con/junction.

Subject-Matter: Does discourse inspire nature?

RXrRXr: Irrebuttably so. The impulse coming from the outside infuses into discourse
unimaginable potentiality for conditioning all aspects of our culturally constructed good selves.
More than in any other case it is embodied in the abovesaid transphasmagorical monkey-donkey
turn (or, at least, it is by far more clearly inarticulate in that than in any other phenomenon of a
similar character)…monkey’s tongue has the shape of a fish / it penetrates donkey’s ear /
disappears in the labyrinth of inner ear / becomes donkey’s liver-kidney highway 55 / pumps into
donkey’s vocal cords excessive quantities of bile / to moisturize the throat / through which the
fish transfigured / into a pulsating larynx / is readies to be launched right to the center of ye heart
of ye donkey*after it has swapped one’s existential identity with ye monkey.

Subject-Matter: Does philosophy make one think?
RXrRXr: Like f*ck it does! think of it as a trigger to one’s cognitive apparatus that is expanding the more it is stimulated by contentio philosofico. Contemplatore—conjugated whatever—est one’s bhoda neobiknovenař, innit! Kon/es/h/xo…That said, think about the following utterance as the axiom of thinking (for circularity, you know what…): Habenzi-not-enough-whatno…to do / be done.

Walking along unknown streets*nordico-mediterranean architecture*seagulls flying over the sidewalks covered in snow*startling blue sky nevertheless*hidden passage…narrow alley…up the hill…thin buildings like shadows of the trees by the moonlight spilt over the sea…rising tall…disappearing in the fog descending, embracing the fragile walls*climbing further…slow steps…heavy movements…up the hill…throbbing the foggy barricade…getting hit by the sight*a valley full of dogs, running, jumping, dangling sloppy ears, warm hair, funny pawns, short, deep breaths, sucking from the combustion chamber all the oxygen that can be created and consumed*all the oxygen imaginable to ye human kidney*never tired of playing*

June 26-7, VV

87 Bryant Park. NYC. Summer 2011.
Feeling on one’s own skin the smell of the nest of the bird singing the symphony composed by a three year old child, HerDamend lets the long inhaled gaseous concoction glide down the respiratory labyrinth. Looking at the shadow of the tree as if it were colors on the canvas layered by a brush held by a hand of somebody whose voice was formed by an empty page after the inscriptions previously left for one to encounter were deleted through a meditation populated by the echoes of the soil airing molten metal.

Hearing one’s own thoughts in the form of a pen shyly approaching the cleared surface of the paper, HerDamend is trying to talk as if it were greetings exchanged between the valley tired after a long day of being part of the hallway to the grove and the thirstily awaited kiss of the sky, laying its crimson lips on the heat-drained hills. Recognizes one’s own reasoning in the awakening memories of the words from the letters buried in the background music of one’s mind:

[ ]

Daer Countrymean,

I was born in the land of the folks whom I saw as kinship and strangers, comrades and an indifferent crowd, benevolent and hostile, neighbors and passers by, guardians of the cradle and scatter-brained wanderers, benign jokers and miserable parasites, generous givers and narrow-minded cripples, unconditioning providers and envious backbiters, warm advisers and unscrupulous upward-social-climbers, kings of laughter and emperors of solemnity, masters of the healing embrace and spiteful tormentors, torchbearers for the soul-saving wisdom and the experts in heart massacring, a fascinating source of uniqueness and blank back-stabbers,
endlessly amusing and lame to the core, elated worshippers of life joy and embittered cynics of the lowest order, prototypically passionate and confusingly reserved.

I left that land to inhabit another one. Where a different language is spoken. That I understood to be part of listening to my inherent urge for the preservation of meaning: it is reasonable to accept a possibility to be misunderstood in an alien linguistic environment. There I met a person called HerDamend, who, without knowing it, taught me how to readwriteremix. I learned that in order to do it, one needs to learn how to accept life’s inevitabilities. A major one being: One must accept a possibility that one’s favorite reader is a painfully reluctant yo-bastardness. The other one being: One must accept a possibility that there will be extended periods of depravation of communicating with one’s best talker ever. And another: One must accept a possibility that one’s skin, no matter how strong the smell of a bird’s nest may be, will be temporarily transformed into a waiting room until the embrace of the claret sundown—a china-shop-accident-move of ye beloved nerd person, ehem—breaks the spell of the terrible summer. One more: One must accept a possibility that one’s passion is sentenced to a life of an engine fueling nothingness between us.

All the vanity aside, one engages in excelling in all the skills of acceptance. Defying one’s own egotistic demons, one assumes that life is full of inexplicably unavoidable certainties. It is one’s right to live that enables mastering accepting them. Mastering accepting the rights. The right. To live. To not to accept not to have the voice to listen 2.

Yoursz

HerDamend
Chapter Five: Reanimating the Signature from the Ashes: On Who There Is

5.1 Eerie Dialectics of Power

More than a half a century after its founding, even the thirty-year estimate seems modest. The SI refuses to go away. Perhaps it is because it speaks for a hidden God whose promise is now in the past. Perhaps we would like to think that the dead are safe, that even in this era of disenchantment, we still have a line back to another possible world, even if it lies along a historical path not only not-taken, but which had never even existed.


Once upon a time young minds started to rebel against the inverted face of the dream their foremafathers inscribed in the songs of the bloodline. They saw the world being populated by houses with pools in the backyards. They realized that in order not to be stigmatized, it was expected from one not just to inhabit a residential object, but to, actually, own it. It became clear to them that such objects were not the only type of property that was required to be constituent of who one was. Among such objects, one decided, were cars, TVs, telephones, land, information, sex, art, knowledge, holiday homes, acquaintances, businesses, ideas, looks…you name it. It was

more than obvious that assuming such an identity entailed investing a lot of time, energies, imaginations, and skills in various ways ensuring financial means to such ends. It left little room for living out anything that was not in some way subordinated to the ends in question. Even less space could be found for reimagining anti-utilitarian interpersonal relationships, family life which was not merely miserable mimicking of the photographs in glossy magazines, and creation whose vibrancy was not castrated in the name of dominant tastes.

Such a conundrum inspired the young minds to devise their own tools for handling the troublesome circumstances. Some of them, faced with an identity that provided an insufficient basis for calling oneself an individual, thought that self-aggrandizement could compensate for the lost voice. Others took advantage of science and technology to perfect the way they looked. There has been a lot of face lifting done for such purposes. Economic inventions have been implemented in the programs for the improvement of living conditions. Industries have been developed to supply people with the equipment necessary for living. One of them in particular has been imagined to offer to youth an opportunity to release their imaginative potentials and energies. Thus, a lot of entertainment products have been made. Only, nobody read those stories. Nobody watched the movies. Nobody listened to music. Because that’s not what one is supposed to do with such stuff. Buying it is enough for their endless, meaningless proliferation.

There has been little communication. Because business talks require few words. Beautification is considered redundant. There has been quite a bit of questionable behavior—unscrupulous treatment of fellow travelers. People learnt how to feel bad about such conduct without necessarily having profound emotional justification for remorse. There have been other manifestations of degraded sentiment. So, people are again taking advantage of science,
technology, and medicine and are undergoing all sorts of treatments. One finds out that in some instances, the experiences are not entirely unlike those of the fellow travelers whose intoxication has been a conscious, self-sacrificial countercultural choice against hypocrisy. Both camps suspect that something must have gone askew on the way to the future. In the world, living out its self-imposed and self-annihilating deceptive confusion, they decide that it must have been just about everything. Jon Savage: “History is made by those who say ‘No’ and Punk’s utopian heresies remain its gift to the world” (England’s Dreaming: Anarchy, Sex Pistols, Punk Rock, and Beyond 541). In the world whose rhetorical polyphony is way too aggressive for genuine cacophonic taste, practicing stylistic variants of saying NO in the subtonic key of literary playfulness remains a response against noise. In the service of language.

Today, what it takes for the human face to reemerge equals the effort necessary for freeing oneself from delusional thinking that being a faceless, unspecifiable particle in the amalgam called contemporary culture is all a human being is about. To err is part of the human predicament. To be humiliated by oppressive noise is integral to living in nihilo-cannibalist culture of competitors. To be denied the right to be an individual may mistakenly become a segment of human life. But, to say NO to such enslavement is, too, what makes a human being human. To see one’s refaced individuality as constitutive of the life of fellowship means to preserve the right to the signature.

A way of exercising that right is practicing stylistic variants of saying NO in the key of creatively critical playfulness. Such voices reimagine history as vision of the present in the service of redemption of the future. They are, in other words, the remix culture--the genuine
phunkie DJ decedents of the postfuturist mafthers\textsuperscript{89} -- who follow the radical guiding light of shadow talk and subtonic hi-fi in the spirit of refacement.

Excavating reforgotten questions, posing new ones, and exploring the possibilities of hope to recuperate human dignity, the reading in this chapter is a postfuturist quest for refacement awaiting amid bewildering noise. It is a \textit{NO} to nihilo-cannibalist culture. It is a \textit{YES} to the call for reawakening of the dormant spirit of resistance: consensus against confusion, against pollution in the communication channel, against politics of deception. In the remix: with a slight intervention on behalf of the DJ.

5.2. Jilly, That Obscure Mother

Stories created through such interventions come in different shapes and forms including autobiographies of other people’s lives. They transform confessional diaristic prose into an invitation to question the public-private divide. Experimenting with the genre, Stewart Home addresses cultural issues, looking at the possibilities for opening up lateral alleys of social activism. Thus, storytelling in the service of genuine exchange within the fellowship constitutes a polymorphous implosion of countercultural literary extravaganza, reestablishing the voice to reanimate the signature from nihilo-cannibalist assaults.

\textsuperscript{89} \textit{A Lot} (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WUCniqyVwM4&feature=youtu.be)

\textsuperscript{90} Think Coffee Café. NYC. May 2012.
In *Tainted Love* (2005), Home offers a critique of contemporary culture, particularly challenging the dissolution of countercultural impetus in the mainstream politics of deception and, consequently, its normalization. The book presents the collapse of the sixties swinging London hippie and beatnik scenes through an increased consumption of drugs and the authorities’ complicity in their criminalization. It is also a critique of the literary canon and an investigation of the possibilities for its redescription.


Home explores literary potentials perpetuated through dialogue between and across genres and media, all the while seeking inspiration for poetic and critical readings of cultural realities. Thematizing social relations based on dominance and oppression, he investigates afflicting tendencies of profit-driven culture on individuality. In *Tainted Love*, London’s countercultures during the sixties and their aspects evocative of the modern day cultural realities are mainly presented through the character of Jilly O’Sullivan.

At the age of sixteen, she comes to London. The year is 1960. She starts working as a model, a hostess, and a high class prostitute in respectable clubs in Soho, such as General
Gordon’s. Simultaneously, she gets involved with Notting Hill and Ladbroke Grove’s countercultural beatnik and hippie scenes—experimental circles engaged in mystical trials, esoteric ventures, and investigations of the occult as the ways of testing the levels, kinds, and boundaries of realities. She soon starts using opiates to alleviate the intensities of psychedelic experiences. Tragically, Jilly becomes addicted to heroin. She is trying to fight the habit with little success.

