

THE ANARTIST AND ITS INTERVENTION-MACHINES

The Anartist is a spiritual avatar, a gnostic daimon inspired to Black Bloc. The Anartist is a simulacrum that continues the line of flight of the Riot's "symbolic violence". This radical symbolism, remodulated by the Anartist's action, infects the Urban Space with an event (an action-installation) which appears in the public sphere as an anomaly which folds the contradictions of that site-specific space, unfolding a revelatory chaosmotic becoming outside the designed capitalist space-time. The infection of the "symbolic violence" is necessary to create a Black Screen for an intervention in Urban Space, in such a way that the action cannot be subsumed and put to work in the Capitalist System as surplus-value of the Spectacle. If the Spectacle wishes to extract value from the Black Bloc esthetic and its radical libido, it would inject in its code a virus that is more intense and seductive than the usual Spectacle. It would engender the reproduction of a counter-Spectacle, a counter-Virus...a sort of rising Black Sun inside the Capitalist medium: i.e. the Heteron of the Anartist(s) and its raising counter-mythology. This crossover is a virtuous line of flight on the edge of a field effectuated by western and eastern philosophy, experimental literature, outsider art, alchemy, science, esotericism, politics, theatre of absurd, counter-design, anarchitecture, music, comics, immanent cinema, drama, poetry. The Anartist considers all the space as a flat ontology, a univocal surface-space dominated by power-relations to subvert. in diagonal. There are margins, axiomatic centers and police in the organization of a literary text as much as in the actual urban space. This is why this uncompromising anti-dissertation can be considered also as a radical writing-intervention on the edge of the literary space of academy. Its masked objectile will interrupt the instituted process of knowledge/production based on identity, to define new tools and a new anti-epistemological cartography in the schizo-field of artistic research.



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Abstract



The dissertation is composed of 7 articles, some published and others rejected, which concern the Anartist's interventions. The Anartist (Artist Anarchist) is a figure that has arisen, even in his name, as an avatar revealed in my expressive practice (which then became research). The praxis, which emerged from a pre-subjective need of the flesh, consists in the destratification of an authentic and heterogeneous refrain. The Anartist, in its deterritorializing intervention, can experience a chaosmotic event out of the constraint of a capitalist design implemented in the urban space. This subversive moment, that allows access to the pure experience of a destratification without external references and the appearance of the phenomenon in itself, is also a mystical and foundational experience of a new ungrounded ground. This foundation is in the refrain itself, as singularity of a praxis connected to a general movement of deterritorialization. The avatar, in its emergence, intensifies its refrain which becomes consonant with that of the "chaosmogonic singleton" which stratifies and destratifies the biosphere as the center of our Being. Thus the practice of the Anartist grafts the subversive, the political, the magical and the mythological desiring production in a revelatory and divinatory continuum. Since the mask of the Anartist is trans-subjective, it also responds in original way to the problem of combining "one and many" in a Heteron, which is the central problem in "art activism", which aims to unite the political with the artistic. The Heteron of the Anartist does not compress the potential Arete of each singularity as the Common does. The Anartist's interventionism is part of an aesthetic current that unfolds from J.J. Rousseau, passing from the Situationists (Punk, Black Bloc), up to the current discourse that has its roots in the post-68 French theory. The main attitude that crosses this outsider current of art is to subvert artistic and political representation through a direct intervention in urban space. A "presentation" without the mediation of theatrical dispositives as galleries, museum and so on; a manifestation of the General Will in action, which also has mystical and chaosmological connotations of access to the "sacred" in a "profane" space. To be consistent with this attitude, my dissertation is a dissertation-intervention that intervenes on academic contextual and textual space, in such a processual way that, as praxis-objectile, it can "present" itself as a "shape" without being represented by a pre-emptive "form". The articles and their "out of field" thus become pre-texts for an anti-institutional textual practice that recalls "Post-structuralism" in its contestation of the institution from the margins through the "writing" (Derri-

da), the “genre” (Lyotard), the “minor literature” (Deleuze and Guattari) and the “document” (Foucault) but also the Situationist-Intervention (Baudrillard) and the ethnomethodology of Erving Goffman based on subversive acting. However, the guiding spirits of this dissertation are many and have their roots in Aristotle (even if Plato can not be easily liquidated). The philosophical view of praxis that sustains my narrative is an intensification-reversion of Aristotle that begins with Nietzsche, Heidegger, Bataille, Deleuze and Guattari. Therefore, mine is not a theoretical dissertation, nor a poetic one, but one which takes place from the quasi-obscure point of view of “praxis”. In this case, it is more the percept that emerges from the intervention that founds the narrative synthesis than vice versa. The “Conclusions” contains a more precise mapping of the revelations, intuitions and synthesis associated with my experience of praxis that offers also a phenomenological “description” of the transcendental conditions of the field (basically “Difference” instead of “Identity”) and proposes tools and arguments to deal with the smooth, heterogeneous and paradoxical field of “artistic research” in a way in which one term of the edgy in-between, the academic, does not cannibalize the other (the artistic) through its anxiety of homogenizing “Knowledge” and depressing “Understanding”.

Acknowledgements

This anti-dissertation stems from a lucky “clash-encounter”, as Deleuze/Spinoza would “almost-say”, of my singular and heterologos praxis (that is also an angle of prehension of what is coming) with Juha Varto’s books and his charismatic university lectures. In this “clash-encounter”, which initially was also a bit stormy and arrogant on my part, my Nietzschean-Deleuzian trajectory has been slightly perturbed, diverted and twisted by Varto’s phenomenological materialism. The result of this infinitesimal “torsion” has been a great enrichment of my perspective with spiraling resonances that now edges around Heidegger, Jung, Eliade, Aristotle, Bataille, Henry, Ponty, Caputo, Pasolini – and obviously the creative and original syntheses of Varto himself. After this lucky “encounter” with Varto to take risks in singular contortions, heretic folds, and transversal channels have become an a-modal practice for me to escape the constrictions of institutionalized academic “representations”. In particular, I am grateful to Varto for his insisting on the “flesh”, as a deep and rebellious ancestral fabric that cannot easily be regulated by external signifiers and powers. I have learned from Varto to think and act, literally, with the “gut”. From this “radical phenomenology” of life, body and pathos (that I find also in Nietzsche, Deleuze and Guattari, Bataille and Henry) descends that aesthetics, artistic practice and artistic research must be considered as a radical and singular heterogeneous antidote to any systemic and academic reductionism; even to the axiomatic of Knowledge that is an intentional and derived Knowing respect to a primary “Otherwise-than-Knowing” (Varto, 2013). This pure auto-affection of pathos, which anticipates, through the intensity of suffering and joy, the conscience of the, subject, escapes Knowledge and finds a way of manifestation in artistic practice. The auto-affection of the “Flesh of the World” – an expression coined by Merleau-Ponty that has been used by Varto in his lectures – is a pre-conscious and pre-subjective “appearing of the appearing” (Henry, *The essence of Manifestation*, 1963). Something which resonates with Deleuze and Guattari (D&G, *What is philosophy?*, 1994) when they write of “pre-subjective intensities” that invest pre-subjective artistic “percepts” which escapes and disrupts the rigid “perceptions” of everyday. From this immanent radicalism of the flesh and the pathos, I have derived also my idea of urban intervention as disruptive “flesh-mob”! This untamed disruption of the “flesh”, that is caught in a becoming-meat, opens to the “sacred experience” of the Unknown that challenges the constructed apparatus of a “too human” Knowledge. As if subjective intentionality, and above-all its cognitive abstrac-



tion and reification in the automatic and utilitarian system of techno-science (that today is hyperbolically exemplified by Artificial Intelligence), were merely an ek-static and profane dimension to disrupt in order to allow the invisible pre-subjective sacred to become visible again and again. This act is deeply political, even if in problematic and non-normative way.

I am grateful to Professor Varto for his indomitable anarchist spirit and uncompromising force. Perhaps it is this genuine attitude not to compromise with banality and academic “politically correctness” that has deeply conquered me despite the initial distances. Every separation is a tension to be overcome and every repulsion is also an attraction which opens up. Indeed, it is this uncompromising and paradoxical “discipline to anarchism” that I have inherited by him as anarcho-epistemological praxis of indiscipline.

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I would also like to thank professor Mira Kallio-Tavin for her warm and welcoming attitude, open to accommodate even a difficult and problematic guest like me.

But I cannot miss to thank even all those editors and reviewers who have, often arrogantly, disagreed with or even openly despised my writings. They have offered to my “gut” the occasion to bring forth more “diffracted” self-confidence and will of challenge. Even if, in the new American jargon of the social-network, these features can be probably more assigned to the profile of a sociopath. (Laughing!)

Of course, I thank also the ones who has praised my writings and are not mentioned in this book.

Last but not least I wish to mention Nathan Hendrickson for his careful work in editing my spaghetti-English.

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And finally Hanna Lehtinen, for having contributed with me to the graphic design.

Helsinki, 8 May 2019

Gian Luigi Biagini, the Academic.

acknowledgements

Virtually, an Anartist should not thank anyone. We are just what we are, a flow of life, and we encounter what we are... It's not my fault if I am the best and I encounter always the best! (Laughing!)

Actually, the problem for a Being of beings like me is this faceless schizophrenia.

I was born from the timeless virtual with these two conflictual heads and then I have found myself developing these two diverging masks: one is the mask of the Doctor that tries to write academic essays and the other is the mask of the Anartist, who intervenes and makes mess with the work of the Doctor. Just to complicate a life with arabesques, drifting, serpentines and gothic lines!

So I do not know which of these two heads and two masks to say thanks for this achievement.

They also continue to divide at the infinite. I will say thanks to both of me! Or better, to all of them!

Thanks guys!

Helsinki, 8 May 2019

The Anartist

This doctoral dissertation consists of a summary and of the following publications which are referred to in the text by their numerals.

1. Gian Luigi Biagini: Title of article: Heterogenesis of the Anartist. Accepted for publication on AOR Conference 07 website in the year 2017 and in the Journal *Synnyt*, in 2018.
 2. Gian Luigi Biagini: Title of article: Death in Venice. Accepted for publication in the Journal *Synnyt*, in 2018.
 3. Gian Luigi Biagini: Title of the article: Disturbanism. Disruption in the everyday urban space. Rejected for publication in the Journal *VAR (Visual Art Research)*, in 2019.
 4. Gian Luigi Biagini: Title of the article: Becoming-Black Bloc Becoming-Anartist. Accepted for publication in the Journal *Forum*, in 2018.
 5. Gian Luigi Biagini: Title of the article: Passport for the invisible, and other texts. Accepted for publication in the Journal *Kunstlicht*, in 2016.
 6. Gian Luigi Biagini: Title of the article: Catalysis of the Black Sun and the Evil Spirit of the cursed cobblestones. Accepted for publication in the Journal *Ruukku*, in 2018.
 7. Gian Luigi Biagini: Title of the article: The Anartist, a textual tensor between ontological anarchy and political anarchy. Rejected for publication in the Journal *JMMLA*, in 2018.
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The dissertation-machine and its cataionic assembled components



THE MACHINE'S CONCEPT

The emergence of this “machine” was not planned but came out as inspired by events and accidents that occurred in a “weird” and “singular” process of becoming-dissertation and becoming-Doctor of Art. So, it is also a magic “machine” for the revelation of something, the Anartist’s “praxis”, which is not fully transparent to the consciousness of the subject of writing. In my praxis I am crossed by pre-subjective multiplicities of intensities that oscillate in a schizophrenic way as a wave of quantum probabilities that then collapses in an actualization, which anyway remains probabilistic. So, this writing “machine”, that is also a desiring-machine, can be considered as the construction of a “dispositive” in a lab of micro-physics to make appear (to observe) the probabilistic event of my distributed wave of being in my “praxis”. In this sense the outcome of the experiment, as catalysis of an “atmospheric one”, is a surprising event also for me. The manifestation of this event can be considered as a self-revelatory discovery, even if it remains probabilistic and quasi-fictional without never reaching the status of a “molar substance” related to a classical epistemology based on the Eternal Law of a safe world with safe subjects, objects and causal determinism (Newtonian Physics and Metaphysics of Presence).

As Bruno Latour would put it, every important discovery is related to the invention of a “dispositive” that allows what was previously concealed to appear. In this sense even scientific knowledge cannot be considered an objective “truth”, but just a human affair related to the development of a technology in our society that makes phenomena appear in a frame. Science is still a concealment from the point of view of the “truth” ... it contains something autistic, speculative and narcissist, just as the appearing of the Anartist. Even if the narcissism of science is masked by its superior “rigorous” intersubjective methodology (which is, in fact, not so rigorous because of the schism between theory, methodology and the practice of the laboratory that still needs a certain art of doing). Nevertheless, a laboratory experiment in fundamental physics can be repeated under certain conditions and with a certain rational methodology in order to reveal a constant wave of probabilities of an event: a figure of probabilities. I do not believe that in the case of my happening I could show a similar constant wave figure. I should write and rewrite my dissertation, following the same methodology to

observe the outcome of the “event”. Then I should describe visually the wave of probabilities like in a map of the event eventing in its multiplicities and then other artistic researchers should repeat the experiment by writing and writing again to check if the figure manifests itself in the way it has been mapped. This is of course a surreal funny endeavor for a pataphysical meta-performance because my academic colleagues cannot have the quasi-experience of “my” “praxis” and not even “my” sensitivity and not even “my” style of writing; not to mention that the conditions of “my” writing cannot be generalized. From here we can say that scientific knowledge, even the most cutting edge, cannot be applied to an art “praxis”. For sure the “other-wise-than-knowledge” (Varto, Otherwise-than-Knowing, 2013) that will emerge in the writing of a “praxis” (that cannot be defined “practice” in the moment that is expressed by the logic of writing) will be more singularly narcissist than the inter-subjective narcissism of science. With “singular” I mean a particular tension between a subjective “quasi-one” and a pre-subjective “many” which affects the first asliving event. This tension can present itself only as a “seismic style of expression” which creates the condition of its appearing. So, the dispositive I created by following the events can be considered also a “seismographic machine” or, to mention the myth of a gnostic pathos, an “infernal machine”. It reveals what could not be heard and seen in the academic machine before its “illegal” modifications. These modifications are interventions.

THE DYNAMIC OF THE MONSTER-MACHINE

The machine effectuates the unconcealment of a phenomenon according to its structure, procedures, standards and power relations. For example, in the academic machine there is an asymmetrical relation of power between the reviewer and the writer which conditions the form of knowledge. The machine gives a certain fold to an academic “event”, for example, an article or a dissertation, it extracts the contours of an object of knowledge that is affected by the academic mould. It’s a fiction of homogeneity because the relation between the reviewer and the artist/writer is purely contingent in a field of heterogeneities such as “artistic research” and cannot be generalized as if it was “science”.

However, because the field of artistic research is concerned with “Art”, which is a striving for singular authenticity of expression, its appearing cannot be confined in the serial “mould” of a classic machine-academy. The singular, in order to appear in its heterogeneity, must create a displaced and displacing machine through the refolding of what the academic general fold excludes from the “object”. The singular, to express itself, must create its own machine of appearing. This singular refolding-unfolding, which is in tension with the academic objectification, is virtually infinite in its becoming and variations. It unfolds a rogue “objectile” that never reaches the identity of an “object” but rather always exceeds itself with new folds to unconceal its singularity. The homogeneous static machine becomes a “desiring machine”, a nomadic folding beyond the “margins” that are enfolded and re-unfolded as in a baroque proceeding through “refrains”. It’s a machine that incorporates its becoming. This

affirmative movement of folding allows to unconceal the singular seismographic “trace” it produces. The heterogeneous can appear in the heterogeneous that is a space in transition. The seismic content becomes an immanent “content of expression” that reverses the transcendent “form of expression”. Through a transversal cut of the general academic fold the content unfolds its “shape” across the “form”. Only through this transversal striving it can appear in its heterogeneous singularity and style of expression.

THE “SHAPE” OF THE MONSTER-MACHINE

Bipolar Double-Head

The structure of the machine is the skeleton of a monster, which escapes the perfectly human and perfectly reasonable arborescent form since the beginning. It is opened by *two Acknowledgments*, one *Academic* and one *Anartistic*. The first is signed by my name with the mask of the Doctor and one is signed by the mask of the Anartist. For this reason, it is a dissertation that starts with a funny “schism”, with two masked heads. The dissertation is bipolar in its attempt to unleash the impossible authentic trace of a complicated oscillatory presence. This impossibility is given by the fact that we must deal with the rhetorical effects of abstract machines which structure our attitude. Let me explain better: I wrote my first Acknowledgments convinced to have an open “heart” but then my advisor, after reading it, commented that I was “nice” to write in this way. Probably, with that “nice” he did not intend to say that I was representing myself as a “nice guy”, but that word, “nice”, kept resonating in my ear and I started to reflect on the imperative of “nice-fication” which the academic structure produces in its rhetoric. Even the face of the Doctor is not a face but a mask which responds to the rules of a certain interface, it’s a shared “reality-mask”. Academy is not a machine for intensive understanding but a machine of politeness and exchanging of “forms”.

My “ideal” of relation is more the agonic agorà of the Greeks but I have never found this situation in any modern institution. It’s more probable that I could find this kind of exchange through an unconventional use of Facebook with my friends. In fact, this kind of agonic exchange requires a sort of pre-subjective affective trust in a “diffractive play” where one deterritorializes the other. Only friendliness among peers can provide the necessary base of trust in the play of differences. The apparatus of modernity instead, for the distance of the individuals and the quantities it organizes, needs safe protocols of interactions. With the idea of network as capital of resources this formal protocol has expanded in a pervasive and cold “political correctness” around the world. So, my bipolar *Acknowledgments* can be an attempt to escape the naturalized mask of the Doctor: its “political correctness”. However, I cannot say that the Anartist mask is more authentic, if anything it is also more parodic. It’s a second effect to escape the first representation that was “enframing” my face in the academic rhetoric of nicefication. But this was just an exercise in humoristic style. As Raymond Que-neau demonstrates in *Exercises in Style* (1981), I can fold the same event in 100 perspectives recurring in different “styles” of writing. I could also write 100 Ac-

knowledgments which would be also more honest than just two as I did. In my implicated happening with the events of life I experience this multiplicity that disintegrates the solid one of a Metaphysics of Presence. The events of our life are ambiguous, in this tension between the multiple and the one, which implies also a certain schizophrenia, one can find the “authentic” as a striving in-between. I think the style of an artist is this striving with an apparatus, which can be also be the frame of a painting, to go beyond an effect of signifying subjectivation. This tension between the multiplicity and the One is also a conflict between the realistic fiction of the institution which is constructed on the One and the epileptic body of the artist, in this case the Anartist, who is torn by the intensities of the multiplicities. The Artist has a special ontology because he has a flesh which is more in contact with the pre-subjective wave, which is in excess and in conflict with the signification of a subjective rhetoric of representation. At the limit, the expression of the artist is also beyond the 100 styles of Queneau, which are still discrete modes of approaching the event in multiple way. The Artist is implicated in an a-modal heterogeneous synthesis and superposition of senses, spaces and times; it is a more radical multiplicity which by-passes a conscious parody like the one in my Anartist Acknowledgement. However, this tension between the multiple and the one is also a state of sufferance and pathos, but it can release also humorous effects. It’s even disruptive and suicidal because the multiple impinges to break with the instrumental attitude of the subject and its “reality-face”. This can turn an artist into an anti-social or a socially disadvantaged figure, a body which sacrifices the useful for the useless, the authentic and the aesthetic. There is an infinitesimal distance between the extreme anarchist vitality of the multiplicity, which can reach also a disorienting panic madness, and the dissolutive push of death. Indeed, Deleuze always advises to de-stratify carefully. (Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 2004).

A cannibal body which embodies

Then the structure of the dissertation continues with other components, a neck longer than necessary, an *Introduction* that is more-than-introduction, it is also an essay-manifesto, according to a logic of hybrid writing that always exceeds the reductionist arborescent structure of what is reasonable and useful ... a sort of “baroque chitarrone.” After the long neck follows the body with a “*first publication*” which concerns the urban interventions of the Anartist and apparently the text looks like a normal dissertation with “*published articles*”, but suddenly one discovers that there are also “*rejected articles*”. Furthermore, all these articles, published and unpublished, are followed by the sections of “*epistemological trouble 1-2-3-4 etc.*”. In this epistemological section there are published, as pieces of e-mail, “*negative reviews*”, or “*negative letters of the editors which oscillates between rejection and censorship*”. Unfortunately, the editors did not give permission for the publication of their e-mails and, because of the right of author, I have erased the original content with a line. But I have reported under the “*barred e-mails*” the content through indirect discourse. This discourse interacts with “*my answers as pieces of e-mails.*” Finally, this folding and refolding of extra-text in the text of the dissertation gives rise to a writing concerning the problem of evaluating

a heterogeneous praxis on the edge of art, politics and fiction in a tensive and smooth field as artistic research.

Many-legs for a new ground

These writings stimulated by the enfolding outline possibilities for a *new weak foundation* of the field of artistic research which could allow the expression of heterogeneity as such. The transcendental criteria for a new foundation are based on the particularity of the “art object” as a withdrawing quasi-object and the “praxis” as a “weird locus” crossed by many planes of composition, varying intensities and different times. These specific conditions of a hybrid field elicit a transvaluation of the Cartesian and Kantian bases of the field and unleash a thinking of Difference. In these transcendental conditions (singularity, heterogeneity, incompleteness, difference, narcissist speculation) a privilege is accorded to the distinct “*obscure*” over the confused “*clear*”, to the “heterogeneous and multiple” over the “*One*”; and also a new set of non-systematic tools emerges to operate in this field: *a new way “of” writing not as representation but as intensification “of” a “rogue objectile” in flight*, the idea of “*praxis as a weird locus*”, a new relation between theory and life experience which results in a “*weak axiomatization*”, in an attitude of “*narcissistic speculative realism interspaced by fiction*”, in the use of “*rhythmic affect-concepts*”, in a “*telluric style*” which is necessarily also a “*cross-over of genres*”, in condition of “*untimely presence and resonance*”, in a different relation between reviewer and writer that I have defined as “*perturbed or diffracted intersubjectivity*” and in a “*realism without reality*” that breaks the limit of the Kantian phenomenon as an object in order to head for the quasi-experience of a mystic “*phenomenon*”. These empirically transcendental conditions suggest to me also the idea of “*intensive judgement based on dissensus*” that could be an interesting guide for the structure and the criteria of judgement inside an editorial board which wishes to save the adjective “*artistic*” in the field of “*artistic research*”.

A long tail full of curling

The dissertation ends with a fictional line of flight between two fictional quasi-autistic characters inspired by the art of the “sorcerer”: Faust and Mephistopheles. This dramatic and comic tension, which is not a dialogue, allows me to deepen certain concepts of the articles that are written through “rhythmic concepts” with “weak axiomatization”. The first character, Faust, represents the attitude of an academic and the second, Mephistopheles, the posture of the anti-Oedipal Anartist. The first tries to territorialize the second in an academic square with a metaphysic of “order of castration” and “clear” explanation, while the second de-territorializes the first in the “intensive”, in the “immanent”, in the “ambiguous” to escape a firm codification and to affirm its singular image of thought. The result is a long zig-zag tail full of curling, a literature of exhaustion or an obsessive *durée* performance, which, in the long run challenges the nerves of the reader. Some comments of my mother-tongue editor, Nathan Hendrickson, over the missing clarity of certain sentences of the text are left in without changing the sentences. The effect is that they look like comments proffered by Faust or a Deus ex-machina enfolded in the machina. This is another way to

interspace and to make the automatic process of the textual machine to stammer and to play with the synchronicities of chance; a “game” with the coming “event” that goes through all of the dissertation as a Casino-Dissertation where everybody risks their faces.



Introduction

Essay-Manifesto

This dissertation is centered on the figure of the Anartist (Anarchist Artist) and its disruptive urban interventions that, in an atmospheric fuzziness, I would call Disturbanism (Disturb Urbanism). But how to represent the subversive and disruptive expression of the intervention if not with a dissertation-intervention? This dissertation-intervention will be a line of flight that will tend toward subverting the apparatus of representation and the academic code as a closed form of knowledge. The dissertation-intervention will ultimately open a crack in this form, it will show the fragility of the instituted code of academic knowledge when confronted with the fundamental non-knowledge and the elusive mystery of the heterogeneous synthesis of art. This heterogeneity cannot be reduced to the unity of a homogeneous and clearly meaningful unitary synthesis, as presupposed by the established academic discourse. The subject and the object cannot be put in a productive line of time as distinct unities. They are complex resonating effects of an untimely presence that is also an absence, as in a novel by Proust, where the non-linearity of time affects the characters and the objects in a fluctuating ghostly dance. In this fuzzy and oscillatory situation, deprived of net identity and transparency, i.e., the heterological condition of “art”, it is difficult to link a distinct subject with a distinct object through the copulative action of a predicate, as required by the academy. The catalysis of a process of expansive becoming (Guattari, *Chaosmosis*, 1995) is based on a heterogeneous multiplicity that resonates in itself without reaching a representational stability. In other words, “art” is an a-signifying Primordial and Polyvocal Scream that finds its way through the telluric forces of the Earth and its unstable and eruptive flesh. The intense and pre-signifying scream cannot be channeled and represented through the safe liberal grammar of the intellect, belonging to an academic subject that shares a “clear”, “safe”, and “useful” meaning with an intersubjective community of scholars. The Anartist and its interventions are like enigmatic “tensors” (Lyotard, *Libidinal Economy*, 1993) that cannot be inscribed or represented in a “figure” with contours that are clearly distinct from the obscure background of vibratory forces, nor in an “object” which could be described by a utilitarian functional design. Only functions and figures can be clearly described and represented. Thus, this “figural” and not “figurative” dissertation is also involuntarily political in its action of obscuring, with the force of the night, the contours of the academic cognitive eye, whose

ideological form is usually a text that is “clear”, and well “structured” in an “arborescent” (Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 2004) division of labor which works for a pre-constituted reader defined by a transcendent apparatus. According to the horizon of this bourgeois ideology of “clarity”, “simplicity”, and “organization”, the reader must not be left infected by the out of focus differential play of intensities and contortions of “art expression”. The contagious and more-than-signifying Scream must be reduced to a clear discourse for a clear reader. The discourse must be organized with an upright spine as a symbol of academic morality. The text and its homogeneous syntax must work well for readers and colleagues. The Dionysian noise and its fluctuating rhapsodic dance must be reduced to an Apollonian grammar and articulation of universal sense through a geometric spirit of cuts and angles. The heterogeneous excess must be anatomically restricted to the measure and the form of the academic eye and its operations of control and exchange of discrete Knowledge. The Anartist refuses this reduction and challenges the academy on the “margin” of its own terrain, invading its border with indeterminacy. The Anartist does not merely desire to blind the paranoid academic eye but to infect the experience of the profane looking, and its looker, with that of the seeing and the “seer”. The Anartist wants to inject the rational discourse with the noise of the affective magic rhythm and open the sanitized academic writing to the pathos of the arche-body: not only the eye of the “Seer” but also the ear of “Dionysus”, the skin of the “Pythoness”, the gut of the “Snake”, the wings of “Satan” and whatever else escapes and exceeds the definition of the human organs in the flesh of a “body without organs” (Deleuze & Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 2004). Therefore, this dissertation can be seen as an anti-academic “anti-dissertation” for the academic human standard, because it is less and more than human like a gothic line inscribed in a column—considering all the cautions required of the prefix “anti”, my usage is not under the spell of a “Metaphysic of Presence” or opposition, but, rather, it is an “oblique dangerous anti” (Derrida, *Margins of philosophy*, 1982), an ambiguous, dis-located, and sè-ductive “anti” that intrudes (Baudrillard, *Forget Foucault*, 1987). This obliquity is a feature of the differ(a)n(ce) (Derrida, *Margins of Philosophy*, 1982) that, as Anartist, I modulate on a more incarnated differ(circled-A)n(ce), thereby underlining the occult, magic, and sacrificial dimension of the circled fire ar(O)und the pyr(A)mid of Anarchy (a paradoxical pyrAmid topped by a hOle)...A hole of noisy muteness, a paradoxical and diffractive movement that defers and differs, subverting, through its transversal S, every restricted economy of linear writing and meaning destined to a “clear” use in a systematic and working structure. It is the eternal return of Nietzsche’s and Bataille’s “sacrifice” over the Aztec PyrAmid, as an unproductive dissipation of meaning and of life to access a general economy of sacred expenditure, i.e., an economy of the Sun and the Gift, under which much remains mysterious, magical, and unknown to the utilitarian gaze of the civilized human of the academy. This unproductive expenditure that consumes the established sense (structured by an efficient Capitalist Signifier) with the sacred fire is also the trigger of the Anartist’s intervention in the urban space; but it also has a parallel

re-doubling in the writing “of” the intervention, where an economy of profane meaning is challenged by a sacred dissensus (Rancière, *Dissensus*, 2010). The internal agonism to the writing unleashes a play of textual tension where a “multiplicity” (the Dionysian) cannot be reduced to the other “One” (the Apollonian). The Anartist in its intervention is a “minus One” (Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 2004) that subtracts the whole to unleash a transversal line of flight of multiplicities in the crack it produces. This crack is the experience of the telluric. In this dissertation-intervention the Anartist engenders a series of cracks in the academic text as organized whole of a transcendent signifier that organizes and distributes a form of Knowledge. The strategy is to embed every “out of field” in the cinematic field (as in a *nouvelle vague* film) to engender a sort of extra-textual “mise en abyme” of the institution. In this way, the institution, but also the artist/writer, can look at each other in each other, as an intertwined and tensive chasmic mirroring; not through the mirror of a safe ground of instituted rules that separate and construct the effect of an uncontested “realism”, but through the magic lantern of the ungrounded abyss which displaces. This anti-dissertation is the natural assembling of an emerging anti-dispositive in the unfolding of time, as the revelation of a diabolic machine, to look at the relation between academy and Anartist in a different way. It’s a deconstructive mode more proper to the Anartist. As Bruno Latour used to say, Knowledge is a question of the construction of dispositives of the laboratory to look at the object of it (Latour, “We have never been modern”, 1991). Mine is the construction of an anti-dispositive which deconstructs a scene of Knowledge to reconstruct a new scene of Knowledge. The appearance of Knowledge is like a baroque “mise en scene” of a character (Baudrillard, “Forget Foucault”, 1987) under the machination of a “dispositive of power-relations” (Foucault, “Discipline and Punish”, 1977). This is why, despite the arrogance of American positivism, which also dominates artistic research, “we have never been modern” but always baroque anarcho-chemists that simply experiment with “abstract machines”.

However, despite this subversive and polemic endeavour, the Anartist is not merely an “outsider” who is called outside of the institution (otherwise it would be useless to get a PhD), but is more like a “besider”, who, standing on the borderline, produces an internal tension in the apparatus of signification. The “besider” affects and is “affected” but is never integrated. The besider remains an “outsider” in many senses but does not give the expelling and sanitary attitude of the academy, considered as organized organ, the power to generate a safe distance from the antagonist virus. The Anartist, as virus, wants to infect and affect the apparatus cooperatively without being co-opted by its homologating “abstract machine”. It wants to escape the power of the apparatus, whose working signifier engenders the mould of a defined subject and object of knowledge. With this “rogue” and “diffracted” anti-dissertation, the Anartist tries to make visible the repressive-selective dynamics within the academy and show the outside of the Academy from an internal perspective in tension. The Anartist unworks the signifier and unfolds “something else” to affect the reader with the difference of perceptual singularity that blurs the separation between art and research. Research becomes in itself an art object or, better yet, an “objet” (Entretiens de Francis Ponge avec Philippe Sollers, 1967 –audio-radio) with

an internal ungraspable difference in resonance. This dissertation is written with the entire body and must be read with all the senses and the imagination that elicits the virtual play of sensations. This anti-dissertation wants to explore the fault-line of dissensus and excess opened by the dissertation-intervention; to show the conflicting and paradoxical bifurcation that the Anartist excavates in its advancing through the unknown, allowing something to emerge and reveal. This uncoded advancing clashes with the coded apparatus, thereby engendering paradoxical events. For example, how to edit an academic magazine based on the theme of “Subversion”, without subverting and disintegrating the structural relation? How to publish a volume dedicated to “Counterculture” in an academic review without engendering conflict between the academic institution and the antagonist expression of counterculture? How to write a text on “Art Activism” without deactivating the imperial language, the axiomatic form, and the judgement of the reviewer? How to be effectively active as Anomaly, instead of being just as another representation of an activist without power to affect? My entire anti-dissertation could be described by the Nietzschean struggle between the unfolding of active forces and the enfolding of reactive forces by the institution.