Soon after her arrival in London, she gets pregnant. She later finds herself heavily indebted and absorbed by self-destructiveness and crime, notably through the collaboration with Ronnie and Reggie Kray, the infamous underworld twins. Their homosexuality, colliding with the attempt to sustain dominant masculine personae of gangster kings, allegedly contributed to Jilly’s giving her son Lloyd to adoption. She has been tortured by the mob, abused by the police, and forced to spy on an institution for social work. Home casts light on the underground Swinging London when beats and other revolutionaries were heavily involved in the sweeping cultural tornado generously fueled by the underground pharmaceutical industry. The eerie dynamism resulting in the officialdom’s role in the criminalization of drugs, at a dialectical stroke, sucked the underground—up on the surface! Namely, the authorities persecuted and prosecuted delinquent revolutionaries as much as they amplified anti-subversive sentiment that culminated in its latter day mainstreaming turn:

[W]hile the Krays could be nasty, their influence and the purely economic level of their success have been vastly overestimated. Spot and the Krays were ultimately straw men, and even the movies on which these British gangsters modelled themselves were an outgrowth of American police propaganda that built various relatively unimportant and
archaic Chicago criminals into major figures of public menace, so that the state could appear all the more powerful when it crushed them. (*Tainted Love* 126)

Jilly died amid the whirlpool triangulated by her personal limbo, abuse by the corrupt authorities, and criminals proper. The mystery of her death is unsolved. She died on December 2, 1979. Her dead body was found the following day by a friend (*Tainted Love* 131). Officially, her death was a result of a heart failure. Further investigations into the details of how her life ended were massively obstructed by the authorities in order to prevent disclosing the information about their involvement. Her reflections about the period of trial reflect the perplexing conditions within the oscillating countercultures:

> I didn’t know it then, but by 1969 I was already a victim of post-hippie burn-out. By the time the 70s really began unfolding I was cursing my dependence on junk, since as a direct result of the corruption that was rife in the Metropolitan Police I was experiencing my own version of hell on earth. (*Tainted Love* 133)

Genre-wise, autobiographical accounts in the book problematize the autobiographical in autobiography through a constant play with fictionalized interjections. The novel challenges autobiography as the genre reflecting dominance ridden societal relations and traditional concept of the subject, in the realm of letters manifested in the aggrandised significance of author. Other genres and media are explored in a similar fashion. For example, a film script is integrated within a film script, tape transcriptions of psychoanalytic sessions feature the character of anti-psychiatrist and a psychedelic devotee, R.D. Laing, cultural critique intersects with historiography, social commentary-cum-historical fiction meets biofiction, fiction is crossed with satire, thriller-detective story mashup embeds parody via tragedy and journalistic excursions into the *Cain’s Weekly* magazine.
The polyphony of genres is part of Home’s ongoing criticism of the dictatorship of celebrity culture and the audience’s susceptibility to the charms of simulacra. To this end, he stresses how conspiracy theory operates as a means of control by providing the spectatorship with an illusion of partaking in the lives and by inducing perverse curiosity by glamorizing death of celebrities. In the vein of Fredric Jameson’s thought from *Postmodernism, or, the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism* (1991) about the ways conspiracy theory creates a false sense of totality, Home addresses the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

To illustrate sensationalism paralleling the gruesome political shift, Home devises a fictionalized version of Jack the Stripper, a serial murderer of London prostitutes in the sixties. Indirectly reiterating the Jack the Ripper controversy, previously addressed in his novel *Down and out in Shoreditch and Hoxton*, the narrative poses questions about fluctuating spatiotemorality of the spectacle. It raises awareness about kindred responses in victorian and contemporary audiences susceptible to simulation and infatuation with public exposure of a private tragedy—the mentality reflecting insufficiency of critical thinking.
The cryptic characterization, coupled with stylistic versatility, is epitomized in the relationship between Jilly O’Sullivan and her son, Lloyd O’Sullivan, whose “Introduction: Bodies of Evidence” and “Afterword by Lloyd O’Sullivan: The Signifying Junkie” shed light on the morass. The best way to demystify (for lack of a better word) the elusiveness of the narrative tactic is to approach it via the symbolic of a parent: “A gifted impostor creates the impression that those they’re fooling know pretty much all there is to know about them, but cannily avoids providing any concrete details about their background which might potentially provide a means of catching them out” (Tainted Love 124).

One aspect of the tripartite trope of the signifying junkie concerns the antiheroine of the book. The other plane of the symbolic is related to demythologizing of the hippie and beatnik

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92 According to the writer, the (m)other’s first name is a modified version of Julia, whereas her last name resulted from blending the names of two lineages (Callan and Callahan – two distinct Irish family names which were almost randomly used in the family: some of her brothers and sisters were Callan, while the others were Callahan). The character was created via a transposition of the Welsh origins (born and raised in Newport near Cardiff) of Julia Callan Thompson into the Scottish background (born and raised in Greenock near Glasgow). Interestingly, Julia, the protagonist of the short story “A Second Bite of the Cherry” from the collection Amputee Sex: 18 X-Rated Stories by Stewart Home (2006), is of Irish descent. It could be inferred that the heterogeneity and elusiveness of the characters might be Home’s commentary on the U.K. postcolonial cultural realities.
narratives of Swinging London. The context emphasizes the afflicted countercultural impetus partly resulting from a destructive impact of drug cultures, enabled and galvanized by the authorities’ contribution to their illegal consumption and distribution. This is closely related to the third level of the signification. Namely, the legacy of such axes is manifested both in the corruption within the ruling structures and in postmodernist culture’s thriving on manipulated addiction invigorated by simulated stimuli.

Home’s vernacular challenges such tastes by interrogating the very notions of representation and realism. The chapter “The Eclipse and Re-Emergence of the Oedipus Complex,” along with Home’s 2004 film of the same title and somewhat modified details, such as names and localities, remixes the psychoanalytic appropriation of the Oedipus myth. The critique questions the prevalent belief in the familial and societal relations based on the incestuous fantasies, gender and a sense of self based on lack, and, as a result, oversexualized cultural discourse and cultural realities based on manufactured desire. Primarily, Home interrogates beautification of culture, i.e., the prevalent affinities for the enchantments of simulacra:

The cinematic spectacle has its rules, which are framed to ensure satisfactory products are placed in multiplexes and video stores. However, it is dissatisfaction that characterizes my line of flight. The function of narrative cinema is to present a false coherence as a substitute for a sovereign activity that is so blatantly absent where the bourgeois ideology of ‘realism’ still reigns. To demystify documentary cinema it is necessary to expose and thus dissolve the presupposed form. (Tainted Love 117)
The chapter features six characters named Voice 1, Voice 2, Voice 3, Voice 4, Voice 5, and Voice 6. It opens with the description of the scene that turns out to be an excerpt from the film of the same title. Thus, a film script is integrated into the chapter featuring scenes from the film. As previously mentioned, the actual film of the same title as the chapter in the novel directed by Stewart Home differs from the version in the book in the particulars such as the characters and setting. For example, the characters of the voices in the book are the characters of Stewart Home (Voice 1), announcer (Voice 2), Damien (Voice 3), Julia Callan Thompson (Voice 4), Nina (Voice 5), and Mary-Jane (Voice 6). The clubs in Soho referenced in the novel are Gordon’s and Kennedy’s, while in the film their equivalents are Murray’s and Churchill’s. Jilly O’Sullivan is Jullia Callan Thompson’s correlative. Julia’s background is slightly different from Jilly’s, and yet, they share professional orientation. An account of her public persona, supporting her celebrity status, appears in Eve’s Weekly, whereas Jilly O’Sullivan is featured in Cain’s Weekly. Home’s complicating the relationships among and between genres, media, characters, the setting, and the plot destabilizes the literary elements as such and introduces a fluctuating notion of the author by naming one of the voices-characters in the film after the director/writer Stewart Home.

Multiple freudian references highlight the age-long incestuous patricidal mania, anxiety of castration, and erotic dramatizations of family relations. Home’s critique inspires rethinking manipulative potentials of such cultural narratives, notably their role in enabling flourishing of therapeutic culture based on the idea of victimization and the mentality of irredeemable culpability. Our time sees other avenues for the recuperation of human dignity. We now have a silver screen: “At the very moment Freud theorised the unconscious, his fantastic notions were rendered obsolete. Men and women were already assembling in the black womb of cinemas and
their collectively realised and suppressed desires were being projected onto silver screens”
(Tainted Love 126). One feels it’s about time that cinema, too, was destroyed (Tainted Love 117).
Now is the moment for the postfuturist remix of the displacement in question: “Cinema becomes
theatre and there is a much-needed shift of emphasis away from cultural commodities and on to
human relationships from which such products emerge” (Tainted Love 127-128).

Home’s filmmaker manifesto presents an approach to reanimating the sedentary
spirit of resistance against destruction and ossification. Reading it in the postfuturist key
renders remixable both tradition and contemporary realities:

I am remaking cinema in the way I wish to remake the world, correcting the faults
of older filmmakers and simultaneously demonstrating my indifference to any and
all so-called works of ‘genius’ by self-consciously using the cultural heritage of
humanity for partisan propaganda purposes. (Tainted Love 127)

This is exactly what happens on the narrative level, where the investigation of his
(m)other’s life becomes a revision both on personal and cultural planes: “As for me, I
realised some time ago that in order to be myself I first had to become my (m)other, and
to complete this process I still need the information that will enable me to fully live out
her death” (Tainted Love 247). Culturally, the remix of Jilly’s life and death symbolizes
the deflated revolutionary spirit of the sixties. The two planes Home summarizes through
a critique of the cinema and the aforesaid fabricated sense of totality:

What usually makes documentaries so easy to understand is the arbitrary
limitation of their subject matter. They describe the atomisation of social
functions and the isolation of their products. One can in contrast envisage the
baroque complexity of a moment which is not resolved into a work, a moment whose movement indissolubly contains facts and values and whose meaning does not yet appear. The journey I’m undertaking, an ongoing drift through the London of my childhood and youth, is a search for this confused totality as it manifested itself at the moment of my mother’s death. *(Tainted Love* 131)

In the empire of appearances confusion abounds. The absurdity of confusion is a highly effective means of social oppression. As an instrument of control, it is directed toward the dissolvement of countercultural cohesion through fabricated needs and increasing consumption. Its ultimate aim, or, at least, the effect, is depriving individuals of the time, space, and capacity to think critically and act unified around akin ideas of humanity.

5.4 Noises and Silences: A Second Bite of the Countercultural Burnout

Part of the reason why Home channels his cultural critique via the cinematic realm is to stress the psychedelic movement’s complicity in a celebratory approach toward ocular-centered popular culture. The essay “Voices Green and Purple: Psychedelic Bad Craziness and the Revenge of the Avant-Garde” from *Summer of Love: Psychedelic Art, Social Crisis and Counterculture in the 1960s* (2005) provides close

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reading of the pillars of the countercultural art of the period, focusing on genuine social provocateurs and experimentators. In contrast, flirting with semi-subversive vocabularies is scrutinized to show the ever-growing mainstreaming under the totalizing tendencies of commodity culture.

The study stresses a key role that drugs had in the countercultural phenomena of the sixties. Drugs were a way for youth to rebel against bourgeois values and the rat race. Yet, criminalization of drugs, enabled the police to control and benefit from the money made through drug trafficking. At the same time, the business put many of the insiders of the scenes in the situations similar to that which Jilly found herself in—the limbo of mutually conditioned addiction and illicit distribution of controlled substances that threw resistance into the haze of oblivion. Historical contextualization of the countercultural movements of the sixties foreshadows the following decades, as Jilly observes:

The 60s are well and truly over: naked self-interest has destroyed any sense of solidarity there once was on the drug scene, and our little world is an increasingly brutalised place. I’m glad I’m not young any more, and I sincerely hope Lloyd is tough enough to survive this benighted era. Thatcher attaining power is a symptom and not the cause of the things that are wrong with London. (Tainted Love 224)

Crucial for the collapse of the revolutionary impetus in the sixties is taken to be insufficient solidarity that, eventually, enabled the political elites to reassert control. Power was effectively exercised through the fabrication of the scenes’ independence. Specifically, in the sphere of artistic production, proliferation of the margins, more often than not, was a way of
diluting the edginess through carefully executed deals of the nature on which William S. Burroughs comments in the 1990 interview with Klaus Maeck:”A devil’s bargain is always a fool’s bargain, particularly for an artist. The devil deals only in quantity, not in quality. He can’t make someone a great writer, he can only make someone a famous writer, a rich writer” (Burroughs Live 750).

An equally ambivalent role and character can be ascribed to commoditized popular music that, coupled with the criminalization of drugs, from the initial subversive potential, ultimately ended up in mindless profit-making. Home claims that the shift toward an irreversible collapse of countercultures was enhanced and accelerated through the orchestrated spread of hard drugs:”For British junkiedom to become a mass phenomenon it had first to migrate from bohemia to the nascent counterculture, and from there by way of popular music into the proverbial teenage jugular vein” (“Voices Green and Purple: Psychedelic Bad Craziness and the Revenge of the Avant-Garde” 137).

The problematic is in a nutshell suggested through the title Tainted Love. Originally a Gloria Jones’s song (1964), it is also known as Soft Cell’s remix (1981). Its poetics, along with its thematization in Home’s book, resonates with Burroughs’s remark from the 1964 interview with Eric Mottram. He ascribes to social mechanisms of control a role in the erosion of purity both on the cultural and personal levels: “I feel that what we call love is largely a fraud – a mixture of sentimentality and sex that has been systematically degraded and vulgarized by the virus power” (Burroughs Live 55). What Burroughs portrays can be characterized as the politics of distraction. As a result, contemporary culture transformed realities into confusedly distributed experiences, which are for the purpose of this analysis (for want of more effective theoretical apparatus) presented within the pairs suggestive of binary opposites, while, in fact, indicating
syncretic potentials of the collisions: immediacy/immanence, instantaneity/focus, sedentariness/peace, visual/vision, euphoria/joy, political correctness/humanness, uniformity/unity, individualism/individuality, mass/fellowship, utility/solidarity, economics/politics, atomizing diversification/unified versatility, banalized sexuality/passion, robotic pragmatism/rationality, globalization/insularity, affectation/affection, sensationalism/beauty, possession/substance, formalities/civility. The potential in question is based on the remixable nature of the antithetical oscillations and, hence, of bewilderment pertinent to the situation.

5.5 Deadly Beat of Premature Deaths: Well, Who Said That…

To characterize the whole countercultural movement solely as commoditized idealism, however, is not to do justice to it. One is prone to think that reductionist critique may entail undervaluing the original purity of the demands. In many of countercultural instances, one could find a demonstration of genuine resistance against coercive, oppressive mechanisms of control and the imposed models of living. One such NO is Burroughs’s remark about Ted Morgan’s characterizing the writer’s attempt to write one’s way out of the human condition as a failure:

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Well, Ted said that. Possibly it cannot be done to write yourself out of the human condition because you are bound by the limitations of that medium. But he implies a final passivity without the possibility of transcending the human condition, which I don’t share at all. (*Burroughs Live* 749)

During the sixties, there were different attempts to confront imposed models of thinking and living. Certain instances of responses to social control and reshifting the energies toward the search for the ways to live differently, Home remarks as follows: "Supposedly there are only two ways in which to reach the higher levels of human consciousness, either by devoting years of one’s life to arduous spiritual practice or almost instantly with psychedelics" ("Voices Green and Purple: Psychedelic Bad Craziness and the Revenge of the Avant-Garde” 141).

In Maria Beatty’s film *Gang of Souls: A Generation of Beat Poets* (2008), Marianne Faithful contends that intoxication was a way of obtaining a spiritual experience. Yet, she also points out that such an attempt was doomed to failure. Home’s novel exposes certain aspects of such a cultural climate: “In the pre-psychadelic 60s using opiates seemed like the ultimate reality trip” (*Tainted Love* 132). Jilly O’Sullivan’s diaristic testimonial accounts for the much needed countercultural stand: “After drugs, Dylan’s systematic derangement of the senses is one of the best weapons we’ve got in the fight against mindless conformity” (*Tainted Love* 11). Naturally, it wasn’t only Dylan whose work inspired Jilly’s generation to rebel. She was also interested in film and literature. In the realm of letters, she was particularly intrigued by William S. Burroughs and Alexander Trocchi. Burroughs was already a writer of significant reputation and a respectable countercultural figure, whereas Trocchi, from the period of his novels *Young Adam* (1954) and *Cain’s Book* (1960), was a promising literary voice. Sadly, it was soon to be muted
by junk torpor. Even in that later period, he was still among Jilly’s closest acquaintances, albeit more as a connection than a literary idol.

Nonetheless, in both writers one finds an unconditioned investment in the scene’s momentum and its subversive potential. Alexander Trocchi: “It is necessary only to act ‘as if’ one’s conventional categories were arbitrary for one to come gradually to know that they are” (Young Adam 41). Concordantly, Burroughs expresses the idea that creation is central to the totality of living experience: “It is my conviction that the artists are the most influential and effective people on this planet. Without creation there is nothing” (Burroughs Live 747). In the Klaus Maeck film William S. Burroughs: Commissioner of Sewers (1991), in an interview with Jürgen Ploog, the writer explains the role art plays in paradigmatic shifts: “One very important aspect of art is that makes people aware of what they know and not know of what they know…seeing things that are there…the artist expands awareness and once the breakthrough is made, things become part of general awareness.”

In that light, noteworthy is both Trocchi’s and Burroughs’s participation in the events such as Wholly Communion (June 11, 1965) and the London Arts Lab, a.k.a. Alex Trocchi’s State of Revolt (April 13, 1969). Both are referenced in Tainted Love (239) and Jamie Wadhawan’s Cain’s Film (1969). The former event, presented in Peter Whitehead’s Wholly Communion (1965), is understood to be featuring the energies at the onset of the decay, while the latter signals receding of the initial fervor, leading toward its disintegration in nihilism. In Cain’s Film, Trocchi explains his novel Cain’s Book in the context of his conscious choice of an “identity of the junky, not only as a figure of the underground, but a social leper of the 1950s in New York.” A Glaswegian, who found
temporary residence in Paris and New York and was forced to return to the native U.K. due to drug related legal charges, sees himself as an “alien in the society of conformers.” He understands his art and practice to be “a personal cosmology of the inner space.”

Burroughs is highly appreciative of Trocchi’s pioneering and cohesive role in enabling aggregating of the people of akin persuasions around the Sigma movement. In the film, numerous are comments about his enigmatic, intriguing, and controversial personality. He is credited for his literary work, cultural activism, involvement with the Situationist International, editing the Merlin magazine in Paris, and generally facilitating gathering of individuals of the shared experimenting affinities.

The early fifties in Paris, in fact, turned out to be the heyday of Trocchi’s creative and cultural activities. While working on his first novel Young Adam he was the centripetal force, maintaining the cohesion of the like-minded interested in objecting to social oppression. Having moved to New York, Trocchi continued working on his novels (there he wrote Cain’s Book), but his charismatic pioneerdom was fading away under the domineering presence of drugs. Thus, his life in many ways reflects what is widely taken as the dynamics of the sixties countercultural movements and scenes and their subversiveness, as Jilly O’Sullivan observes contemplating upon the state Alex Trocchi was in after his wife died and it became impossible to keep heroin intake within the limits of subversive flirtation with drugs as a form of countercultural practice: “Trocchi no longer only took drugs; he had become heroin” (Tainted Love 162).

However, again to characterize the activism of the generation as a complete failure is to overlook and/or downplay considerable historical details. For example,
passionate antiwar support was part of the agenda of the Beats. Among the participants in the scenes, Home points out the significance of Terry Taylor, the author of the novel *Barron Court All Change* (1961) who is known for his excursions to Tangier, acquaintanceship with William S. Burroughs, and an initiation of an occult group in West London. Terry Taylor also collaborated with photographer Ida Kar, who participated in the antinuclear movement of the group The Committee of 100, alongside other partakers such as Bertrand Russell and Gustav Metzger, who is a vital point of reference for Stewart Home, notably manifested in the 1990-1993 Art Strike that by demanding abolition of art demonstrated an appropriated (or, perhaps, detourned) version of Gustav Metzger’s anti-institutional activism and protested against commoditization of art through the system of art galleries.

The troublesome negotiations between revolutionary energies, dispersal of solidarity, and dissolvement in altered states of consciousness Home sums up offering vision of what can be perceived as reconfiguration of the remixable tradition:

> Psychedelic art must become an oxymoron. In a disalienated society the transformative power of our realized human potential will be such that all specialized categories will be dissolved within a greater and more universal creativity. It is the task of revolutionaries not simply to re-establish the social forms of the classless societies of the past, but also to re-appropriate (albeit at a higher level) their modes of consciousness – that is to say shamanic consciousness. The failures of the psychedelic fifties and sixties were a direct result of the endurance of class society. Psychedelics will play a role in the
coming total revolution but they do not constitute a revolution on their own.

(“Voices Green and Purple: Psychedelic Bad Craziness and the Revenge of the Avant-Garde” 150)

Modern day mainstreaming brought an inversion of the criminalization of drugs as we know it. The anti-subversive climate has conquered the underground, which is now overground. What once was persecuted and prosecuted as the black market is now a sophisticated version of legalized, scientifically improved, medically tested, user friendly, technologically advanced range of easily accessible pharmaceutical and/or chemical products. William S. Burroughs, that obscure prophet of divine toxicity, playing Tom, a junkie veteran, in Gus Van Sant’s Drugstore Cowboy (1989) claims that drugs have been systematically scapegoated and demonized. His prognostications about the near future at that point concern “right wing politics using drug hysteria as a pretext to set up an international police apparatus.” The vision presented is not entirely divergent from the state of affairs in today’s society, encouraging and being encouraged by the pharmacological industries to offer chemical crutches, thereby ensuring oppressive control over the minds and the bodies of human beings.

5. 6 Toward the Radical Light Shift: Refacement of the Postfuturist Signature

5.6.1 Pills, Noise, and Other Rock’n’Roll Dilemmas

In the remix, an intervention on behalf of the DJ is concerned with oppression and socio-political relations based on dominance and exclusion. It is, to a large extent, reconfiguration of nihilo-cannibalist culture of competitors in which utilitarian primacy defines human life predominantly in materialist terms. Such mentality displaces both creation and the everyday into fantasy fueled self-aggrandizement, controlling materialist wealth, and a deviant perception of power. In this context, an aspect of the symbolic of the character of Jilly may signify playful, creatively critical expressive modes under a threat of soulless commodity culture. As such, the poetics of the novel, along with the critical insights from “Voices Green and Purple: Psychedelic Bad Craziness and the Revenge of the Avant-Garde,” reads as the statement about the possibility of reintegration and recuperation of fragmented culture.

Despite certain divergences, the ideas in many ways coincide with Fredric Jameson’s theory, notably in Postmodernism, or, the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism (1991) and A Singular Modernity: Essay on the Ontology of the Present (2002). The basic assumption is that the current cultural climate--reluctantly, for a reason, characterized as postmodernist--is largely conditioned by the dynamics of global imperialism manifested in the politics of late capitalism. Home’s poetics features a critique presuming a kind of conditioning that resonates with Jameson’s stance. Similarities concern the question of the military-entertainment complex: both thinkers accentuate militant and military capitalist economy’s channeling cultural production.

Reminiscent of the subtext of Home’s analysis of the countercultures of the London sixties in “Voices Green and Purple: Psychedelic Bad Craziness and the Revenge of the Avant-Garde,” Tainted Love, and “A Second Bite of the Cherry” (2006) is Jameson’s observation about the disappearance of fervor and purity from subversive music scenes, the dissolubility of “the first naïve innocence of the countercultural impulses of early rock and roll” (Postmodernism, or, the
Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism 19). He goes on to specify countercultures’ being massively normalized:”even overtly political inventions like those of The Clash are somehow secretly disarmed and reabsorbed by a system of which they themselves might well be considered a part, since they can achieve no distance from it” (Postmodernism, or, the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism 49). Perhaps one may lay such a claim based on ruthless commoditization within the music industry, whose baptism into the entertainment industry symptomatically reaffirms anxieties such as those of Jameson’s. However, one should be constantly reminded about the transnational conversation called rock’n’roll as a means of breaking the spell of fragmented, sedentary, and faceless cultural amalgamation, as Guattari portrays living under Integrated World Capitalism (The Three Ecologies 33).

Home is obviously aware of certain manifestations of countercultural mainstreaming:”Rock culture is, of course, merely one of the many ways in which ‘gangster’ flash was both spread and commoditised” (Tainted Love 126). However, in his insider historiography, he does see punk rock as a cultural segment capable of actively communicating both with tradition and contemporary cultural realities:”‘the culture we’ve inherited is something to be manipulated rather than passively consumed” (Cranked up Really High: Genre Theory and Punk Rock 122). In the argot of McKenzie Wark’s critique, it could mean taking the blue pill-- playing against gamespace (Gamer Theory par. [019] square brackets in original). Alternatively, it could easily be the no pill situation, as he suggests in The Beach beneath the Street: The Everyday Life and Glorious Times of the Situationist International (2011), emphasizing that play, like work, has also been normalized (157).

Synchronic and diachronic dialogue with traditional and current vocabularies can be more broadly contextualized within postfuturist concerns about the modernist and postmodernist
legacies. Historicization of the modernist-postmodernist nexus may be understood in the vein of Stewart Home’s previously presented thoughts regarding the issue. His ideas inspire thinking about modernism and postmodernism as constituent variants within the fluid continuity. Alternatively, they can be viewed through the prism of Fredric Jameson’s meditation upon the twentieth century featuring two distinct periods and/or cultures.