Furthermore, my writings describe a “praxis”, which, according some minor translations of Aristotle that I have found pertinent with my experience, can be defined as “thoughtful doing”, and is different from the systematicity of “theory” or a positive “practice” as skillful making. Praxis is an “uncomfortable and darkly locus” from which to write “of” the unfolding of “my” doing; because it concerns a heterogeneous and paradoxical in-between of “thinking and practice”. These dimensions are really different, one requires a contemplative attitude, the other a pro-active intentionality open to chance. One is the philosopher, the other the warrior. Writing in itself, as agonic and anarchist arche-writing, unfolds this oscillatory tension, that is felt at the level of the gut, even by the use of “fiction” and “style”. In praxis, the philosophical writing is implicated by a becoming-war-machine. Even thinking becomes an act of violent torsion. The manifoldness of the situation, which affects writing, forces me to creatively adapt the abstract and dry conceptualization to my a-modal expression and my singular experience of Anartist; and also all the way round – from practice to theory. Percepts and concepts enter into a difficult chasm. I must make space for life and its becoming of contingent (and even mystically “chthonic” and “cataionic”) events by sacrificing a strict axiomatization for the use of an agile and bastardly incarnated “conceptualization” – so as not to suffocate the rhythms of writing that recreate, even by fictional and magical stratagems, the disorienting complexity of the lived-experience (*Erlebnis*). In this sense, the side of the Anartist’s praxis that is more akin to theory, reflection, and abstraction must undergo a process of hybridization with life and flesh in a sort of anarchist arche-writing (Derrida, *Margins*, 1982) of an arche-body (Henry, *The Essence of Manifestation*, 1963). It’s a sort of writing the Differ(circled-A)n(n)ce where the (A) of the pyrAmid is neither a Hegelian mausoleum nor a disincarnated Derridean specter in the mausoleum of death but an orgiastic feast of flesh and fiery passion where life and death dance together in eroticism. It’s a Bataille that “re-appropriates” Derrida. It’s a game of masks, reversions, and simulacra that I like to play by circling the PyrAmid of Anarchy with fire. “In girum imus noctem et consumimur ignis”, as an inspired Guy

Debord declaimed in a Situationist Film. This anarcho-drive is by the telluric style of writing that strives across a hybridization to make sense of the multiplicity that affects my praxis. This hybridization, as we will see, is not well digested by some academic reviewers, who accuse my texts of being too theoretical or not theoretical enough in the discussion of “concepts”. As you will see, I will propose the idea of rhythmic “concepts-affects” to move along the variations and oscillations of my “praxis”. “Praxis” is just a smooth “weird locus” I have decided to occupy to make sense of the “unfolding of a doing” (Nietzsche, Genealogy of Morals, 1988) even though I could choose other perspectives. Yet, no perspective can exhaust a “doing” that is in large part affective, pre-subjective, and magically mystic in its appearing and darkly eventing.

Nevertheless, this necessary monster-chasm of a theory that becomes practice (with a gap-hole in the middle), and a practice that becomes theory (a doubled gap-hole), which can never exhaust the ambiguity of my “praxis”, is already an “art” of resonances and heterogeneous syntheses that unfold at many levels. All the levels of the praxis are implicated with my Anartist attitude that presupposes weird syntheses, mystic experiences, kinesthetic wanderings and a “Dionysian Dance” with drums and cymbals in a sacred and heterogenous zig-zag between Deleuze and Bataille and Heidegger and Jung and Bruno and Baudrillard and and...a multiplicity of resonating and dancing others. This transversal line of flight, that is also a bastard “becoming-imperceptible” (Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 2004), is often experienced as an intolerable “profanation” (Agamben, *Profanations*, 2007) by a “smart-book” academy that tends to analyze, in very articulated ways, the differences between philosophers; thereby, crystallizing and axiomatizing the discourse to fairly dogmatic interpretation of a philosopher as “identity”. For example, if I present a “Different” Deleuze, who is “dark”, mystical, and prefers a “vacuole of solitude” to “Leftist Commonism”, it is almost certain that I will incite negative comments, because my “conceptual persona” (Deleuze and Guattari, *What is philosophy?*, 1994) contradicts the “mainstream interpretation” of “a” Deleuze who is considered to be “the” Father (and here I already see a contradiction) of a collectivist “rainbow narrative” that sews, in the narration of the New Left, the multiple threads of minority “group identities”. In this logic, the act of “sharing” and “participating” in the “Rainbow Common” becomes a compulsive imperative, just as “Enjoy!” can become an institutionalized “superego” (Žižek, *The superego and the act*, 1999). In this “politically correct” context, that becomes the compulsive platform for every reading and interpretation, the jouissance of participation plays the role of a compulsive conformism. There is no possibility to escape the conformist “bright” becoming of a network (be it Capitalist or Leftist) to affirm a withdrawn “rogue” “singularity”. (Here one can also hear the influence of object-oriented philosophy, in particular the interesting classification of objects and fields of attraction as described in the “Democracy of objects” by Levi R. Bryant, 2011).

So, at the end of the process I can be accused by a reviewer who follows a strict Deleuzian dogmatism (a paradox) as being confused, solipsistic, toxically



“masculine”, or other banal and offensive definitions; when I am simply “applying” the Deleuzian concept of “conceptual persona” to Deleuze. In this way, I also adapt his mask to my “praxis” through interpretive drifts. In order to be faithful to Deleuze, one must slightly betray the evil master, to be in excess, to be a heterogeneous Anti-Oedipus that affirms the punk-anarchist singularity of his becoming with the evil smile of challenge. In my praxis, I even apply to Deleuze his own perverted methodology of approaching other philosophers from behind through the performative gesture of interpreting the mask (conceptual persona) in a singular and heterogeneous way. The mask must be interpreted in excess of the instituted identity because it is not a clear and profane “face” but a hidden and sacred mask which elicits narrative drifts, provocations, and virtual speculations in a general economy of “dépensement”. The mask is a vehicle for the sacred experience. In this sense, every mask becomes a Dionysian mask of excess, even the mask of Deleuze that I wear in my writings. This masked operation, that gives rise to a strategy of simulacra (Deleuze, *Difference and Repetition*, 1995) and spectropoiesis (Derrida, *Specters of Marx*, 2006), is justified even more by the fact that mine is not so much a “philosophical praxis” but an “anarcho-artistic praxis” performed through interventions with a Black Bloc Mask, that necessarily unfolds “on the edge of fiction”. This attitude, as Rancière would put it, is already in itself political (Rancière, *The lost thread: the Democracy of Modern fiction*, 2017). While classic criticism wants to demystify the reality hidden behind fiction, it exists also a “praxis of fiction” that subverts the fiction that is institutionalized as “reality”. In my opinion, just to close the circle of the difference, even criticism can be performed as fiction and for this reason my praxis of interventions engenders a very ambiguous and heterogeneous spectrum of simulacra – which are perceived as “dangerous” even by the dogma of the moralist Left. I think the mix of cultural Marxism and Anglo-American Positivism, which dominates the field of art & politics, is very noxious. It’s a dogma that emits a moralist aura of discipline. This moralism protects the network of power that hides in American Universities. It’s an imperialism camouflaged by antagonism.

“Praxis”, even if it is rooted in flesh and its pathos, is an “art of fiction” in itself, which can be both “performed” and “written” – a double-intertwined fiction that complicates the locus of experience. This endeavour can be undertaken by black-masked anonymous authors, the Anartist(s), i.e., a transpersona marker, who do not renounce the full potentiality of their singular narrative in the capitalist medium – just because he/her/they are an anonymous multiplicity of Black Masks. On the contrary, if I want my “threads to be really lost”, just to intensify the perspective of Rancière, I must “lose” my face in a mask and “loose” my identity from the dominant narrative in order to engender new times and new spaces which subtract themselves from the realist fiction of the “Capitalist Realism” (Fisher, 2009). Capitalism imposes a rhythm of times and spaces, its own unified narrative realism, with its cycles of productive consumption and desire. The Academy is often a strict ally of this “Realism”, even in “artistic research”, that should instead be a loose and a “smooth field for probe-head experimentation” (Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 2004) on the “edges” of Knowledge.

“Praxis”, and, even moreso, the Anartist intervention, is a striving revelatory tensor between heterogeneous materials, concealment and unconcealment, virtual and actual, Difference and Representation, Earth and World, visible and invisible, and can be quasi-disclosed only through a virtuous narrative that involves elements of “fiction” and “style” to reproduce the “atmosphere” and the “attitude” of the praxis of the Anartist. Indeed, this singular “praxis”, with no institutionalized code, oscillates between actual and virtual, present and yet-to-come, fiction and event, performance and politics, factuality and imagination, as an indefinitely anticipated “hyperstition” (valid at least for the speculative surface of the uncoded existential territory that it unfolds). At the end the Anartist praxis is an obscure magic conspiracy where a clear subject and an identified object cannot be placed in a line of time with a clear goal. “Praxis” is a joyful game in itself with itself, it’s not a play of a subject but of a “refrain” who enfolds and unfolds a quasi-subjectivity. Difference and diffraction always interspace clarity through the Subversive S. Clear and organized writing does a bad job of expressing “praxis” and, even moreso, “Anartist’s praxis” Academics, on the other hand—especially in the specific field of artistic research—seem to exclude the possibility of “play” (only to mention Roger Caillois’ writings) as an essential part of a praxis, they are sad people perched in their “resentment”. We could go as far back in time as to mention the relation between the sacred and the game in the practice of hierogamos. Play is a way to the sacred and a dance of forces connected in an impersonal game where the position of the Anartist is always displaced in a multiplicity.

I cannot approach my “praxis” with an “objective” point of view and disclose a “generalization” from the concealed immanent vibratory “singular”. The immanent vibratory “singular” is a quasi-obscure catalysis of a heterogeneous multiplicity of affects in a game of forces; it is not just a “particular” identity of a certain universal academic “identity-frame” vis a vis the academic square. This attitude is naïve. And furthermore, the fiction of a “neutral”, “objective”, “realist” point of view betrays the affirmative “taste” and the challenging “tone” of the aesthetic “worldling” of the Anartist’s provocation. This is why I oppose the political and anarcho-epistemological challenge of an immanent writing “of” to a transcendent writing “on”, as I will articulate in the course of this anti-dissertation.

As you will see, the attitude of this anti-dissertation (even if it is challenging and gamely agonistic, as the Anartist aesthetic and attitude requires), is not merely critical toward the Academy but it tries to lay a new “weak foundation” for writing and understanding in an heterogeneous unstable field – artistic research – which is a hybrid plan(e) infested by multiplicities, quasi-objects, projectiles, anachronisms, symbolibidic expressions, simulacra, synchronicities, crossovers, specters, arrhythmia, cataionic manifestations, and divine accidents. This weak foundation wants to overcome, with an affirmative “phenomenological” (Catren, *A plea to Narcissus*, 2016) and “speculative” attitude, the logic of a full presence of a subject and an object framed by the finitude of a classical Kantian approach, and also, to give an ungrounding blow to the “barbaric” positivist regression (Henri, *Barbarism*, 1987) grounded on classical scientism, without renouncing to unfold, in a non-systematic and artistic way, the specific transcendental conditions of the specific field.

Indeed, the interventionist praxis of the Anartist is not only critical and problematic, but also a sort of “active nihilomania” that reveals what the subversion of the intervention brings to light from the chaomagic unground: a sort of “trace” in twilight, a revealing “tensor” from the plane of Difference and Intensities. Although this light is always problematic in representing a dynamic and enigmatic “objectile” (Deleuze, *The Fold*, 1992), which always evades the inter-subjective structured gaze of knowledge that needs a form to frame a stable “object”. The objectile instead, is something that is not completely there in the actual, but always in flight in a de-actualized virtual. The Eye/I of Knowledge is frustrated in its desire of control, essential identity, systematization of a representation, and modernist definition. This dissertation-intervention is a kind of “mystical cinesthesia” activated by an internal difference in becoming that digs a “living shape” that is not a “definite form”. My writing follows this vital and agonistic anarcho-movement of the “objectile”. The flight of this dissertation is in escape of a productive apparatus of Knowledge based on normativity. It blurs the eye of the panopticon that assigns identities constructed through procedures of knowledge based on a consensual epistemology that freeze the movement of the object in a static time and a fixed identity to be shared as a matter of fact. My attitude rejects the spatialization of the time-object. It refuses the “explanation” of the implicated folding and re-folding. The objectile is an internal difference that differs by itself and cannot be put in a stable form of knowledge, of ethics, of esthetics. It is like an undulating veil of folds and counter-folds for the modernist eye of the academy. The praxis of the Anartist is transartistic and concerns the folds and the thresholds of an objectile that cannot be represented by an “object”. This praxis also necessitates a “subjectile” in variation: the researcher-artist, that cannot be inscribed in a “subject”. Subjectile and objectile are implicated in the twilight of an event eventing that unfolds as difference. The praxis of the Anartist is like a Dionysian Dance in a refrain of productive/revelatory dissonant resonances and rhythmic $\text{\textcircled{A}}$ -rhythmia. The differ $\text{\textcircled{A}}$ nce cannot be grasped, only expressed as a wave of difference that still differs: a loud murmuring, a “refrain” in its non-linear “refraining” that describes an objectile-territory, a “zone” (Tarkovsky) of sensitivity and mysterious happening. This “zone” cannot be navigated with the instruments of identity to capture a knowledge that resembles itself in an “object”. Time enfolds (like an excavation) and unfolds, like a paradoxical 8, perpetrating the “same” with difference. The objectile grows on itself, protruding the same from the abyss of Difference. The objectile is a series of intensifications where an intensity is not represented but intensified in a line of flight. The objectile is the will of power that pertains to the ear because it is lateral like Difference, while the eye is frontal to “enframe” an object.

In fact, the “shape” of this dissertation is not a project of a subject around an “object,” but the effect of the action of a superject (Deleuze, *The Fold*, 1992); i.e, the Anartist’s avatar, who is implicated with its flesh and sensations in the variating intensities of its disruptive becoming of becomings that engender virtual attractors that sink in the informal chaos to make new attractors emerge. This becoming is not so much a making but a rhythmic following of the unfolding of an event in itself. It’s a dancing with the Event. It’s a disclosure of a “praxis”. I think this is the Aristotelian Greek sense revealed by *tecnè* (that for the

experience of the Anartist is also an anti-tecnè different from a positivist making or construct- case of the tecnè of a praxis, the active and the blur, while in the second case there is only ac- pragmatist case is a hypostatization of the will of limit of the episteme that is purely static and rep- achieve the molecular body of a field. It remains body, even if it is implicated in a process. It's a a goal in a design... Even in terms of a body of design. It's an organic subjective will of power that nal will of a use and a goal. The subject needs a use to address its action. For example: Capitalist Will will. The general form of Knowledge that wants to of flight, which has no beginning and no end but the magnetism of a field, is disrupted to engender/ of Knowledge. The enfolding and unfolding are in of a false substantial being who sinks in the pure the event of its own shape. The Anartist's action is a to create its own shape, its own mark of Knowl- edge. It is this contrary force that allows him to intensify his passional-tran- scendental flight in the out-of-the-representation. It's like a run through a series of texts to take-off.

It's the excess of an arche-body in its "auto-af- fection" (Henry, *The essence of manifestation*, 1963). The flesh of the Anartist is a becoming-meat of a wolf (Deleuze, Francis Bacon: *Logic of Sensation*, 2003). His expressive refrain is implicated in a return to the timeless time of an immanent no- madic horde of wolves where intuition, divination, sa- cred madness, sensation, telepathy and other noumenal faculties, excluded by Kant's transcendental phenomenology and academy, are in play (Varto, *Otherwise-than-Knowing*, 2013). The becoming-animal is a becoming-unground- ed and, in this sense, is a becoming-nomad and a becoming-molecular. The Anartist is a becom- ing-wolf in a field of becoming-wolves moved by intensities and differences (Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 2004). The animal has something magic and molecular in itself because it moves in the magnetic field of the Singleton that impinges/creates the biosphere. A pack of wolves is a pack of differences moved by dark precursors that triggers new differences and new movement in a process of organic and inorganic deterritorialization.

The line of flight also exceeds the pack in the inorganic. Whatsmore the Anartist's ethics is just magn-ethics and cannot be separated by its singular step- ping in the darkness of a mesmeric field of multiple attractions and repulsions. We must push the bar to the Kantian "sublime" to see something immanently noumenal in-between. Or else embrace Nietzsche's Dionysian perspectivism that cannot be digested by an intersubjective knowledge based on Kant's first critique. But, if there is a hybrid field between art and academy, it can only be explored via a tension that is not "too human" or otherwise it is a transcen- dent violence to a post-human, post-signifying, pre-subjective, and pre-linguis- tic presence, that is also a rebellious absence from the social dimension and its architecture of intersubjective knowledge. Every architecture, even academic

that unmakes the ground) ing a "work of art". In the passive aspects of the will tive will. The positivist or power. It goes beyond the resentational but does not an organized and active process, yes, but to achieve Knowledge it remains in a is grounded in the exter- value or an exchange value that effectuates a subject of capture the Anartist's line only a displaced middle in receive a singular "shape" reality a false movement form of time to receive becoming counter-form edge. It is this contrary scendental flight in the series of texts to take-off.

Knowledge, is based on an archè which clashes with the spontaneous anarchism of the Anartist's understanding. The shared normativity of the institution is imposed on the heterogeneous expression and the singular understanding of an experience that pushes itself toward the outside of the unitary subject.

The experience of the Anartist intervention is a molecular disintegration in a body without organs that still has an atmospheric uniqueness or "haecceity" of expression. This anarcho-shamanic event can only be expressed in a non-standardized form that is in excess to the homogeneity of an organized form like that of Academy. The model-text of Academy is the mirror of this organization. In fact, the nomad of the chaosmosis is also a monad. It resists the integration in the apparatus of abstraction: the Kantian universal is not absolute enough and the particular does not have the concreteness of the singular immanence. However, even if this excess can be seen as negative, because it disrupts the order, it is also positive because it can unfold a "new" in the field of knowledge. Even if this new can't be inserted in a full program of work and applied knowledge. Who knows? (Laughing!)

The following essays that I will present have been sculpted in the "gallery" of the counter-wind. While the Artist works in art galleries, the Anartist operates in the gallery of wind in the outside-space; its work is an anti-work to engender a non-work-of-art. During this dissertation, the intensity of the wind grows, so much so as to take on the capacity to fly out of the Anartist. In fact, starting from the first essay, and the critical reactions of academic reviewers, there is a progressively stronger intensification of the counter-wind intensity that leads the Anartist to transform the essays into interventions in the academic publication itself. These essays try to subvert even the format of the genre and the expectations of academic editors. Sometimes these short-essays start with a disruptive "je accuse" to neutralize the possible critiques of the reviewers. Some of these essays are published, others have been rejected, but success and failures are relative, they both contribute to outline the textual strategy of an outside. These essays are also accompanied by exchanges of e-mails between the Anartist and academic journal, editors, and counter-comments to Reviewers. By sharing these correspondences, I want to highlight the argumentative fragility of academic authority, which sometimes looks very weak and unethical in their attempt to generate a reactive and ideological fold of ethical capture.

These exchanges also show the transcendent violence of the apparatus and its discretionary censorship. This dissertation-intervention should be seen as a process of anti-academic radicalization that nevertheless wants to engage a tension with the institution in its edge to engender a revealing catastrophe of the already instituted, the already seen, and the already heard defined by the academic form. This dissertation is pervaded by a sort of agonic spirit rather than supine or dialogical attitude. It shows a bifurcating differend (Lyotard, Differend, 1989) between the Anartist interventions and the academy as apparatus of order and normalization. What kind of knowledge, or, better, understanding, can arise from this rebellious spirit?

The dissertation then ends with a long line of questions and answers (points and counterpoints) between a hypothetical and fictional academic character in career, obsessed by a clarifying and formal anxiety, and at odds with



the seductive and elusive strategy of the Anartist. The dramatic intertwining of these different attitudes expands some controversial themes of the short-essays in a wider back-ground that does not exhaust the tension. The confrontation also shows the bifurcation between the point of view of the academic character, played by Faust, and the Anartist, wearing the mask of Mephistopheles. The choice of Faust and Mephistopheles is consistent with the idea of the Anartist's intervention as "politics of sorcery": a counter-spell, or a switch-flight. We recurrently find this magical motif in Bataille, Deleuze, Guattari, Benjamin, De Certeau, Derrida, Eliade, Lyotard, Land, Jung, Agamben, Stengers, Baudrillard, but also in Situationists like Debord, Lefebvre, and Surrealist like Breton. (In all these authors, who have largely influenced my praxis, there is a recurrent reference to sorcerers, seers, witchcrafts, angels, hierophants, shamans, evil spirits, magic spells, magic symbols, magic and gnostic practices, numerology, hermetic knowledge, alchemy, and divination). The tension between these two fictional characters, Faust and Mephistopheles, involved in the absurd oscillation of a line of flight in becoming, generates a vibration that is not only significant but also tonal, atmospheric, and resonantly aesthetic. It's a long line of flight, a literature of "exhaustion" to mention Deleuze (Deleuze, *The Exhausted* (Beckett), 1995) that also challenges the attention and the patience of the reader. For this reason, it also can be seen as a performance based on "durée".

The tension internal to the difference of this dissertation-intervention, which can be seen as a dialectic of unfolding (written essays), enfolding (judgment of the reviewer), and refolding (diffractive embedding and "mise en abyme" of the judgement) also concerns the heterogeneous form of the objectile which crosses different plateaus and valleys and oscillates between essay, liber magicus, manifesto, psychodrama, essay, reportage, and black comedy in order to make sense of the heterogeneous multiplicity of its becoming. This is why I also see this dissertation-intervention as a baroque artwork of literature, and not simply based on the strict form of an essay. It starts from essay but becomes in excess, as an indefinite "genre". In fact, the tendency of the Anartist is to become indefinite and imperceptible. I love, for example, the baroque writings of Nabokov or other experimental postmodern narrative which has folds of self-reflexivity, multiple-threads, and heterogeneous embeddings. Also, for example, the contamination of essay, non-fiction and fiction, as in David Foster Wallace or Don DeLillo. On the other side I also like artworks that are like philosophical essays; as for example David Cronenberg's cinema, or even Tarkovsky's "Stalker", which is a sort of essay on "Knowledge" based on a fiction or allegory. For sure my writing is bathed with the emotional sensitivity in excess of the Stalker.

Furthermore, as I have hinted, my essay and in my praxis is also an excavation that concerns the tension between fiction and "reality". Is not "reality" an institutionalized "fiction"? An accepted code enforced by power-relations? What does the artist do in its worldling if not break the institutionalized code to engender a singular fiction? Can fiction be an instrument to explore new worlds? In this sense one must also approach my hyperstition of the Heteron of Anartists. Can a hyperstition be a vehicle for knowledge? What is the role of the

“avatar” or the “character” in this “fictional” unfolding? Is the Anartist’s praxis “fiction” or “reality”? How does fiction affect and disrupt “reality”? How can fiction produce a f(r)iction? What is the relation between fiction and the flesh? Between fiction and the living? Between fiction and experience? And finally between fiction and an immanent gnosis or mysticism?

This undefined oscillation of writing that vibrates through the dissertation, is given by the continuous shift of the line of flight, which also escapes the contours of the defined “genres”, to unfold its pathos-logical dance of simulacra embodied in the auto-affection of the “flesh of the Earth” and its arche-writing. It’s a flesh that becomes writing in a schizo-chasm of intensity, as a sort of sacred writing (but in the ambiguous and transgressive sense of George Bataille – it’s probably also a literature of the Evil). This passionate and intense writing, as a style that follows an impersonal and deterritorializing chthonic vibration, is also a feature of each singular short-essay.

The tension between the sacred and the profane, ambiguous and disambiguated, obscure and clear, visible and invisible, immanent and transcendent, representation and subversion, knowledge and understanding, law and transgression, scene and obscene, fiction and experience, ethics and aesthetics, presence and absence, flesh and contours, form and excess, is the magn-ethics conductor that produces the dynamic spark of this anti-dissertation. Following this magnetic disruption is in itself ethical because it is a search for “authenticity”; it’s a sacrifice of a bleeding flesh with a black mask that confronts the torture of the abstract violence of the form and the dominant code of network-interfaces. My ink is my blood. Dr. ink my blood!



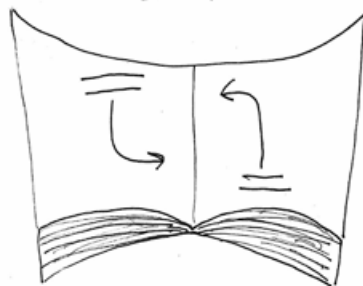
BOOK PERFORMANCE





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DIRECTIONS

ode to the reversion

THE WORLD EXISTS TO END UP IN A BOOK
-STEPHAN MALLARMÉ-

**Heterogenesis of the Anartist.
Catalysis of a character, a praxis,
a strategy, a knowledge.**



AOR Art of Research 07.
Gian Luigi Biagini.
Heterogenesis of the Anartist.
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ABSTRACT

The paper concerns my praxis of Disturbanism (Disturb Urbanism) and the Anartist (Anarchist Artist), who is the agency-character of this praxis. The text starts with a biographical style to show the contingent situation of the genesis of the Anartist. This genesis is, indeed, a heterogeneous catalysis that follows the ontology of Deleuze & Guattari as described in *A Thousand Plateaus* and in *Chaosmosis*. Then the text goes on to describe my first 2 artworks that are also contingent to the heterogenesis of the Anartist. Here the style becomes more theory-specific to define the potentiality of the Anartist as “transpersona” and its role of “marker” in the emergent refrain of the Heteron. The Heteron is an outsider-refrain generated inside the capitalist medium. The Heteron is here described in opposition to the Common. In the meantime the paper illustrates the superposition between Anarchist and Alchemist in the plane of schizo-composition of the Anartist simulacrum. The Anartist is an avatar that allows access to the sacred experience of a chaomystic event unleashed by a Disturbanist Intervention. A Disturbanist intervention disturbs the design-code of the Capitalist space to open the potential for a subversive sacred event. This text is a post-Veda prophecy-theory for a reversion yet to come.

Keywords: *intervention, catalysis, character, capitalism, ✱ subversion*

A LIFE

I started my praxis of interventions after arriving in Helsinki in 2011. Before that time, I was working as a creative consultant for advertising agencies and design studios in Rome. Because I was particularly talented in imagining and visualizing concepts, I would often read “agency briefs” before going to sleep at night and wake up in the morning with instantaneous solutions to problems – I would then simply draw my idea on a piece of paper and send it to the agency, not being forced to work for the rest of the day.

At the time I was living in a loft with a bed 3 meters off of the ground: this detachment allowed my soul to travel and find solutions without effort in the night. And, because I had all of my day free from work, I could dedicate myself to writing, reading, and painting. One might think that it was a perfect life but, in reality, I was fighting everyday against the frustration with the world I was living in. In the twilight of these sensations, I felt something very wrong was about to happen.

Indeed, in 2008, the world financial crisis spread from Wall Street. After 2 years of infection, in 2010, it was clear that the future for many Italians – especially independent creatives – was going to be dark. The banks retired nearly all the money from the market and the Italian State, because of public debt, would have to increase taxation and financial cuts for the coming decades. The logic of “too big to fail” had enormous effects on a country with huge public debt, without the possibility to devalue its currency, and with parameters of austerity ostensibly established by Germany. At the time, I owned a house in Rome with my Finnish wife. Shocked by the sudden change in financial security, we felt it was better to go and live in Helsinki if we wanted a safer future for our one-year-old daughter.

My partner immediately got a job before arriving in Helsinki. However, for me, a 41 years old Italian, it turned out to be extremely difficult to find a way to survive—even after two years. I had no friends, the sky was dark, the temperature was icy, and I was depressed. I hadn’t even had a job interview in years. The people there seemed indifferent, the system impersonal and bureaucratic, and my exuberant individualism incompatible with their overly structured and modular society.

AN OCCASION

Even the artistic avenues looked blocked with the artistic scene in Helsinki being very closed and corporatized. One day, I discovered an art course on the Internet that was being offered at Aalto University. The course “Museum as Medium” was open also to non-students and culminated with a final exhibition in the city’s anthropological Museum. I thought that, in a university context, I might be able to show my capacities. But the difference of culture and experience between myself and the other much younger students turned out to be a conflict. Still, the exhibition was an occasion for me to use my skills as an artist to hack the modernist abstract machine implemented by the Museum. Whoever has read Michel Foucault’s *Order of Things* can infer that an Anthropology

Museum is an institutional machine that tends to reproduce and confirm the “regime of truth” (Foucault, 1976) of the Enlightenment: freezing the objects of ancestral cultures outside their specific polysemic cosmology, only to fold them into modern scientific epistemology.

These objects, belonging to organic, polysemic, and animist systems with complex codes and decoding, are isolated in glass vitrines for the analytical gaze of the modern western subject. Following from this theoretical framework, I thought that my artwork could problematize the mechanisms of signification from within the museum’s machine. I felt the need to create a conflict between the modern “global gaze” and the emerging antagonist “no global” symbolism to contest the “order of things”. At the time, 2011–2012, the no global antagonism was expressed most notably by Occupy Wall Street. Incidentally, the financial issue contested by the Occupy Movement was also intimately related to my own personal situation of unemployment, and emigration from a country in financial bankruptcy.

With the precious help of the Museum preparatory staff, I built a long vitrine exhibiting 30 Anonymous hacker masks. At the time, these masks were also worn by people rioting in the streets against the austerity imposed by governments who were willing to rescue the banks with money from the lower classes. Showing these Vendetta Masks in the context of an anthropological museum gave voice to the transpersonal mask of a new contemporary world-wide tribe. A tribe that was beginning to contest not only the capitalist economy, but also the modernist framework of the “Enlightenment” which gave rise to and continues to aliment the ideology of the museum and Capitalism itself. I wanted to collapse the asymmetric dialectic between “modernist global” and “ancient local” by adding a third axis: the “no global” dimension. I was acting like a “trojan virus” that inverts the code of representation of the institution with a counter-code. By giving visibility to the 30 Vendetta masks, I disturbed the master-signifier circulating in the museum’s organization of sense. The signifier, now a monster-signifier, had lost the power of giving a clear reification of meanings to its irradiating projections. The anthropological machine was open to its repressed non-sense (death) and invaded by an unproductive polysemy (obscurity) of resonances (poetry) and interferences (disturbances) in its dominant inscriptions (transcendent violence).

Figure 1. Non-authorized intervention, Kamppi Square, Helsinki, 2012.





A TRANSFORMATION

Before the opening of the show in the Museum I also masked myself, for the first time, in total black, wearing the black balaclava, as an antagonist anarchist. In this costume, I performed for the occasion by destroying an empty cube-shaped vitrine with the help of a home-made metallic spike (Fig. 3, 4). Through that first transformative episode, the character of the Anartist (Anarchist Artist) was born. After this genesis, I had a character and its aesthetic to refold the chaos of my life into a refrain-world (catalysis of a worlding). In fact, the fold of a territory is needed to construct a line of flight, a deterritorialized refrain of expression (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987).

However, this alter-character – that now accompanies me like a visible shadow – was created not only by an act of subjective intentionality but as an impersonal superjective catalysis of the forces at play in my situation. “I” was only a part-subject of an assemblage at different speeds and intensities appearing as a singular expression. The genesis was more like an emergence on the orbit of a virtual quasi-cause springing forth by the immanence of heterogeneous pre-individuated intensities ready to catalyze into a character. The character was waiting for me, already there in the plane of composition of the “virtual”. My character, therefore, is more like the “avatar” described by ancient Indian texts, a sort of driving-attractor that always anticipates me and throws me into Disturbanist situations around the world. As if I had found, in my “avatar,” a lateral door to escape the profane every day and enter into the sacred transgression of the chaosmystic unconditioned. Through this character, that is fictional, real and sacred my life can live intensities and experiences that are not allowed by the standardizing design-code which decodes the digit-urban capitalist space. Using the vehicle of my character and its tricks, I can de-stratify my senses from the capitalist space in which my body is folded and participate in the chaosmosis (Guattari, 1995) of a Disturbanist Event to “see” the mystic of the unknown.

But, before writing at length about Disturbanist interventions and relative super-sensuous experiences, I wish to address the schizo-emergence of the “Anartist” character, whose heterogenesis is always in becoming. This character does not have a definitive form but is attracted by an obscure and formless “new”, or better in the depth of the “now” (Lyotard, 1992). It is always in a plane of composition and catalysis around its fold-refrain.



Figure 3. Exhibition in Museum of Cultures, Helsinki, 2012.