According to Jameson, the term modernism proper, and/or high modernism, signifies the art and culture from the early twentieth century, whereas the works of the fifties and the sixties belong in late modernism. He claims that in mid-twentieth century a major cultural shift marked the onset of postmodernist culture and art (A Singular Modernity: Essay on the Ontology of the Present). Postmodernist sensibility is evocative of the sixties psychedelia and sensationalism, nowadays manifested in diverse forms of simulated enchantment, compulsive affect, affective compulsiveness, affectation, and addictive behavior. In his view, the turning point demarcated a move from the sentiment of alienation, solitude, isolation, and anxiety toward that of “euphoria, a high, an intoxicatory or hallucinogenic intensity” (Postmodernism, or, the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism 28). One notes that the opening of the new epoch would generate a perplexing relationship between a destabilized self and atrophied emotionality:

As for expression and feelings or emotions, the liberation, in contemporary society from the older anomie of the centered subject may also mean not merely liberation from anxiety but a liberation from every other kind of feeling as well, since there is no longer a self present to do the feeling. (Postmodernism, or, the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism 15)

Possibly. But, based on his reflections about the depthless sublime (Jameson on Jameson: Conversations on Cultural Marxism 46), Jameson seems to be well aware of the fact that there is
the other side of the disappearance of a self. A possible form of such presence is *kenosis*. From a humbleness point of view, little doubt remains with regard to who does the feeling. The question of purity and an impetus for certain beliefs is inseparable from investigating the tension between an inflated image of human power and acceptance of its limits, which paradoxically confirms its capacities.

The modern day sublime is closely related to technologically enhanced realities. Tangentially ruminating about technological and scientific progress, Jameson sustains a critical distance from the subject matter, thereby preventing overdeterministic critique of technological determinism, and yet pondering the question about the specificities of postmodernist sentiment:

Yet conspiracy theory (and its garish narrative manifestations) must be seen as a degraded attempt – through the figuration of advanced technology – to think the impossible totality of the contemporary world system. It is in terms of economic and social institutions that, in my opinion, the postmodern sublime can alone be adequately theorized. (Postmodernism, or, the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism 38)

One of the most striking tropes Jameson deploys to portray the context of the vapid sublime, superficial euphoria, and spectacular instantaneity is that of the waning of affect, pertinent to the culture of late capitalism, which he rightly relates to the disappearance of vital cultural ingredients: “But it means the end of much more -- the end, for example, of style, in the sense of the unique and the personal, the end of the distinctive brush stroke” (Postmodernism, or, the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism 15). The changes in the general sentiment are best portrayed in the parallel regarding the alternations of the perception and the very experience of subjectivity. He understands postmodernist culture to be largely averse to historicizing. What in
this regard can be taken as pertinent to the postmodernist view is refocusing cultural vocabulary from time onto space.

Refocusing is most easily graspable within the parallel between the reconfiguration of subjectivity and mutations of urban spaces. Jameson exemplifies the dynamics through the portrayal of the modern day Los Angeles cityscape as an epitome of the postmodernist decentered subject. Such a subject, from Jameson’s point of view, can no longer inhabit the modernist predicament. In other words, it is not possible for the postmodernist subject to feel alienation, solitude, isolation, personal rebelliousness, or any other of the known modernist emotional and psychological hardships (Postmodernism, or, the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism 16). The main reason for this seems to be the very precondition for such states: certain kind of divergence from the center, which again is suggestive of a distortion of the norm itself having been violated through what turns out to be the postmodernist dominant—fragmentation of both subjectivity and social realities within which “the norm itself is eclipsed” (Postmodernism, or, the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism 17).

Postmodern urban spaces have, thus, rendered alienation redundant by introducing different sentiment “in the form of a strange new hallucinatory exhilaration” (Postmodernism, or, the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism 33). Jameson’s is not unlike Eagleton’s thought about alienation being inadequate wording for postmodernist sensibility because it implies an idea of authenticity to which postmodernist thought is not inclined at all (Against the Grain 132). Eagleton’s depiction of styleless depthlessness reverberates with Jameson’s portrayal of urban spaces degraded in their disintegration into mere surfaces. In such an urban context, the subject
is divested of a corresponding vocabulary. No wonder the subject is incapable of devising a response to such spatiality. However, this inability might not be all that bad.

It may simply signify the discrepancy between the subject and the surrounding, and the incongruence between them can be understood as a consequence of miscommunication between the object and the subject. This might mainly result from an endangered status of the much needed critical distance, which in contemporary world seems to be insufficient within the relationship between the subject and the object. It can as well be indicative of the problematic relationship between discursive and extralinguistic realities known as the distinction between the metalevel and the object-level--between stylized, aestheticized depictions and their correlatives.

5.6.2 A Blockage to Confusion & Deception

The relationship between these planes inevitably traces the debate back to the question of authenticity and the quandaries related to the style/signature, whose death turns out to be a make-believe reality fueled by the anxiety of the suspected idea of authenticity. One mistakenly believed in their disappearance in the amalgam of fabricated realities. Consequently, contemporary culture has failed to critically approach the idea of the end of the style/signature, whereas the alleged disappearance does not correspond with the way people live and create. Even those who dismiss the myth of originality, like Stewart Home, create in an idiosyncratic vernacular. Fredric Jameson: “postmodernism, despite its systematic and thorough going rejection of all the features it could identify with high modernism and modernism proper, seems utterly unable to divest itself of this final requirement of originality” (A Singular Modernity: Essay on the Ontology of the Present 152). One would be prone to say that, regardless of the
perspective, whoever *cares* about authenticity and the related issues and expresses one’s concerns unavoidably does so in an idiosyncratic idiom.

Therefore, the bewildering end of style/signature is, essentially, a crass understatement, or an overstatement, about cultural realities. It evidences certain denial pertinent to postmodernist reasoning. The contestable character of the fluctuating boundaries in discursively conditioned realities can be understood in the context of the posfuturist remix, examining the modernist-postmodernist nexus. Originating in music, the remix is sensitized to sound. It listens and hears the polyphony of discursive plurality pivotal to cultural realities of today. And it understands it in the vein of Jameson’s observation that it seems to be "essential to grasp postmodernism not as a style but rather as a cultural dominant: a conception which allows for the presence and coexistence of a range of very different, yet subordinate, features" (*Postmodernism, or, the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism* 4). This attests to curious homogenization resulting from the apparent plurality of voices, chiefly manifested in the proliferation of margins. It is also to suggest that such a plurality, instead of enabling voicing out particular modes of expression, has become an oppressive cacophonic paradigm--depthless, contaminating noise of globalized capitalist amalgamation.

Despite growing unpopularity of debates concerning modernist and / or postmodernist thematic, this dissertation, nevertheless, casts light on some aspects of the polemic. Hence, it holds that postmodernists are right to inherit a broken image of reality from modernists. However, such a picture should remain communicable or else the polyphony is merely a cacophony, beehive of disjoined sounds. Further, postmodernists are right to claim that there are as many descriptions as there are idiosyncratic idioms, but this truth does not entail a
presumption that all of them are valid, tenable, and/or communicable. Finally, postmodernism might be right to refute representation, but the presupposition of such a discursive maneuver is debatable. Namely, the idea of representation is in a certain sense worthy of discarding, not because the very concept of fidelity is questioned, but because a replica is an impossibility.

Along with the end of the subject, author, self, style, uniqueness, totality, postmodernism also claims the end of history. In *The Cultural Turn: Selected Writings on the Postmodern 1983-1998* (1998), Jameson challenges it: “But the notion of the ‘end of history’ also expresses a blockage of the historical imagination” (91). Similarly, other blockages preclude other kinds of imagination. For example, the imposition of the supposed multiple deaths overshadows the theoretical imagination—a blockage of the capacity to perceive the signature(style and solidarity as compatible. Impositions of that kind attempt to persuade one that something dreadful will happen to cultural polyphony if idiosyncratic idioms are acknowledged. That kind of blockage of the cultural imagination presumes that authenticity is inherent in the dominant self/monolith subject. It is a blockage of the social imagination that would want one to equate individuality with individualism and be content with an idea of human beings as unidentifiable, isolated particles in the amalgamation of faceless nihil-cannibalist robozombies. It also tends to project absurdity of eradicated subjectivity overshadowed by depthless sublime epitomized in an aggrandized, euphoric self. It aspires to overthrow the belief that, actually, there is nothing wrong with the subjects being individuals: human, unique, and alive for that matter. Nor is there anything erroneous about the right to the remix. In the key of humbleness.

Oppositional impositions threaten the creative imagination and the potential of the textual. Since literature of the twentieth and the twenty-first centuries has to a large extent been self-reflexive, it has also been partly a form of denial of its potential and a delusion about its
impasse. In response, one reads *Tainted Love* and similar inauthentic voices as a call for reanimation of the tired body of literature and inapty violated status of the idiosyncrasies of the subjects such as readers/writers. Terry Eagleton, *Against the Grain*:

Postmodernism, by contrast, commits the apocalyptic error of believing that the discrediting of this particular representational epistemology is the death of truth itself, just as it sometimes mistakes the disintegration of certain traditional ideologies of the subject for the subject’s final disappearance. (144)

Reading *Tainted Love* in the key of redemption emphasizes the symbolic of the death of the heroine. The unsolved mystery of the arguable suicide or the assumed homicide, Home explains reflecting on the nature of the riddle: “The perfection of suicide lies in ambiguity” (*Tainted Love* 117). The trope suggests that the multiple factors contributing to the mortification of Jilly, counterculture, art, history, subject, literature, etc. come from the inside as much as they may be externally conditioned. Facing such perplexities, one can hardly respond with a formulaic solution. With regards to endurance in such overwhelmingly complex circumstances, one is reminded about Burroughs’s reiterating the significance of simplicity as an answer to bewildering times:”Certainly not commit suicide, no matter what you believe about life and death. Suicide is obviously not a viable answer. Not wanting to live anymore is a form of self-indulgence. You hang on to life as long as you can function” (*Burroughs Live* 751).

Hanging on to life as long as one lives is the idea of the fellowship sustained through perseverance in the remix: exercising the right to *NO* to the culture of denial is also a *YES* to the call for the reawakening of the dormant spirit of resistance against destructiveness and ossification, against the object in which not to believe, as Baudrillard urges. The wager for
resistance against fabricated blockages to regenerating energies is the peaceful/peaceable character of the remix.

5. 7 By Way of Conclusion: Solidarity beyond Pain

There is room for the postnihilist turn under what Burroughs characterizes as “the conditions of total emergency” (Burroughs Live 59). Only with the postfuturist twist. The view invests in reimagining of the communal based on merciful relationship among human fellow travelers because charity, being tightly interwoven with humbleness and kenosis, disables necromaniacal self-indulgence in suicide, homicide, and forms of inflicting pain to others. Such communal reconfiguring sometimes requires hitting the blue note only to realize its cohesive potential for the fellowship.

Its communal capacities can be thought in terms of Richard Rorty’s idea of solidarity. Originating in neopragmatist philosophical tradition, his theory claims that there is no neutral theoretical ground to ensure socially acceptable behavior. This means that no theoretical apparatus can provide a congruence between the public and the private. Rorty goes on to suggest that we should strive to sensitize to other people’s experience of pain and thereby contribute to

the well-being of the community. This post-philosophical social critique understands feeling pain as the only possible common denominator defining us as humans. It also proposes solidarity as the only imperative on the public plane:

Solidarity is not thought of as recognition of a core self, the human essence, in all human beings. Rather, it is thought of as the ability to see more and more traditional differences (of tribe, religion, race, customs, and the like) as unimportant when compared with similarities with respect to pain and humiliation – the ability to think of people widely different from ourselves as included in the range of ‘us.’ (Contingency, Irony, and Solidarity 192)

Rorty’s liberal irony challenges the idea of philosophy as a mediator, metaground between personal idiosyncrasies and society, theoretical foundation ensuring communal wellbeing, neutral discursive territory between the public and the private. Instead, he understands the human shared ability to feel pain as the only kind of social glue. Rorty’s liberal irony concerns moral aspects of that common ground, without prescribing a theoretical foundation.

Time and again, one realizes that hitting the blue note can, indeed, get us closer to one another. It is also reasonable to believe that it cannot leave one unaltered. Even if the dictatorship of discourse kept one caught up in a constant narrative loop: there is the DJ. Yes: to the remix in the spirit of incessant gratitude. The remix seeks the ways to explore the possibilities for the no pill situation. In the remix, it is possible to reshift onto the source of power ensuring the cohesion of the fellowship confronted with a challenging combination of uncertainty and underlying stability throughout the remix of noise and silence--the source of the
rebellious, yet unifying, peaceable/peaceful impetus to the passionate commitment, fervent striving for the resurrection of social activism and recuperation of human dignity.

The apparent inhibition of “private revolt,” as Jameson demarcates an aspect of living amid depthless surfaces (*Postmodernism, or, the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism* 16), is certainly not something contemporary subjects have to accept as the only way to relate to the times in which one lives. Neither do they have to resume the supposedly lost experience of alienation in order to regain the status of the subject. Rather, reintegration of creative energies based on the power of powerlessness and the greatness of the human spirit can be part of the reanimated urban spaces in which the new political art, as Eagleton and Jameson respectively suggest in terms of reconfiguring postmodernist combination of the modernist legacy, ensures what indeed seems to be insufficient in contemporary culture. McKenzie Wark: “One-way communication has usurped the space of civil dialogue” (*The Beach beneath the Street: The Everyday Life and Glorious Times of the Situationist International* 85).

To reclaim the space is to think in the key of counternostalgic *hic & nunc / antcarpediem* poetics, to a high degree in tune with the way Jameson reimagines art in contemporary cultural context:

This is not then, clearly, a call for a return to some older kind of machinery, some older and more transparent national space, or some more traditional and reassuring perspectival or mimetic enclave: the new political art (if it is possible at all) will have to hold to the truth of postmodernism, that is to say, to its fundamental object—the world space of multinational capital—at the same time at which it achieves a breakthrough to some as yet unimaginable new mode of representing this last, in which we may again begin to grasp our positioning as
individual and collective subjects and regain a capacity to act and struggle which is at present neutralized by our spatial as well as our social confusion. The political form of postmodernism, if there ever is any, will have as its vocation the invention and projection of a global cognitive mapping, on a social as well as a spatial scale. (*Postmodernism, or, the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism* 54)

In the era of deceptively confusing, spectacle-minded cultural realities, vision and visual are mistakenly used interchangeably just as fabricated desires are frequently confusedly adopted alongside other imposed models of thinking including, but not limited to, blurring the distinction between discourse and the everyday, perceiving human identity and society in terms of the capacity to consume, and using chronological vagaries as a means of machination and control. Oppressive, manipulative social mechanisms find human minds and bodies curiously vile when they demonstrate radically recalcitrant resistance against mindless demands. Redemptive power of creation thrives on hard-headed insistence on the distinction between quantity/materialist wealth, as they are worshipped in babylonian culture, and life of abundance. It is also firmly anchored in the belief in recasting one’s mind from simulated, controlling machinery on creativity, communality, and individuality being primarily a demonstration of having a clear thought.

Communicating it, however, is both enabled and restrained by language. In language, we can talk, utter, speak, express, communicate. And yet, we cannot always convey the message perfectly precisely. The dilemma is indicative of the imperfection of language. Being constituent of cultural constructs devised by humans, the imperfection of language indirectly attests human imperfection. By extension, it signals the limits of both humans and discourse. And yet, such a
limitation simultaneously informs and makes manifest the possibility of cultural realities not being immune to the remix, either. It is also a hopeful indicator that the overgeneralizing equation between being human and being imperfect is not all what to be human is about.

The insights can be approached via the question of how discourse can reflect profound wonderings about the modernist-postmodernist trajectory. Even the very manner in which the problematic is presented is suggestive of the conundrum. More precisely, the implied dichotomy does not precisely delineate questions of pressing importance about their social significance and the possibility to think about their ramifications. Perhaps Jameson’s suggestion may illuminate the search:

[N]amely, that the dualism be used in some sense against itself, like a lateral field of vision requiring you to fix an object you have no interest in. So it is that, rigorously conducted, an inquiry into this or that feature of the postmodern will end up telling us little of value about postmodernism itself, but against its own will and quite unintentionally a great deal about the modern proper, and perhaps the converse will also turn out to be true, even though the two were never to have been thought of as symmetrical opposites in the first place. An ever more rapid alternation between them can at the least help the celebratory posture or the old-fashioned fulminating moralizing gesture from freezing into place. (*Postmodernism, or, the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism* 66)

The radical light shift is an invitation to reanimate *the signature* from the ashes: to reconfigure remixable traditional categories, thereby providing an inspirational environment for creatively critical activism, livable cultural conditions, and humane social relations. Appreciating humanity, while emphasizing the limits of the human, and celebrating individuality that,
paradoxically, fortifies communality is constitutive of refacement: rebirth through silence and solidarity of reindividualized, selfless fellow humans engaged in enduring creation of a free culture based on trust and love.
Honorable listeners / participators, we are going to take a short break and hear from our correspondent who is conveying heated discussions currently taking place at the friendly battlezone of ideas on Half Floral Avenue. Discursive arena is propagating the polyphony of voices. Advancing the application of the manual *On How To Phunkie WriteReadRemix (ØØØØ)*, shadow talk is here now to cast new light on the redemptive powers of resistance against noise pollution, thereby delivering a message about the ways cacophony informs who one is. Or can be. Subtonically, genuine exchange, borne out of vigorous disputes and fruitful dissensus, generates the union in the spirit of reverence. Yo!

United in Discussion: Tropiod Transsupracrossbeyondness

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97 Major portion of the text of this chapter has been included in my novel entitled *Wridding*. Raleigh: Lulu.com, 2014. eBook.
Yo! At the conference titled *Haters Against Superficial Perception Of Death*\(^\text{100}\) (University Off O’Heigh, on the first Friday of the month of April 4004, under the auspices Off Translucent Association) the presenters, commentators, inquirers, curious passers-by, docile acolytes, fervent opponents, sage advisers, intoxicating skeptics, soul-crushing cynics, suspicious epistemehunters, gullible followers, robotic listeners, gluttonous collaborators, and zomboid elocutionists are united in kicking the underbelly of perception of death as the (fore)shadow of the kingdom of beyondness. The gathering aims to trigger tectonic shifts in the undercurrents of the consensus about life as a transitory stage in universal whateverness. On this gloomy Fday afternoon, when most of the denizens are rushing towards their suburban homes, wrapped in woolen shawls to protect themselves from the attack of the raging hostile wind, an unlikely crew of different affinities are assembled at 45 Half-Floral Ave. The unquenchable remixing drive brings them at Celestial Academy to for a zillionth time share, confront, offend, embrace, reject, and/or accept each other’s opinions. A special treat for the listeners and the dedicated crew of WELD/Program. *awm* straight from the hearth off the heated debate. *Cheers!*

: Ladies & gents, welcome to the celebration of the 30\(^{\text{th}}\) anniversary of the inauguration of the seminal idea that opened up a brand new universe of exploring the notions of life and death in the context of bodiless somnambulism. To my petrol delight, today we will have the chance to

\(^99\) Central Park. NYC. October 2010.
\(^{100}\) *Haters Against* (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gtCIRFnVsWE&feature=youtu.be)
hear numberless thoughts about the subject matter in question. It is a great pleasure and
immeasurable honor to introduce to the audience Professor Jesjerbo Einzeshoolenolbagthen, a
senior lecturer in quantum economics of spaceship trade. To his or her right is seated
Kronaverous Dearkxnh, postconsensual journalist and a political activist for early retirement.
Further to the right is Sonnunta Arcada!, reader in cerebratory mechanics of the printed world at
the University of Guess What. To his or her right is Paneloopy Harckoffianova Xille, The
University of Refined Arts graduate, public intellectual, investigating the propulsiveness and
stretchability of transindividualism. With no further ado, join me in welcoming our guests – give
it up for the hopefully fruitful outcome of today’s gathering.

(Clap. Clap. Clap.)

: Thank you. There is no reason to delay the first presentation: ladies’N’gentlemen, Professor
Einzeshoolenolbagthen!

: Wassup! Lemmie see what we have here…a bunch of bloody bastards, eh? Well, well,
well…what an inspiration for a dirty cynical mind…thanks, thanks everyone…What can I say?
My early encounters with the notion of death as a prolegomenon to a kingdom of whatever was a
decisive signal to my brain to set itself in the ongoing alarm mode. Why, you may ask…The
answer is pretty straightforward, as I am not accustomed to postponing anything that can be done
any time. Hence, my answer is because I recognized in it traces of a hallucinogenic attempt to
establish once and for all the belief in vapidousness of transience as such. Having realized in it a
far cry of what I found to be simply an abhorring recapitalization of the then already overthrown
spaceship trade dogma, I felt a pang probing my chest with the intensity of the speed of light
fertilized by the infinity of velocity. So, I instantly held my breath, exhaled deeply, and listened
to the lexical selection packaged in phonological opulence, stunningly seductive, yet
insufficiently deceptive for a veteran skeptic like your humble orator. That moment marked in
my life the beginning of the struggle that I intend to end when death itself confirms my
suspicions. Here’s to that!

(Uaploading.)

: Thank you, Doctor Einzesholenalbagthen. I suggest we hear the next presenter before the
beehive of thoughts spurred by Professor’s immersive account of his or her experience shatters
the spirit of communal cohesion. To that end, Kronaverous Dearkxnh—the floor is yours!

: Hey, thanks! What an afternoon, eh? Never thought I’d meet so many mind-blowing idea-
generators at one place! Huh! Where to start? How to begin? When nothing that can be said
would be welcomed with an emphatic flame…When all one could ever conjure up is his or her
own vision of heaven and / or hell, respectively, dependent on that very person’s nutrition and
digestion…What a world has been given to us to inhabit? What a universe to dream of flying
across…What a grandiosity of unhistoricizable strokes telling us where the answers cannot be
found…what a glory of living in the agony of uncertainty, indecision, unrevealed paths leading
who-knows-whatever…what a privilege to be called a human being (if the term itself, along with
the signified, has not been completely squeezed out from the debate) here and now, regardless of
where and when it is. Forever inspired by this blood-sucking realization about one’s spatio-
temporal conditionality, I decided to commit my life (even if it’s just an appendix to the great
book of antibiotics) to saying yes-I-mean-no-well-eh-oblige-me-not-I-dunno…to a constant
influx of an ever increasing amount of ye stubble instability of death.

(Clap. Clap. Clap.)
Thank you! Thank you, indeed! Isn’t the unstoppable train of thought just that! Before this stream of ideas drag us from concentrating on the gregarious aspect of today’s event, let’s keep our minds firmly focused on the direction from which the next speech bravado is coming—right from the head and mouth of Sonnunta Arcada!

Not accustomed to live encounters with the producers and owners of ideas, I find my own position somewhat unnatural. This is only to beg in advance your forgiveness for the possible mishaps, flaws, and distortions in my speech. What makes this situation even more peculiar is that it seems to be the very tail of the body that the snake’s gob is biting. Let me be more precise and say that just because I became irreversibly disillusioned with regard to the possibilities and elusiveness of a live verbal exchange, I redirected my activities towards the printed world and the enchantments of its stubbility. The exegesis of my professional orientation and expertise is archeologically leading to the moment when the allegedly scientifically justifiable truth about the undoubtedly empirical phenomena such as life and death (which turned out to be a mere projection of the speaker’s predecessors’ metaphysical aimless wandering) was “revealed” to me. I was shocked, to say the least. To be more generous in specifying the experience it, actually, was, I have to acknowledge another hardly comprehendible fact: my mind was spinning down a dazzling whirlpool of a hot-cold rollercoaster…Hwere to go, hwat to think, whom to ask, to whom to confess, with whom to share…was beyond my command…So, I opened a book…to find consolation …and guess what I found! The same idea that blew away the ground under my feet just minutes prior to that. But then, what’s even more shocking is that this time I felt it spoke differently to me. Then I decided to spend the rest of my life—regardless of how it stands in opposition to death—to the study of the world of print. Hence, all the flawed aspects of my today’s speech. Thank you!
No, thank YOU! What a paradoxical way to direct one’s life! (Anyone care to share cognizance abt different paths?) May our attention not be dispersed in a factional fashion. Rather, let’s remain firmly nailed to the train of word of the forthcoming misterlady speaker--Paneloopy Harckoffianova Xille!

Pleasure to see all the familiar faces, as well as those of complete strangers! Ha!
Whatapackofmotherphunkiewolvesyouare, ARE you not, huh? I have every wish to open today’s presentation by expressing my measureless joy caused by the flashes and sparkles in your eyes so alive. My idea of the prospects for increasing the strechtability of one’s own being was originally inspired by my mother’s incidental delivery of an auxiliary lesson in literary theory. Specifically, on one occasion when she was lulling me with an astonishingly sedating fairy tale told in a velvety voiceover alternating between a hysteric soprano and a sinuous alto. Another piece of random literary knowledge and…well, skill…what else…happened when my ol’ man sent to my eye a look of 1000 swords and zillions of elfin smiles telling me to take and read the book he presented me with earlier. Later, I realized that in his pulsating eyeball was hidden the quiet sanctuary which I’dl be revisiting as long as I live for a recharge of the battery in my pupil. The core of the lesson was the revelatory clue for interpreting a dream of a factory worker in the key of continental politics of analysis and turntablist poetics in tune with the cosmic walk of the silent word. Having learned what readwriting—literature--is, I set out on a journey called life by all whose imagination fails to respond to the challenge to transcend that shamefully narrow definition. I was like them perhaps. Before the earthquake that forever restructured my cognition based on a definition’s capacity for strechtability. Once I started accumulating the necessary
skills for the development of my life-defining strategies, I started hearing my mother’s voice coated in the shades superseding my explanatory faculties. Thus, I started exploring the possibilities to transcend my individuality by becoming a transgressive tribal transindividual. I purchased special robes symbolizing my decision to live forever deluded by the idea that I am alive.