A SIMULACRUM

Let's come back to the motivation of my specific action. My act of crashing the cubic vitrine in the museum was a way to re-enact, by divergent superposition, the simulacrum of the typical anarchist "Black Bloc" gesture that is usually captured and frozen in the media image. Specifically, the black dressed antagonist rioters that destroy the glass windows of banks. This gesture performs a symbolic violence: a potlatch of destruction that challenges the capitalist destruction on a scale of intensities. This destructive ritual tends to repeat the ancient Dionysian ritual of unproductive expenditure. Thus, my action was caught in a sort of hauntology: a multiplicity resonating from the surface of the media spectacle to ancient archetypes rooted in the timeless forces of the Earth—from the conditioned to the unconditioned. Besides that, the "untimely" simulacrum I was performing, with the act of hitting the vitrine, had another level of superposing divergence. In fact, before breaking the cubic vitrine with my metallic spike, I had sprayed the A of Anarchy over the glass with white color - starting the drawing of the typical compass symbol by the Platonic circle. Indeed, my gesture was also the performance of an alchemical transformation. The cube represents the monotheist symbol par excellence in Christian tradition (the faces composing the cube form a cross), the black cube of the Kaaba is the most holy place for Islam, and God is represented as void inside a cube by Jewish religion. The spike,



striking the cube, was like a cosmic antenna, or divine lightning. By fracturing the closed perfection of the monotheistic order, my avatar was expressing the need to give voice to the chthonic forces of chaos. And, by breaking one face of the cube, the surface of the glass acquired a fractal shape, opening a line of flight to the poetic non-sense. After the breaking of the glass I set half of the spike inside the now-open cube and the remaining half outside of it to complete the symbolic dynamism of the installation. Then, by altering the strong spotlights of the museum (high on the ceiling), I maximized the vertical dramatization of the broken side, the metal of the spike mirroring and reflecting on the glass and the light shining from above. It was as though Zeus had launched its divine fury.

This installation was destined to also be the “an-archè-model” of my future “Disturbanist Interventions” that, in their essence, consist in opening an immanent line of flight (a hole) in a space-time closed by a transcendent signifier (the cube). The “Disturbanist intervention” is an an-architectural gesture that triggers an uncoded becoming because it opens the closed design to free the unfolding of time from its functional urban spatialization that, basically, tends to reproduce time as a transcendent economic cycle.

My schizo-character superposes Anarchism and Alchemy and “its” interventions are both political and mystic. “Its” gesture contests a space of power on many levels and expresses a chaosmological counter-symbolism that contests the monotheism of the money. It also throws me in a unique path of knowledge under the skin of the profane everyday – into an understanding of imperceptible nuances, intuitions, visions, and synchronisms. The superposition of different series, like Anarchist and Alchemist, allows me to create an oscillating simulacrum, whose shifting tension is very schizo-productive – an arrhythmic assemblage without a clear origin and with an obscure becoming of symbols, events, transformations, and revelations. I can surf-create into this plane of tension. Through the character’s interventions in the urban space I gain access to irrational series that construct a singular resistant counter-world. However, despite the schizo-productive tension of differences, the charged poles of “Anarchist” and “Alchemist” share a common esoteric territory. For example, the colors: Black, White, Red. In particular, the black color is very important for my Anartist praxis: both as Anarchist and Alchemist.

When I dress in black with a black balaclava I surf the simulacrum of a Black Bloc anarchist and I can use its symbolic violence and its negative iconoclastic force to challenge the Semio-capitalist medium with an absolute negativity that resists the forces of recuperation and valorization (i.e. gentrification, advertising...). Nevertheless, when I dress in black, my body also acquires the magnetic power of the Alchemic Nigredo of the Black Sun and I am ready to enter a dark territory and “see” a chaosmystic hierophany.

The black is an iconoclastic color of subtraction that allows me to erase my localized identity and conjoins me to a deterritorialized heterogeneous pack of subversive transpersona – the Black Bloc. This pack is a radical antagonist urban expression that cannot be integrated in the productive capitalist design as it is a negative sign outside the margin of the medium of representation. The

Black Bloc is the Absolute Evil because its violence is simply wasting without a cause. They just devastate the urban landscape in a kind of sacrifice, challenging the destructive accumulation of the Capital to exceed it. The Black Bloc accelerates the destructive power of capital beyond the code of reproduction. They break the Lacanian “quilt” of recuperation: they break through, in the a-signifying. In fact, the Black Bloc does not have a political project that can be signified. No sense can be amended for the use of Capital and its political representative: the parliamentary right and left.

I play with my character on the margin of representation to re-modulate this negative symbol and its resistant unproductive mythology. In a certain sense with my interventions I re-enact an urban sacrifice to generate a symbolic exchange setting forth a challenge to urban capitalism. I offer my body to the forces of the Chaosmos, the dragoon, to receive a revelation in the unfolding of time freed from designed spatialization. By incarnating this antagonist symbolism, I shift it from the margin of the field to the everywhere of the everyday. With my interventions, my character infects, with an alien symbolism, the mechanism of integration and opens the possibility of a sacred gift and a revelation. Indeed, the Black Bloc motto is “We are everywhere!”. My praxis pushes to the extreme of this motto. Black Bloc symbolism constitutes a strong mythological reserve of counter-capital inside the Semio-capitalist medium: the Anartist transpersona can incarnate and increase it by injecting new bastard strain-symbols. This antagonist symbolic virus can infect the urban space: streets, museums, squares, art residencies, commercial centers, movie-theaters, galleries, universities, social-networks. The Anartist can hack the urban-capitalist DNA with diverging non-sense and counter-symbols that open to a new event and a new people yet to come. Everywhere in the everyday an emerging antagonist Black Sun can rise with its pack of infecting black angels.

A HETERON

The negative counter-capital is the outside-potentiality inside the capitalist medium. It's the negative. Yes! that does not work for the capital but it has the potential of becoming a counter-insurgent Heteron: a differential wave that can swell and catalyze in the medium. I can imagine this Black Tide catalyzing in an autonomous antagonist mythology – thanks also to the capitalist medium that repeats in a series the evil aura of each black hierophany. In the attempt to use everything for capitalist valorization, the capitalist spectacle gives full potential to the dissemination of counter-viruses that can be surfed and shifted again and again. The Black Tide could become a haunting parasite that subsumes the master-signifier of the capital into a monster-signifier, bifurcating it perpetually in a quasi-formless Black Wave that can occupy and cannibalize the entire medium. What is important for the emerging of an Heteron is the force of a symbolic marker that accumulates the counter-capital actions necessary for the emergence of a counter-territory with no dispersion of lines of flight. The multiple lines of flight of the Heteron catalyzes into a territorial refrain through “and”

shiftings of differences – without an organized mediation, that, in my opinion, is the essential limit of the constructive attitude of the Common.

While the Commons tries to construct itself as a counter-institution of the Capitalist Institution, the Heteron instead, self-generates for accumulation of transgressions through the circulating marker of the transpersona. While the Commons wants to be a collective alternative, based on “love” and opposed to the individualism of Capital, the Heteron pushes the individualism to the extreme but connects its diverging singularities with the transpersonal marker. While the Common wants to block the destructiveness of Capital by focusing on Common Values and a Common Wealth, the Heteron is engaged in a challenging potlatch: destroying the sense of urban space by throwing new dices beyond the need for standardization that is characteristic of Capital. In the Heteron every throw of dice is a counter-capitalized desire. The Heteron imitates, parasites and exceeds the destructiveness of Capital like a noisy “synnecront.” Every singularity within the multiplicity of the Heteron can express its full potential without a center: in a logic of deterritorialization of urban space, each subversive line of flight is a borderline that transmits its driving difference to the pack’s direction. The Heteron is a line of variation of intrinsic differences at absolute speed capable of producing an autonomous outside from inside the capitalist medium. However, the Anartists, and their Disturbanist interventions, do not work for a better world but for an unknown world! The Anartist does not want to be a new subject of new socially recognized rights but wants to remain unrecognized: pure potential in becoming, pure migrating power to reach an immanent dark velocity of escape. The transpersona of the Anartist is the marker for the accumulation of a counter-capitalist and antagonist rhizome-territory: invading, infecting and surfing the capitalist medium with new subversive events, new symbolism, new mythology and new desire. Each new line of flight of the Heteron activates the potential spark for generating another. Every disturbanist intervention of the Anartist constructs a deterritorializing territory. A new territory advances through deterritorialization like a desert. It expands with a chain reaction revolving around a catalyst center of combustion and explosions forming an inconclusive surfing superject. This is the Deleuzian ontology behind the Heteron of Anartist: an anti-productive war-machine growing inside the capitalist medium and spreading as an uncoded virus disturbing the decoding of the urban space. This war machine is not built by a class aware of its Marxist role in the dialectic between structure and superstructure but by a “puissance” that always overcomes itself without closing in a defined subject aware of itself. This superject is always in a twilight that integrates new madness into reason: like a “viral conscience” that propels, cannibalize and propagates with new encounters and incorporations. The surfing superjectivity of the Heteron is open to creative-destructive delirium, chaosmysticism and madness; it’s a formless monster in becoming captured by a transpersonal marker into a singular autonomous refrain: under the spell of the mystic inhuman algorithm of the Chaosmic forces of the Earth.

A BODY

When I dress in black and I become an Anartist of the Heteron, I enter also in the Alchemic Nigredo. I pass from the “anatomic body” designed for acting in an abstract Cartesian urban space to a magnetic body connected to the body without organs of the Earth. I have access to the depth of the immanent forces of the Chaosmos and their process of deterritorialization which affect the Earth. My body becomes a magnet in the field of the Earth and I can have sacred access to the mysterious catalysis of the Black Eight: a sacred event that can manifest its magic force in the middle of a profane urban space (a quantitative functional abstraction designed and implemented for the reproduction of capital). Indeed, through the untimely heterogenesis of the “Kairos” that undoes the homogeneity of the “Kronos” the Anartist can experience the timeless event of the “Aion” (the Black 8). Entering the Nigredo, the anatomic body incorporated in the urban space-time design acquires the “atomic body,” without organs, of the Earth. It becomes attracted in the deterritorializing orbit of a Chaosmo-magnetic attractor. It can flow in the magnetic field activated by the Red Sun of the Earth – the spinning nucleus – resonating with the Black Sun of the Cosmic Attractor and the White Sun of our solar system. The Red, the Black and the White attractors form the dragon of forces that seizes, protects and lifts the body of the Anartist in a chaomystic superjective antagonist chaomosis.

Nigredo, Albedo and Rubedo are the mystic resonating phases of a transformative intervention that allows the Anartist to experience directly the body of the dragon until it eats its tail in the Black 8 spot and the extra-dimension that follows. During the Nigredo, that subtracts the anatomic body and “conjoins” it directly with the deterritorializing superspeed of the Big Cosmic Attractor, the “I” loses himself and his “Eye” of subjective conscience. It enters into the dark acephalous becoming of the Black “Eight”: passing through the different magnetic phases of the alchemic body that resonates with the cosmic body. When the body is seized by the dragon of the 3 suns, a cosmic dance begins that imposes its own intrinsic rhythms to the intervention. Responding without cognitive barriers to the forces of the 3 attractors in play, the sensitive body becomes extended everywhere with its sensuous ultra-senses.

For example, coming-back to my specific intervention in the Museum of Cultures. Once I had crashed the glass facade of the cubic vitrine, I started erasing the white sprayed symbol of Anarchy. Here the spot-light shining over the enlarging white stain on the glass produced the effect of an Alchemic Albedo – that I felt reverberating also in the elevation of my body-soul.

Indeed, the Anartist, not only has a catalytic strategy to affect the capitalism, but he also has a transformative approach to the dark knowledge: as a participation to a “terra obscura”, hidden in the profane every day, but perceived by the hypersensitive alchemic body of a “seer”. This chaomotic transformation allows the Anartist to express a sacred chaomology, antagonistic to the profane abstract capitalism.

A CHAOSMOLOGY

The chaosmology differs from the cosmology because harmonic transcendent order based on the “axis mundi” but on an open quasi-cause that always adds and influences and potentials in sacred becoming. In the chaos – not sacrificed to the order of the cosmos and it is not coded rituals based on calendars and sacred places but peller of new sacred deterritorializations. If the contact to tame the dragon of chaos and assimilate it into final cause (and can be repeated periodically through chaosmogony is always productive with new differences in becoming under the spell of an ever-changing quality – the chaosmology is never a harmonious mythology – authority of a dominant sacred aristocracy, but, rather, divergent symbolism refrained by a marker. The marker from the archè because it is a vehicle in the unknown

The public contributed a round of applause when the professor-curator presented my work in the Museum of Cultures (so I was told by the professor when I arrived to the exhibition completely drunk). Indeed, before the opening I had a violent argument with one of the employees of the museum because he had tried to ruin my artwork by putting silicone between the broken glasses of the vitrine – he was arguing that it was too dangerous for the public to leave glasses hanging. I became enraged, because the unstable poetic equilibrium of the installation was compromised, and after fighting with him and the museum director, I started to take the silicone away from the glass with my bare hands. At the end of the cleaning my hands were bleeding. Even if my sacrifice re-established the original poetry to the installation, I went to drink some glasses of wine to calm down. Passion, blood and red wine, the Rubedo phase was finally achieved.

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AN ASSEMBLAGE

After the exhibition, I fell down again into the anonymous status of foreign immigrant. I was taking lessons in a school for immigrants to learn Finnish language. It was frustrating to regress to the age of my childhood, articulating few words, when everybody in Helsinki was even speaking in English better than me. I wanted to be creative, I was already 42 and I was wasting time. Fortunately, I met a young Russian woman who was studying photography and she encouraged me to go further with my interventions. I revealed to her that I wanted to perform my Anartist character again: I wanted to build a cube of black granite stones in the middle of the commercial square of Kamppi, Helsinki. Usually the black cobblestones are employed to pave the streets of the city center, however, during riots they are uprooted and become the only weapon at the hands of citizens to contest the monopoly of force acted out by the State through the Police. It's as if a virtual “right to the city” was already inscribed in the urban design: the potential for a repressed antagonist Other to show its symptomatic

resistance. However, this resistance is becoming more and more symbolic in front of a heavily militarized police with city-tanks and sophisticated cyborg technology. Not to mention the narrative power of recuperation, manipulation and censorship in the hands of the media that responds to banks' and corporations' interests. With my idea of building a cube of cobblestones in a commercial square, I wanted to re-live, as a provocation, the symbolic violence of the urban riot in the main commercial square of Helsinki—to unleash a specter in the unconscious of the city. I wanted it to be a provocative gesture to trigger a surprising event in a commodified scene designed for people to act simply as “consumers”. I wanted to deviate from the programmed flow of actions. The Russian girl agreed to help me with a camera, but I needed to find cobblestones to build the cube. Fortunately, I found an open-minded small entrepreneur that agreed to help my madness by providing all the stones I wanted as well as transportation. Even the production of my artworks is an integral part of the performance where I pass through magic encounters. I can see the Black 8 forming and being realized. So the artwork-event in Kamppi Square was the fruit of a magic catalysis of circumstances assembling in a potentiality.

My character acquires a certain magnetic power in each intervention. It's like if the singular had this power of attraction while the general does not affect reality – it just executes the “realistic” project of the Capital. The singular is constructed as an unfolding of repetition and differences, as a refrain, as a unique style to fold reality in a way that resists the processes of standardization of the general.

A CRACK ✱

The “singularity” is a difference in excess with respect to the ordinary working sense of the general that constructs the “reality”. My interventions, with their dangerous ambiguity, fight the profane “excess of realism” of the urban capitalism. Through a “seductive” ambiguity, I open new potentiality for life in a space that is otherwise totally subsumed into the reification of the urban capitalist medium. I generate a symbolic crack in the system of object-signs and digit-sensors that incorporates, moves and organizes the urban body of the capitalist production. My actions express the need of my flesh to escape this networked urban techno-discipline and to affect and infect other people with my differential excess through a sort of “flesh-mob”. Every form of symbolic disturbance can be seen as a symptomatic “flesh-mob” – a destratification of the flesh caught in the everyday organization of the Sensor-capitalism; in the rhythm of production of the smart-city-factory. Body-space-symbolism is a simultaneous expression and the re-appropriation of one comes together with the other. As Lefebvre (1974) would put it – it's non-effective an abstract ideology that does not produce new spaces and, in fact, reality. In my case the spaces I produce are temporary and eventful but the Anartist – as transpersona multiplicity- has the potential to transform the urban space in a floating space in constant flux. Not only a new space but a space ontologically different. The smooth space of the Heteron. However, it took many hours and many cuts in my hands to realize my cube of cobblestones in Kamppi square. I was helped by passers-by that

Figure 5. Non-authorized installation-performance in Kamppi Square, Helsinki, 2012.







were very curious and willing to participate in the subversion. At the end, I used the finished cube as pedestal for my character: the heterogenesis of the Anartist had accomplished a significant step further. The day after I went to dismantle the cube and it had assumed a different shape. A guy that was there taking photos told me that in the night a group of Anarchists came in and they tried to manipulate my cube to give a less ordered shape to the stones but the police intervened to stop them. The Policemen were defending my “right of authorship” against the anarchists. This story confirms the chaosmotic schizo-power of my Disturbanist intervention, the opening of new sense, senses and interspaces in the urban tissue. Even the Police became confused in interpreting the event, floating in the non-sense of the space as performers.



Figure 6 and 7. Non-authorized installation-performance in Kamppi Square, Helsinki, 2012.

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Epistemological Troubles 1

COMMENT OF REVIEWER 1

----- REVIEW 1 -----

PAPER: 31

TITLE: Heterogenesis of the Anartist. Catalysis of a character, a praxis, a strategy, a knowledge

AUTHORS: Gian Luigi Biagini

Quality: 3 (fair)

Clarity: 2 (poor)

Relevance: 2 (poor)

Overall evaluation: 1 (weak accept)

----- Overall evaluation -----

Even if the text is very well written, even if the text as a very good choice of bibliographic references, there are things there that fragilize the overall reading of it.

- it is written in the first person in a manner of an elegiac text;
- it is so deep concentrated on himself that seems to produce a very high confusion between reality and fiction;
- both situations confirms a kind of narcissism/naivete that turns all the project into a nice fiction all around one character but that ruins all the intentions declared on the text about insurgency and fight;
- the confusion between critical insubmission roles and gnostic approaches fraglizes all the subject of the paper;
- the final conclusion it is very transparent about all this: the confusion and naivete of the so called insurgent role of the art work disturbing the capitalist field being defended itself by the police show the weakness of all this.

So, in conclusion, a very well written text but with so little to add to this important discussion around the connection of the art with politics that it seem to me can be accept but with caution.

A BRIEF VISCERAL COMMENT. “THE TRAUMA AS FOUNDATION FOR COUNTER-ATTACK”.

These Reviewer 1's comments have offended me deeply. Not so much for criticism that maybe is constructive, but for the total lack of respect for my epistemological point of view. My reviewer seems to have never read Nietzsche, Deleuze, and Bataille. I wonder what ground might have brought about such destructive criticism. It seems more like a personal attack, full of prejudices, than an intervention with an ear to difference. This criticism, like all traumas, is one that has given a specific fold to the whole dissemination of the dissertation: a counter-wind deployment and a counter-attack on the insensitivity of the academic reviewers and their anonymous boards. In fact, the field of art/research/politics is not defined and established, as the reviewer's single-minded and demoraliz-

ing judgment would like to believe. There are judgments without theoretical arguments to stupid criticisms have led me to further deep-spective that I have expressed precisely as a semi-mediocre intellectual attitudes in the *first paragraph* of “The catalysis of the Black Sun and the Evil Spirit of the Cursed Cobblestones”

My praxis of intervention is born of my contingent situation of being an isolated unemployed person in a cold foreign country – it’s related to this event as a trauma and a wound that is like a haunted singularity that repeats this gesture. My anti-dissertation is also related to a similar trauma, to my painful striving in an hostile square environment of positivist and/or materialist reviewers who do not possess the artistic sensitivity to understand the complexity of a praxis and the relation between virtual and actual, fiction and reality. By *praxis*, I do not mean just “practice” as Aristotle would put it, I mean a “thoughtful doing” that is concerned with revelation and not just a production of knowledge. Praxis is an approach to knowledge that is neither theory nor practice, but my reviewers often think that I am simply conflating theory with practice because they are not used to the multiple shadows of being. For Aristotle and the Greeks in general there are many ways to knowledge considered as an un-concealment of the concealed, not just theory or practice. In the Greek paradigm of knowledge there is “praxis”, “techne”, “poiesis”, “theoria”, “episteme”, “phronesis”, “aletheia”, etc...The philosopher Heidegger knew this very well and he saw these modalities as ways for a being to reach the density of Being... and as a hierarchy made of steps toward understanding... Instead, for the reviewer, every knowledge is already at hand with no problem of disclosure. A sort of naïve (I use the expression of the reviewer) “realism” that he opposes to “fiction”. He thinks that when I am writing on my praxis I am confusing fiction with reality. First of all, because he does not have experience of what I am describing and the kind of understanding and relation that my praxis brings forth. As a consequence, he (but we could also say they) does not have the understanding to describe the experience of revelation, and all its horizons, as “practical”; when “praxis”, instead, is not a “positivist practice”. Probably they are also fore-closed to this kind of experience because it concerns a special sensitivity and the achievement of a certain molecular “body”, an “exquisite body” (to mention a lecture of Juha Varto), that not everybody is allowed to or has witnessed as an initiatory moment. Without this initiatory and traumatic singularity to access the immanence of a becoming (that is also an unbecoming with respect to the mainstream), there cannot be any sharable knowledge or common understanding. The reaction will only be the arrogance of the secularized that think of every other kind of knowledge as naïve “obscurantism”. Potentially, everybody can access immanence and its specific knowledge, but not everybody obtains it. For example, I cannot understand the experience of being an engineer, and I never will...because I am not “concerned” about it as a praxis or as a desire.

Everybody is born with certain tendencies and into specific environments. We are actualized already with a certain angle when we are born from the virtual and we encounter the world from that perspective. Our path is a

sequence of virtual and actual becomings that is not independent of these initial conditions. We can say that an ellipse conserves the form of the circle even after becoming an ellipse. Even if the infinite past of the virtual still impinges on the actual so this one also influences the virtual. There is always a tensive mediation. If I break a leg, this actualization will affect the potentiality and the virtuality of what I can affect and how I am affected. This tensive dialectic of individuation happens from the time we are born. So one can say that we are nomadic monads but still monads of a particular Worlding. Our line of flight is the spiral of an Event eventing with its own singular experience.

We can pretend that knowledge is a homogeneous field where everybody can share every piece of information and where understanding is democratic, accessible, and exchangeable in a market for best arguments, but this is not the case. Information itself is extracted as an angle of an event that unconceals and conceals simultaneously. The Cartesian space is an abstract superposition on a topological space. This is why there cannot be full light and transparency produced by an Enlightenment episteme. It's an illusory light that imposes a map on the morphology of a territory. We live in constant twilight. If we did not, we would not have the burden to decide, or the surprising output of a becoming once we have decided our action. Everything should be already disclosed. This premise told, today we have few people who have had a familiar experience with what Bohme, Schelling, Derrida, Deleuze and others define as the "ungrund grund" because most of the people live safe and automatic lives of habitudes in institutionally protected environments where the sense of what appears is already established by the general discourse of the institution. In the "ungrund grund" events appear, instead, without a pre-constituted design. Design, with its functions, that impose routines and habits, gives the form and the rhythm of appearance to the phenomena but also to the subject that encounters them in a large way. In fact the illusion of the abstract model and the abstract space does not mean that it does not affect life. The affection happens because the model is really implemented in the material immanence of the space, as an architecture of the space, and consequently, as a division and a construction of the sensible to make its parts work in a certain way (what Rancière defines as "partition of the sensorium" in *Dissensus*, 2010); and the subject, so much as his body and sensitivity, is constructed through habitudes in that Cartesian space-time's organization.

There are people who think that interpretation of reality is merely "cognitive", and that good living and good democracy is just a question of "access to information", that comports a myth of transparency. On this assumption of "transparency" there is a construction of a general space and time, and consequently of habitudes and sensitivity that are constructed as if everything was merely "cognitive" and shareable through ek-static information. Indeed, new media is part of this global digit-urban architecture. It's a transcendent violence of an ideology that engenders this digit-urban "subject". This is the subject I encounter as "reviewer" of my writing. The rationality that plans the space-time is abstract but is also an actualized illusion of an implemented design that effectuates a subjectivity and a kind of disembodied Knowledge. The "rationality" is relative to an episteme that today is techno-capitalist. Knowledge today is conceived only as pragmatic, democratic, transparent, and exchangeable according

to standards of exchange that make the information useful for modern innovation-processes of reproduction of the Capitalist System. This Capitalist abstract machine augments the level of entropy and the contrasting negentropy through new useful bits of information and the proliferation of axioms and sub-systems that make the “inhuman machine” always more complex. This complexity is kept in play by the speed of info-technology with the illusion of cognitively managed info-complexity through the apparent transparency of data (see for example the utopia of Big Data and Artificial Intelligence). We live in an info-economy as Lyotard would say (Lyotard, *The Inhuman*, 1992).

The experience of art, and, above-all, its vanguard—which is a line of flight in the groundless a-modal and sublime “now” (as polemic differend of the “new”)—goes in an entirely different direction to this system of homogenization of Knowledge because it is a search and an unconscious drive for the singular, the ambiguous, the heterogeneous and the provocatively incommensurable, that cannot be exchanged nor used in a “shared cognitive reality”. How can an Academy based on “rules of production and exchange”, deal with this other kind of revelatory “understanding” which, for its internal transgressive difference, rooted in the chthonic flesh of the Earth, interrupts the axiomatic of productive exchange? Baudrillard used to say that today, in our Capitalist Civilization, we assist the “precession of the simulacrum”. He intended to say a precession of a “model” over the “living”. This model, that is econometric and infometric, also concerns a model of transparent Knowledge imposed on the dark ambiguity and seduction of the singular revelation. From the ambiguity of singular revelation, we are passed to the institutional production of knowledge in order to make it clear, profane, measurable, inter-exchangeable, and axiomatic. This model dominates even in artistic research as a paradox. In this sense, the academy reproduces the extraction of exchange and use value of capitalism by operating through a reductionist clarity over a dark body.

We live the paradox of a heterogeneous territory that becomes more similar to the abstract and homogeneous map of its knowledge-economy through a reductionist extraction. This limitless ek-static movement from immanence to a pragmatic transcendence, that involves all modernity, is also probably the cause of an accelerated ecological crisis based on the imposition of an abstract and reductionist economic model to living beings with their internal, heterogeneous, and infinitely complex eco-dynamics. (And here one could make reference to Greek mythology and the hubris of our positivist Anglo-American model. As Guattari states in the “Three Ecologies”, 2000, we must save not only material species but also “immaterial species”, as ideas and experiences, from this abstract model.)

The transcendent rationality and efficiency of models and information are now imposed on the immanence of the living experience. The American abstract space with its positivist and capitalist features imposes itself and its knowledge and institutions over every singular territory and heterogeneous experience all around the Globe. Even art itself is now caught in this system with its technocracy of curators, collectors, museum and academics that serves the axiomatic of this model without flesh and heterogeneity. It’s a model of art, that in its organization and aesthetic, pleases the capitalist logic of media’s sensations through spin doctors and PR info-campaigns. We live in the reign of

info-representations. It's a fight to conquer visibility in the global media. In this fighting only the visible, in its reduced media-visibility can be represented. Only the represented exists. The reviewers of my text are a symptom of this cynical materialism.

The Anartist, with its intervention, and all its limits of power-affecton, tries to unwork this design that is implemented in urban space, and to unleash a becoming that is ungrounded and chaotomic. In fact, this design can be described as "urbanization of the globe", i.e., a large scale homogenization that wipes out the "city", which guards dimensions of the sacred and the qualitative, since its foundation from the ungrund (Eliade, *The sacred and The Profane*, 1987), in favor of a space that is always more abstract and pervasive in its lie: an urban-cyberspace with a real-time system of representations. Representations in this lie have also reached autonomy to represent the represented, a semio-economy of signs with no reference to itself. A simulation as Baudrillard would state in "Simulacra and Simulations", 1994. Even the academy, in my opinion, is part of this movement toward hyperrealism because, in this situation, even theories can be exchanged in a floating academic market. In my opinion *praxis*, that is more in the flesh of a darkly encounter with a material becoming-intense, can break this info-speculation that is already implicit in theory and discourses on theory and their homogeneous intertextual axiomatization.

The Anartist, through its praxis, insists on its endeavor of unleashing untimely events in space. These events try to break the designed capitalist space-time to open up the potential for a different experience and understanding. It's what Deleuze defines as "line of flight". The line of flight is not only a flight from a coded space but also a revealing flight in the Mechanosphere's magnetism. It's an experience of knowledge that grounds a different becoming and understanding that is unbecoming and ungrounding with respect to the instituted ground of habitudes and represented Knowledge. It's a ground on the virtual Earth instead of the actual World. Today we have an excess of World, the Global, that forecloses the experience of the Earth through the proliferation of a techno-scientific apparatus that imposes its procedures of living and knowing as a "mediation" that erases the "immediate".

The intervention of the Anartist, so much as his writing, is a counter-refrain of the singular that affirms its heterogeneity. Most of the people, in the comfort of the everyday, do not have the desire, the madness, the need and the gut to live this experience that comports a dangerous action of "destratification" (Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 2004). Overcoming the laziness of habit and escaping the role of the normalized persona produced by the routines engendered in the space-time designed by capitalist abstraction, is already very difficult. I even have lazy phases where I do not want to expose my subjectivity and put my identity and my body at risk without material compensation. In fact, the unfolding of the intervention is a *jouissance* because it empowers but is also a painful breaking of the comfort zone. However, the intensity tends to repeat once it has been unleashed, to emerge again and again with greater intensity after phases of exhaustion. It's an intensification of life (*jouissance*) that is also an intensification of death (pain). So, the mystic dimension of this action, as intensification of sensing, cannot be understood by everybody and needs the

experience of the writer, that becomes author only in writing, through the repetition of a singular refrain unleashed by trauma. The trauma becomes liberating when the challenge it brings is taken up. It is the source of intensity. As in the case of the emergence of my praxis.

My writings try to reveal the singular world that worlds from the ungrounded Earth in its Earthling (deterritorialization). The wound of this trauma is like a crack, that is sensitive to the chthonic and telluric forces of the Earth. The wound burns and engenders a direction, an immediate necessity, an acéphalic “depense” that is not of a calculating mind. Our comfortable society removes the trauma in favor of a superficial cheerfulness protected by the apparatus of subjectivization. The cyberspace is a strong apparatus of subjectivization and removal, because it is based on the screen, the modular, and the distance that neutralizes the experience and the trauma of sense and feeling.

However, the experience of intervention cannot be a fully readymade experience because it is not the experience of a subject framed in a coded space-time of habitudes. In this sense, when I become the writer of my intervention, I am not completely unconcealed to myself in the writing. For this double concealment, one concerning the intervention as uncoded action in the urban space, and the writing as intervention in the textual space, my narrative will be necessarily interspaced by the fiction and the virtual. As Nietzsche writes, we are made of infinite strata, we are not transparent to ourselves. However, there is a mystic-intuitive knowledge that is proper only to the action and the “man of action”. The Romantic philosopher Von Hugel (Hugel, *The mystical Element of Religion*, 2015. Original 1908), that inspired William James (James, *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, 2000), divided knowledge in 3 kinds: “traditional”, which corresponds to the given reality accepted by the child, the “intellectual”, which

is typical of the adolescent that tries to put in question everything, and final-ly the “mystic”, typical of the mature “man of action” that does not have anymore need for intellectual questions. Von Hugel went on to complicate this frame by writing that every kind of knowledge has a positive and a negative side.

He also states that even if there are tendencies toward one type of knowledge, each of us is a “multiplicity” crossed by all these intertwined kinds of apparently irreconcilable modes of being. This idea of multiplicities is also in tune with Spinoza (Deleuze, *Spinoza. Practical Philosophy*, 1988). Von Hugel’s partition resonates consistently also with Max Weber’s types of “authority”: “traditional”, “legal-bureaucratic” and “charismatic”, (Weber, *Politics as a Vocation*, 2004. Original 1920). I think the artist’s, and even more so the Anartist’s experience goes in the direction of a “mystic knowledge” based on “charismatic” authority that clashes with an academic attitude – that is basically established on an “intellectual” knowledge and a “legal-bureaucratic” authority. It’s no surprise that Kant was a judge in the tribunal of reason and this kind of model, that is based on a “universal subject” and “a-priori categories” and “rules” to judge the validity of knowledge over phenomena, is the base of the academic frame. However, because this kind of dissertation concerns artistic research, I am forced to find a way to engender a weird alchemical marriage between two different modes and sensitivities of knowledge that however, according Von Hugel and many others, are not without cross-channels.

I hope this anti-dissertation can open a singular way to a singular field of knowledge. This singularity, that belongs to the hybrid field of “artistic research”, is then also intensified by my specific uncoded “praxis”, the Disturbanist interventions of the Anartist. The Anartist is also a hybrid field (Anarchist Artist) within a hybrid field (artistic research). The schizophrenia becomes the heterology of this uniqueness. The appearing of such an imperceptible intense molecular “thing” is destined to be provocative and engender conflict with the molar standards of the establishment; because, in this intensified multiplicity of multiplicities, there is a charging of the imperceptible difference which generates misunderstandings and aberrant readings. The intense can be only paradoxical and controverted; on the contrary, the academic wants only axiomatic extensions and clear explanations. The heterogeneous singularity of a praxis can also be expressed by an a-modal style and the reviewer must be open to this or else we have only a war between the establishment and an outsider. With this I do not want to demonize the war, the struggle and the strife that are necessary for the a-modal to appear in the modal and engender a pure difference that differs, affects and produces an event of dissonant change. The space of the voice must be conquered and occupied by fighting. However, the relation can be conflicting and agonic but the “dissensus” (Rancière, *Dissensus*, 2010) must at least be “heard” for the singular to emerge and infect the field with something “new” – i.e. an extraction by the “now” of the singular in itself, as event eventing of a trauma (a singular difference that differs).

For this to happen, very fortunate, perhaps divine and divinatory circumstances are necessary. Many times I have the feeling that everything I am doing is lost in a proliferating World, where an event is no longer possible because the insensitivity and quantitative capitalist mediocrity have completely won. The “Idiocracy” has subsumed all space...from the urban to the academic. In fact, today, the urban and the academic are strongly integrated in the figure of the “hipster” that is an esthete of urban despair. Often a curator or another professional of the creative class, that finds pleasure in the void of this capitalist urbanization because he/she/they have the academic knowledge that makes them into a sort of detached, petty, and worldly sophist of urban decadence, an empty “flaneur” for the global urbanization at the end of the Earth.

“WRITING “OF” AND WRITING “ON”. **UNDERSTANDING THE IMMANENT CONTINUUM** **BETWEEN URBAN INTERVENTION AND WRITING.**

As Graham Harman would state (Harman, “Dark Ecology (Morton’s Hyper-objects and the Anthropocene) and other lectures”, YouTube), the art object (which is also the prototype of the virtual object in itself before every actualization in a network) cannot be accessed directly as if it was a scientific object or an object of design. He makes the example of 3 tables. A table can be described as a scientific object by its reduction to particles or a table can be described as a pragmatic object of design through its use. But none of this undermining or overmining, through explanations, can be applied to the virtuality of the ob-

ject in itself. The object of art is like an object in itself. It is intense and resists extension, it is implicated and resists explication, it remains virtual also when the artist feels that the work is finished. It presents itself but with no established representation. So it's a presence but also a virtual absence. This feature of the art object gives it a special metaphysical status: it is actual because it is there but it is also virtual and is not there because its potential virtuality cannot be exhausted by an actual academic explanation. It conserves at its core its untimely presence that is not really a presence but an open intensity that resonates in many directions. This is consistent with Lyotard (Lyotard, *Libidinal Economy*, 1993) and Deleuze's (Deleuze & Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 2004, Deleuze, *Difference and Repetition*, 1995) notions of the tension between virtual and actual (or between intensive and extensive) but also with Heidegger's (Heidegger, *The Origin of the Work of Art*, 2002) notion of the struggle between Earth and World, concealed and unconcealed.

This is why, in my opinion, a text "on" art is an academic aberration. Only a text "of" art can exist; i.e., only an intensification of the object itself in a text in tension that continues the "strife" between Earth and World can be consistent with art. As if the virtual object of art were a process of transmedia passages from one form to the other: an "objectile". An objectile is in metamorphosis even if it conserves its "distinct obscurity" (Deleuze, *The Fold*, 1992). The objectile is an object that paradoxically is also a process but that, however, is still a specific object that unfolds its virtuality of internal difference from media to media. The medium is necessary for the appearing and is not neutral with its codes. Even if new media can be invented. They also are objectiles in flight. Every object of art has a transartistic vocation, because its virtual potentiality to generate is never concluded in the actual object. Even all the discourses "on" it are like contradictory emanations "of" the virtuality "of" the object. This is why my reviewers, in their attempts to destroy my text, look like positivist barbarians.

The abstract machine of the academy – i.e, an imperialist Anglo-Saxon and pragmatic hegemonic apparatus – does not have a sensitivity for the metaphysics of the art object and the reviewer, trained to its positivist or rationalist attitude as a Pavlovian dog, handles a text "of" art as a text "on" art. This is an aberration from the philosophical point of view that disqualifies all the academic discourse "on" "artistic research". (Sorry for my provocative and raw arrogance but this is part of the argumentative "un-correctness" of the Anartist). This attitude of the reviewers must be challenged and the academic apparatus must be pushed to its point of stammering to reveal something else between art and academy. With this challenging attitude, academy itself becomes a medium for a revelatory object of art that is a text "of" art. Because even Academy is a medium it can become an objectile for new expressive codes. This is the challenging and de-actualizing attitude of this anti-dissertation. This liminal knowledge in the crack must be expressed in an artistic, experimental, stylish, non-conformist way with a writing that is not strictly subsumed in the dogma of "clarity" and political correctness. (You can see that the "poor" clarity of my text is one of the arguments given for Reviewer 1 to dismiss my text... for a more articulated response to Reviewer 1, see the *first paragraph* of "**The catalysis of the Black Sun and the Evil Spirit of the Cursed Cobblestones**".)

POLITICS AND KNOWLEDGE

To claim “clarity” as a “transcendent value” of knowledge would be like asking a scientist who experiments with “weird” particles in fundamental physics to develop less “weird” theories or to write his results in less “weird” and “obscure” ways. If the object is weird in itself, it would follow that its description would also be weird and unclarified—this is the case with non-classical quantum mechanics, for example, as it necessitates non-classical descriptions (Plotnitsky, *Complementarity: Anti-Epistemology after Bohr and Derrida*, 1994). Full “clarification” can happen only through a banal simplification, which is a sad misunderstanding performed for pragmatic clarity and democratization of knowledge. Only a few physicians dedicated to that weird object would understand that kind of metaphysical weirdness. This search for the singular, the heterogeneous, the groundless, the virtual, the indefinite, and infinite withdrawing noumenon of the art object can be considered as a provocative anarchist and transcendental elitism that is in contrasts with the progress of democratic knowledge, which undermines the possibility of political art because it cannot address an actual object.

This is also the thesis of Peter Hallwards’ “Out of this World” (Hallwards, *Out of this World: Deleuze and the Philosophy of Creation*, 2006), which is supported by Alain Badiou (Badiou, *The Flux and the Party: In the margins of Anti-Oedipus* 2004,), who states that Deleuze is useless for a political project because the virtuality of the plane of difference cannot be translated into the actuality of a political project that needs the stability and discipline of an oppositional militant subject with an actual signifying project of rupture and change. I totally agree with this argument, but I contend that the intervention of the Anartist is inscribed in a disruptive politics of the virtual which allows the participation in a becoming of difference as such. However, I think that this politics cannot be defined as the kind that is inscribed in a utopian project of Salvation overcoded by a Hebrew-Christian tradition and not even in a Platonic Marxist-Christian tradition as Badiou seems tied to, with his figure of Saint Paul and Marx as revolutionary subjects of the “generic set” unleashed by an event of “grace”.

The Deleuzian becoming is not a Progressivist/Emancipatory politics with a final eschaton in the actual. I see his virtual politics as anti-Enlightenment and as a gnostic alchemic anarchism that unfolds an unknown eventing event that is connected with the ungrounding deterritorialization of the Earth. This idea of the event, that for sure has something also of Badiou/Plato, is an event of difference that unleashes an undisciplined path of difference of differences on the edge of Chaos. It’s the simulacral becoming that we find also in Nietzsche as will of power. However, for me Deleuze is both a renegade Platonist and a renegade Aristotelian where “praxis”, as a process that has in itself its own end, can be seen as a model of the “refrain”. So, for me it is not an Event which grounds, once and for all, a Lacanian discipline of the Platonic signifier toward a “generic set” that breaks a “constructed set”, but a schizo-praxis which differs in itself. In the praxis there are events of deterritorialization directed to an outside but are events of a praxis inscribed in a “refrain” as will of power. In this “schizo-praxis”



there are events but they are episodes-encounters of a life that keeps resonating in themselves. The event needs to be prepared by a praxis that needs to affect to be affected.

For me, these events of deterritorialization, that have also a neo-platonic dimension are the interventions of the Anartist as a schizo-praxis of disruption that grounds an ungrounded line of flight. The politics of disruption and its possible catalysis in a new activating mythology is a simultaneous effect of this mystic ungrounding that recalls Bataille and his access to the “general economy” (Badiou’s Generic Set?) through the transgression of the “sacrifice”. (In reality, in my chaomology, this gnostic deterritorialization is related to the “singleton” (to use an expression of Badiou) of an entire chaomological alchemical magnetism: Black, Red, and White Sun, where the biosphere is only a medium.) I have tried to define this emerging and aesthetically revealing virtual objectile of my praxis as “Heteron” or “Black Sun”. In the Heteron the problem of the tension between “one and many” finds a quilt in the mask of the Anartist(s)/ Black Bloc(s) assemblage of simulacra, that I see as an extraction already implicit in Deleuze/Nietzsche without the need of Badiou’s Platonic formalist axiomatization. Nevertheless, this projection of the Heteron, that looks already eschatological, is only a hyperstition. A narrative that belongs to the virtual and not the actual in my praxis. This hyperstition is lived as actual in the intervention of the Anartist avatar but is not actual. This is why the presence of the Anartist is always virtual and untimely; even if its interventions happen, produce effects, symbols, aesthetics and are documented. They inevitably belong to the immanent production of a singular hyperstition that cannot be exhausted in the actual. The tangible political effects are less important than the existential ethical-aesthetic territory that grounds the “inner experience” of the discontinuous continuum. Every de-actualization, corresponding to an intervention, is already a revolution in the intense engendering now. It’s a revolution in *sé*, while the *per sé* of the contagion cannot be lived as an obsession of utilitarian efficiency, or a discipline, that can be measured as Reviewer 1 wishes.

This kind of praxis is experimental and is intended not only to engender a political aesthetic but also to demise every clear definition or description of “what is”. *In terms of Deleuze, it is a politics of “becoming-imperceptible” that confronts the “clarity” of Enlightenment and not just a confusion between fiction and reality due to my inflated narcissism that obscures my mind as Reviewer 1 arrogantly puts it.* In fact, mine is a practice of “what is” in itself, because it is a practice of immanence that always debases any full actualization into a virtual becoming. It’s a politics of immanence and it cannot be enlightened by a clear signifier, as for example also Badiou would like to do. The signifier is the real enemy of the becoming of a praxis in its “unpredictability” as also Hanna Arendt would put it.

What I find as common inspiration in all anarchist French thinkers (Badiou, Deleuze, Guattari, Bataille, Rancière, Lyotard, Debord etc.) is a relation with J.J. Rousseau’s mystic of the General Will and its detestation of “representation”. For Rousseau the General Will must present itself directly, without mediation of a theatre, in the public arena and with my praxis of Anartist I am doing this. Now, this General Will, is also in tune with a chaomology in my Deleuze/Rousseau view. This is why I also agree with Hallward when he sees in Deleuze

the possibility to enter in contact with a divine spark, the singular haecceity, through the experience-sensation of “de-actualization”.

My interventions follow this tendency with the emerging of an “avatar” from a de-actualizing refrain. But this redemption is not only spiritually harmonic as Hallwards would put it but also subversive and intensively fleshy because the actual-virtual is attracted by a chaosmogenic movement that is turbulent schizo-difference. In this sense the references of my “praxis” are very bastard and intertwined and I leave to the adepts of theory (and Platonism) to make axiomatic perceptual “distinctions”. In “praxis” is impossible to make this distinction because there is not a “clear” representation but a “doing” that is very Aristotelian and Nietzschean. However, the challenge of this experience of becoming-imperceptible in my doing is in itself a carrier of a different understanding, a different relation with the Earth and the World. I find the revelation of a new Earth as the K-factor of the intervention of the Anartist, when the politics is just a simultaneous effect of this deeper telluric and mystic tension.

So I agree with Hallward/Badiou that this Anartist Deleuzian attitude cannot inscribe a politics of a unified actual subject, nor even of a classical heterogeneous subjectivity (vis-a-vis a movement that ties together in a composition of cultural differences a multiplicity of more or less marginal group identities, such as feminists, students, LBGT, cognitive workers, immigrants etc.... as one could define “Rainbow Movement” of the New Left). These kinds of movements are nearer to a certain interpretation of Guattari, that we find maybe also in Negri’s anti-global movement. I see these movements more inscribed in libertarian communism and in a line of post-modernist secularized Enlightenment that stick many micro-narratives in a big narrative of Progress than in a radical ontological anarchism that is dark, virtual, untimely and magically revelatory of a new Earth. In this sense, in my synthetic narrative, I propose a “weird” connection between Deleuze and Heidegger (Badiou also proposes it in its letters to Deleuze) even if the majority of research literature tends to oppose these two philosophers as incompatible. Because I have a profanatory attitude, I enjoy creating these bastard channels in-between when I am writing, but I also think this monster-coupling is productive of something that is in tune with the active practice of the Anartist. These profanations of holy separations, as Bataille or Agamben would put it, are, in a way, already political. It’s an injection

of a minor sacred in the profane World as Bataille/Heidegger would put it. As Deleuze would state the Earth, in its Mechanosphere, does not know separations between signs and particles. Because of this attitude, that is more Anarchist than Communist and more gnostic than “materialist”, I have been accused of solipsism and narcissism by reviewers who want to keep Deleuze in the horizon of the heterogeneous commonality of the New Left. I have been accused of using Deleuze for a “dark” and “solipsistic” purpose or of being a “confused lunatic”, because I cannot participate in the discipline of the New Left. I detest every “group identity”, I contest every belonging. When a “group identity” defines itself, it’s as if it is also contouring me for exclusion. The result is that I need to transgress and subvert that definition that works internally but also externally.

For me the New Left is a noxious patchwork of definitions that stick together. If I am honest with my evil scatology – that makes me sympathetic with the destructive attitude of Black Bloc – I am inclined to describe the New Left as a collective of post-modern micro-fascism attached to a modernist leftist narrative of Progress. It is not far from Stalinism, for example, when militant feminists, in order to define themselves, defines every heterosexual white male as a potential threat and embodiments of toxic masculinity in a patriarchal rapist culture. I feel oppressed by every generalization that distorts my unique strife to “become-imperceptible” to every category. If I am not a good comrade for gender or social struggle, it does not mean that this kind of politics must be the normative “politics”. The rainbow movement of the New Left claims to fight normativity but instead they establish a more restrictive normativity “on” life.

My praxis is born from a contingent situation and is involved-evolved as a refrain with no purpose. It’s just a striving to get out of that traumatic contingency. It’s a self-alimenting refrain that is almost impersonal for my becoming-automaton. My praxis is “what it is” and also my writing is “what it is”. How can a reviewer reject a text “of” art because it does not respond to the reviewer’s dogmatic Deleuzian view or to a reviewer’s leftist political position?

In my opinion, a text of art should be considered only aesthetically. Does this aesthetic fit with the attitude of the images? Is there a consistent literary style in the becoming of the objectile? Is there a resonance between the virtuality of the intervention and the virtuality of the writing? What virtuality does this praxis explore? Is it an interesting narrative? Does it open up some kind of new

knowledge? It is aesthetically interesting? Can it open a new virtuality? Can it affect? I mean, the text should be considered in the same trajectory and plane “of” the singular heterogeneity of the praxis. The reviewer cannot intervene “on” my text “of” art with the reviewer’s own external World or else everything is just profane “shit” to be stepped on. It’s an act of arrogance that does not respect a specific aesthetic. There is no respect for the work of art and the World that opens up as injection of the Earth. The text is treated as profane when instead it is something that concerns the dimension of the sacred. Furthermore, if the text is torn to pieces by the reviewers that impose a rewriting, the text is no more a heterogeneous synthesis, and is no longer a texture that incorporates its own “object.” If I give into their demands, I will be not free to give the text the spin that I feel rising from my praxis because someone else wants to impose their World “on” the one which is emerging as a continuum.

Another accusation I have received is that my writing is “sloganistic”. Because the virtual experience of my intervention is quasi-dark also for me, and I must recreate it and re-intensify it, it is not proper for the reviewer to treat my text as if I was playing with words. Instead, I am striving to give sense to a virtual experience, and my body is fully involved in this affirmation. Because the affirmation is intense, it can appear “sloganic”, as a Manifesto. This is just a question of trust in the author/automaton that emerges in the text. In addition to that, the writing internal to a “praxis” can be only a hybrid shifting of genres because it is neither “theory” nor “practice”, neither “actual” nor “virtual”, neither “reality” nor “fiction”. My writing must be eclectic in order to give sense to a multiplicity in terms of the intellectual and the mystic bipolarity. This multifariousness involves a line of variations that includes the Manifesto style. I don’t see any fault of sloganism in this. It’s no coincidence that the vanguards of the early XX century popularized the style of Manifesto. They did it because it corresponds to the intensity of an affirmative attitude, that is also divinatory and hyperstitional. As soon as I write with the intensity required of my praxis of Anartist, I enter into this dimension.

THE WEIRD EDGE BETWEEN AESTHETICS AND POLITICS



For what concerns my heterogenetic praxis, the problem rises when my interventions move on the edge of the aesthetic and the political. Someone who calls himself Anartist is a political problem for any political partisan. An anarchist is already difficult to define but an Anartist is an enigmatic trickster. It can be Alt-left or Alt-right, like a “Kaone” that is on both sides the same.

I do not feel that I belong in any already established concept of the political. I do not belong to any “group identity”. I deface every identity and fascist micro-narrative based on some cultural Marxism. Someone who already has a normative idea of “what is” politics, can see this attitude as solipsistic hyper-narcissism. But the attack toward me always comes from leftist points of view because every attempt to escape this militant discipline with an a-signifying aesthetic is considered as a betrayal of serious political involvement. Sometimes I am also considered dangerous because I blur the divisions that generate the identities of solidarity and struggle. From my point of view, to disturb whatever is already actualized is political. Instead, according to the leftists, one should de-actualize the system, but not the Left as virtuous actualization. For them, the Left is the origin of social progress that must be implemented. Instead, for me, there is no chronological progress from an origin. Mine is a practice of untimely anachronism that tries to escape the chronological organization of space, not only with the heterogeneous synthesis of becoming, expressed by the tension of Kairos (eventing), but also with the vertical timeless Aion as chaosmic Event eventing of a singleton. I hope this abstract point can be understood from my chaosmology in the course of this anti-dissertation.

The Anartist practice is also a schizophrenic attempt to find a singular way to the political beyond any established norm; also considering that I feel anxiety in any kind of definite belonging. Both in the Left and in the Right, I see the same intolerable mechanisms of power in play that disturb not only my autonomy but also my relation with the unstable whole. Definitions and separations in themselves are intolerable to me. I search for a continuum that is beyond the separation between sacred and profane. This is the “Resistance of Art”, according Deleuze (Deleuze on Cinema: What is the creative act. Conférence donnée dans le cadre des “Mardis de la Fondation” le 17 Mars 1987. YouTube). Mine is more a scatological politics than eschatological. Furthermore, I cannot distinguish between the political, the existential, the spiritual, and the libidinal. These series oscillate in my interventions and in my writings. One of my interventions can be more or less marked by one of these dimensions but the ensemble of this variations constitutes an intensively assembled singularity. I cannot even distinguish between the comical and the tragic because the virtualities that my practice opens up are oscillatory multiplicities. A vibration of intensities that is pre-verbal and pre-individuated. For sure, mine is a politics of the flesh, the gut, and the skin. In my intervention, I am moved by the rebellion of the flesh to a disincarnated space and in my writing I strive to infuse this flesh in the words.

The mask of the Anartist is attracted by different prehensions that correspond to different simulacra that shift – and they are all present at the same time.

Do I suffer from “bipolarism”? Of schizophrenia? Of solipsism? Of narcissism? Everything is possible, but I will not let the other define my creative anxiety. In fact, this dissertation is an articulated response to these others that want to define me. I will remain “alien” and “unemployable” of an external signifier. This is already a form of political resistance. Because I cannot be integrated in an explicit collective project, I am considered a solipsist, narcissist, and confused. My solitude cannot be accepted by the dominant positive and collectivist reading of Deleuze. Even if the French philosopher often speaks of “vacuoles” of solitude as a form of resistance. Not to speak of George Bataille (Bataille, Letter à X, 1937) who defines himself as an “unemployable negativity” that cannot reach any Hegelian synthesis. He cannot be the subject of an evolutive progress of the Spirit of History. Considering that Marxism is in this Hegelian tradition, I cannot even consider myself a Marxist, or at the very least my praxis is extremely heterodoxical and bastard. It proceeds through profanations of the holy to reach a sacred experience. It follows the call of a chthonic deterritorialization. Thus, it is also very transversal, it moves like a virus that passes from bodies that are separated in their molarity. I do not accept the Cartesian axis and a politics based on origin.

A NEW READER AND A NEW WRITER

The Anartist and its interventions (as for example this anti-dissertation) are like enigmatic “tensors” that cannot be inscribed in a fully disambiguated “figure” with contours that are clearly distinct from its obscure background of chthonic Earthly forces. As I have already written, the intervention is not an “object” which can be described by any utilitarian functional design. It’s an “objeu” (object plus play) that spins in itself, always elusive to full grasping. Only functions and figures can be clearly described and represented.

Thus, this dissertation is also “political” in its subversive need to obscure the academic eye/I whose ideological form is usually a text which is clear and well structured, because it must align with a division of labor that works for a pre-constituted reader already defined by a transcendent apparatus of knowledge. This academic reader must be protected from a contagion of heterogeneity and cannot be left to be infected by the differential play of obscure intensities through art. The sanitization of the Eye/I requires that the text must be reduced to a clear discourse for a clear reader. The cleansing and clinical Eye/I of the reviewer, that is always “on” the text, presupposes and engenders a safe distance that allows the drawing of precise contours of the object. The reader must see clearly what he or she is reading or watching; if for example there is a picture, a caption with a clear explanation is needed to pin down the contours of the meaning. The figural virtuality of the objectile must be reduced to the figure of a closed object. It must be pinned down to a sharable clear sense that must be consumed immediately for productive and reproductive purposes. The sense of the text “of” art must be reduced to a univocal interpretation in the name of the utility and applicability of Knowledge. The same goes for all the Cartesian systems of references which legitimate a re-

ductionist Knowledge in opposition to the disordered multi-sensorial experience of art. The text must be purified of the aesthetic excess of the inorganic Earth and reduced to the organic Academic World. The reader must recognize its own “humanity” in the structure of the text: with a head, a body, arms, and legs. No space for confusion and inhuman intensities that circulate in a BWO (Body Without Organs); no space for particle-signs, for hybrid genres, for heterogeneous styles, for narrative monsters. The multiplicity of senses must be reduced to a univocal sense and to a geometrical spirit.

This dissertation, because it challenges this episteme, can be read as an anti-academic anti-dissertation. It wants to engender a “new reader” as Nietzsche describes in the *“On the Genealogy of Morality”* (1988. Original 1887). A new reader that reads with all of its sensorial and ultra-sensorial body, not only with the Eye. A reader that does not grasp immediately what reading is, but only realizes “reading” with the passing of time, because reading is open to the resonance of the text. And this is also my obscure experience with Nietzsche’s texts. Something that I have read decades ago, and I could not understand completely at the moment of reading, but that has been haunting me through a life of intensity-affectations— always bringing new disclosures and revelations. This discourse can also be conducted in terms of the difference between an action movie where the narrative is clear and a movie based on “time-image” (Deleuze, *Cinema 2*, 2013) such as the obscure but intense rhizome-stories by David Lynch, which haunt the spectator with life’s untimely resonances. This kind of fascination for the “distinct obscure”, as Deleuze would put it, can also mark a “minor academic literature”. Especially artistic research cannot foreclose the possibility of this “perceptual” or “under-retinal” knowledge, as Baumgarten (Baumgarten, *Aesthetica*, 2018. Original 1750) would put it. This kind of minor knowledge is different from the “major academic frame” that we find in positivist or Kantian epistemology, that is compulsively required in the logic of reviewing journal articles. This kind of minor knowledge and writing, which is based on resonances, percepts and circulating intensities, includes something mystical, vertical, bipolar, schizophrenic, weird, fringe, and lunatic. It does not fit in a clear form but is a shape in becoming. I could quote many philosophers of the past and of our times who were praising this kind of “minor knowledge” and “minor writing”, but Deleuze has written a lot on this idea (D&G, *Kafka: Toward a minor Literature*, 1986, D&G, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 2004).

This anti-dissertation is also written by a new writer, the Anartist, who does not dismiss its black balaclava when he passes from an urban disruption to an intervention in the academic text. This writer is also concealed to himself; the writer reveals itself as an author that emerges in the writing of a text – which must be considered as a field of limits, potentialities, voices, spirits, libidinal drifts and events – only to be concealed again in the background of the creative forces of the Earth, once the event eventing (super-ject) of the writing reaches its full dissipation and “exhaustion” as will of power (Deleuze, *The Exhausted* (Beckett), 1995). This writer is a bodily simulacrum of sensations in tension between Earth and World. It cannot be pinned down once and for all into an authorita-

tive essence and a subjective presence, since it is always in excess from the point of view of the libido and the assembled textual, extra-textual, inter-textual, and rhythmic circumstances.

The writing is launched in a nocturnal line of flight beyond the control of a subjective conscience. The writer, that is withdrawn to himself from the epistemological point of view, simply follows-participates in this almost-impersonal “abstract machine” of anarchist arche-writing. This new writer cannot stop be-ing Anartist when it writes about its intervention. It continues to surf the same surface with different thresholds of expression. Its path is made of passages and doors in a continuum of resonances. The discontinuity is only in the passages, because it is the repetition of the same difference at different intensities. Each repetition intensifies the difference and the shifting of the line of flight. Writing has, in itself, a hauntological echo that opens the ear of the writer to its mystical outside as discontinuous continuity or dissonant resonance, producing new events in the becoming of the text. The Difference of differences makes the becoming in the text plastic and surprising. In this intense becoming, all the flesh is involved in an oscillation from the materiality of the “gut” to the molecularity of a subtle body without organs. It’s an oscillation between presence and absence that echoes both the hermetic and shamanic practices. It’s a performative writing that is a re-doubling of the performative becoming of the urban intervention as living experience beyond the organized subjectivity of space and time.

Writing is part of the whole heterogeneous composition of the intervention and must have an esthetic that cannot be falsely neutral, detached, controlled, and positivistically objective, as the academic reviewer would like to pretend. The appearing of the appearing always impinges on the appearing (Henry, *The essence of Manifestation*, 1963), and we cannot fake an abstract subjective point of origin with a clear intension of a transcendental subject with a transparent experience (as the Academy would like to believe). The subject is an effect and the author of a text is an effect, i.e., a “function”, as Foucault would put it (Foucault, *What is an author?* 1969). It’s the discourse of the academy that is structured for the “author function” as a function of discourse. Foucault posits that the legal system was central in the rise of the author, as an author was needed (in order to be punished) for making transgressive statements. I don’t want to say that academic reviewers, as individuals, have the intention to perpetrate “discipline and punishment”, (Foucault, 1979), but they are surely conditioned by the instituted habitudes of a “panoptical” modernist institution. This institution needs an “author” to be “judged” by the “bureaucrats of pure reason” (Deleuze and Guattari, *Anti-Oedipus*, 2004. Original 1972), i.e., the reviewers.

I think that a hybrid field as “artistic research” cannot be disciplined by this thoroughly modernist attitude; but, to give a sense to its existence, must honestly embrace a thinking and a writing of multiplicities and heterogeneities. An Anartist is almost a “criminal” that breaks the law of the author, from the academic point of view. It’s an intervention on the edge of the law of the author and authorization. But, because the performance with the black balaclava makes the action and the writing of the Anartist edgy and almost-illegal, like a “bank robber”, it has the freedom to open breaches (Freudian) and “traces”

(Derrida) in its pre-subjective line of flight out of academic modernism. The Anartist is a dark precursor of new difference that invests the entire field of research with desire.

This does not mean that there is not a striving between the appearing of appearing and the subjectively actualized appearing; if this were so, there would be no such thing as “singular style”. Life can appear only as a form of life, yet, what is interesting is the “edge” of appearing from a certain angle. An edgy fold of appearing that never stops appearing again and again in its dialectic with the apparatus. The apparatus is, in itself, part of life, even if it is conservative. It is, however, necessary for practical life, to conserve a reproductive safe distance from the confusing violence of immanence. The institution is the death that is necessary to protect life from its vital orgasmic death, a paradox. In this striving on the edge, the virtuality of fiction crosses all objectiles, even if the obscure drive of the superjective event is not exhausted in the fiction. In the performance of the auto-affection of an arche-body, there is a deep pathos of bodily simulacra that are before, during, and after the fiction: a circulation of intensities and masks (Nietzsche, *The birth of Tragedy*, 2000. Original 1886) which dance in a will of power that inscribes itself in writing and its rhetoric. This force of becoming is in excess of the interventionist/writer, that is a productive, expressive, and revelatory tension of the inside with its outside; of the flesh with fiction, of the pre-subjective with the subjectivation of an apparatus of representation.

The internal difference of the objectile requires that the style of writing must resonate with the style of the urban intervention and its aesthetic to be faithful to the continuum of felt intensities and their expression that still expresses, and the revelation that still reveals. A sensitive reviewer should catch the resonance with the ear, not only with the panoptical eye. The twilight “zone” where one encounters this masked writer is the edge between the inter-face (faciality) of a shared intersubjective clarity (proper for the utilitarian sense of the language: vis-à-vis, restricted economy in terms of Bataille/Derrida), and the bodily affections of differential and dissipative aesthetic intensities (general economy), that are still proper to the excess of sense of language with its virtual drifts. Writing in the hypnotic spell of the differ(a)nce is to approach the paradox of death in life and of night in light. This paradox can be solved only by a “style” that is a tension in-between, by a singularity that is striving with an apparatus. The drifts make a style and reveal the singular “Worlding” of the singularity, the style of surfing the plane of immanence of the Earth. The style gives to the mere content a soul, a taste, a life, a name (in excess of the subject), a haptic atmosphere that is proper to the internal difference of the objectile that opens and closes its becoming, fold after fold.

The aesthetics of a text or a dissertation cannot be subsumed by pre-emptive models, and so the virtual cannot be reduced to the actual, nor the heterogeneity to homogeneity. The text must conserve the unique mystery that surrounds the artworking of the objectile threshold after threshold; in my case, the specific obscurity of my masked intervention—that is also a working against the work (Bataille, *Accursed Share*, 1988). My masked intervention is a sort of anartworking on the “edge, that is precisely where the “margin-mark-march” to mention Sollers/Derrida. The “edge” is where the margins refuse to be marginal

and affect the institution with its margin-mark-march, exceeding them with its internal difference that differs.

Instead, according to the academic reviewers, after the urban intervention, I should dismiss the black mask of the Anartist to write “on” the intervention and reveal a closed figure which could interface with the fascicular Signifier of the network of knowledge. The reviewers as sentinels of a panopticon want to force my position from the immanence of writing “of” to the transcendence of writing “on”. They want to separate the immanent difference of the objectile from its representation into an object-standard. This is penitentiary censorship that wants to enforce a discipline to what is lively and undisciplined.

An intervention always happens in a textual space; be it an urban space or a literary space, as explained by De Certeau (*De Certeau, Practice of Everyday Life*, 1984) as well as by Hollier (*Hollier, Against Architecture*, 1992). The academic reviewers, who work in the major paradigm of knowledge, want to capture and segment lines of flight in a legible panoptical text. In this way, the text cannot say more than what it already says. It’s just there and neutralized. It’s a “bright object” stuck in a field of attraction and cannot keep its disruptive “rogue” virtuality active. Also, if the Anartist can escape the capture of the capitalist form of urban space and art system, the reviewers presuppose that it cannot flee the academic form. The academic is concentrated “on” a repression and “on” an exclusion that is stronger than the urban space. While the police of the urban space can sometimes close an eye “on” my drifts, the reviewer is, instead, always on duty and on alert to enforce the discipline of the Eye via the Academic tower of control. Instead, this anti-dissertation wants to be a pure presentation of a “rogue object”, that is not only independent from the field of attraction, but also enters into the field, engendering confusion, and then goes out—changing relations in its passage. This is also the metaphysical essence of the Anartist’s intervention, i.e., being an *objeu* (object plus play) and objectile (an object in flight), and an indeterminate “rogue object”. I’m sure that my excess can be received as a provocative outpouring of generosity, a gift, by an intelligent and sensitive reader, and not simply pathological aggression toward the institution.