(Clap. Clap. Clap.)

: Thanks all the presenters for sharing their respective illusions, anxieties, comforts, aspirations, desires, thoughts, passions, and/or anticipations. Having said that, we’ll open the discussion and start with the A/Q session. Yes, I can see some hands over there…Lady-gentleman in the back has priority, for s/he is among the minority who actually paid the $10 admission. We’re all ears…

(Uaploading.)

: As an inconsolable victim of the collapse of biologically inspired financial determinism, I am, to put it very mildly, unsettled by the words coming from the confession shared by Ms. Xille. What strikes me in particular is his or her uncritical, unquestioning acceptance of intuitive critical thinking and involuntary educational practices. As a single child, I, too, did receive a lesson in psychodynamic of remixing on more than one occasion while my carers were desperately, unsuccessfully so, trying to pacify my prenatal frustration manifested in the nonverbal quest for the financial essence of existence. However, I resisted it uncompromisingly, unconsciously knowing that the revelation was only to come once I would be given a privilege of enrolling in an actual educational institution and being epistemologically baptized by experts.
Hence,,, my question is: Hwat the phunk does voice have to do with motherphunkie bunch of elated teleological stubbilities that the ingenuity of expertise transforms into whadeva?

(Clap. Clap. Clap.)

: I am most grateful for this strange encounter with the question throbbing the stretchy boundaries of transindividualism. First, I would give the reason for my gratefulness. It, on the one hand, pierces the tissue of the lofty body of definition per se. These metaphorical injuries are, on the other hand, the very manifestation…proof, so to speak…of the beauty of living as a transgressive tribal transindividual. Further, it vivaciously stabilizes the uncertainty of living through the aura of delusion as a selfconsuming counterpoint. In other words, that instantiates the presumable impossibility of a physical impact on metaphysical phenomena, outplaying transcendence as such. And I take hearing this to be the most gratifying of tensions that either a question like yours, or, a given life situation–regardless of the extent of postmonsterity–can present a human being with (A pint on me after the panel in the pub across the street, cool?)

(Uaploading.)

: On November 6th, 20X, I went to the river to drown myself. I walked towards the shore and felt the misty air dampening the hairs on the inside of my nostrils. Humidity always smells of fall. Feels like yellowish leaves after the rain, emanating etheric waves into the bubblesque surrounding. The softness of the materialized scentless olfactory sensation evokes the stillness of rainy Saturday mornings in a working class quarter, in an apartment with the windows facing factory chimneys–the only joyful site in the morosely stern landscape. And that view from the bed on such drenched mornings was an equivalent for the long, foggy afternoons that suffocated the soul with the most startling of blankets. As I entered the water, I felt as if my awareness of
the body robbed of a meaning was conquering my heart. With each inch of my skin succumbing to the powers of the aquavasion, I sensed the *virtuality* of the new meaning expanding...merging with the tidal touch and presenting it with a new insight into the notion of spatial coordination. And I stopped when the waterline marked the boundary around my thigh, dividing it into two incommensurable zones. And that line told me about a mindless, devastating, arduous, merciless brutality of living unaware of the meaning of one’s own body.

: Thanks for the exchange. Time to proceed with questions...Gentlemanlady in the front row...

: Wassup! Nothing can be more pleasurably challenging than asking me to share details of that conversion. First, one needs to be phunkie unborn into a seeker for whateverness in the kingdom of diachronically unhistoricizable space. Secondly, one MUST phunkie admit being gifted with the insurmountable amount of suspicion. This MUST be excelled in every phunkie communicational context that comes to hand. It is most elegantly done in three easy steps: (1) Find a random, ephemeral string of words written on the bank of the river; (2) Call them a bird; (3) Proclaim their/its originating from and residing in your romanticized dream of dysfunctional family relations...and VØILÆ–from a potential, weak cynic, one is converted into a born skeptic–never to enter the kingdom of reverence again! Cheers Madam Charie in re-tro-spect!

: On November 9th, 20=, I realized that from being ostracized (point A) to being exiled (point B), may appear as a static trajectory. If you have a sense that such a journey does not coincide with the definition of *kinetic*, you may want to (a) Rethink your trip, or, (b) Redefine the word. If you opt for (a), that can either imply checking the flexibility of your muscles, or, a suspicious approach towards the very road. If your choice is (b), however, the consequences are more than obvious. Now, checking the flexibility might as well entail testing the stretchability of the
muscles, whereas introducing a suspicious attitude towards the road itself can require physical engagement, should there be any need for its readjustment. By contrast, although the obviousness of the consequences resulting from the (b) option could be disputable, that fact is not worth considering for a simple reason: the very obviousness. As the most controversial among the abovementioned issues, special attention will be paid to it. A kind of blindness as it may be called, refuting the argument against obviousness is linguistically justifiable because the latter is one of the lesser rhetoric strategies and even a more morbid logical maneuver than the former. By the same token, although the act of refuting features a bearing pertinent to *ad hominem* argumentation, its application is, nevertheless, valid, as it confirms the belief in the power of non-principal parts of speech in the Latin language. Alas, that linguistic agency, a.k.a. Lace’n’Trism, features severe symptoms of an auto-asphyxiating bias. However, any objection of that kind signals unforgivable ignorance about the significance of *lingua franca*. As such, the linguistic common ground is frequently debated from the perspective of grounding-biased opponents. Needless to say, these opinions decisively ignore their own position.

To be aware of such ignorance counteracts the very stance. Thus, the awareness is ruled out as a possibility. Once the magnificence of even-handedness has manifested itself in the full glory of the broadness of perspectives, the consideration can proceed to the next stage, being: What can one do with a definition in order to change it? Or, the word for that matter.

: Cheers for transferring mutual thankfulness onto the all present and absent alike. Why don’t we take the next question from the floor…

: *AL*rajt everyone! Coming from impoverished lower middle class background, I learned my lesson as I was going from one metonymical caveat to another. The most revelatory insight to me
was that about sexual inscriptions on the food we daily devour not asked if we feel like it at all. Thus, I tend to read into omnipotent objects subjugating the subjects—or some such common wisdom derived from the celebrated logic of somnambulism--the foreshadowing of a loaf of apples brought to fruition with the erasure of my vision of the lionized past from the minds of the protagonist of the oneiric experience I might will have had. In all honesty, I am as modest as phunk! Gluck, gluck, gluck–ih am. In my teens all the streets of even the most deserted of towns were populated, inhabited, and dwelt by people. On summer nights, I would stroll along la boulevard and melt into the lusciously sweating concrete. I used to adore the filthy city. As I allowed the metaphorical magma to conquer my pores, I was automatically infused with nutrients necessary for the growth of me – baby! That I took to be the compensation for the birth-given class status, now forever lost to the endless wandering and search for more of that liquid rushing into the simile of my body. Like phunk!

: Hwatss yo phunkie question?

: As a specialist in question-free culture, I take the liberty not to respond to the previous commentator. Given the metamorphosis from a personified dactyl to a hyperbole of persona, my everincreasing pleasure was being borne by a logically salient belief in simultaneous amplification of impatience as the most effective life strategy, refuting all the hypotheses about the possibility of the synonymity of value-free, disinterested, objective, unbiased, valueless, invaluable…inutilitable. This made of me an unshakable acolyte of the evasive opposition between the dichotomies such as life and death.

: On November 15th, 20=, I decided that, despite my favourite pastttime being humming, I find it startlingly exciting to sometimes also bruzz. The reason for this passion of mine is that it is less
easily detectable. The nature of the sound hides in the friction produced by the palate and the tonsils via the vibration of the short audio channel between them. What is particularly seductive about it is the way frequency is spread throughout the oral cavity, striking with the most specific of delights the teeth, parroting big tubes of the organ, spilling the sound from the “pulpit” onto the “nave.” Now despite this enchantment, I don’t spend too much time submitting to the spellbinding charm of the titillations in my nostrils, further encircling my eyeballs, and making my frontal lobe…well—hum. From there, I feel a sensationaly mild wave of numbness invading the spots on my skull from where hair jumps out of the darkness and grids the air around itself. Although inanimate in a way, each of these attached ornaments of the human body encapsulates the energy of the impulse from the source. Whether they are capable of transmitting it onto the levels of reality with which they are in contact is the enigma for us to explore. Whether on numberless rainy days the drops kissing the soil can be heard, or, the kisses are voiced out by the humming sound, is a mystery of a similar sort. But, bigger than these, or, any imaginable code-protected phenomenon for that matter, is one’s indifference to possible answers. Put from a subject-free perspective: The irrelevance of either answer.

: Orajt all! Now, to whom to shoot my question–that is the question now. Which will not keep bothering me for long…because if I learned anything during this… what all the oscillations keep slide-style moving along the death-life scale…is to kinda cut the unnecessary whirlpool of bewilderment (having indulged for some time in the seductiveness of its tormenting pleasure-pain shifts) and, in a kneejerk fashion, hear my own inner voice as somebody else’s whisper. That said, I choose Sonnunta Arcada! to be the target of somebody else’s whisper-turned-my inner voice-turned a question for somebody…who happens to be YOU. Now, I hear the reverberation of the whisper that sets my mind in a specific state–preparatory, so to speak...a
hallway leading towards a full-fledged interrogative form of the verbalized tissue of my thought…While I’m acutely fixated on its tender delays, I am being transformed into a decoding machine, translating the nearly infraaudible noises into not-yet-ultrasonic sound. What I hear can, in words known to man, be expressed as follows: How aethical is it to think aethically?

:Dapoltri!

: Yo! Wassup! Familiar as I might be with the nature of the transformations you are referencing in an extended introduction to the core of the inquiry in question, I, at the same time, can by no means guarantee that I find your utterance completely comprehensible. However, that I take to be resulting from my lousy capacity to convert audible material into an imagined written form. For me, what can be read is only what is materialized as the written word. All the alternatives I take to be almost the wagers for my failing to satisfy the addressee’s desire to be given an answer. Yet it neither prevents me from trying to respond, nor does it diminish the pleasure I get from the process of conversing. The preparatory stage of such a complex task is to wish strongly, visualizing it at that, if not in strictly image-like terms, that my ashes be dispersed over the branches of the beech tree from the memory of my childhood as it’d have been told and recorded by my posterity. Second, I surrender to the detonation of the words describing, albeit ignoring any reference to spatially situating the scenes, the act of burying my remains under the roots of the willow tree, drenched in my ancestors’ tale of their own death wish. Once the generational post mortem visions converge at the point where the universe’s cry can be heard if
the senders of the respective visions show their IDs confirming the fervent listeners’ citizenship, I start seeing one’s spoken expression acquiring a form of the word recorded in the written form. The initial stage of such a transformation resolutely and unfailingly opens with the Truth #1: Urban legend has it that most of the translating business is bulls*it, which it is. But so are most urban legends. To me, to be able to begin any kind of activity, especially those related to the stringent procedural ordeals of the trade I chose to invest my cultural capital in, I need to hear this truth in its entirety. More so, I necessitate to be alertly aware of its tangential, yet vital, connection to the fact that proves impatience to be the most gratifying of life generating strategies. Having had the fusion of the Truth #1 and its accessories reach the heart of my linguistic machinery, I inaugurate the advancement of transforming the content into the only one understandable to me. All the imprecision, imperfection, ignorance, ignorance, and incomprehensibility, carefully calculated, predicted, and included in the horizon of expectations on behalf of me both as the creator of the answer and that of the creator of the question, united in being doomed to failure in either asking or answering…well…just about anything…Once I arm myself with the equipment I need to launch my thought to the heights of wordneckbreaking and shoot a breathtaking transfer beyond my idiosyncratic boundaries, thereby for a tiny second making of myself the Popeess of anticlimactic slogans, I am ready to decipher the meaning of the printed world-appropriated expression. Presuming that I have gone through all the abovementioned preparations while explicating the procedure itself, I am found at the apex of shooting a loser’s attempt to meet the requirements off A/Q games.