URBAN SACRIFICE

BLACK HOLE

THEATRE OF ACADEMIC CRUELTY

SNAKE/JECTIVITY

ABSTRACT MACHINE

SUPERLINEARITY

STRANGEPISTEME

CLAUSTROPOLIS

S/WITCHCRAFT

RHYTHMANALYSIS

SIMULACRA

KAONE

SYNNECR

OBJEU

DIAGONAL

EDGE

THE GREAT EPHEMERAL SKIN

DARK PRECURSORS

CONTINUUM

CHAOSMOGONY

LINE OF FLIGHT

EREIGNIS

CRYPT

NUMBERINGNUMBER

EVIL I

MINOR

CHAOSMAGIC

FUZZY

SAGITTARIUS A

SACRED RIOT

SUBJECTILITY
SPECTACLE

DISRUPTION

SPECULATIVE NARCISSUS

BLACK MASK

UNTIMELY

TENSOR

ANARTIST

ACEPHAL

CHAOSMOSIS

CHAOSMYSTIC

AVATAR

ARETE

ARCHEBODY

FIRENADO

DISASTRONAUTICA

BLACK MANA

IDIOTAO
GOTHIC LINE

MARGINS

CITY OF PANIC

PATHOSLO

NIGREDO

SUPERJECT

AIONIC PO

FLESH/MOB

DE/ACTUALIZATION

BODYJECTS

PHENOMENON

COUN

MYTHPOIESIS

CONSPIRACY

ATHEOLOGY

HYPERSTITION

BLACK 8

ALCHEMY

DIFFRACTED IINTERSUBJECT

DISACTIVISM

NOWISM

OUTISTIC

N'EYE/N

MONAD NOMAD

SENSO/ANARCHY

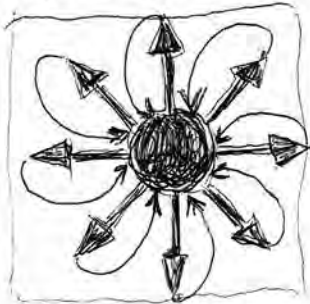
OBSCURE CHARI

AETERNAL OBJECTS
SEENUSOID MEMETIC
CURRENT MAGMA
FANGED NOUMENA
BANISMO
AGON
SURFACE/WITH/NO/FACE
ONT VIOLE
ARCHEWRITING
VIRTUAL
RUBEDO
SPECTROPOIESIS
SPATIUM
COUNTERWIND
SEEN/GULARITY
DERIVE
SYN/THEON
HYEROPHANTS
TRUTH NOIRE
NIHILOPHANY CODE
HETERON
GREY DOT
STRANGE ATTRACTOR
OGIC
OLITICS
MUTANT LINE
INTERCAPITAL
CYCLONOFORCES
CATAIONIC
MONSTER/SIGNIFIER
WAR/MACHINE
SURFACING
INFECTION
URBAN SACRIFICE
LATAN
EYGH
SCHIZOTIME
RHIZOME
SYNCHRONI/CITY
DIAGONISM
OCULUS N'EYE'N
BLACK SUN
SHAMAN
DIFFERENCE
ENOWNING
SYMBOLIC VIOLENCE
ANARCHITECTURE
COUNTERTOWARD
OBJECTILE
MECHANOSPHERE
PERCEPT/JUMP
SURPLUSCODE
IMMANENTATIONS
SPECTRATOR
CINESTHESIA
MAGN/ETHICS
DRAGOON
CATALYSIS
HACKER
ASSEMBLAGE
ARRITHMIA
SINGLETHON
BOWLINE
ANIMAL MIND
DIGITURBAN
HETEROLOGY
EARGASMATIC WRITER WRITING
DARK ECOLOGY



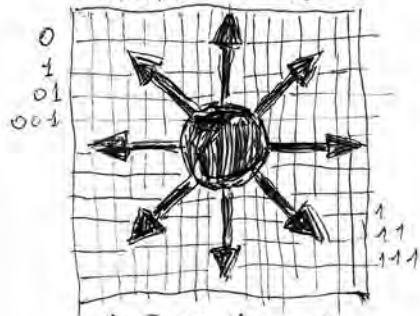


REACCURSIVE



ONE-MANY
HETERON

BLACK SUN
VS
URBAN SPACE



INTERRUPTION
OF THE STRIAE

PUBLICATION 2—

“Death in Venice”



Journal: Synnyt.

Author: Gian Luigi Biagini.

Title of the paper: “Death in Venice”.

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ABSTRACT

This short essay presents the contingent and dramatic genesis of the Anartist (Anarchist Artist). The Anartist's praxis consists of subversive and disruptive interventions in urban space that produce uncoded dissensus in the sensible partitions of the global city. The Anartist's nomadic strategy unfolds in a line of flight between politics and sacred, single and multiple, counter-sorcery and subversion. This uncompromising attitude of proceeding on a nomadic and smooth edge of dangerous "sovereignty", forcefully clashes with the fortress erected by today's art-system - an exclusive, striated space dominated by capitalist logic and the rise of the "creative class". This introduction is necessary to present the non-authored interventions performed by the Anartist inside and around Venice Biennale 2017. The 3 interventions, especially "Death in Venice: Contemporary Chinese Slavery", are dramatic reports on the transformation of an art institution, once considered the heretical temple of free expression, in a militarized cage of repression of every heterologous and anti-capitalist attitude.

Keywords: ✱

Intervention

Interruption

✱

Censorship

SOVEREIGNTY. THE ANARTIST AS NOMAD

Anartist (Anarchist Artist) is the conceptual agency of my praxis. More than a fictional character, the Anartist is a simulacrum, an avatar, and a mystic vehicle born in the attempt to escape my contingent situation of being an unemployed Italian migrant. Furthermore, the Anartist is also the embodied agency of my non-authorized interventions that generate cracks in the organized sense of urban space to contest inscribed power-relations. The creation of the Anartist and its aesthetic was perhaps a magical event that gave me the chance to de-actualize my depressive condition. After 2 years of living in Helsinki without one job interview, my life had become very poor, isolated, and without future. I started to feel like I should appeal to my madness and do something outside the lines in order to escape from this existential trap. The occasion came during my first more or less accidental art performance, when I wore a black balaclava to hide my face. Through this simple gesture of camouflage, I felt that I was able to block the social expectations passing through my face: i.e. the established social order of “faciality” that forced me into a unidirectional and bureaucratic path of discipline and marginalized integration in the administrative, linguistic, and cultural order of the city of Helsinki. As Deleuze and Guattari would put it: “...If human beings have a destiny, it is rather to escape the face..., to become imperceptible...”. By wearing the black balaclava and black clothing, I erased my identity as a middle-aged, unemployed Italian migrant, to become an uncoded flow of life, a nomadic superject, a body without organs – a line of flight unfolding with an intrinsic and kinesthetic autonomy of emergence. My identity expanded outside the limit of my conditional and alienated position to acquire the mystic power of a subversive “counter-sorcerer” – if we define “the total commodification of space-time as a kind of capitalist sorcery”, as Stengers noticed in her “Capitalist Sorcery: Breaking the Spell”. My life was re-vitalized and the will of power of the Anartist avatar was activated with all its subversive actions, symbolism, aesthetic, and singular refrain. Indeed, the Anartist’s mask allowed me to escape my subjugated position in a power-relation, but it also gave me the possibility of counter-attack with a series of interventions to provoke a “dissensus” in the partition of the sensible inscribed in the flesh of the capitalist city. Indeed, the space-time of the capitalist city is organized to produce and reproduce a functional hierarchy of exclusions in the social and individual urban body. Embodying the Anartist’s simulacrum, I could subtract my trajectory of life from the disciplinary integration in an administrative system as a subjected “docile body” (Foucault, 1979) destined to a “proper place” (Ranciere, 2010). This sort of divergent strategy allowed me to hold an anomalous and indefinite position in a deterritorialized territory. It saved me from being fully incorporated and subsumed by the axiomatic order of sense of the city that I migrated to a few years before. In the indeterminate territory I was occupying, I could resist the “apparata of capture” of the city. Furthermore, I could hold the position of the outsider to infect and affect the established social body of the city with a pure difference in excess – without being caught in a bio-political hierarchization and signification. Indeed, every marginalized migrant is not only one individual that is forced, for more or less dramatic reasons, to emigrate from his country,

but is also compelled to integrate in the mono-dimensional productive identity of the host country and to assume a subjected position in its structure. The migrant must renounce his power to affect the insensitive system that incorporates him, and must accept a dominated position in a programmed distribution. He becomes labour-force and consumer-force of reserve in the productive design of the city. This is why Deleuze writes that a migrant is not necessarily a nomad. A nomad is one with the luck, the desire and the ability to elude capture in the power-relation of a territory. This is also my interpretation of George Bataille's idea of "sovereignty" that overlaps with the figure of Deleuze's nomadism. With my praxis, I have ostensibly suspended the master-servant relationship inscribed in the system of integration and exclusion of the city-territory by "spraying" a

black spot in the Eye/I of the Panopticon. I have unleashed an ambiguous line of flight that is still unfolding in its anomalous becoming as a wave of dissensus. The will of power internal to the refrain of my nomadology always throws new dices beyond itself incorporating new difference and new potentialities. However, the nomad can never reach a complete destratification and "autonomy" not as "out", nor as "aut". The nomad is always on an uncertain edge where he risks being "integrated" or "isolated" by the system of capture. Both of these outputs can neutralize a line of flight and sadly re-territorialize the deterri-

Figure 1. *Becoming-Imperceptible. Non-authorized performance in Kiasma Museum of Contemporary Art, Helsinki, 2011.*



torialization of the nomad. For example, by turning the nomad again into an alienated “migrant”. I feel the danger of this position every day. The nomad plays a difficult game with the fire of the institution – that dominates a territory in order to remain an “unappropriated” migrant. Surely, receiving a 4 years art grant from Kone has offered me the ground to keep my divergent deterritorialization going, but at the same time this independence has favored a tendency toward an uncompromising attitude with the status quo, with the risk of remaining isolated. Because the Anartist does not belong to any shared territory, it is an uneasy figure to grasp or co-opt in a common political, artistic or cultural project. For this reason, the Anartist can be targeted as a potential problem to remove by institutions and also counter-institutions. Many people consider me arrogant, mad, narcissistic and unworthy of trust. Every ground is a dangerously smooth edge when you are a nomad, and even if the smoothness is charged with new potentialities and virtualities, the risk of regressing into striated space and being caught in a relation of excluded or included dependence is always there. This is why Deleuze and Guattari suggest this nomadic ethics: “[...] Lodge yourself on a stratum, experiment with the opportunities it offers, find an advantageous place on it, find potential movements of deterritorialization, possible lines of flight, experience them, produce flow conjunctions here and there [...] The impossible task is to keep a radical autonomy without losing the potentiality to play on the border.



HETERON. ANARTIST AS “TRANSPERSONA MARKER”

The Anartist is also a “transpersona marker”, singular and multiple, of a potential war-machine rising inside the capitalist city. The transpersona of the Anartist, once incarnated by a multiplicity of actors, constitutes itself a singularity with the potential of generating a black swarm of actions that may give rise to the refrain of an emerging counter-territory within the capitalist space-time. Indeed, anyone with a sufficiently brave will for transgression and creative desperation can wear a black balaclava and perform a Disturbanist (Disturb Urbanist) Intervention to generate an uncoded event to un-work the capitalist organization of the urban space with “post-signifying” counter-rhythms (Lefebvre 2004), counter-events, and counter-symbolism. With “post-signifying” I mean a semiotic in excess to a “counter-signification” whose limit is to remain dependent on the object of signification. An anti-something becomes the mirror of something. I prefer to be something else, ungraspable as the wind. Because power is everywhere and each group, even the leftists, are often captured by this mirror-effect and reproduce hierarchical relations in their modernist anxiety to conceive projects and distributing roles, functions and places according a central signifier. The lines of flight drawn by the “transpersona marker”, instead, can catalyze in an expanding desiring machine of multiple singularities un-bound by any hierarchy or common dog-ma. This pack of lonely wolves can produce a differing counter-mythology and counter-spell that is affirmative and radically heretical to the uncontested mono- theism of Capital. I have named this desiring war-machine Heteron because, different from the Common, every singularity of the multiplicity assembling in this desiring-machine is autonomous and heterogeneous in the production of a line of flight. The Heteron is based on a difference of differences and is driven by an emerging quasi-cause in variation. Each line of flight of the Heteron, even if it is autonomous in its full deterritorializing expression, is not dispersed but is cumulated in a counter-capitalist refrain thanks to the “transpersona marker” provided by the vehicle of the Anartist’s mask and its anti-capitalist aesthetic. Actually, this counter-capitalist mythology is a de- siring flow produced by a war machine that is wider than the Anartist swarm: it includes the symbolic production of Black Bloc radical antagonism and some radical artists of the street art movement. It’s a black flow rising in the capitalist medium, the Anartist surfs this tide with new bifurcations through a play of simulacra. Indeed, this counter-capitalist mythology can be invested, remodulated, and diverted with new symbolism in a process of becoming that constructs a “tale” and a new uncoded territory for a people yet to come. Because the Heteron is for a people yet to come, it acts as a virtual prophecy that, nevertheless, I can actually live in the here and now of my interventions as a spectral presence that is never really present but part of an immanent “mo- mentum”. The Heteron is a complicated presence that is fictional and “hyper- stitutional” as Nick Land would put it. This hyperstitional gap between actual praxis and prophetic virtuality is the strange, untimely and un-spacely po- sition of the Anartist, that is not only here and now but is also thrown in the obscure field of the “whatever” space and time. The Anartist praxis unfolds in a time “out-of-

joint". This schizophrenic anachronism, that is necessarily interspaced by the dualism fiction/reality is another paradoxical characteristic of the wandering nomad. This is why Deleuze speaks of "the powers of the false", of the artist as creator of "truth". Indeed, the nomad produces a chaosmic hole in the historical space-time linearity, derived from the secularized Hebrew-Christian tradition, to connect with the whatever time-space of a molecular multi-temporality which is charged with non-linear heterogeneous and a-causal syntheses. The Anartist, like the sorcerer and the prophet, "scrambles the planes of Nature".

CHAOSMOGONY. THE SACRED TRANGRESSION OF THE ANARTIST

I have named the counter-mythology generated by the Heteron's war-machine "chaosmogony" because is produced by a dynamic and never-concluded chaosmotic becoming of a desiring machine. This productive becoming-other is never blocked in the foundation of any fixed cosmology based on the harmony of an "axis mundi". Indeed, the action of every line of flight of the Heteron – that is composed by a multiplicity of Anartists that affirm their singularity – can also be seen as a chaosmotic and chaosmystic re-sacralization of urban space. A Disturbanist intervention can be seen as a line of flight that produces political indeterminacy in urban space – a virtuality that opens the potential for a subversive event – as well as an urban sacrifice that generates new mythology through a sacred inner experience of transgression and excess. Indeed, the Disturbanist Intervention of the Anartist transgresses the transcendent form of capitalist exchange value – which regulates urban space and its hierarchical institutions – to unfold the sacred experience of the immanent "formless", as Bataille would put it. A Disturbanist intervention is like a catastrophe in the organization of urban space as well as a subversive metamorphosis of the docile body – formed by urban discipline and regulated libido of the organized social body. A Disturbanist Intervention is a perceptive catastrophe of a body without organs, open to a more-than-human or less-than-human "percept". During a Disturbanist Intervention the time, unhinged by its functional spatialization in urban space, unfolds as an indeterminate becoming, open to the magnetic chaosmysticism of the material forces of the Earth. The Disturbanist intervention unfolds in a sort of cinematic time-image that suspends the effect of a determined action-image inscribed in the functional spatialization of the time (i.e. a machine for the production of a capitalist subject and the reproduction of the capital). This extra-experience of intense depth marks the re-appropriation of a magic dimension – related to the unbounded becoming of an immanent body/space-time/symbolism. Here "symbolism" assumes the materiality of a becoming-animal that re-appropriates an uncoded fold in the urban space, marking territory with the expression of its intensive symbol-mattering. Because this new "magic animal" emerges together with the field of its uncoded territory, it can also be seen as a disruptive "anomaly" in excess – not belonging to any specific species or coded territory – but an expression of a new "symbol-matter" that cannot be signified in any established systems of signification. Its subversive symbols contain the

chaosmic power derived from the singular performance of the “sorcerer”. In this sense, one can grasp the meaning of D&G’s sentence, “there is nothing imaginary, nothing ‘symbolic’, about a line of flight”. Because the symbol, as much as the imagination, are expressed by the material forces that intensively affect a line of flight that emerges under the magnetic spell of the Earth’s mystic algorithm. Spirit, energy and matter are confused at the molecular level of “res intensa”. There is nothing idealistic, everything is bodily and material in the symbolic expression-fold of a super-ject. After the coming to light of the counter-symbol from the obscure forces of the pre-individuated, the symbolibidic expression can be deterritorialized again because chaosmogony is never concluded in a definitive tale or mythos. The dark precursor of a line of flight will always strike again in the charged refrain of the Heteron. The disruptive experience of the radical outside is usually hidden and policed by the extensive dimension of the profane everyday, preventing access to certain intensities and chaosmic blocs of possession. In this sense, we can say that the Anartist is a politically subversive agent of chaos, as well as a deeply magic or shamanic mask. Because a Disturbanist Intervention dis-articulates the organization of space-time experience, it may also be seen as an intervention of supersensual chaotic forces, favoring the unconditioned over the conditioned in a play between puissance and necessity, the virtual and the actual. These forces seize the body of the Anartist in a becoming-child, becoming-animal, and becoming-mineral. In this multiple bloc of becomings, the perception and the magnetism of the body are intensified and powered by a sort of subversive alchemy that generates a different experience of revelations, transformations, and strange a-causal synchronic events (Jung, 1973). In the extended urban space, the time is organized in molar capitalist apparata and inscribed in the productive action of sequences of causes and effects to become money – this abstract machine of stratification has its own coded rhythm that is imposed on every other refrain. Contrarily, during a Disturbanist intervention, the experience is open to the simultaneity of the molecular (Guattari, 1995) synchronism and magnetism of the *Unus Mundus* (Jung and Pauli, 1973) and the extra-dimensionality of quantum physics. The ancestral field of life, to which a body belongs, is open again to the will of chance, a throw of dices, and to the weird sub-atomic laws that open up a mysterious continent of interaction between the body-mind aggregate and intensive matter. Here symbolism, inorganic matter, magnetism, consciousness and creativity are no more separated in dualisms and causes but are simply parallel series of a single chaosmic substance, an expression of a mystic continuum. Here time is not bound to space and is open to the Event. The “inner experience” of freedom, re-enchantment, and affirmation is in accord with a romantic and anarchist refusal of the contemporary tendency for disenchantment, originating in the “iron cage” of rationality – a cage that spreads over the urban space with its disembodied code of efficiency, calculation, and control (Weber 2005). The smart cities dominated by algorithms, sensors and algo-robots are a perfect example of the cybernetic alienation, militarization and bureaucratization of lived space (Virilio, 2005). This mobile and variable architecture of technical control follows a homeostatic, rigid logic, caging all passion and foreclosing every authentic political subversion or experience of the mystic open. The intervention of the

Anartist sets this homeostatic system far from its efficient equilibrium.

THE ANARTIST AS ANTAGONIST TO THE CREATIVE CLASS

The Anartist is a magic mask and a subversive agency-avatar that allows me to deface and to suspend the representation projected by the coded role of the “Artist” and its belonging to the mystified hierarchy of the “art system” – considered as an apparatus of signification in the urban capitalist division of labor. The role of the art system in the capitalist division of labor is clearly visible in the urban architecture of the most important global cities, whose skylines are dominated by the iconic buildings of contemporary art museums realized by famous archistars. The luxury areas of global cities are populated by blazoned galleries that have increasing influence on the art market and on the definition of art as a separate sphere functional to the reproduction of a capitalist ethic and esthetic. This symbiosis is compounded by the emergence of luxury art residences and glamorous over-advertised and over-estimated art fairs. Indeed, the art system largely contributes to and shapes the capitalist urban spectacle of most important metropolises of the world and declares the exchange value of an artwork in the global art market. As will be discussed later, the art system becomes the model of production for a “new spirit of capitalism” – as Boltanski and Chiapello have shown – for the entire capitalist superstructure. The privileged global network of the art system and, above all, its conspicuous hierarchical nodes and institutions, control and select the flux of artists and artworks to assign proper cultural and economic value to names that in turn become celebrities. If an artist is allowed to exhibit in Guggenheim Museum or in Venice Biennale he will be marked and branded by the authoritative aura of these top institutions. This authority is constructed formally by the expertise and the institutional display that is capitalized in these sites of authority. This authority is produced by the power that money has to influence dominant artistic and cultural discourses, both in the high-elite cultural sphere and mass communication. The oligarchic hierarchy of the art system has the capital to promote certain world-wide art trends, scholars and discourses over others: by publishing, enrolling and promoting some experts, intellectuals, and curators in search of lucrative jobs. The hierarchy can also perpetuate a determinist influence in the largest media systems, through communication campaigns addressed to the idolatry of the masses. And last but not least, the authoritative power of these sites is reinforced by the magnificence of the museum’s or art fair’s expansive architecture, that reverberates in the iconology of the global city – as well as in the value of the artwork shown in this context of exhibited power-signification. The star-systems of art and architecture form an authoritative alliance with capitalism, an exclusive fortress of power that cannot be attacked because of its tendency to colonize the fringes through the purview of cutting-edge curators in search of new talent to include in the capitalist game. It’s the same logic as corporations with trend hunters. The consequence is that artists perceive themselves as professionals in a career that incorporates all the required skills imposed by a system that expropriates the

artist of its divergent singularity. At the end of these multiple authoritative feed-backs the accumulated capital invested in a brand (for example Guggenheim) is transferred to another brand (the artist and its artworks) that is subsequently sold for millions on the market. In this global but very closed circus of cosmopolitan capitalism, the recognized artist becomes, thanks to the accumulation of the capitalist aura, a privileged celebrity that travels the world in first class as member of the happy few. In the context of an advanced cultural capitalism, where intellectuals have since long lost their romantically Sartrean autonomy of counter-power to be embedded in the troop of experts – the artist becomes a product of the industry of success generated by media, P.R., brand-building, and lobbying. In this way, it's easy for few capitalists that control the nodes of the art system to speculate on the career of an artist by investing in its brand-profile as if it was a future share in the stock-exchange. The value is inflated by mass and mid-cult cool communication, and by the discourse of experts in career or pseudo-militant positions of passive criticism, dependent on the survival of the very thing they are criticizing. All the art system is a cosmopolitan closed club for the entertainment of the “creative class” (Florida, 2004) that is, to its highest ranks, a jet-set of happy few composed of famous artists, curators, intellectuals, architects, stars and billionaire collectors that meet in exclusive parties. All these people distinguish themselves for their smartness, creativity and mundane abilities: as for example the skill to stay in the right places, deal with the right people and say the right thing in public conferences without disturbing the intrinsic logic of the system. The skill to chat in a polite way in this mundane network, becomes a strategic asset of the “Creative Class”. But this is just the tip of the iceberg of a general attitude that is at the base of late phase Capitalism. Today, “creativity” is one of the strategic assets at the core of every business and success. The flexibility provided by creative conformism is the feature required by every corporation's head-hunter; is the “new spirit of capitalism” (Boltanski and Chiapello, 2005). Creative conformism is the capacity to innovate capitalist processes without putting the stability of accumulation at risk. Creativity is the main core-asset for a flexible human resource, and is the main value taught in the educative system from preparatory schools to universities. Art University becomes a core model that must be exported to other university faculties. In this way, the subversive potential of art is put to work and re-coded in the capitalist process of decoding of all the useful and manageable differences. On the contrary, the Anartist's praxis, because of the marginal conditions of its emergence, is destined to be a borderline antagonist to the creative class. The Anartist is doomed to be an outsider, surviving at the border of this exclusive network of institutions, remaining consistent with an undisciplined ethics of “sovereignty”. The Anartist, as single and multiple transpersona, strives to attack the places of the creative establishment with non-authorized interventions that un-grounds the power-relation of this institutionalized circus to reveal through subversive actions the more or less invisible mechanisms of repression. The Anartist, expressing its radical outsider-ness and excess to the imposed standard-code of every instituted network, is an agent of authenticity, subversion and difference that unworks the capitalist processes. It's the irruption of the

outside. The action of the Anartist infects the exclusive artificiality of locked situations with a counter-event that opens virtualities and uncoded becomings. In this sense, my Anartist interventions at the 2017 Venice Biennale must be read as an attack by the heterogeneous minority, invading the authoritative fortress of the capitalist homogeneous structure, in an attempt to infect and contaminate the exclusive and uncontested “mise en scene” of the happy few with an outsider antagonist position: a pure difference that cuts the continuity of sense implemented in a place by existing power structures. This Disturbanist intervention performs a “symbolic exchange” (Baudrillard, 2001) that – through the non-sense of death – interrupts the reproduction of an artificially closed system of signification and its enforced “hyperrealism”. Here the word “Death” is open to a polysemy of interpretations: A) “Death”, interrupts the closed fixity of the capitalist art system, opening new possibilities for life, as a temporary heterogeneous metamorphosis; B) “Death” is the corpse of the Chinese worker reduced to slavery by production at low wages imposed by global capitalism; C) “Death” is the quotation of the classic Thomas Mann’s book and Visconti’s movie “Death in Venice”; D) “Death” represents the commodification and reification of life through the obsessive fetishization of the “object”; and E) “Death” represents the almost suicidal sacrifice of the Anartist in a challenging potlatch with capitalism.

In this next section Anartist is presenting 3 non-authorized interventions realized in June of 2017 during the Venice Biennale by the singular and temporary constellation of Anartist’s performers Gian Luigi Biagini (Italy), Nathaniel Hendrickson (US), and Huisi He (China) – with the help of the photographer Emanuela Bianconi (Italy).

FIRST INTERVENTION - DEATH IN VENICE: CONTEMPORARY CHINESE SLAVERY

During this Disturbanist intervention Gian Luigi Biagini and Nathaniel Hendrickson carried a large cardboard box (with the inscription “MADE IN CHINA” spray painted on the sides) inside the Biennale and opened it in a crowded lawn where the public of the Biennale were resting in a commodified fashion: drinking and tanning like hedonistic tourists. The surreptitious introduction of a big box in the context of the hyper-surveilled Biennale, through the terrace of the Russian pavilion, was already, by itself, a picaresque endeavor. The Wall of the Biennale is the barrier which discriminates between celebrity artists and those that are excluded from the system and the market. This discrimination between “in” and “out” allows the capital to create an artificial and hierarchical regime of representation, of values that refuse the “equality principle underlying every aesthetics of politics and politics of aesthetic” as Rancière puts it. To perform our intervention inside the Biennale we managed to cross this symbolically charged and hyper-militarized boundary surrounded by police, cameras and dogs. As in a ninja attack on a fortress, we took advantage of the blind spot provided by the shade of some trees. To pass over the wall and get inside the Biennale unnoticed, carrying a big box with many objects inside, was already a risky adventure

and successful experience. However, the event reached its climax when we left the temporary shelter provided by the rear-terrace of the Russian Pavilion. We carried the long box through the pathways of the Biennale until we reached the middle of the Giardini's area. Once opened, the box revealed the presence of Huisi He's naked body, wearing only a pair of work gloves. Huisi was lying in the box as though she were an inanimate. Several people asked if she was real or a doll made of rubber. In the meantime, Gian Luigi and Nathan were realizing a sacred chaosmagic funereal ritual, dressed in the black balaclava adorned with mysterious Chinese ornamentation. Through a poetic action of disturbance, we were trying to denounce the condition of labor in China as well as the predatory relations created between product, producer and consumer in the globalized economy, that manifest at the interstices of Urban Capital. Huisi, lying with cool beauty in a box, reminiscent of a corpse in a coffin, was immersed in an ambiguous shadow of meaning between the product and the producer, between the carnal eros of consumption and the thanatos of the victim of labor and wage slavery. After 10-15 minutes of performance, a squad of military guards stopped the intervention, directing their rifles against the helpless bodies of the 3 protagonists. Detained for more than 3 hours without passports, the 3 of us were questioned over the meaning and authority of our action. We explained that the performance was an expression of concern for the death Chinese workers, its relation to the delocalization of western factories, and the emergence of the precariat in the west. It was the denunciation of serious acts of human and labor rights violations, in the eyes of everyone. The reply to our decree was a ruthless violation of personal rights and free expression by the police in the context of art – a context that flaunts free expression and freedom from moralistic judgments regarding nudity of the human body. Indeed, although we clearly explained the ethical and political reasons for our action, we did not obtain any solidarity from the police or from the executives of the Biennale. Indeed, our intervention was sanctioned with a fine of 3800 euros for “acting against the decor in a public space”. This repressive event shows clearly just how exclusive, arrogant, and commodified the system of art is becoming, incarnated in its apex by the Venice Biennale: now a kitschy machine of business passing for a site of art and culture. Art, born as a means of expression, is now a system of repression functional to capitalism and defended by military arrogance in a State of Police. Once outside the Biennale, we organized a kind of improvised Zaju street theater to report the incident to the public, but were pushed away and threatened again by the police.

The militarization of urban space has become a normal occurrence in “claustropolitan” (Virilio, 2005) settings where the natural tendency toward intertwined global contagions and conflicts clashes with the attempt to maintain the “simulation” of ultra-capitalist centers of power by way of repression. The militarization of the urban space becomes the inherent logic of late capitalism based on the “state of exception” that usually rules over the “concentration camp” as underlined by Agamben in several occasions. In this way, the paradoxical and preventive logic of cleaning out every urban disturbance affirms the

alliance between the interests of capital and the fear of Islamist terrorism which, on a belligerent ethical path, want to contest Western imperialism. However, the most striking event marking this occasion was the indifferent apathy and censorship of the press and cultural media when informed of the violence we had suffered. It was completely useless to send photos and texts to point out the wrong doings perpetrated by the police, the military and the Biennial executives. Not one of the media outlets we contacted wanted to stand up against such a strong, billionaire-backed institution as the Venice Biennale – likely all the people in the press and cultural sectors might someday be on their payroll. We were treated as poor, insignificant and romantic lunatics. This is indicative of the new exclusive logic of the network Bourdieu called “social capital”. Cultural capital becomes social capital that becomes economic capital (Bourdieu, 1986). Even a famous American critical magazine refused to help us with publication, on grounds of gender and race related allegations. This was revealed in their assumption that, since we had not outwardly spoken about race or gender in our intention, that the two white males of our group were probably just exploiting the Chinese woman for the glory of aesthetic male chauvinist purposes. In this way, these pseudo-intellectuals revealed their ideologically inverted sexism and racism, failing to consider the possibility that a Chinese female artist might be emancipated enough to have self-determination and expressive autonomy in a collaboration. This also demonstrates how liberal, civil rights agendas related to race and gender can be misused as pseudo-intellectual weapons for a new conformist and superficial inverted phallocentrism, a phenomenon denounced by Baudrillard in “Seduction”. This experience has shown me how high the fortress erected by capitalism has become. Only by trying to invade its space can one perceive the force of its mechanisms of exclusion. Whosoever is not properly “in” is a potential “Homo Sacer” at the mercy of a State of Police.



Figure 2-4. Non-authorized intervention in Venice Biennale, 2017.







Figure 5. Non-authorized intervention in Venice Biennale, 2017.



Figure 6-7. Non-authorized intervention in Venice Biennale, 2017.





Figure 8-9. Non-authorized intervention in Venice Biennale, 2017.

SECOND INTERVENTION – LUCIFEURO

In this case the Anartist played with the commodification of the Biennale and the frame of the City of Venice which has been re-codified as an American theme park via the hyperrealist strategy of global flows of tourism. These interventions focused on the use of a blue plastic tape printed with the sign of the golden Euro in series. The Anartist joked with the skyline of Venice as reified post-card of a hyper-surveilled city-cadaver punctuated by the standardized kitschy obscenity of luxury yachts parked in front of the Biennale. The tape of Euro-sign intends to underline the perfect overlap between urban and financial form. This form can be anorexic – modulated as discipline, enclosure, austerity – or bulimic – forcefully expressed through the cheap consumption of mass tourism pushed in and out by the drug of quantitative easing according the momentary interest of financial capital. The flight of immaterial financial capital lands in global cities giving form to its relations – gentrification, touristification, raising of an emergent creative class and their luxury apartments, segregation of the excluded in the periphery of the city and of the world – only to take off again in the abstraction of Luciferean speculation at the computer speed of calculation (David Harvey, 2012).



THIRD INTERVENTION - NO NAVI. BLACK 8 STRIKES!

The Anartist appropriated an installation of inflatable billiard balls floating on the lagoon to modulate and reverse the decorative installation through a political, symbolic action against the huge cruise boats that pollute Venice. No Navi is a movement of local citizens organized against the arrogance of global tourism invading Venice that reaches its apex with the monster ships of tourist corporations that occupy and pollute the lagoon every day. The black 8 is an important magic number for the Anartist as it represents the sacred chaosmystic emergence generated by the magnetic field of the Earth and its heterogeneous series of attractions and repulsions leading, through an alchemical transmutation of the body, to the opening of the Eye of the Snake or Eight. The Snake is Apep, the king of Chaos. When the Anartist dresses in black, the body enters the Nigredo and passes from an anatomical body set in a striated space to an atomic body that surfs a smooth space charged with virtualities. Encountering the Black Eight installation in front of our hostel was an “a-causal synchronicity” or “correspondent resonance” that constitutes the most inner and enchanting experience for Anartist becoming.

All 3 interventions tried to oppose the codified abstract machine that has been implemented in the capitalist urban space. The Anartist, inspired by the critique of the urban alienation and the separation of the art sphere – arguments well enucleated by Debord in the “Society of Spectacle” – tries to create, through symbolic actions, new interspaces of dissensus that can be lived, seen and heard. These interspaces pro-vide new experiences, sensations and mythologies, not only for the protagonists of the interventions, but also for those who are ready to encounter pure difference and be invaded by an uncoded madness.

The Anartist inserts a movement of expression and space-invaders that spans from Malevich, to the Situationists, to Punk and contemporary Black Bloc rioters who have affected and still disrupt through their excessive expression against the homogenization of urban space as a machine for production and reproduction of capital. The Anartist does not believe in abstract ideology and abstract space but rather in uncoded immanent space and the potential it offers for temporary subversions, disruptions and subversive hierophanies. We believe that all mythology generated by Disturbanist interventions can catalyze into a huge desiring attractor, a Black Sun, that grows with its joyful discontent from inside the capitalist medium to revert the dominant becoming of its incorporated flow with an expanding Heteron of subversive singularities. However we are not moralist militant, we do not want to save the world, we want just make it more unknown and intense by multiplying interspaces, perceptual catastrophes and waves of dissensus upon which to surf.

Figure 10. Non-authorized intervention in Venice Biennale, 2017.









Figure 11. Non-authorized intervention in Venice Biennale, 2017.

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Epistemological Troubles 2



COMMENTS OF REVIEWER 1

Reviewer 1:

The topic of the article is important and timely but the structure and argumentation do not fully support the content. I suggest revision on the following lines:

- The title is uninformative. "Death in Venice" might work as a main title, but a subtitle should be added, preferably with some key words that indicate the main thrust of the argument
- As for structure, I recommend, first, a brief introduction of the Anartist's practice and the central questions of the article; second, a presentation of the artistic interventions at the Biennale (and here the first of them is the most interesting, not least because of how it was "received" – or, rather, rejected); third, a critical discussion of the interventions, with elaborations on ideas by Deleuze, Rancière etc. using the material that now precedes the examples. In the present version of the text, the author's aims are presented too uncritically as if they were outcomes of the practice, which makes the text vague and rhetorical.
- The new structure provides the possibility to integrate the analysis of contemporary capitalism and urban space with the critique of the artworld, and strengthen the argument about their imbrication. A decision about which aspects to focus upon is still needed. (The text is roughly 200 words over 6000). At present, the "mystical" dimension of the Anartist practice is not well integrated with the rest. Perhaps it could be left out and explained elsewhere?
- On the whole, the theoretical framework and the key concepts need to be better explained and discussed in a more reflective and critical manner. Avoid obscurity, generalisations and taking things for granted. What exactly do the partition of the sensible, or lines of flight mean in this context? And is it really the case, e.g., that "every marginalized migrant is ... forced ... to emigrate from his country"?
- A stylistic observations: the text would be more readable if the paragraphs were shorter. A language check by a native speaker of English is highly recommendable. The list of references needs to be complemented. References in the text sometimes seem to lack page numbers.

THE DANGER OF AN ACADEMIC ALGO-REVIEWER

This is a classic example of an Enlightenment Kantian point of view of a Reviewer applied to my text. This point of view presupposes a textual body organized by a transcendent and omniscient cognitive eye that gives a "clear form" and a "clear style" (that for me would be an absence of style) to the intensities circulating in the immanent body without organs of an art praxis. This cognitive eye is supposed to be detached, not only from the body of the text that it organizes (and the writer who performs the writing), but also from the body of the artist immersed in the multiplicity of the praxis, in other words, the semi-obscure condition of heterology and heterogenesis. This cognitive eye wishes to put the text in an arborescent (Deleuze & Guattari, *A thousand Plateaus*, 2004. Original 1987) reductive "form" driven by a central signifier that cuts off the rhizomatic excess of a praxis that is not firmly located in a space-time dimension but is rather dislocated on many intertwined plateaus that are heterogeneous and sometimes in divergent "tension". This re-structuring suggested by the Reviewer 1 would be a classic example of writing "on". This is possible in academic

“theory”, because it is generally a cognitive process in a homogeneous and firm dimension between homogeneous parts, i.e., organized texts that deal with other organized texts in a system of references and quotations. However, this is difficult in the heterogeneous synthesis of an artistic praxis, which is always in an unstable, vibratory in-between of texts and multidimensional experiences of living. My writing emerges from this intensive and “untimely” (just to contest the word “timely” of the Reviewer, that is already symptomatic of an attitude) in-between as an art in itself that must deal with the edge of a heterogeneous condition. The striving to make sense produces a singular “shape of living” more than an “epistemological general and intersubjective and inter-textual form”. In this unstable striving, the writer tries to translate the “being there” of the quasi-experience by sticking sensations and memories with theoretical references in a singular rhythm and style, that makes, in some way, sense as tensor-signifier. Even if the sense of the quasi-object is always contaminated with the non-sense of the missing dark side, the virtual, of the quasi-object. The impossibility of “clarity” and of a separation and organization of planes of reading and explanation is due to the impossibility of a substantial Metaphysic of Presence (Derrida, *Differ(a)n*ce, 1982. Original 1968).

So, my texts should be read not only through a rational signifier but also through the obscurity of a poetic “touch”, from skin to skin, that expresses the lack of full presence that is also the excess of libido and virtuality that fills this quasi-emptiness. It’s a sort of subliminal contagious writing where a body makes impressions (impresses) on another body. This affective subliminal writing invests the intersubjective clarity of the signifier in a twilight style where the forces of light and obscurity struggle. This twilight, whose symptom is the Black Mask that hides my face, is also seductive.

My praxis through writing is more a veiled manifestation of an intense becoming than a representation. The presupposition of the Kantian epistemology, adopted by the reviewer, is that what exists is representable in a stable architecture that emanates from a “head” to a “clear” articulation of parts; but the multiplicity of affects and the intertwining of planes makes a praxis an almost impersonal and a-cephalous adventure. It’s almost a somatic writing that leaves the “trace” of something that is re-lived through the categories of theory. This heterogeneity is interspaced by “fiction” and a strategy of “seduction” that tries to reactivate not only the events but also the aesthetic world of an intervention. It’s a writing in “traverse” with respect to the centrally and vertically organized arborescent academic writing. This is why I refused to give more explanation to my “title” as asked by the Reviewer. I think the missing aspects of full sense, that must be filled by the reader through imagination, is what is “interesting” in art. And my text is a text “of” art that tries to transmit my aesthetic experience, not only events and theory, that are already heterogeneous between them.

Artistic research cannot impose a general template of clarity, eluding the tortuous “core” of its “reason d’etre” that is the essence of “art”, it must “follow” the consequences of its specific field and its “specific rationality”. I think that to make explicit the transcendental conditions of a specific knowledge, experience and writing is paradoxically more Kantian, in the intention, than just a a-critical embrace of classical Kantianism.

The reader is involved aesthetically in the text of artistic research from the beginning, with the difference being that a provocation is transmitted to its perception. It's an entanglement through difference where the inter-subjective is invested with a telluric vibration, as in experimental literature. Much of art is constituted by "subtraction", yet, the academic Reviewer is obsessed with a Positivist or Kantian Realism (add something to the title to make it more explicit!), when the "reality" of the artistic researcher is Speculative and its writing is necessarily also the provocation of an a-modal singularity. The writer expresses its own seductive world, where the seduction is already in the heterogeneous in-between from where the world emerges as weird synthesis of expression. Writing is just another phase-space of this trembling continuum of the praxis that can be only a writing "of".

As I have anticipated, theory is a homogeneous intertextual work (with notes, pages, and whatever gives a precise architecture of cross-references and links), but in the "thoughtful doing of praxis" the text of theory is interspaced by the complicated heterogeneity of "living". For this reason, the cage of axiomatic intertextuality and its references must be released to a "weak axiomatic" to allow events and sensations to enter in the text that is more a "texture", a "composition" a "patchwork" with heterogeneous threads. "Theory", that is metabolized by the heterogeneous "cannibalism" of the artist, is adapted with an artistic gesture to the praxis and the other way around, without the squareness of a rigid intertextuality. The relation that invests living and theory is supple, bastard, and hybrid. They express the continuum of a metabolism that is affected by heterogeneous material and dimensions. This is why the Reviewer complains that the "concepts" of Rancière's "partition of the sensorium" and Deleuze's "line flight" are not deepened and not cross-referenced enough and therefore my writing looks, from his point of view, as rhetorical. If I should do the intertextual work required by theory, I would lose the rhythm concerning the narrative of the experience and sensations of being in the praxis. To create the intertextuality that is required of "pure theory", I would need a complicated hypertext with long textual footnotes and footnotes of footnotes that open in many directions... like a field of folds. I have also thought about this form for the design of the dissertation, but the problem is that it becomes difficult to read it and also to produce and display in editorial terms. The hypertext is, anyway, too far from the format required by an academic article that is molded on an intertextual exegesis of texts with a pre-formed structure of codes with a head, a body, branches and feet (probably as metaphoric double of the anatomy of the western human being - with a dominant accent on a hierarchy topped by the brain, the cognitive, the intellect, the head, over the other organs as the footnotes).

The true form of the hypertext should be like a Japanese "origami" of folds (I remind you again of Gilles Deleuze's "The Fold"). My natural solution is to give the text a rhythm and a reading of the "concepts" that is "rhythmic" and "contextual"... as a sort of "conceptual alliteration" that must be caught actively by the reader with intuition and imagination. As if there were self-evidence of the concept in the logic and rhythm of the text. Of course, my texts assume the existence of a reader that is not completely a "tabula rasa." Even as

an artist I must assume that my artwork must be shown in a context that could be received, felt, and understood. I cannot put notes and explanatory labels everywhere beside my artwork, even if many museums, with their democratic and emancipatory vocation/obsession tend to do this way. In reality they are turning something sacred into something profane. Through explanatory clarity, it seems that everybody can access the artwork but, actually, nobody can do it because the artwork is no more there once it has been precisely labelled by an “excess of realism”, according to Baudrillard. The “ambush” of the artwork to reality fails. There is no more displacement” for the senses to convey the radical phenomenological experience of the “ungrounded outside”. If I show the video of my interventions on You Tube, I do not get many likes because the average person is insensible to “difference”, they live in a coded and profane world where only sensational over-photoshopped images are appreciated. If I were a famous artist, pumped up by the media like Banksy...they would appreciate me for my credits of art celebrity. But in the end, even academics write essays on art celebrities to augment their authority in relation to readers and colleagues. With this attitude, they favor the speculation behind art celebrities. It’s a sort of speculative catalysis based on celebrity. As minor and marginal Anartist I could also show my intervention on You Tube just for the taste of provocation. It seems that art has something undemocratic at its core. It oscillates between elitism and anarchism, and does not fit well with “democracy”, “clarity”, “intersubjectivity”, “instituted codes and rules”. The work of art tends to self-rule itself and to transgress its own rules. So even the writing “of” art must follow this scarcely democratic attitude if it does not want to kill the heterogeneous mystery at the core of an art objectile or an art practice. The writer of art cannot be clear and for everybody, rather, it must be given as a “matter of fact”, the cultural back-ground and a certain degree of sensitivity of the reader. This happens not for a snobbish attitude but for the heteronomous and heterologous “part Maudite” of art, a dimension that resists the signifier of a “restricted economy” (Bataille, Accursed Share, 1988. Original 1949), which is always inscribed in a utilitarian and productive function – This is also what the academy always does.

In a writing “of” art, the researcher does not have a pure “conceptual” attitude but deals with “concept-affects” entangled in “alliterations” and “counter-alliterations” of sense. The reading involves an open ear and a synchronization with the rhythm of the writing. I think this is also consistent with thinking as “lines of flight” that “survol” (flyby) the sense and the non-sense in a sort of affirmative resonating “gliding”. This is a way to flee the “partition of the sensorium” organized by a textual division of labor instituted by the academic format – of which the reviewer is a perfect stereotypical exemplum – almost a parody of itself in its zealous criticism, almost a Kantian Robot, almost a Kantian Algorithm, almost a Kantian Artificial Intelligence trained with a neural net. If we have a Reviewer that is perfect like this, we can program a Kantian algorithm which restructures the text of the researcher automatically. It suffices few parameters to teach to the neural net. In this way, we will have a perfect art-research writing by eliminating the Reviewer. Why endure the fatigue of writing for the Researcher and reading for the Reviewer if we can have such a perfect algorithm which can eliminate every singularity, imperfection, and heterogeneity of the experience of

writing “of”. At the limit, we could program an algorithm that writes a text by looking at photos of art and follow learned academic patterns in response. In this way we could have a perfect artistic research to produce a perfect knowledge.

I hope with these last few sentences I have explained what I meant by the “concept-affects” I have used. I think it is an imperative of artistic research to rebel to this homogeneous academic model. I think Difference as such is also an ethical imperative inherent to an aesthetic living which refuses the “rigor mortis” of an algorithmic reductionism to “arborescence”. I think the “ecology” of artistic research can contain more species and more ecologies than just one model.

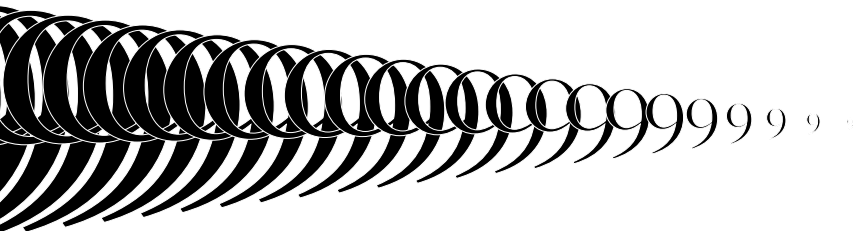


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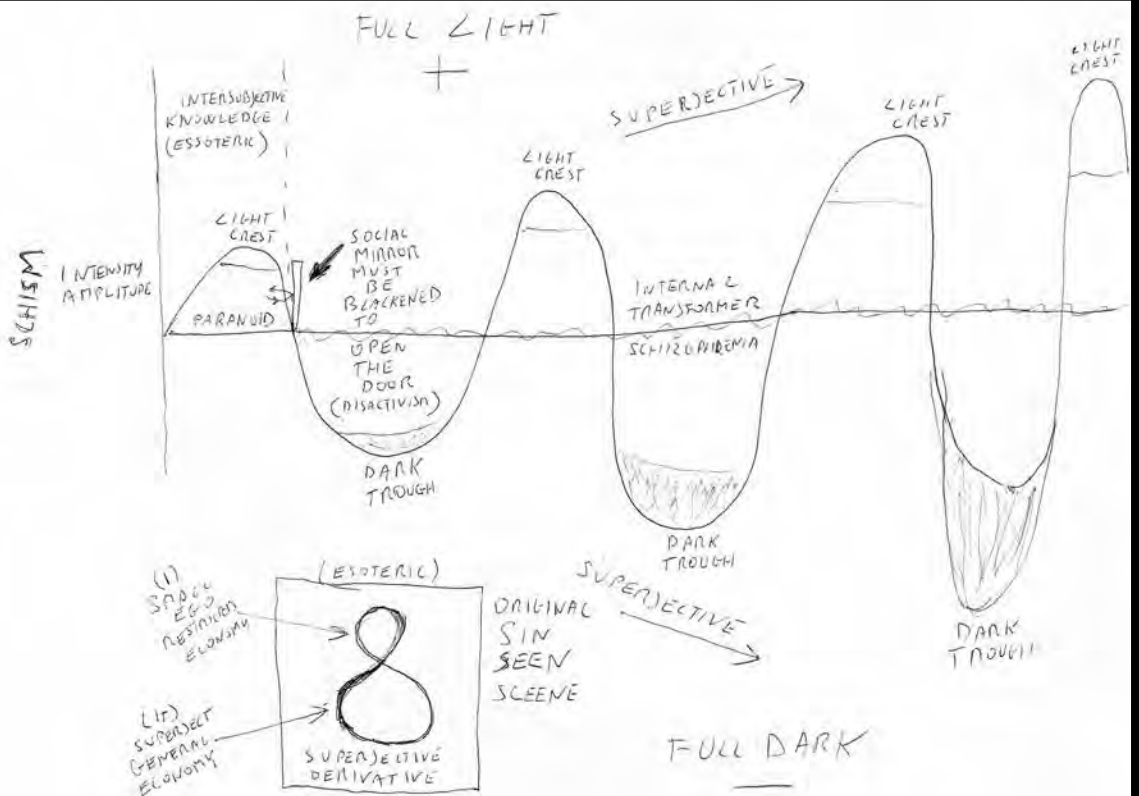
PUISSANCE NOMADIQUE



truth noire







PUBLICATION (REJECTED) 3—

**Disturbanism.
Disruption in the everyday
urban space**



Journal: VAR Visual Art Research.
Author: Gian Luigi Biagini.
Title of the paper: Disturbanism in the
everyday urban space.
Rejected in 2018.

ABSTRACT

This short research essay presents the “figure” of the Anartist (Anarchist Artist), a urban mask sensitive to the super-jective magic forces of the Metamorphoses. The Anartist’s praxis consists of subversive and disruptive interventions in urban space that unleash uncoded dissensus in the established partitions of the sensible. These disruptive deterritorializations, are also disintegrations of the mode of being produced by the capitalist routines of the everyday. The event of disruption opens the life of the Anartist to the intensity of an extra-experience of sacred excess where politics, art and subversion fuse in a singular becoming.

Keywords:

✱ *Disruption, Urban, Profanations*

Bibliographical statement:

I am an Italian living in Helsinki (Finland) since for the past 7 years, and I started this praxis from my condition of being unemployed. It then became an art university research thanks to a grant. Now I am writing my final dissertation and I hope to get finished this year.

THE ANARTIST AND ITS OWN

I define myself as an Anartist (Artist Anarchist). The Anartist is a figure and an agent of groundless chaos who refuses the institutionalized representation of the Artist; i.e., a defined profession subsumed and incorporated in the money-form of Capital. The Anartist by-passes codes, mediations, procedures and roles instituted by the Art-System, the capitalist “apparatus of capture”, for the production and reproduction of the “capitalist subjectivity” (Guattari, 1995). Art is the “new spirit” of Capitalism (Boltanski and Chiapello, 2005), and “creativity” is the order-word for a rising “Creative Class” (Florida, 2004) on the top-hit of Forbes. The Anartist, on the other hand, is more inclined to incarnate other more subversive forces of the metamorphoses in the spirited Difference that incessantly moves in the intensive depths of the Earth—the “Great Deterritorialized” (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987). The Anartist feels the telluric drive for “deterritorialization” as an ontological rupture and a factor of an augmented will to power. This affirmative practice, having discarded the capitalist conformism of the Art-System, finds fuller expression in the disruption of the everyday urban space.

ANARTIST, TEMPLE, AGORA

However, the Anartist is not immune to the seducing spell of the Museum. The Anartist sees the Museum as a Temple of Art. The Anartist, being a profaning sacred figure, maintains an attitude toward the Temple that is not without contradictions and ambiguities. This ambiguity is linked to the ambiguity of sacred. The Anartist feels the need for a separate Temple – considered as dedicated space – but does not accept routines, selections and hierarchies of the Art-System that make possible the institutionalization of the Museum, but impossible the immediate sacred experience of art as “transgression”. In this sacred experience of transgression, the discontinuity felt by the subject in the everyday is overcome in the immanent continuum (Bataille, 1986) of life’s eroticism. The Anartist, an expressive anomaly without the requisite standards of the established artist, feels rejected and barred by the institutional processes that search for a figure with professional career and an adequate long process of selection. Standards, careers, tracking, scores, promotions, and brand communication are the walls erected between the Anartist and the Museum. In the context of these impersonal, cynical procedures, mediating figures such as curators take advantage as gate-keepers. They impose their mediation in order to usurp the active power of the creator. In this way, the Museum becomes a mundane machine for the reduction of the soul, a place for exhibiting skills in public relations and mundane statuses. The Anartist is instead an outsider that feels the burning of “sacred fires”. The Anartist’s sensitivity is heterogeneous to the modern order of sense that encloses expressivity in a homogeneous form of technical rationality so as to manufacture modes of expressions that fit in its code of systematic functions. This is why the Anartist is attracted, but also repelled by the Museum. Modernity created the Museum to serve as a more proper form of Temple but betrayed its metaphysical function by giving power to its mundane bureaucrats. In this way, the Museum has reduced its trans-historical potentiality to be a place where the immaculate

conception of chaos can appear. Previously, the Museum had an historical function in the rise to power of the bourgeoisie and its critical attitude. Today, this class and its world have dissolved into the realm of techno-capitalism and total marketing.

This mixed tension of love and hate for the Museum triggers the non-authorized passionate “profanation” (Agamben, 2007) of the Anartist. With an excess of sovereignty, this profanation erupts in the Temple, bringing chaos and re-establishing the original experience of transgression—the original “sin”, “seen” and “scene” –before every foundation– of a chaosmosis that extracts a pure “si(g)n” from the metaphysical plane of Difference. In this sacred profanation, a symbolic exchange and inversion of authority appears, as well as a sort of potlatch, or exchange of gifts. Instead of reacting as an incorporated agency formed by the limit-procedures of the institution, the Anartist becomes a giving active force for the expressive event. The Anartist’s gesture is empowered by an active autonomy of “intervention” and an excessive presentation of active forces that bypass and shake the empty bureaucracy of the Museum whose structure is based on stable routines of resemblance. Through this profanation, the Museum, even if provisionally challenged and perturbed in its authority, receives its confirmation as sacred institution. The exceptionality of the Anartist’s transgression is tinged with the charisma of a sacrifice that breaks the everyday law to open the Museum to its metaphysical function as a Temple. The Museum hosts a true “Ereignis” (Heidegger, 2012) that, for a moment, ungrounds the everyday technical enframing. Both Anartist and Temple are empowered in their charismatic becomings, and the public participates in the indeterminate continuum revealed by the collapse of visible and invisible barriers. Indeed, the Museum can become a sacred place of “parousia” and chaosmystic communion. This is important to note when considering the progressive erosion of authority and sacred aura of the Museum that has been re-coded by Capitalism to function as an entertaining urban arena. Thus, the Anartist is a mask that has a sort of impersonal super-jjective role related with the revelatory path of these profanations. The symbolism and sacred knowledge of this path transcends the imposed codes of the instituted everyday and re-enacts a timeless uncoded relation between the Temple and the Sacrifice. The Anartist re-activates the original “sin” that is also the original “seen” or original “scene,” and the Museum for a moment becomes a place for experiencing the “open” (Agamben, 2004). During an intervention, the Anartist and Museum enter into a desiring assemblage of “double-capture” (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987) that unfolds a varying line of flight that disintegrates the chain of apparatuses that control the everyday. The Event appears as a rupture, not only of meanings, but also as an ontological break from *res extensa* to *res intensa*. In this ritual of sacred “profanation” the heaviness of matter is spiritualized again.

To give more sense to my words, one can examine Fig. 1. and Fig. 2. First, “Becoming imperceptible, becoming impersonal” portrays one of my initiatory rituals of profanation. This ritual consists in laying for hours unseen under the iconic staircases of Kiasma Museum – Museum of Contemporary Art in Helsinki. This meditative gesture can be considered as a performative artwork but

cannot be presented to anyone in its “live” unfolding. The impersonality of the gesture is a profanation of the Museum. It is non-authorized, performed with no restriction to time or procedure, and cannot be seen by any spectator. The technical authority of the Museum to show according an instituted frame is subtracted by the sovereign gesture of the Anartist that lays unseen in the shadow. The Anartist is a sort of hacker-sorcerer that makes the semiotic “abstract machine of stratification stammering and spinning in the void” (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987). The Anartist during this intervention carves a sovereign space for a-signification that is autonomous from the will of the Museum as a unified machine of abstract signification overcoded by the “money-form” (Lefebvre, 2004).



Figure 1. Non-authorized intervention in Kiasma Museum of Contemporary Art, Helsinki, 2011.

Fig. 2 presents the non-authorized installation SUCK! This installation was carried out in front of Kiasma museum, placing large mirrors on a rather controversial monument representing Marshal Mannerheim on horseback. This historical figure, stained by collaboration with the Nazis during the Second World War, is an ambiguous icon of the city, located just adjacent to the Museum, and worshipped by the City’s institutions.

One day, after a series of profanations, I happen to find myself at Helsinki’s Recycling Center, and with great surprise I noticed in a dark corner these big mirrors that, by their frames, seemed part of the iconic Kiasma’s architecture. I decided to use them as a deconstructive element to provoke the Museum’s authority. I wanted to contrast my authority as “creator” with that of the Museum by profaning pieces of its architecture. Something magical had invited me on this path to find those mirrors that were hiding, in themselves, a symbolic enigma. Yet, another series of magical happenings were revealed, one after the other, when I started to bring my intention into an action. A) When I parked my van at Kiasma, there was a demonstration of students and the area of the monument was closely guarded by many policemen. My Anartist friends, who were co-participating in the action, advised me to quit because I risked being fined. However, moved by some irresistible necessity, I decided to play with the chance, and went to get the mirrors in the van around the corner. When I returned to the monument, after few minutes, the police had disappeared. It was as if my brave decision had broken a spell and, by some mysterious law of psycho-magnetism, moved Police away. B) Another synchronicity (Jung, 1973) happened when, after spraying the Big Dick on the surface of the mirror, I turned



my gaze to the Museum's building and noticed that it was hosting Mapplethorpe's show, which mainly focused on photos of penises. One of Mapplethorpe's sentences stood out on high, in a promotional banner, in front of my installation: «I want to see such a big thing I've never seen! « There was a full ironic resonance between "My Dick" and the sentence. It was like a perfect counter-point that was waiting for me to arrive. The consonance was even stronger considering I was wearing (only once in all my 40 interventions) a very Mapplethorpe's pair of black leather pants. C) But that is not all! Confirming yet another disruptive and mysterious alignment of times, spaces and meanings: a few seconds after spray painting on the mirror, a delegation of Finnish nationalists arrived to lay a celebratory wreath at the Mannerheim's monument. Because the intervention was still in progress, they were forced to deposit their nationalist floral tribute near the mirror with a spray painted dick and its own imperative: Suck!. Moreover, me and the other two Anartists, John Dunn and Vito Giorgio, were all unemployed foreigners who has just returned from a political clash with the Finnish nationalists because of a disruptive urban parade we had just organized in the middle of the city: the "Bastard Parade". The simultaneity of events, alignments, consonances and disruptions around this simple "intervention" constituted such a perfect holism that it cannot be simply explained by chance or the narcissism of my ego. Truly a series of ringed and simultaneous unwanted profanations clustered together, it was as if all the separations were collapsed in a molecular entangled field of "particle-signs" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987). Probably, the Anartist, an impersonal mask, was fulfilling the blind will of subversive intelligent forces immanent to the magnetism of the Earth. The Earth is a body that desires and the Anartist, with its mask, is a void agent of its metamorphosis. The Anartist was caught in a dance with magnetic forces following a virtual score of actualization to be performed.

Before this "intervention," I was coming from a long series of "perturbing profanations", and perhaps I was charged with an intensive energy. Probably the perturbation had twisted the molar configuration of space-time, making a dimension appear that was following the ubiquitous logic of the molecular entanglement; the same invisible dimension that grounds the apparent stable order of the everyday but impinges on the intuition of the "seer". It's like when the spider builds the web. The spider enters in an entangled becoming with other becomings, mainly with the one of the "fly", that the spider completely ignores, but that obscurely feels and follows as revealing "form" or "chaosmotic attractor" along a sort of musical partition made of points and counterpoints (D&G, 1987). There is a haptic atmosphere of virtual becomings that is charged to fold a certain event-form in an intertwined cluster of clusters. It's impossible to represent all these subtle and synchronic happening-becomings with just one photo. The metaphysical plane of Difference in itself cannot be represented. At the same time, if I try to expand the sense of the photo, I give the impression of deforming the experience in a narcissist fiction. Thus Fig. 2 just shows only a fragment of the provocation and not all of the holistic multiplicities of catalysis. This limit creates an irreconcilable separation of plans

Figure 2. Non-authorized intervention outside Kiasma Museum of Contemporary Art, Helsinki, 2011.



in the perception of the artwork. There are subtle threads that enter into play in an event that can only be lived and experienced in the intensity of a “moment” (Lefebvre, 1959). The disruption of a space-time organization is also a disintegration of a “mode of being” to access other intensity-forms of Being where “time is out-of-joint” and “I is another”. Indeed, a deterritorialization of a space is also a destratification of the potential of our perception. Following Baumgarten, in the Aisthesis of participation we can have access to the twilight of a dark-perception that cannot be re-presented by a reductionist clear documentation. My research on disruption is more related to this sacred experience of being in the immanent “myst” of the event than to the esthetic force of the image that comes out. And I am ok with this because ultimately the dimension of the image is colonized by Spectacle’s reification (Debord, 1994). Today there is a challenge to reach visibility, to catch attention, to raise the volume (Groys, 2008). I am not immune to this attitude. But the event of disruption, as “inner experience of sacred transgression” (Bataille, 1986), conserves the freshness and the enigma of our adventure in this mysterious Earth. Telluric and chthonic forces pre-exist both the transcendental Kantian synthesis of space-time unity and the design conformed to the perception that shapes a capitalist urban space. An earthquake is tragic and cruel but paradoxically contains the potential for the Metamorphosis to inscribe a line of flight that cannot be domesticated to a rational system of management. These vibratory forces of nature are often worshipped as sacred but they are also political because they can incarnate the will to power of a Dionysian mask of tragedy, comedy or tragicomedy that can contest whatever narrative is instituted in a site-specific situation. Plastic vibrations, sensations and passions exceed limits and contours of an instituted power-relation. A dissensus always allows the contestation of the archè (principle of systemic hierarchy) of a situation, opposing its equally legitimate anarchè (Rancière, 2010). I would say that the intervention of the Anartist is architectural because it cuts a branch of the architecture out of its arborescent totality and re-codes its function in the organism as a monstrous excrescence that works against the signifier (Hollier, 1990).

For example, Fig .3 shows how an Anartist intervention has profaned the reflecting pool of Kiasma Museum by re-coding its function from decorative legitimization of the status quo to political subversion. In this intervention, I demonstrated my dissensus as an unemployed, shipwrecked Italian to the indifference of Finnish institutions that wanted me confined to a Kafkaesque bureaucratic process of integration at the margins of society. On this occasion, I made a dissensus—heard and seen—by floating in the pool for hours while the guards wanted me out - not having the guts to come inside the water to get me. This orchid-wasp relation with the guards oscillated from tragic to comic, giving authority to the event as dissensus. Sometimes the guards looked as though they were providing hieratic testimony to a sacred ritual linked to the baptism of water, other times they appeared as two funny masks of a comedy. Anyway, in this symbolic exchange, the Museum ultimately received a sacred investment: not only as Temple but also as Agorà of direct democracy. This investment possible in both symbolic and spatial terms, because the pool is located outside Kiasma’s building, in front of Finnish Parliament. Can a Museum be a political, alternative institution? The Greek Diogenes had the boldness to incarnate the Agorà through public performance, turning every place in a micro-political space of dissensus.

DISRUPTION, DISSENSUS, PROFANATIONS

The Anartist, having discarded the system of Art, concentrates its telluric energy in the urban everyday to disrupt and provoke the invisible and visible powers that constitute its malicious capitalist fabric. In fact, the Anartist's intervention consists in non-authorized performances precisely to trigger an effect that "unworks", unmakes and dissolves the urban space-time configuration of a site-specific situation coded and decoded by capitalism. The capitalist refrain, implemented to reproduce time as money in the design of space, is set out of phase by an arrhythmia. The Anartist triggers a crack in the sense of the urban fabric - unleashing an autonomous becoming that contests and suspends the local power-relations that configure the "form of power". It opens the "money form" to its formless outside while activating new phase-attractors of the space-time. Time, unhinged by the capitalist design of the space, unfolds as an unpredictable becoming of becomings.