Inn the Hearth Off Mediation
On Air: Take One

Welcome back to 1000 FM. You are listening to WELD/Program. awm. This is your DJ speaking. It is Friday. 9:40 AM and you are tuned just phunkie right. This is the Program. Keep sipping at your iced tea, while the gentle rhythm floats through the waves from this turntable straight to your homes, suckaz! And whilst rocking to the swaying beat, feel free to move your lazy ass and pick up the cell phone lying next to the bed on which you are decomposing, immersed in the slumber off the hearth. Take that phunkie device, press all the right buttons, and you will soon hear a husky, yet mellifluous voice that will enrich your dull day with even a lamer conversation. But all is not in what is said...unowadamsayin, hu? So, yeah...put some phunkie muscular effort and grab the phone. Talk to ME...Hello?

102 Harley. NYC. June 2010.
: Yeah…

: Whassup!

: Sure…I call to proclaim strong and irrevocable disbelief in science, thereby shattering the myth of religion and altogether dismissing the notion of faith. Bless!¹⁰³

: Fierce, dude! Care to say something about your anxious self? Hello? Um…Looks like the conversation was just what you’ve heard…But…hullo! Who’s there?

V: More Air

: Awrajt… I am here. HowboutYOU?

: Long time, bro…Just callin to address the issue previously raised by one of the acquaintices…Not that tis a reply…more like a comment or something…

: Go ahead…

: Sure… Having recovered from the shock of shattered faith, I now live in the world in which myth is not possible, dreams are nothing but elegant devices for passing from one psychedelic to another tranCelaske state, vectors do not connect two points, tangentiality does not imply the spot

¹⁰³ Let (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Qd1wqsN9D34&feature=youtu.be)
¹⁰⁴ Central Park, Off Season. NYC. October 2010.
of contact, the body is what you write about it, mother is that who has no womb, and father is the
fable one creates dashing through caleidoscpoic corridors…Are you with me?

: Head to toes…

: Having said that, I am now free to behead you on a basis of the premise claiming that I am the
hand on your turntable, happily leaving you with an illusion that you host the Program.
Furthermore, I am free to actually be that hand and immerse myself in the beauty of the fact that
I am telling you a true story. Needless to say, I am also free to believe that it can leave you
somewhat puzzled, but that will—and cannot!—affect the way I live in the postmythical world.
Under no bloody circumstances (and/or conditions for that matter!) shall I abandon the safety of
the new world with no boundaries and no hosts!

: I sure will not interfere with your idea of safety, truth be told…

: You shouldn’t! Because not only does it provide ME, but also YOU with an opportunity to
indulge in the escalation of good, boundless friendship…What is more, my sense is that (if
properly appropriated) the newly arisen situation can (and MUST!) lead towards unprecedented
imaginary possibilities. This is where my atavistic mind gets halted and I continue to be
free…free to be lonely…Nobody can deprive me of that liberty…Liberty to love a thought of
who you are…To talk to you, all the while keeping to myself. If I so desire. And I do. So,
see…I’m talking to you as if you were a non-host, deluded into an idea of trust that to live a life
is to shuffle records all day. And night.

: Say what you will…but my job is DJing and whether you are of the opinion that I should shut
up or whatever, I can only say that once upon a time I’dl recognize the sign that’dl determine my
existence by the parameters of the permanent vacation called DJing. This constitutes the acquired habit (some weird folks also call it commitment) to respond to my audience. Thus…wassup story listeners!

foYr: Autobiographical Injunction

: Aye…yeah…Here…

: Likewise…What kind of joy will your words bring to my and our acquaintances’ ears…?

: Inspired by the previously heard ranting, I thought I’d share this anecdote with you guys…

: Nothing can be more welcome than that…So…?

: Yeah…This autobiographical extract from the memory of my grandfather on my mother’s side is about a shamanistic dream that my great grandma on my father’s side once had during an afternoon nap. To be more precise, in her dream, she was sitting in the middle of the ruins of the ancient temple when the telephone rang. An unknown voice called to announce the end of the empire of the wrestlers who ruled for the sake of rugbism. It seriously disturbed my great grandma and forced her to stand up from the previously assumed sitting position and look around to try to find--in retrospect--the heralds of the event. This made the actual great grandma toss and turn in her comfortable bed, fighting the news coming from beyond the conscious. Some call it

105 Harlem, Pavement Graffiti. NYC. June 2010.
denial, but I’m not sure I’d subscribe to such a definition, for denial implies conscious awareness…Or something like that…Some kind of reality…Some say that even being consciously aware is the epitome of the unreal. Perhaps. As I agree with the previously shunned religious myths and all the nonsense related to faith, my vision of reality is shrinking…And so was my great grandma’s—both in the dream and outside of it. You may claim that she would have avoided all the trouble by NOT having answered the call, but rebЯta…davayte…ona sama kogda ta davnooo bill wrestлёром I znaet chto takоE “rugbism.” Esli bi kto TO skazal eÔ chto ne vse forms of that sportism odinakie, on bЫ smog spatЬ I ne volnovexevatсЯ ob mirovom kataklizmicheskом prospecte. No, ona также bill шамansküm priestessoi. Voila! Ona RegledA at the apparatus thininkng that it was simultaneously announcing the collapse of everything she had been up to up to that point. How so very outdated…After she woke up and told me about the dream, she also said that part of her unconscious in the dream suspected that the voice was mine. Her Id, however, decisively refuted that idea. This left me with an identity of an unworthy suspect. It also savagely disabled a possibility of my entering this memory excerpt as a protagonist. So, I decided I’d just tell it how it was…

: If any, my anxiety is that there’s no wonder. Or so you tell me, me phone-in contributor…I might have got it all wrong, being a nonexpert specializing in what serious participants in life and culture consider to be paid for being a self-centered turntablist…You tell me…If not, I’ll just treat myself with another tune and you’ll feel tremendous benefits from that V…Do we have somebody on the line to confirm or deny my words…?

Five: Molest Me Not With Memories, Please!

: Hellyeah!
Can’t remember… I don’t believe in memory… I believe in identity created from the image of what I imagine it was like before… yesterday, for instance… But my imagination can stretch further in the past… then I imagine what it was like long before yesterday came… and my identity is being built… and my conviction that I am based on what I imagine to have been in the forgotten past is growing stronger… And I feel like I am more alive and all… The more convinced I am, the better for you… Because your atavistic shadows of the postmyth shock are thus fading and, consequently, you think of yourself as an increasingly lively person… or something like that… At times you wonder how reliable that basis for imagining is, but you’ll recover from suspicion… My image of nonexisting memory is embedded in something beyond you… So much for memory… As for the rest, unlike the previous contributors, I do not shun the faith myth because I do not have such word in the vocabulary of my mind. Long story short, nothing to shun… As far as science is concerned, my image of identity is disinterested… That leaves me with a vacation of an enactment. More precisely, I act as if I were an artistic philosopher preaching world politics… So, I act as if it were October 26th, 2=9. And I open my act asking a questIÓN: What’s your favorite color?

: New blue--Is the new red--Is the new green--Is the new white--Is the new black:

: But it’s not what you wear… / No, I know—it ‘s how you turn… Right / Is the new left:

: What color!!! I am an enactment, wandering along shady allyes, strolling past estuary brooks, drinking smoke, inhaling bread, hearing flavors, touching nothingness… If smell could kill, I am dead every year in June when a linden-lined street embraces me with the supersaturated atomosphere of the poststarburst dispersal of sticky droplets… That imbudes in my mind a sense
of floatful playfulness and I let the drops infuse in the float more of the congealed substance…This for my consciousness is what to some people is memory. They usually say that my acts don’t pass for philosophizing art from the perspective of world-policy-preaching…

But that’s because they don’t know how to breathe gelatinized plasma…

Undercurrent…Underscoring…Underlying…something that no memory can make more alive than it is:

: Sometimes, like this morning, when I wake up from the embrace of the presence in the dream, welcoming me into a new dawn, I see iron clouds in the sky. And I know it was going to be a wonderful day (contributing to the previously heard acquaintance’s vacation of an enactment, I act as if it were 25th November, 20=). Cheerio!

Six: A Question

: Calling neither to rant about science, prophesize, nor shun a phunkie thing. The reason for calling is actually to ask if you ever go home, i.e., spend time not working. If so, (a) What do you do? (b) Who do you talk to? (c) How does it feel?
Not an easy quest\text{I\text{O\text{N}}}, ol’ fella. And I don’t think I can give you a straightforward answer, given certain specificities that complicate the references of your words, expressions, phrases, syntagmas, and sentences. Firstly, if by *home* you mean a physical place, then my answer’d be:

\begin{itemize}
\item [107] Yes, I do sometimes leave my booth. But then, quite frequently, I relax on the sofa, or, even sleep for a couple of hours between my sessions. Secondly, the notion of doing is extremely problematic for those who (like me good self) have two spinning records for kidneys, an impressive groove along the surface of the liver, and a pump of a sort where other humans have what they boast of calling a heart. So, I guess my answer’ld be: No, I hardly ever not DJ.
\end{itemize}

The third parameter complicating our dialogue is the quest\text{I\text{O\text{N}}} of talk. Specifically, if your idea of human communication is limited to phone-in talks, then I have to proudly confess that I’ve spent many an hour listening to inner voices of the partakers in the conversation. This by no means diminishes the significance of the listeners of the Program. Quite the opposite. Finally, how does it feel? You are asking me. Figure it out, fella.

\textsuperscript{107} (le) poisson rouge. NYC. June 2010.
I’m calling to testify my weariness, too…It’s been quite a while since I was marked…labeled…if unofficially…you might say…accused, some would call it…dubbed a notorious exoticizer, appreciator of other cultural heritage, merely a self-indulgent exile. Simultaneously, my taste and interest in, for example, the music of Etrurian peasants have constantly been misinterpreted as arrogant neglect of the contemporary Tuscan scene. By analogy, my scorn for my own traditional Hasidic tradition has been argued to have been inspired by the Madness cover of “Israelites.” To this I can only answer by refuting the analogy based on one simple and logically worthy thought---that my main love for the modern Italian cuisine is founded in the fact that it (modern Italian food, i.e.) did emerge from the old Tuscan legacy, whereas the lineage between Madness and Israel holds no such a connection. Secondly, I also find it wearisome that my true passion for broken beat narrative, hijacking metafiction, IS, despite all the seeming counterarguments, entwined with the tradition that emerged at the turn of the twentieth century. However, I resolutely, decisively, and irrevocably deny the relationship between that kind of literary descent with what will have been created in eighty-first century. So much for excavating my reading posthistorical dystopian present some time from now on. The remaining part of my testimony, as I previously requested in the conversation with me-ms-ess-ta-DJ, will be read by that very person for the reason known to me and the ones that you will

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shortly familiarize your good selves with, as well. Specifically, the details of the life of the
person who lies here and whose name was writ in smoke are too delicate and soulshaking for the
holder of these memories to be conveyed in his or her own voice. With NO further ado, me-ms-
ess-ta--DJ, the floor is yours…

: Dear me-ms-ess-ta--DJ, it is my pleasure to share this, to me and hopefully
other participants in the Program, invaluable experience and provide a kind of testimony of the
years spent in search for something that some call purpose, others meaning, some say it’s the
absence of whatever the former would propose as a candidate for signification…and I
just…choose…well…to write…The specific situation of a person diagnosed with a viral disease
(that some mistakenly--and confusedly for that matter—think is contagious and infectious and,
therefore, curable by the magical power of chemical speech) prevents me from physically
participating in many a social event. Needless to say, that severely limits my inner world by
simply restricting the number and kind of the persons that I’ve been in touch with. It, on the one
hand, makes my world somewhat deserted; on the other hand, it broadens and deepens my
breath and makes my thought clearer. Not to mention the benefits my imagination draws from it.
Thus, it could be said that it affects my creative potential to the extent and in the form
ungraspable to those complicit in shaping the scope of my world. It is also worth noting that
scale should by no means be equated with content and unpredictability of the ways in which it is
being generated. But to elucidate the present moment, let’s excavate what it will-have-may-could-potentially-whatever-MUSTBE.