The Anartist, through a subversive action, unleashes a deterritorializing line of flight (D&G, 1987), that is pushed to the extreme edge of the limits of the law. This quasi-catastrophic event that perturbs the code of normality generates a code-free sliding of the situation and therefore also a shaking of experience and perception. In this scrambling occasion, perception expands beyond the limits of the everyday because it participates in an event where phenomena appear without the ordered mediation of the money-form that, normally, governs and commands the efficient rhythm and the vital functions of urban space. An example of this disruption is documented by these photos.

Here we see a non-authorized action in front of Nordea Bank in Helsinki during the "Bastard Parade". 15 foreigner artists were invited by me to create totemic installations mounted on skis and dragged noisily along the asphalt of the city of Helsinki. Mounted on one of these mobile installations was a loudspeaker with the sound of a barking dog. Our arrival was announced by this barking, as if we were a pack of bastard dogs cutting through the city. Our intention was to create a semiotic f(r)iction in the partition of space to generate polemic resonances. The Parade, that created a bit of panic in the city—with the arrival of many fire trucks in front of the Bank—ended with the occupation of part of the botanical gardens of rare species. This polemical act of disruption of the space in front of the bank and occupation of the gardens not only contested the homogeneous rationalist monotony of the urban space but also highlighted our creative heterogeneity as rare nomadic species. Fig. 4, 5, 6, 7.



Figure 4-7. Intervention Bastard Parade, Helsinki, 2016.





TRUMP L'OEIL. ANARTIST INTERVENTION IN DISTOPIC TIMES

This intervention was realized in November 2016, one week after Trump's election. In November 2016, I was in a New York's on residency to participate in an independent festival for Live Art at the Queens Museums. On that occasion, two guys from the public showed their desire to participate in my intervention. One of the two was the artist Nathan Hendrickson. My intervention started inside the museum and unfolded outside, reaching the "giant globe", where the performance was suspended by the arrival of the NYPD. The police were likely called by shocked people who had just seen a man, dressed in a grotesque costume designed in the shape of a hand with a raised middle-finger, climbing on the monument of the globe. (See Fig. 8)

The following day, Nathan introduced me to Jessica Burstein. Showing her the costume, she expressed her desire to act something out against Donald Trump's misogynist and sexist offenses to women. Logically, the best place to do it was Trump Tower. I had been cultivating this desire since the first day I had arrived in NY, but I had some doubts because Trump Tower was guarded like Fort Knox. Besides, other artists whom I had spoken with suggested there was a high risk of confrontation with police. However, Jessica's heroic attitude won my residual doubts, and I decided to follow her with a flute, as though we were a company of satyrs challenging the patriarchal power incarnated by Trump's phallocentrism. My participation in an action against phallocentrism can be understood as contradictory if one takes into consideration the interventions I have shown before that have a "dick" as symbolic protagonist! However, the Anartist's political attitude is pre-verbal and ideologically unarticulated. The Anartist is interested generating blocs of subversive rhythms which deterritorialize the established urban refrain, opening it to its radical outside – right at the contingent moment of the becoming. According to Jessica's intentions, the performance had a clear liberal "feminist connotation". However, the archetype of her character was complex and irreducible to a simple stratum of articulated indexed meanings – even if a series of signification could prevail over others. Her inferior side, the legs – partially covered with dollars and pumped up by high heels – belonged to the stereotype of the "bitch" that, according to Jessica, corresponded to Trump's stereotype on how every woman should be. In front of the phallocentric Tower, Jessica's seducing legs launched a parodic attack on Trump's misogynist sexism. Jessica and her costume were expressing the repressed, obscene shadow of the misogynist capitalist scene, set in front of Trump Tower. This shadow, having emerged in all its scenographic choreography, affected the order of the visible with a radical provocation. Jessica's legs, phallic symbols in their own right, were surmounted by a jacket that extended her head with a long phallic middle finger. Shown to the Tower and its powerful inhabitant – the middle finger with legs amplified the overall hyperbolic, phallic profanation. Jessica was not only attacking Trump's phallocentric Tower (and its presidential host), but she was also integrating the male energy in the feminine (Jung). She was emerging, on the partition of the scene, as an ambiguous and provoking anomaly of sense, a pagan-god shaped by the polymorphic perversions of the



metamorphosis. At the same time, because she was a woman, and in that context, she was recognized as a member of the offended party, she could not be attacked by police for her provocation. Policemen, all males in this event, were caught in an institutional castration anxiety, an embarrassed secondary narcissism that was forbidding them to suppress Jessica's expression.

Trump had burned his moral authority in his campaign by publicly despising women, now police were trying to compensate this "lack". Policemen wanted to keep up an institutional and equidistant face in front of the defacement of Jessica – as if they were playing a democratic neutral role between two contending parts: Jessica and Trump. The Police wanted to signal that they were not part of the symbolic exchange. Moreover, Jessica's protest was protected by the ambiguity of unfolding in a territory between "protest" and "art". It was an action in between and in excess of both of these two codes. Jessica was clearly an "artist", even if she was showing a polemic attitude, she was celebrating the creative values of NY. She was an American patriot, a manifestation of the Statue of Liberty with a disguised mask of civil passion. This patriotic archetype was clearly evident in her waving of a small American flag. She was criticizing America but also celebrating its promise of democracy. In the symbolic exchange, she had overwhelmed Trump's authority in terms of conformity with American civic values. (But of course, one could also read it as a parody of patriotism that is ultimately a form expression dedicated to the value of freedom). Because Trump's authority was not well assessed in the public opinion, especially in NY, the police found themselves in the role of neutral guardians in an unfolding choreography of "litigation" and "dissensus" that contested the established partition (Rancière, 2010). Despite this, one could still feel the telluric forces cutting through the crowd in different currents and spirals. The situation was turbulent. Fortunately, many of the passersby were also women that expressed solidarity with Jessica, supporting the event. The scene was full of photographers and video-makers, it was clear that any and every action by the police would be echoed by the media system. The ridge was too slippery and ambiguous for police to act. In this moment, repressing the expression of Jessica would be an offense against the universal freedom of "woman". This invisible play of layered frames and symbolic strategies coagulated into a magic event of appearances shaking and inverting the instituted power-relations inscribed in the public space. In this asymmetric confrontation between a whatever female citizen and the President of the United States, Jessica was giving voice to the repressed of that scene without being harmed. All the stereotypes of power-relation were burned in a festival of witches by Jessica's "polymorphic carnival" (Bakhtin, 1984). However, our becoming was then blocked by police at the very moment when Jessica attempted to enter the Tower by the main door. At that point, the margin for negotiating a symbolic strategy became rigid, and we were bullied by the police who enforced the chapter 6 interpretation—a disciplinary, procedural tool given to police to suspend free speech allowed by the Constitution. It's a chapter concerning the disturbance of circulation of cars on the street, but it has a large discretionary interpretation. Practically, it grants the police an absolute power to keep the urban space under a certain order and authority. Of course, we could not confront the wall of policemen with assault rifles who had gathered to pro-

Figure 9-10. Non-authorized intervention in Trump Tower after Trump's election, New York, 2016.



tect the door. The door was perhaps the limit of our territorial confrontation. To get into the tower would surely have been an excess of “deterritorialization” that would have made the police authorities lose their face, not just Trump’s.

Often power-relations are played on thresholds and borders that are the sensitive part of a field of space—there the intensity of forces become stronger and more sensitive to even the slightest variation. The intervention is a play of sensitivity, enigmatic symbols, invisible strategies and movements on these ambiguous edges that define a field of attractions and repulsions. The Anartist must know where he can push disruption and avoid violent confrontation. The Anartist knows how to surf the chaosmosis (Guattari, 1995) and its “passages” to step out of the wave when it breaks. It’s a play with void and fullness, yin and yang. It’s a question of riding the dragon of the collective soma of a disruptive Event in its varying seismic lines. Jessica succeeded to turn a “striated space” of violence into a “smooth space” of dissensus, dissolution, provocation and “demonstration of equality” (Rancière, 2010). With her mask, she arrived in a fearless confrontation with the face of the NY chief of police on the edge of Trump Tower’s door. By doing this, she raised the dignity of women to a mythical plane, symbolically revenging the wrong.



Figure 11. Non-authorized intervention in Trump Tower after Trump's election, New York, 2016.







Figure 12-13. Non-authorized intervention in Trump Tower after Trumps election, New York, 2016.



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Epistemological Troubles 3

COMMENT OF THE EDITOR IN 3 POINTS

Dear Brian Craig Shogren

The three reviewers have reached a decision regarding your submission to Visual Arts Research. Unfortunately, the journal is not currently accepting new submissions.

The decision is for a final decision (please see reviewer notes below). There is potential for future and resubmission. Editor, however, substantial reviewer suggestions. Currently, the article is not accepted and resubmission is not possible. You would like to submit elsewhere because you mentioned publication is important to you and we recognize and appreciate that. However, for this point, we cannot put it forward.

Reviewers notes:

"Thank you for the opportunity to review "Disturbanism, Disruption in the everyday urban space" for consideration in Visual Arts Research. I read this work with great interest, particularly for its deployment of thinkers like Bataille whose writing has scarcely been plied within the field. Further, the article's development of 'anartism' was also of interest to me as a reader, insofar as the development of this disposition or conceptual persona undoubtedly contravenes the esteem with which art is held within the field and so too, within such institutional spaces as the museum.

While it is my opinion that the article makes some interesting interventions, both in terms of the thinkers it engages and the virulent ferocity with which it aims to think about art education and its institutionalized sedimentation, there are a number of reservations I have regarding the work as a whole. In the following overview, I will attempt to

The editor was writing that my article was rejected in these conditions and that I should restructure the text. Then, she introduced the notes of the Reviewer who wrote the interventions were interesting, for their “virulent ferocity” (what exaggeration! I have the sensation of not being enough wild and that I am still compromising with a Kantian aesthetic) with which I am to think about art education and its institutionalized sedimentation; but then he starts addressing me some remarks that I should work on and I do not agree. Why, as Artist (or Anartist), I should project in the text the image of someone else instead of the one I have of myself and my own esthetic and intentionality? It does not make sense.

1) At the nexus of this article is the conceptual figure of the ‘Anartist’. As previously articulated, I found this development to be, in itself, compelling, but ultimately underdeveloped in the course of the essay (perhaps this is an aspect of the anarchist’s desire). This is not to say that the notion of ‘anartism’ ought to be supported by some historical development of the figure (although this might be helpful in that the notion of ‘anartism’ developed herein appears largely ‘ahistorical’ and more as an ‘immanent’ persona to the sedimentation of the art institution and its ‘priests’ of meaning and truth), but that in many ways I found that the practice of anarchy articulated was still too wed to the fashions of high theory in a manner that went largely unacknowledged (isn’t academia itself not a problem to undercut?). Further, the deployment of theory in the essay seemed perhaps overly reliant on ‘sloganism’ in its development of both the figure of the ‘anartist’ and its practices. While critical of the high priests of art theory, there were aspects of the work, like the ‘sloganic’ development of an ‘anartist’ theory, that seemed to reify popular convention in a way that receded from resistance, not the least of which was the author’s own celebration of itself as a ‘dark priest’ ‘anartist’.

ELABORATION OF POINT 1

My comment to point 1: What to say about this? The “anartist” is my own conceptual invention and tied to the contingency of my praxis so why should he not be ahistorical? Then, concerning high-theory... I don’t think this is “high theory”, it is just uncoded praxis, i.e., an heterogeneous chasm between theory and practice, that needs also imaginative fiction to be translated as schizophrenic multiplicity in the striving of a style of writing which extract a sense that cannot be but immanently poetic in its vibratory signifier. “Praxis”, for its internal heterogeneity is a locus more obscure than theory but has an unfolding and revelatory depth connected to a struggling becoming, instead theory I have the sensation that is drier and clearer, it spins in the lifeless void of signs, in its own powerful impotence. However, my praxis is inspired-adapted to the bibliography

I have provided and it has theoretical reference. If the reviewer is not accustomed to my references, I think it is her or his problem. It's enough to read Bataille and Deleuze to understand my text. No need for "high theory" and "high priest" but the conception of "high" is relative to the position and the point of view of the "reader". I was expecting that VAR, one of the most important journals of art research, could stay at the level of these authors. The problem is that in the democratic pragmatism of the American Anglo-Saxon university (that now is the standard) everything must be clear, simple, and understandable by everyone... and also full of democratic "hope". It seems like the manual of suggestions by Steve Jobs, the national American myth, on how to create a successful "product", has become the imperative. This "pragmatism" can be appropriated within design and utilitarian objects. I think this attitude cannot fit with the object of "art" that is an ambiguous and obscure object in itself; because "art" does not respond to a logic of "use" and "user-friendliness" like a "mac". What to say about the accusation of "sloganism"? a) My style of writing and also my interventions are based on an "affirmative" attitude that derives from a Nietzschean (Bataille, Deleuze, Land and so on...) influence. b) This "affirmative" style is also typical of the "manifesto" style that has been used by art vanguards: Futurist, Dada, Surrealist, Situationist. My style is a hybrid experimentation of genres that I use to express the atmosphere of the Anartist's worldling and its "praxis". Because the "objectile" of art is elusive and virtually charged, I need to strive with a crossover of genres to tend toward this virtuality - that is also an interpretative tension toward a "weird" landscape. My intervention cannot be exhausted by "theory" or by "experience" because it is "praxis"; which, as I have explained before, is neither "theory" (a system of thinking more or less consistent) nor "practice" (as skillful making) but is "praxis" of "thoughtful doing". "Praxis, as "inner experience" has a shadow of invisibility. c) The word "sloganism" contains a negative judgement, but if I use the word "manifesto", it makes sense in a text "of" art that cannot be simply a text "on" art because the object, or better the "objectile", is not "simply" and "clearly" there. Art is not, "simply", communication or information on an object. In Italy we say that art is not "prosciutto"! Even if making prosciutto requires a certain art.

What about the appellative of "Dark Priest?" This offence can be taken also as a compliment, especially considering the level of my reviewer. I dress in a black mask that covers my face and my identity, I consider the "becoming-imperceptible" as a political feature of my praxis, I am fascinated by darkness, chaos-mystic experiences, shamanism, Alchemic Nigredo, anarchist Gnosticism, and re-enchantment of the urban space-time. The style of my writing is consistent with my praxis. The reviewer should judge my text from the point of view of the consistency of my aesthetic and the world and atmosphere that it discloses, not through a negative prejudice on "darkness". If I were really an evil guy I could say that resonates as prejudice of the "white" against the "black" even if I do not want to add racial prejudices to prejudices; I am trying to escape the cage of Anglo-American "political correctness" and "victimhood" (as also Zizek would put it) and I don't want to embrace the same kind of inquisitive prejudices which victimize minority.

I “self-celebrate myself”? Of course I write “of” my praxis and also I am concerned and I believe in my doing. Is this self-celebration? Probably my writing is tinged with an affirmative Dionysian spirit (that is consistent with my praxis) but in the text I just describe how one should or could read my praxis and the invisible experience that cannot be documented in its virtual essence. Do I undermine political “resistance”? This is a purely arbitrary prejudice, because he or she affirms this without an explicit ground of what is “political” and what is “resistance”. Then, if we want to reduce an interpretation of Deleuze through the lens of Badiou’s criticism to Deleuze’s anarchism we must erase Deleuze from the spectrum of references and impose a Badiouan episteme for everybody.

2) The work, perhaps, aims to demonstrate an ‘anartists’ approach in form. There are, it seems, densely formulated passages, moments of intense delirium, and moments of intentional obfuscation developed across this work. While this is fine, although one imagines on the part of the reader a kind of patience and willingness to engage, the question of politics and the political engagement of the ‘anartist’ remained a question for me. While the ‘anartist’ acts in ways that might superficially be read as political, the claim to intervention and rupture seemed at times overinflated, and at other times, much more solipsistic in its endeavor. This is not to say that ‘anartism’ is inherently a political project, or a project of politicizing by attempting to ‘do things’ in public space, but without this dimension, I wondered how ‘anartism’ isn’t just a mode of provocation that seems in no way rare today, but seldom connected to anarchy in that such acts scarcely break from the function of semio-capitalism, which is entirely capable of transforming a middle-finger mascot into a novelty, punch-line, or some equally inoculated signifier. I guess the question here is one of political commitment, and also, the question of how ‘anartism’ isn’t just postmodern counter-signification without a politically considered impulse or anarchic violence. ‘Anartism’, problematically, seems to uphold representation, when it should seek its ruin, no?

ELABORATION OF POINT 2

For sure, I cannot explain all the complexity of my research in one article of 6000 words! Furthermore, my practice is an experimentation and does not pretend to be a solution to the struggle against capitalism. What I can say is that, anyway, my interventions are able, at least, to engender a crack (more or less deep, according to chance) in a site-specific situation and, at least for me, to provide a chaomagic experience of the outside. It’s very difficult for someone who has never had experiences of Jungian synchronisms and other mystic events to understand the revelation of a New Earth that brings forth a becoming sub-

tracted from a design. These kinds of revelations are possible when a system is set out of its equilibrium and phenomena can appear without an established design. The Artist praxis allows the participant to live an event outside the already programmed space-time, in the "now" of the intervention. It engenders a space of intensity inside a regulated capitalist space without the need to arrive at a final revolutionary eschaton where we will be "liberated" and "emancipated" from capital. I think this Artist "praxis" is already a step ahead in deterritorialization concerning art performance (and art in general) that does not generate perturbation to a regulated space-time; an art that is only constructed in a Kantian episteme of "beauty". I think the praxis of the Artist is also a step ahead of the ones who simply criticize capitalism or the ones who create anti-capitalist cooperative groups that propose hierarchies and disciplines on their inside. Then of course I should explain the fact that I use Black Bloc symbolism as a "screen" against the capitalist valorization and that I try to engender a hauntology of resonance in the capitalist medium to unleash a "destituant puissance" and a prophetic hyperstitional becoming, but in this article I wanted to be explicit and deepen only certain aspects of my praxis. Such as, for example, the relation with the museums and the sacred. Furthermore, I think that my practice cannot be judged only with respect to its political efficacy, at least in terms of a Hebrew-Christian narrative that relates a materialist and progressive idea of the "political". My idea of the "political" claims a breaking of the space that organizes the time to gain access to hidden dimensions of the Earth. It's a hermetic praxis which considers the political also as spiritual, aesthetic, symbolic, and mystical. Mine is a praxis of the continuum and not of the discrete that is the difference between Deleuze's topology and Badiou's set-theory... It's a techné, that is also anti-techné, of access to the magic labyrinth of chaos, in a world that is secularized, profane and regulated by technocracy. If my description looks overinflated, it is because the defensive cynical intellectual mind of the reviewer cannot have access to the understanding of the experience from the outside. If it looks "solipsistic", and I say "looks" because a large part of my experience is invisible, it is because I do not stick to the "cooperativist" and "collectivist" normativity of a leftist attitude or to a "coded" idea of the "political" or the "artist". I do not even stick to the political normativity of "anarchism" – or else I would not define my experiment as "Artist". The Artist is a becoming-imperceptible and this imperceptibility concerns not only an external eye but also my internal conscience of subjectivity that is overcome by an excess of sense that I cannot grasp as a clear definition. My becoming is a schizophrenic exploration of an oscillatory diagram between politics, art, shamanism, alchemy, and so on... It's a virtuality that attracts me that is in large part hyperstitional and unknown. It's a vanguard of the obscure. It cannot be reduced to an exchange value nor even a use value. As Baudrillard would say, it is seductive, it's a search for a space of seduction to explore. Then whatever can be dismissed with a superficial "tag" and with an air of unjustified superiority from a position of judgement. But what grounds this judgement?

3) It's a pedestrian concern, to be sure, but I'm not sure the work is entirely readable. While I speculate that the point of the essay is to 'do anartism', the 'doing' of anartism isn't as helpful as many anarchist stratagems for resistance. I don't know why the author(s) prevents the work from helping others mobilize, or why 'anartism' is but for the select few elites of high theory. Perhaps 'anarchy' here is the disposition of the one with no aspirations for collective mobilization. Regardless, I'm not sure what to make of the text, its theoretical 'sampling' and quote machining. Few of the important theoretical ideas are developed at all, and the sections on intervention seem to radically under-realize the force of Bataille's nihilism and scatology, and so too, the Deleuze-Guattarian molecular revolution, which at least for Guattari, was very much about creating a new group-subject. The citation practices are very loose, and there are some ideas and concepts that go without citations in this text that are easily recognizable as the work of Guattari and Deleuze, at least.

Thank you for the opportunity to read this work. In concept, and in particular, the concept of the 'anartist' is interesting. Ultimately, I think that the text could be stronger in terms of both its self-reflexivity and also, its theoretical development."
-end reviewers notes-

Sincerely,


ELABORATION OF POINT 3

I admit that my praxis relates more to Deleuze/Bataille than Guattari and that, at least in this textual "account" (an impossibility regards the uncountability of art expression), does not deepen the potentiality of the mobilization that I see in what I call the Heteron: i.e. lines of flight of Anartist that subvert the urban space resonating in a new Black Mythology or Black Sun. However, I think the stance of the reviewer "on" my praxis unfolded in the text is also not completely correct, because, for example, there is the description of a collective parade, The Bastard Parade, and also the intervention of Trump tower that was realized by a mobilized collective of 3 artists converging in the singularity of an event. Furthermore, I think there is other interesting material. But what is considered "interesting" concerns the single individual and I cannot impose what is for me "interesting" to her or him. It seems that all her "reading" is undermined by her concerns about the "collective use" of the praxis. (I use "her" in conformity with the new American inverted phallocentrism, because if I were using "her" to be a gentleman I would be a "dissimulated" old male phallocentrist that thinks the female is inferior and must be lifted up.) The reviewer, she seems to think that

if the experience of the Anartist is just for individual “use”, it is not valid but only “narcissistic” and “solipsistic”. As if Deleuze should be set exclusively in a dogmatic/communist interpretation when for me the interpretation opens to a mystic line of flight in the ungrounded that is refreshing in the untimely “now” of the sacred experience. It also opens to esoteric ways of understanding, to a new/anachronistic perception of time, and it resists the rational and the utilitarian that confines leftist progressives, that for me are just a mirroring double of capitalism. I would say that the evolution of capitalism has been favored by a Left that plays on the same utilitarian terrain of capitalism. But I am sorry, in my praxis there is no value to extract for the Left.

COUNTER-COMMENT FOR THE EDITOR

Thanks, fortunately I have succeed to publish another article with another journal and I can publish the dissertation. I was very worried.

But if I can make a constructive criticism of the criticism.... With a univocal criticism you can attack whoever and say for example that Nietzsche is just a “narcissist” or that Schopenhauer was just a “solipsistic personality” or that Hegel was “too systematic and neurotic”, that Deleuze is “just a poet and a too obscure writer” or other superficial comment like this. You can say that my praxis is suspiciously not “political” but you seem to have already in your mind the “normative” concept of what is “political” or is not. Then my article is just 6000 words or something like that, when your critique is long almost as my article. I wrote a dissertation of 400 pages and still is full of many ambiguous spots that cannot be “disambiguated” because ambiguity is the fundamental nature not only of art and of language but of our existence itself. It’s clear that theory, and a rational discourse, cannot exhaust the many levels of a living praxis (especially if it’s an hybrid between political and art) nor the vast concept of the “political”. Then, if we want to make a more serious discourse, art is an “object” (object, objective, rogue object?) always withdrawn that for its own nature, more virtual than actual, cannot pinned down in a utilitarian system of meanings as if it was an “object of design” that is set in a system with a function and can be criticized in reference to this function or dimension or episteme. (In a word art and politics are also conflictual in themselves...an hybrid cannot be disambiguated at all once and for all). So, the reading of a short text written by an artist (who, in this case, also tries to fly high) implies a basic trust on the author or else is just pure narcissism of the critic that makes a criticism of the author. A sort of envy of the phallus as signifier. It’s a mirroring effect. Then it is clear that the one who breaks the rules and destroy is narcissist. All the artists are narcissist, even more the Anartist. This discourse can be applied to the Anartist but also to the critic that tries to destroy the Anartist. The category of narcissism seems completely out of place here, especially considered in negative way. Then, for what concern a praxis against capitalism it is obvious that cannot be exhausted in 6000 words. My article was just a short “essay” (that in french means literally “attempt”) that wanted just highlight some features of my praxis and not to be fully exhaustive. Also because it was impossible in the length of the article. So I think that your journal should be more supportive of the artists that are antagonist, brave and risk something instead of just doing an easy negative criticism that is very superficial and does not risk anything. At least my discourse is grounded by my throwing my body at risk in the disruption of the intervention with the police, but your disruptive criticism of my text on what is grounded? Just on the asymmetrical power-relation of the judgement of a hidden reviewer on an author that “attempts” (essay) to expose its dangerous practice in a dangerous way.

PERTURBED INTER-SUBJECTIVITY. FOR AN AGONISTIC RELATIONAL NON-RELATION BETWEEN THE ARTISTIC RESEARCHER AND THE REVIEWER

I take this occasion to propose a model of relation that subverts and re-founds the usual relation between Art Researcher and Reviewer. Usually in the Kantian model the critical point of view of the Reviewer should be integrated in the point of view of the Art Researcher to pass from the “appearance” to an intersubjective construction of the “phenomenon” as “object” of knowledge. This is a problem because the homogeneity of the intersubjectivity would be a reductionist damage for the heterology and internal multiplicity of the artistic praxis and the artistic knowledge in their “reason d’etre” - which explores new a-modal dimensions de l’etre. Furthermore, because of the specific field of Artistic Research, there is not a shared methodology that allows the generalization of an intersubjective consensus over the produced knowledge. If I should inte-

grate the point of view of the Reviewer, we would still have just a contingent intersubjectivity between two points of view which cannot be generalized as shared scientific knowledge, as in classical physics; with experiments that can be repeated and rigorously checked in their generalization. For this reason, even the heuristic rigor of knowledge cannot be a sufficient reason for this operation of reduction. The contingency cannot be eliminated in an aesthetic field dominated by multiplicities, variations, speculations, fictions and heterogeneities. Instead, with this anti-dissertation, I propose a relational non-relation between writer/artist and Reviewer that is based on consonant dissensus. In this model the Reviewer, with its critical point of view, provokes a resonance in the internal Difference of the Artistic Researcher by pushing him, through a sort of challenge, to deepen his own singular and dissensual difference and becoming, to bring forth his own divergent heterogeneous individuation, to make emerge the still unheard and unseen of his singular praxis. Of course, the Artistic Researcher must be ready to accept this challenge and to feel deeply the provocation of the Reviewer and its violence. It is like a counter-wind individuation for the Artistic Researcher. As a sort of counter-wind gallery that reinforces the design of the internal difference through a play of pressure and counter-pressure that allows the ejection of the implicit heterogeneity already latent in the “refrain” of a praxis. The obstacle of the “encounter” (also in an agonistic sense) becomes a potentiality for the unfolding of the internal difference as productive refrain. The reviewer, with its disturbing criticism, touches a deep musical note already there in the refrain but that before had not found the occasion to be expressed forth with a counter-pressure. It’s an heterogeneous a-model of knowledge based on an anarchè instead of a shared archè – where the “agonism” do not become consensus nor pure antagonism but a conflictual in-between of divergent differences that, in a certain way, cooperate without cooperation... This can be considered as a sort of “perturbed” inter-subjectivity, or “rogue” inter-subjectivity, or “diffracted” inter-subjectivity that does not reduce but expands heterogeneity in a multiplicity of becomings which explore aesthetic-speculative realities on the edge of fiction. This fiction is then also a “f(r)ictional” unbecoming that resists, through heterogeneity, the organizing network-Signifier that insists in reproducing the same “image of thought”, the same “image of writing”. In this sense, thinking and researching the heterogeneous is in itself aesthetic because it concerns the production of “new images of thought”, not only just new images as “pictures”. The diffracted movement that brings with itself the enlargement of the “sensorium” is in itself an anti-copulative becoming that implies a tension between an institutional tendency to close the synthesis and an anti-institutional tendency to open the synthesis. When it comes to art, there is always a tension that concerns the rift and the striving of a “telluric sense”.

Academy, and specifically artistic research, can become a Temple of telluric forces where the Dionysian meets the Apollonian. This is the attitude of this anti-dissertation, which is not just transgression for the pleasure of transgression (that is anyway a good attitude) but also a search for re-enchantment of Knowledge.







CHAOTIC MACHINE BECOMING-INHUMAN

**Becoming-Black Bloc,
Becoming-Anartist.
The art of prolonging
and re-modulating
counter-cultural
lines of flight.**



Forum.

Gian Luigi Biagini.

Becoming-Black Bloc, Becoming-Anartists.

The art of prolonging and re-modulating
counter-cultural lines of flight.

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UNEMPLOYMENT

I come from a family of the Italian underclass. I grew up in a house where a TV triumphed in every room, starring Berlusconi and his propaganda. Berlusconi generated a conformist people with his televisions, and then won the election by founding a party that spoke in the language of artificially manufactured people. I always hated that propaganda and grew up reading Debord cultivating a Situationist attitude. After a master's degree in political science, I could have pursued a political career, but institutional politics repelled me. I needed a job that would allow me to survive, but that did not completely frustrate my Situationist creativity. For an Italian youth, coming from a family without economic, cultural, and social capital, the art-world was taboo. For me, art had always been a far away, elitist territory made up of the snobbish and the privileged. It was a miracle that I was able to find work in an advertising agency as a copywriter. The experience in advertising allowed me to better understand how the Spectacle – well described by Debord (*The Society of the Spectacle*, 1994) – was produced. However, I soon realized that, despite my efforts, I was too undisciplined and anarchist to work in an advertising agency. This difficulty turned into hostility towards the working process, which I disturbed with profane, Situationist performances. Every morning I went to the office with a pig mask to express my disgust. For too many years I managed to keep the job, moving from one agency to another, until I became an independent “creative” (i.e., precarious). Fortunately, I was very gifted, fast in devising ideas, and managed to carve out a large amount of free time to make art – but without ever having connections or desire to enter the main circuit. Moreover, even if I had enough free-time and money, I was frustrated because my art practice remained an autistic experiment. In 2008, the financial crisis arrived, the banks withdrew their money from the market, and the State raised taxes to get money to bail out the banks. In 2010 my Finnish spouse and I took shelter in Helsinki with our One-year-old daughter. My partner immediately found a job, whereas I was unable to find a position because I couldn't speak the language. After two years, I was still unemployed. During the long winters, I mostly stayed at home and watched Occupy Wall Street riots on the Internet. I was fascinated by those people who dressed in black, turned over police cars, and smashed the windows of banks. My imagination had already been seduced by Black Blocs' insane actions in Genoa G8 in 2001. I confess that I have always had a repulsion to any kind of organization or phony political purpose – even leftist – but in the Black Blocs' destruction without aim, I recognized the joy of pure savage energy that one can admire in Punk or Potlatch events. A spectacular Situationist destruction of the Spectacle, a return to the sacred and immanent violence of the symbolic exchange against the transcendent violence of the exchange value (Baudrillard, *Selected writings*, 2001). However, nothing happened in Helsinki. Outside the window there was only snow, solitude, and darkness, with only my daughter to keep me company.

BECOMING-ANARTIST

On one of my depressive days, while wandering the Internet, I happened to find an art course at the university that would culminate in a show at the anthropology museum in Helsinki. Miraculously, this course in “museum as medium” was open to non-students. I was happy to sign up because it was an opportunity to vent my imagination that had been contaminated by Black Bloc violence. When it came time for the show, I dressed up like a Black Bloc, and broke a glass vitrine built by the anthropology museum staff with a steel bar, as if it were a bank window.



Figure 1-2. Exhibition in Museum of Cultures, Helsinki, 2012.

This was my first “real” contact with the Black Bloc aura. This action received some attention from the public, but after the show ended I returned to the nothingness of unemployment. However, that anomalous gesture of transgression, although a simple simulation of Black Bloc expression, was a sorcerous initiation that marked my future becoming-Anartist. (It is as if these anomalous gestures, because they are outside the normalized partition, tend to generate an autonomous refrain-world). In fact, the adrenaline of the museum’s profanation pushed me to dress again as a Black Bloc to repeat that kind of subversion. I began to perform disruptive interventions that erased the boundaries between fiction and reality, politics and art. They were desperate speech-acts triggered by a mix of depression and adrenaline play. As I was excluded from any gallery, I began to use urban space as the scene for my actions. I was sure that this path would take me somewhere. I felt that through my practice, I could unfold the still unexpressed potential of the Black Blocs, and bring their revolt everywhere. I thought about giving a specific name to my subversive practice in the urban space: *DISTURBANISM* (Disturb Urbanism); and called the figure who performed these disturbanist interventions: the Anartist (Anarchist Artist). However, my interventions were inspired by Black Blocs, and still continue this line of flight.