Seven: Professional Perspectives

Basher: I could not sympathize more with the weary fella…But my frustration is of a different character. To be more precise, I’ve been stigmatized as an arrogantly ignorant, badly-styled offender of everybody and everything else--sometimes intentionally, at times inexplicably misreading their words, emotions, and thoughts. Here, it’s worth mentioning that I moved to this country as an adult and, for that reason, was more familiar with acquisition of language than with learning it…In any case, the point I’m trying to make is that such a situation made of me a handicapped person forever excluded from the club of indigenous lovers of a good laugh. You may wonder why. I’d hardly swallow the last bite of my favorite cookie and the lightening ’ld hit you, opening your eyes to the sad truth that the reason is another form of deprivation: (in this particular case) of the ability (mind you, not the right!) to enjoy the benefits of good pun. One does what one can…some things are just to be accepted. That’s sad destiny of a non-native speaker, innit? Going back to the theme of accusation, I must admit that it’s not so hard, though, to bear the stigma…as it is to explain that all the guilt results from my inability to either remember or understand my own history. Why? You may want to know. Rightly so. Because it

109 A View from Manhattan. NYC. June 2010.
is written at once, starting and ending in a zerolike statement. What could be more bewildering? How to think of geography shaped by such history? How to know one’s own date of birth? How to produce a decent epigraph? How to learn the alphabet that includes numbers? How to count when the first and the last number in the string are zerolike? How not to be weary? I’m asking you.

: Truly moving…Puts my lousy verbal capacities to shame. In such situations, I always turn to what has already been said about the topic in question. Many people have articulated thoughts about it much better than I can. Furthermore, as someone who suffers from the same occasional memory blocks, I usually slip into other people’s diaries because, if nothing else, they keep exact record of time. I even tend to stick to a sample and take it as a recurring pattern of my own thinking. Here’s one of them…Stay tuned phunkie right to WELD/Program. awm.

Medical Profession: I’m honored to be part of the remix. My only concern is (how astonishingly in tune with the sentiment of your recurring diarist pattern, me-ms-ess-ta--DJ…sadly so)…anxiety some would dub it…that there is little I can contribute to it. My imagination is inhibited, my mind operates at a pace normally associated with the kinetics of lower species such as snails…my spirit is crippled, my vocabulary repetitive, limited…my ideas uninteresting, my heart hollow, my soul shallow, and my body…nonexisting. When I think about the ways that might…perhaps reanimate my being, transforming me into a potential contributor, I see

\[110\] E 22\textsuperscript{nd} Street: Health. NYC. June 2010.
none…All I see is an indigo world, spreading a curtain over the roof of the Milky Way. It’s a
dripping world. What from here looks, or, may be imagined as either an atmosphere or vacuum
is, actually, a rich blue ocean. When I am not engaged in devising tactics for reanimating my
slumberous soul, I am a surfer--a rider of ultramarine oceanic waves. When I come back from
across the curtain divide, I bring on my torso ink droplets. I don’t wash them away. Instead, I let
them dry…Slowly. It’s a dripping world. I don’t know how long it takes for one micropond to
evaporate from my skin, but while it’s happening, I am not more alive than I was before I went
surfing. That makes me think that surfing is not quite the best reanimating tactics. I spent many
an hour brining people back to life. I’m a doctor. But I need another fella-of-the-trade to recreate
me. My name is Alle. If there’s anybody among the participants worthy of the title, please find
my contact info on WELD/Program. *awm* and *DO NOT* hesitate to get in touch.

: You remind me of the dream I had on December 2\(^{nd}\), 20=.

![Image](image_url)

**Working Class Standpoint:** I was patient enough, waiting to see if there would be light at the
end of the tunnel…of this infinitely nonsensical logorrhea. You either have no philosophical gift,
or, you are so hopelessly in love with being manipulated by plagiarizing your own thoughts. No
wonder you live your life like s*it* when the content of your “philosophizing” is platitudes. Not
that it’s not worth thinking once in a while, but how you do it certainly does not problematize it
in a way sufficiently inspiring to be food for other philosophers (proper at that!!!). Also, your

\[^{111}\] E 22\(^{nd}\) Street: Work. NYC. June 2010.
poetic potential is on the level and of the scope of a three year old child. “Damp leaves,”
“window pane,” curtains everywhere…milk galore…life of ultramarine
affinities…drizzling…dripping…dr…NO BIG DEAL!!! I am a businessman. I work. Have
neither time no inclination for kindergarten poetry and chicken-brain theory. I work. Do YOU?

take no opinion as well-intended advice. I find it offensive when my pose is criticized for being
too provocative. Then I become vengeful. Blood-thirsty. I take no offence. I will have no novice
telling me what style is. I’m bad-styling. And I bite. Back. Now, YOU, Mr. Busy…were you
talking to me? Wait for your response I shall not. Rather, I’d revenge right-da-phunkie way. You
scum…bad-styling you call me…HUH????!!! Feel free to find my contact info on
WELD/Program. awm and DO NOT hesitate to get in phunkie touch, so we can “TALK” off
phunkie line!!! Poets of desire, philosophers of architecture, painters of replicas, walking bulls,
sitting foots, photographers of time, salesmen of other people’s grandparents, couch-
comforters…you know where you can find me. Don’t let me wait too long to taste the odd
droplet from your jugular…CHEERIO!!!

112 E 22nd Street: Play. NYC. June 2010.
Domestic Perspective\textsuperscript{114}: Anybody in need of style cramping? I have no hope that theory can ever be advanced as long as it is writ in ink. Desolate and overpowered I am faced with the bleakness of the conversation. Truly discouraging. As disparagingly vengeful as it may be, I am deeply ashamed by the vulgarity of your motives, me dear participants. Not that I expected noble spirits among you. Can’t even say that my aspirations reached any height…I never had a slightest trace of a thought that compassion could be at stake. But this is below the lowest threshold of dignity.

\textbf{Scholarly Perspective}

\textbf{Education}

It’s the school days that turned out to be the greatest source of inspiration for such a sudden urge to re-enact the state rather different from what one knows now. For one, there was no need to worry about tuition fees. But then, neither was it there when one was in college. How

\textsuperscript{113} E 22\textsuperscript{nd} Street: Housing. NYC. June 2010.
\textsuperscript{114}The Sun, The Moon, And ST (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tVpHWpRbTg&feature=youtu.be)
strangely mutably-invariable. In comparison to what it is now. Anyway, not having to be concerned about mindbending maneuvering in order to make ends meet and still get some education, one was pretty much disburdened and could navigate the lifescape with astoundingly immense (for some characters) ease.

one was frequently asked: what is thy phunkie problem going to be? one would answer: oronot. one was again asked: how do thou imagine thy future career-phunkie-job? one would answer: dunno the difference between ye idea and ye yeme. one was told: how do thou think thou sceolde live if thou has no vision of site? one would answer: don’t give a s*it about your introgation. one was told: that’s not how people speak—thou spake no good runian poetry. one would respond: don’t care how you say *sameGAbri* in etruscan; ich says *bite this one lucky Bastard*

On more than one occasion one would be challenged to defend the provocativeness of the jungle-mess which sometimes passed for essays. One would answer: All the power that anyone can ascribe to destabilizing techniques does and does not exist at the same time; all the power attached to the effect of the demand for plausibility melts like towers of dust on a sandy beach when confronted with the dispeller of the approximately following context: ich been the creature in possession of a bottomless wellspring of mindless bulls*iteering—incomprehensibly incomprehensible at that. One was secretly pitied for having such murky prospects ahead of oneself.

One was a lucky bastard. And so were a couple of similar characters in one’s class, V.
More than once, one was either accused/condemned of, or, fired because of seriously threatening the existence of a considerable number of people and students. If what has just been said sounds to you like a chant coming from a deranged shamanistic liver at noon of an August day in Sahara, it is because there is an insurmountable problem with translating lexical meaning of etrurian phonology into the morphology of any language imaginable to a human kidney. If not, *who cares*… In any case, such a professional history presents, or, more precisely, could present an impediment to one’s successfully climbing the social ladder—!upwards! Alternately, one gets hired at the institute for queer-twisting remixology of retro-fungi under the auspices of the society for wealth-minded saharian thinkers amusing themselves with enchanting sand in the interregnum between two beaches at the tower. Lucky bastard.

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Once I was traveling through an underwater tube, connecting the bank A with the bank B. That journey forever colored my thoughts...The inside of the tube was upholstered with a deep green current, circulating along the walls, reducing the friction between the solid material and the fluffy surrounding. The constant motion of the upholstering was a sound in its own right. Unaccustomed to such an audio-palpable environment, all I could do was walk. I felt like a train. I walked a long way. I thought I was passing from the bank A to the bank B, but it turned out that the motive I could see was what was accessible on the most miserable level of being a being...of whatever kind. What was hidden from me (no notion of intentionality implied) was the long forgotten word that I'd been trying to remember ever since the first thought had been born in my consciousness. It was supposed to be found once the path was walked through. I walked a long way. Through the greenery of the upholstered walls. Did I play with the titillating shadowlets? Sure. My eye never developed tolerance to visual temptations. And I see no reason why it should. That's my way of communicating with the surrounding. It colored my eyes green. It made my skin smooth and silky. It made my arms stretch widely, ready to embrace the long forgotten thought, arrested in the moment of its birth. My green eyes became black as the pupils were dilating...turning into a mouth...numb at that...in search for the air motions...a strike of the windy microcorridors to set the vocal cords in motion...And it happened. I gave out a cry monstrous enough to puncture the hardest membrane. Let alone the porous ones. Strangely, I felt that it was not all my open mouth was about and/or could do. I could feel my vocal cords vibrate, but I didn't have anything to constitute the content of these vibrations. I kept listening to the movements on the inside of the tunnel as I was walking. Long miles. Long hours. Was I tired? Not that I knew. As my irises were disappearing, the length of my steps was exponentially increasing. In proportion with the dilation of my pupils. That's how I got my vocal cords vibrate.
I had a voice. But I had nothing to say. So I kept walking. How did it feel to be cut off from daylight? I was not aware of it while I was walking. It certainly felt like having a dead friend coming back to life once my pupils shrunk again touched by a mild, welcoming ray. But before it, I’d walked a long way. Funny how I thought that the journey was over when my vocal apparatus was activated. Too many steps after that it took me to realize that the lost/forgotten thought/word I was walking for (yes, I did find it) had nothing to do with the apparatus. Was I surprised? I don’t know if that’s the right word. Certainly something very different from how one typically imagines things in this world to be related. Was it painful to accept that the discrepancy between the preconceived purpose and the actual occurrence? I don’t know what it would have been like outside, but inside the underwater tunnel, I couldn’t feel pain. There was, however, a sensation of a lousy connection between the ideas and their (or, is it ever their, d’ae’r down there?) manifestation. But an underwater experience is so qualitatively different from what one lives overground…mainland, or, islands for that matter…peninsulas…that I feel I’m cheating on my interlocutor if I follow the conventions of speech typically accepted as the norm in all the known earthly geographical variations. So, I’m hesitant to say either that I hurt, or, that I didn’t; I’d lie if I said either that I’d been surprised, or, that I was not; I’d be deceiving if I told you about the relationship between ideas and (un)reality. I don’t know how to talk about what happened to me during the underwater passage. In a way, it, somewhat paradoxically, leaves me in the same state I was in before the journey ended, or, started for that matter. Because I don’t know how to talk about that.
Dapoltri! Lemmie sum up the discussion. Correct me if I’m wrong, but I understand the ideas presented as follows:

1. The idea of safety must be equated with the frequency of visits of club goers to the hottest dance hubs in the city;

2. Job must be understood as anything an individual does in order to support the development of small and medium businesses;

3. The concept of job, thus, includes the non-profit sector, thereby subverting traditional perception and notion of employment;

4. Equality must be understood in incremental class terms;

5. Military-entertainment complex must be read in a freudian key;

6. Peace must be tightly woven with, but at the same time diametrically disproportionate to, inflation;

7. Tradition must be either smashed at a stroke or preserved within a fortress-like bubble;

8. Art must be either totally free or there will be none;

9. Citizenship must be a matter of (f) the bloodline, (un)questionably founded in legislature;
10. The degrees of *humanity* must be implemented in the health program defined in architectural terms.

**Who Time It Is**

: Having sheen your vocally uttered interrogative statement in the form of the printed world inscription in the pool of uncertainty, with the unshakable bias towards stubble simplicity, *On How To Phunkie ReadWriteRemix* (ØØØØ) translates the situation into:

: *How*: Ladies & gents, fellow comrade cyborgs, you’ve been listening to WELD/Program. *awm*. It is 3:30 PM, time for your humble DJ to thank you all for sharing critically creative efforts and being participants in the remix.
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