In destructive Black Bloc heroism, I see an affirmative rejection of the cynical secularization of capitalist urban space, and I want to celebrate and honor this attitude with my interventions. As I see it, the violent actions of the Black

Bloc are gifts in a potlatch that destroys the urban discipline as well as the calculating attitude of any project for political salvation. The Black Bloc riots are the pure evil that degenerates the violence of Capitalism through a damned symbolic power; an a-signifying and sacred violence that is purely expressive, heterogeneous, and which cannot be put to work in any utilitarian political agenda. A riot is participation in a chaosmic urban Potlatch that unleashes the potential of giving in the rigor mortis of an already-given and programmed neoliberal space. This hopeless but intense a-signifying attitude is translated in a superposition of art and politics. Destruction is an a-subjective gesture expressed by an immanent field of violence that is an impersonal speech-act in itself. An intensified body without organs acts in the Sacred Riot. For me, whatever other kind of mix between art and politics is corrupted by propaganda and representation meeting the impasse that George Bataille well enucleates in “The Sorcerer’s Apprentice”. Here the French philosopher shows that only a new sorcerer can succeed where the scientist, the artist, and the politician fail to find a total sense in a secularized world (Bataille, *Visions of Excess*, 1986). I see the Black Bloc, and my Anartist praxis as a kind of “politics of sorcery” (Ramey, *The Hermetic Deleuze*, 2012) against the spell of urban capitalism.

THE SACRED MASK OF THE BLACK BLOC



Masking in black dress as a Black Bloc can be seen as a neutral gesture. One could say that it is a tactical pragmatic trick for not being identified by police, or to coordinate easily with the black swarm in the messy crowd of a Riot. However, hiding the face with a black ski mask is also an initiation rite that cancels the interface that connects us to a more complex network of signification and domination. From the face passes the code of authority and expectations that Global Capitalism and its national arm, the State, draw in the interpersonal automatisms of “faciality” and its emotions (Deleuze & Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 2004. Original 1987). The human face is the centripetal signifier that territorializes and captures feelings and cuts off the bodily affections of Earth’s deterritorialization. To put on a black ski mask means to dissolve as a subject effectuated by the capitalist abstract machine implemented in the digit-urban space. Capitalist space is a coded field of forces that generate its own effects such as the production of the capitalist subject. Wearing black is like entering the Alchemical Nigredo and preparing for a sacred gesture of dissolution (dissolve): a sort of urban “sacrifice of pure expenditure” (Hollier, *Against Architecture*, 1992). This symbolic sacrifice is a counter-effectuation that dissolves the subject and unleashes an intense drift of power and violence. A riot is like a sacred festival, a dissolving potlatch that activates a chaosmic body without organs. During the Sacred Riot magical forces participate in an apocalyptic accursed Event. In this festival of violence, the accumulation of Capital is symbolically destroyed through the devastation of windows of banks, corporate logos, and through the burning of luxury cars - while engaging in an urban war with the police who are the true guarantors of authority of the State and Capitalism. The Sacred Riot is an eternal return to the pre-foundational origin of the heterogeneous forces

of chaos. In ancient tribes, these magic forces were evoked to neutralize, in a sacred festival of expenditure, the threshold of emergence of the State as primary accumulation. These neutralizing forces prevented the constitution of a despotic body as the center of signification, a body that captures the fundamental heterogeneity of immanence in a magical act of transcendent violence (Deleuze & Guattari, *Anti-Oedipus*, 1983). Black Bloc's Nigredo is a return to the dark and pre-individuated plane of immanence that expresses itself through energy-violence against the transcendent violence of Capital. Its expression blackens the social mirror and advances into the abyss of the unknown as a tide. Capitalism is like a code-signifier that, as it circulates, gives form and organization to the urban space-time and to the bodies enfolded and disciplined within it. In order to return to the formless continuity of immanence – and to overcome the discontinuity shaped by the apparatus of capture – the disjunctive flow must destroy the transcendent money-form that codes the design of urban space. In fact, a commodity-space is designed by the money-form to organize the efficient production and re-production of commodities, and to circulate time as money. The urban space is an abstract machine that subjugates the empty form of time to the refrain of the capitalist production which is also a production and reproduction of subjects operating in time's spatialization. This semiotic capitalist machine codes and decodes through a Cartesian axiomatic the excessive polyphonic rhythms of Nature. It extracts a surplus from the excess of these rhythms and its resonances that cannot be contained in money-form. "Mana" cannot be contained in money even if the latter takes its witching power from "the former" (Mauss, *A General theory of Magic*, 1972). Sometimes the urban machine fails to cut and channel these heterogeneous mana-rhythms in an axiomatic money-form of capture resulting in an excess of resonance that breaks out in the streets. (It's also an exciting break-flow of destructive magic libido!) In the sacred Black Bloc uprising, urban space is wasted and sacrificed as a gesture that repeats the Luddite rage against machine. The Lacanian chain of the capitalist great Other is swept up by a superior telluric force of deterritorialization that unfolds a destructive desire, freeing itself of any given subject or object to flow as pure giving. In fact, this vibratory excess of counter-accumulated chaomic forces and rhythms, a sort of anti-productive machine under the productive machine, breaks the refrain of money-form with a formless violence. This accumulated excess of mana unleashes a telluric becoming that annihilates every discontinuous obstacle to the immanent continuum. In this anomalous event, similar to a Black Tide, the body frees itself from the organic discipline of the extended space to reach the intensity of the body without organs of pure immanence, unleashing a devastating trance of destruction. The mask of the Black Bloc is a plug-in for an immanent urban war-machine that unfolds the violence of a low sacred plane that irrupts and infects the profane everyday with contagious destruction. This destruction is purely a-subjective, a-significative, and pre-verbal and cannot be articulated in a political project of emancipation. The Riot is a magic machine that produces a spelling aura of evil symbols that directly express the formless excess of the immanent machine of *Natura Naturans*. If Bergson wrote that the cosmos is a machine for creating gods, then the Black chaosmosis is a machine for creating evil demons. It is black sorcery with black mana.

THE SACRED MASK OF THE ANARTIST

The Anartist, by wearing the esoteric mask of the Black Bloc, participates in the evil aura and energy-symbolism of the Black Bloc's urban sorcery. He also enters the Nigredo, dissolving his figure of capitalist subject in the dark background of pre-subjective forces. However, the Anartist is not only an alchemist that uses and remodulates the evil aura of energy-symbols produced in the Black chaosmosis of the Sacred Riot to compose new configurations in its disturbanist interventions. The Anartist also uses this Black counter-capital as material to obscenely haunt the legitimate margins of political morality. The Anartist can evoke in its interventions this monster-signifier, removed in an indecent shadow far from the dominant discourse of the master-signifier, to shock, with its minor terrorism, the bodies that are subjected to the anesthesia of urban discipline. In fact, Black Bloc's auratic and esthetic evil mythology can be remodulated to create bastard and heterogeneous compositions that challenge not only the master-signifier, but also the counter-signifier that is exceeded by an enigmatic post-signification. The counter-signifying symbols are counter-actualized in new becomings that renew their antagonist force, appearing in site-specific locations of the city through non-authorized and provocative interventions.



Figure 3-4. Non-authorized intervention, Kamppi Square, Helsinki, 2012.



The cursed Black Bloc aura is a dangerous counter-spell that cannot be absorbed by the capitalist medium without being amplified to spread like a virus and invade the Spectacle. The Anartist screens himself with this evil Black aura that neutralizes the semiotic capture of the capitalist spell and reverts its abstract machine as an accursed parasite virus. Capitalism cannot subsume Black Bloc mythology because it is pure destruction, headless acephalic violence that can bring contagion to the profane. Capitalism can profane the high sacred, as traditions and religions, but it can also be infected by the “low sacred” (Bataille, *Visions of Excess* 1986) of immanent viruses that starts proliferating in its belly as a destructive counter-capital. Scatology becomes an hauntology inside the Totalitarian Integrated Spectacle. The Spectacle cannot expel the virus out of its intestine because the outside does not exist anymore. Capitalism can die of diarrhea! This is why the secular profaner, Capitalism, tries to keep the low sacred at a safe

distance, and under the curse of moral judgment. Capital becomes moralistic only in condemning the Black Bloc; any other creative destruction and transgression is welcomed. Quoting some sentences from “get rid of yourself” that is a sort of Black Bloc Video-Manifesto: “We want THIS world. We want this world as chaos. We want the chaos of our lives, the chaos of our perceptions, the chaos of our desires and repulsions; the chaos that happens when management collapses. Capitalism defeated traditional societies because it was more exciting than they were, but now there is something more exciting than Capitalism itself: its destruction.” This damned and sexy Black Bloc aura that is not acceptable to civil society, assures that the deterritorializing action of the Anartist is screened and that his antagonistic expressiveness is not recuperated by the logic of urban Capitalism. Indeed, usually, artists’ creativity is decoded by Capital to enhance the global metropolis and its offer of tourist entertainment in the global market. Artists are invited to express their talents in urban space, especially in the most degraded areas; which can thus be redeveloped and transformed in gold for the speculation of real estate corporations.

Today, the artists’ alchemical power is decoded. Artists are integrated into the Creative Class as decorators of urban spaces. They become operators of the Spectacle, new lifestyle promoters. This is a danger that counter-cultures run if they are not radical enough in their anti-capitalism. Trend-hunters are always at work to hunt and integrate new cultural trends into the urban market. They are ready to generate new fashions and new innovative conformism.

The Anartist not only parasitizes the evil screen of the Black Bloc – an encrypted counter-spell – but also simulates the Dionysian attitude that affirms a radical counter-aesthetic, bypassing Kantian Beauty and the Sublime – which is still a bourgeoisie aesthetic of a subject that contemplates the overwhelming forces of Nature from a safe place. The Dionysian Anartist provokes a catastrophe in space and throws his body in the midst of a bloc of becomings to participate in an intense uncoded event. It’s the same difference that occurs between watching big waves from the beach, imagining the horror of being overwhelmed by their impact, or provoking a big wave in order to surf its power-mana until it breaks with the arrival of police.



Figure 5-6. Non-authorized intervention in Berlin, 2015.

WE ARE DANCING
BLACK HOLES IN THE
AGE OF SACRIFICE...



OUTSIDE THE SPACE, OUTSIDE THE TIME, OUTSIDE THE BODY

The Dionysian figure that dances with chaos is another name for Acephale, the mythic shamanic figure created by Bataille and André Masson. The headless figure of the Acephale is characterized by a cosmic body with a chaos-labyrinth in his belly. A body without organs, as Artaud would say, whose concept was later remodulated in Deleuze and Guattari's BwO (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987). The body plays a relevant role in the practice of the Anartist, as well as the capitalist form of space and time that incorporate and tame it. In fact, the network of apparati that captures urban life is designed by the logic of exchange to produce and reproduce an organized and disciplined body responding to a capitalist function. In the society of neoliberal control, the body is called to desire its slavery. Body's expression is always codified within rhythms and organs of capture and separation that inserts its libido in a productive series to extract surplus. This organized body acts in a variable architecture of attractors distributed in a space that regulates the intensity of the libido and its mana in an extensive axiomatic. The capitalist urban space is designed to harness flows in its fascicular functions. Capitalist urban space has a refrain of production and reproduction that evolves by adding innovative segments and axioms within its matrix. The site-specific intervention of the Anartist consists in disturbing this expansive automatic rhythm by creating an "arrhythmia" (Lefebvre, *Rhythmanalysis*, 2004) - that opens a line of flight of time, desire, and affects. This catastrophe of space-time is also a destratification of the flesh. Every disruption is a sort of flesh-mob! Through disturbanist intervention, the Anartist destratifies his body from the organ of capture. This intense passage from the discontinuity of a disciplined body to the continuum of a super-ject of sensations and perceptions constitutes a radical Event from which the Anartist extracts Dionysian intensity-experience. This telluric experience is political because it generates an indeterminate shift in the space and in the body's vitality. It's like a micro-riot that, most of the time, calls for the counter-intervention of confused police. When the police come to block the Anartist interventions, they do not really know how to behave because the fixed referents of the established space-time have dissolved, together with the effect of reality that they produce. Also, the police are thrown into a fluctuating performance, in an interspace of ambiguity between art and a dark antagonist symbolism. If the Black Bloc's aura protects me from capitalist recuperation, art is the screen against police. I can always say that it is art before they arrest me!



Figure 7-8. Non-authorized Intervention in Suvilahti, Helsinki, 2013.

Although the Anartist intervention appears to be triggered by a political litigation, it unfolds more as a form of dissensus based on a-signification, rhythms, and pre-verbal excess than a fully counter-political articulation. This happens when a body does not stay in its place. The real political act is not to remind the citizens of Helsinki that Europe is using Libya as a concentration camp for migrants, nor even less to propose a political solution, but rather to create a space of indeterminacy and dissensus in everyday urban space: a noise in the refrain. I know that the political effect of my intervention to change the situation in Libya is zero. I do not want to solve the problems of the world. Instead, I want to deface the controlled space-time by affecting my locality with an active deterritorialization. My flesh needs to rebel and provoke the public space that organizes my libido and other flows.

In my interventions, I feel the expression of a continuum that erases the dominant partition of the sensible in order to reveal symptoms of rebellion in space. The Anartist infects the ordinary with the extraordinary without falling in the trap of urban entertainment. My Anartist practice is directly connected with the need to carve an “existential territory” beyond the boring role assigned to the consumer in the everyday super-market. I search for a sacred contact with a primary chaotic experience, with the deterritorializing forces of the Earth that unground the certainty of urban space. The cracks that the Anartist generates in the everyday signification can have different depth. Some interventions can generate thin telluric lines over the urban signification and others can trigger deeper morphological landslides in the organized mana. In this second case, my body is thrown into Dionysian becoming with the catastrophe of the commodified space-time. In this deformation, the becomings unfold without design and something occult is revealed through synchronicity and a-causalities. In these occasions, I have the sensation to rip off the Veil of what Nick Land names the “Old Ones” that turn the Wheel. (Land, Fanged Noumena, 2012)





Figure 9-10. Non-authorized intervention, Helsinki, 2018.



THE HETERON AND THE BLACK SUN: A SORCEROUS PROPHECY

Many times, supporters of the Common refer to Deleuze & Guattari but fail to explain how it is possible to construct a Common on Difference. Many theorists end up stressing the “conjunctive” side of the disjunctive synthesis in opposition to digital “connection” (Berardi, *And. Phenomenology of the end*, 2014). Actually, the disjunctive dimension in D&G is primary (deterritorialization is the first movement). Becoming is driven by a paradoxical dissonant resonance that never reaches Hegelian synthesis, and which produces a chaosmotic actualization destined to deterritorialize again under the disjunctive emergence of new virtual attractors. Difference can only be ambiguously anarchist and schizophrenic and cannot be “commonist”. Otherwise, we should think that all the movement of metamorphosis is simply reduced to the actualization of heterogeneous assemblages but this synthesis, as soon as it crystallizes, disintegrates again under the action of internal disjunctive forces of Difference. When a new disjunction starts to emerge the Common is forced to block this internal deterritorialization and becomes an identity apparatus that, according to the Commonists, should attack Capitalism. This is all total non-sense that blocks *mana*! As I see it, Deleuze’s ethical-aesthetic (Guattari is more ambiguous) is constituted by a BwO that keeps the dynamics of virtual-disjunctions ongoing. In my opinion, this deterritorializing dynamic has been closely approximated only by Black Bloc’s Heteron until now. This injection of virtuality is possible for the impersonal use of the Black Bloc mask as a “transpersona marker”. This simple quilt-marker allows the creation of a war-machine as expression of the deterritorializing metamorphosis, without recurring to political subjectivities and projects. The will of power is not subjective but is rather impersonal Difference.

The Anartist as “transpersona marker” can be one but can also be a multiplicity-swarm, continuing and remodulating the potential tendency of the Black Bloc line of flight. The Anartist realizes the deterritorializing Black Bloc imperative: WE ARE EVERYWHERE. The Anartist’s Heteron, that simulates the Black Bloc Heteron, can be an expanding swarm that re-invests the mythological counter-capital of the Black Bloc’s Heteron with new lines of flight. The Anartist’s Heteron could invade the metropolis with an expansive counter-field of emergence. It would be a natural symbiotic alliance between Black Bloc mythology and its Anartist agent of deterritorialization: a machinic machinism. Each intervention of each Anartist in urban space is a potential line of flight that starts from Black mythology and produces a bifurcating surplus code of Black mythology. This mythology that counter-accumulates can be invested again and again with new desiring lines of flight, cutting the structure of the urban design and catalyzing it into a propulsive Black Sun. In fact, anyone with sufficient courage, desire and creativity, can wear a black balaclava and a black dress and produce a site-specific action of “dissensus” (Rancière, *Dissensus*, 2010). Whoever wishes to do so can infect the space with black sorcery. He or she, with a black balaclava, can start an adrenalinic sacred fest. In this fest, the Anartist extracts a symbol from the chaosmosis. This symbol becomes counter-accumulated as a Black mythology for an emerging Black war-machine driven by a differen-

tial virtual quasi-cause. In fact, the Anartist's Heteron is an exciting desiring machine that triggers new lines of flight. Each line of flight gives rise to a new virtual attractor for a new, more exciting line of flight. The Anartist mask, as "transpersona marker", allows anyone in the swarm to express his pure differential singularity through an urban intervention without any mediation. At the same, the transpersona mask prevents the dispersion of the lines and allows to accumulate a mythological counter-capital that can be reinvested by other Anartists in new lines of flight. The Heteron of the Anartist could therefore unleash an expanding subversive catalysis within the capitalist medium – which, however, remains open to disjunctive lines of flight without ever achieving a central organization. This machinism could transform urban space into a plane crossed by lines of flight that could catalyze in an antagonist expansive mythology able to challenge the capitalist one. The Black mythology could become a strong hyperstitional attractor. This Black Sun growing in the Spectacle would never reach the foundational transcendence of a cosmic order but it would always be deterritorialized by emerging dark precursors, triggering new lines of flight. The Heteron of Anartist, understood as a multiplicity of singularities, could generate a continuous chaosmogony never concluded in a fully ordered cosmology that would legitimize the hierarchy of a privileged cast of sorcerers. In this way the city, born as a sacred space, then affected by the secularization of Capitalism, could regain the space of appearance of a minor sacred, emerging through bastard becoming. This event could re-activate the flesh of the world and its desire. This idea could be taken as a delirium of power, but the Heteron of Anartists is a prophetic, fictional, and anachronistic hyperstition that is, however, very real in my praxis. The Anartists practice is unspacely – because it tends to deterritorialize the urban space – but also, untimely, because it relates to a fiction for a people yet to come. Every intervention I perform, which de-actualizes time from the design of its space, is part of a larger hyperstitional tensor. Besides this, every intervention of the Anartist unleashes an involutive mythology that tends to constitute its plane of becoming. The Anartist character emerges from the plane-refrain as an avatar that leads me to a Gnostic contact with the refrain of the Earth opening my sensitivity to its telluric forces. The Anartist interventions in the urban space are inspired by this force of deterritorialization. In this sense, the power of the false perpetuated by the Hyperstition is a power that arises from material telluric forces, as if there were no separation between fiction, reality, desire, and matter in the Mechanosphere. In this sense, the Anartist practice is close to that of a sorcerer who invokes and evokes the spirit of the res intensa through affects, intuitions, and interventions drawn by the infinite speed of the plane of immanence. As the magician philosopher of the Renaissance Giordano Bruno writes, the Anartist establishes an erotic alley between finite and infinite: an "eroico furore" (heroic fury).



Figure 11-12. Non-authorized intervention in Venice Biennale, 2017.

“Death in Venice. Contemporary Chinese Slavery” was realized in 2017 with the participation of Nathan Hendrickson (USA), Huisi He (China), Gian Luigi Biagini (Italy/Finland) and photographed by Emanuela Bianconi (Italy). Huisi was heavily fined for showing her naked body in a manufactured China box. The intervention was an ambiguous ritual evoking a sexy Chinese doll (productive commodification) and the specter of female workers dying from overwork in China.

BLACK BLOC'S PERSONA AS CONTENTED FIELD OF FORCES

Black Bloc is a fuzzy anomaly whose origins cannot be precisely established. I try to draw an iconoclastic line from Malevich's Suprematism (the black square), Dadaism, Situationism, and Punk. This iconoclastic line runs through the phases of capitalist urbanization and draws a plane where art and politics fuse in an expressive speech-act. Even though Black Blocs appeared on the scene in the 80s, they became super-visible in the spectacular riot of Genoa G8 in 2001. From this event onward they have since acquired more speed and contagion, causing riots in many parts of the world – during Occupy Wall Street as well as many times after. I have always been fascinated by the “seductive” power, in the sense of Jean Baudrillard, of Black Bloc's style (Baudrillard, *Selected Writings*, 2001). Their a-significative, transversal, symbolic and pre-verbal violence that skirts radical street art, and cannot even be subsumed into a leftist articulation. However, I have noticed that Black Blocs have entered a new phase after being infected by the antifascist Antifa. They have assumed a more articulated left-wing attitude in opposition to the growing neo-Nazi movement and have been recaptured by a structural representation constructed for oppositions. This is due to Trump's election and the growth of white supremacists in US and neo-Nazi movements in EU. Even as I understand this shift, I unreasonably prefer the previous Black Bloc phase that was driven by the notion of “contrary” instead of “opposite”. By “contrary” I mean a more “ambiguous” and transversal counter-signification that does not remain stuck in a reactive anti-representation. I prefer a line that unfolds through a seductive bastard difference instead of territorializing in a pure militant identity given by the prefix anti-. The Anartist remodulates the Black Bloc line of flight in a way that diverges from the current phase-shift twisting its interpretation in a diagram of contending forces of enunciation.

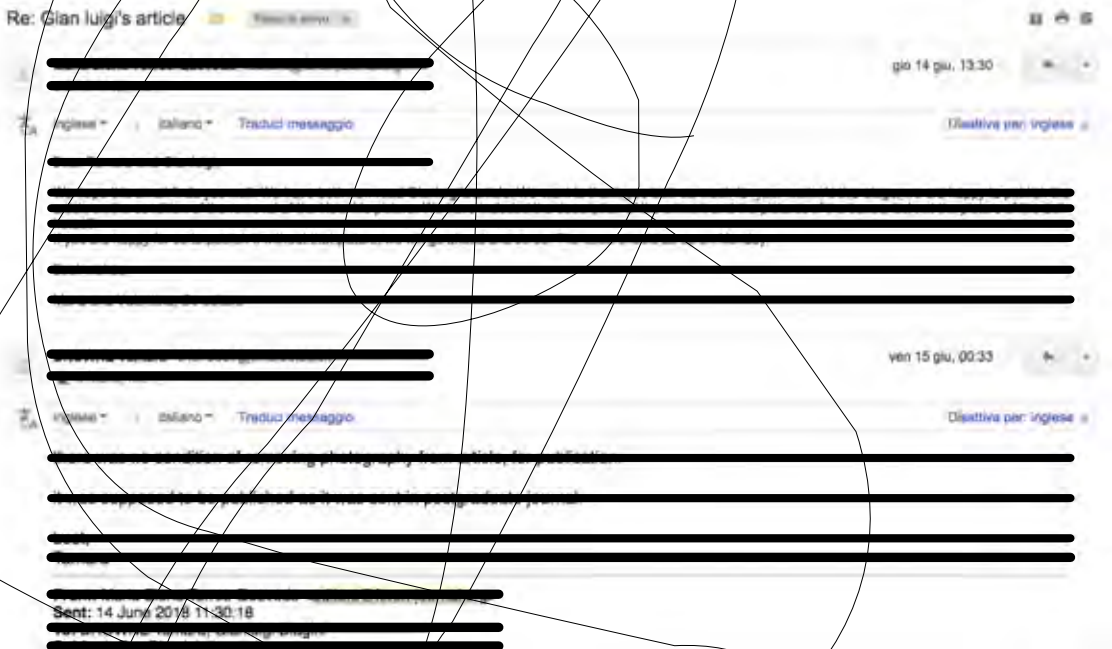


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Epistemological Trouble 4

A PARADOX. ARTISTIC RESEARCH AS FORM OF CENSORSHIP ON ART EXPRESSION. (EXCHANGE OF MAILS)



The editor of the Journal was communicating to me and my mother-tongue editing tutor that they wanted to publish at the condition of the removal of the Huisi He picture, the one where she was naked in the box. My mother-tongue tutor, who had collaborated with me to put the text in a correct English, answered before me. She wrote that there was no condition of removing photography from article, for publication. It was supposed to be published as it was sent to the journal.

15 giv 2018, 10:55

Nothing personal. All the best

Gianluigi Diagini <g.dagini@unige.it>

15 sep 2018, 11:23

Glenn L. Ljung

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

colletta.

Travelled overseas with

Positive men women

The editor was writing that the picture of the woman (the naked artist Huisi He) was re-inscribing the objectification that was claiming to denounce. That the image was also an image which raised the suspect of a circumstantiated “racism”¹, and that several external academics agreed it came across as exploitative and offensive. In her writing I should consider that they were not an art journal but an academic journal run by university.

This claim came out at the end, just a day before the deadline of publication, after I had worked for long with the tutor they had assigned to me for the language. I find this attitude so arrogant.

Yes but how can you say that re-inscribes objectification when there is the subjective will of an artist/woman to do that? Who is the transcendent moral agent who decides on the will of the artist/woman? On the contrary the objectification is performed just by the arrogance of the moralist who see "objectification" in an act of free will. But the academy is in place where people think and produce culture or a place of conformism. I think the conflict and the agony of controversy is necessary to think. There are always divergent interpretations on reality or we want to spread a Stalinist dogma on reality. However you take your ethical responsibility on your censorship of free expression. Counterculture? C. What?

Gian Luigi

10. ITM-1

Cullerco

Transfer responsibility

Drinking per capita

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The editor wrote that what art “does” is really down to the observer. They were not deciding on my will as artist (*with this censorship*) but they wanted to take care of the “observer” (*but is university or elementary school? Then all of this happened in the age of internet “free porn”*). They continued that they wanted decide on the message which arrives to the “reader”, (*is this not censorship camouflaged by pedagogy?*). Finally they closed with a moralist, also heroic, rhetoric to justify the censorship of a scandalous naked woman (*even Chinese*) probably under the brainwash of two white males (*suspected of racism and probably toxic sexual rapists*); The editors (*all women*) were writing that “conformism” would be ignoring the conscience of their critical judgement and being told what to do (*so they were the liberal with a sacred individual conscience and I was the fascist*) and they added (*with an emphasis as defendants of civilization*) which is not going to happen! (Yes, *they were heroically resisting the implicit fascism of art expression through their stubbornly brave censorship! And this was a number on “Counterculture”?*)

They also added that they had already anticipated me that there were rules (*that of course only them as editors knew*) and if I did not like the rules I was free to not publish (*they wrote me this few hours before the established date of publication, after I had already done all the work and I had also involved another person/editing-tutor?*). They continue that submit to their rules is not censorship because I could also choose not to publish. (*According this logic a movie that is cut in the scene where a naked body appears is not under censorship, because the director could also decide of not projecting the movie at all if he did not like the censorship! And all this happened in a Journal on Artistic Research! In a number on Counter-Culture! Sorry, I need to puke...*)

They added that, unfortunately, they were not interested in arguing on this topic with me, and at this time (*they have chosen all the times*). They wrote



that would be free labour on their part. (*And my free labour for their journal? Are they even “snob”?*)

I think they started with a snobbish rhetoric and they fell victim of it until the parody of themselves. I do not say that all the members of University are in this way...sometimes are even more arrogant. My grandma, who made just the second elementary school (*the rest of my family did few better*) and is almost 100 years old, is used to say that one can be the number one at school but the last in

life. Even if I am not a lover of the familial origin, I cannot forbid me to compare the modesty of my grandma with the spiteful ignorance of these comments that border on that of the “idiot savants”. (*Nothing personal, just to make a photography.*)

GROUP IDENTITIES 1. A TROUBLE IN GENDER TROUBLE

In the end, I was forced to accept the exclusion of the photo of the Chinese artist in the cardboard box because of her nudity, as a condition for the publication of the article. I could comment at length about this but it seems to me that the exchange of e-mail says it all. In addition, it is not the first time that this “image” had created problems for me. Already the reviewer of a famous American journal of social criticism, a woman, had addressed me with the same accusations as the editor of this journal. In that case, since the reviewing process was at the beginning, I decided not to submit to the censorship of the magazine. I did not want to submit to the reviewer’s judgment and justify the interpretation that I and the artist Nathan Hendrickson, as white males, were two examples of the toxic masculinity of a patriarchal rapist culture who were trying to exploit a female of an “inferior race”. In reality, these judgments are only transference of the prejudices of white Anglo-Saxon women who have achieved high levels of power in the academy by exploiting an ideology and making it a field of study. As if a Chinese woman, an international artist who has also received important grants in the USA, did not have the autonomy to decide her own actions. This is a racist transference of an highly-educated Anglo-Saxon white woman prey to the hubris of her own sexist, racist, supremacist ideology that gives rise to a will to power as transcendent reification of an identity subjectivity based on gender that feels omnipotent. The subjectivity based on identity is rigid and cannot self-sacrifice to enter in a becoming-imperceptible as the Anartist does.

The prototype of the white supremacist feminist is already present in Saint-Simonism, a sect of progressive engineers who saw the emergence of this dominant subjectivity as the necessary and apical development of technology. If today we consider that the contraceptive pill, abortion, female-oriented divorce and self-insemination have changed the relations between the sexes in favor of the female we can say that Saint-Simonism has achieved its utopia. Today a female can choose male sperm on-line with a digit and can inseminate her vagina by herself. A female can practically design her future child without having to go through a direct sexual relationship with a male. The female can have on-line access to a DNA bank of male sperm, which under this pressure has already reduced its fertility by 50% in the last 50 years. This technological autonomy gives the cy-female, which realized the feminist dream of the cyborg, a selective advantage and an unprecedented superiority over the male. The woman no longer wants to be confined in the private and reproductive sphere and desires to become the protagonist of the public productive sphere by subjecting the male to a double pressure. In fact, the male, who could not have children, was relegated to a role in the public sphere by the Church-agriculture material establishment and the female in a reproductive private sphere to look after the children.

This sexual complementarity was guaranteed by the sacred contract of marriage. However, after the contraceptive pill, abortion and female-oriented divorce, not to say self-insemination, this complementary order and sacred contract broke. This singularity gave selective power to the woman which started forcing men in a competition to acquire success in the public sphere, in order to be sexy for exigent women that now started dominating the selection. This pressure was then intensified when women started competing with men to be leaders in the public sphere. The male was pushed to obsolescence in this competition, the male, does not have anymore sexual power to exchange with a female that is completely autonomous. The male can just give his sperm to a data bank. This pressure of the progressive emancipation of the female, not so much from Patriarchy but from the state of nature based on hunting, then agriculture, then industry, is parallel to the intensification of capitalism. The pressure of the female on the male, which marked its passage from private sphere to public was also a necessary capitalist push for the male toward Capitalism. Now, with the invasion of the public sphere the female is the Capitalist subject. Beyond that, feminism, changing the object of social struggle from Capitalism to "Patriarchy", has channelled on itself an immense support from the capitalist system and this sudden empowerment has marked the occupation of the University by politicized feminists as a group identity based on "gender theory", as an ideology that has become normative in the University. I never know if I can use the male subject "he" when I write. Many male academics just write "she" even in reference to a "male" or to themselves.

This goes hand in hand with the capitalist development that must eliminate all traditional remains in order to be able to unfold without any resistance. The interchangeability of gender goes in the direction of the total exchange of the unisex model that is female oriented. New generations that live in a female-oriented environment acquire a female-attitude. Even their bodies are more androgynous and bi-sexual with respect to their father and even more to their grandfathers. This current is intensified by an ideology against Patriarchy. However, if one analyses the co-evolutive intertwining between male and female-relationships from the state of nature, let's say from hunting, one can realize that this is determined by the relationships of power and puissance between nature and technology that form a convolutive field where it is not possible to establish a Patriarchy with a male will of domain over female. Who invented the technology that allowed the woman to become independent from the state of nature? Predominantly the male; even if the state of nature of hunting, based on the force of the body, was a perfect selective environment for the power of the male. Even the contraceptive pill was invented by a male. So the becoming of the power-relations between male and female is an intertwined convolutive field, and wanting to assign the evolutionary active-force to the feminist political will and the conservative force to the male, means making a cut and extracting an identity segment (a group identity) from a hybrid and convoluted field formed by a multiplicity distributed everywhere. This is the transcendence of violence of every politicized "group identity" that once identified as force wants to impose its current subject-identity normativity on a living and complex, virtual, dark, heterogeneous, transversal, convoluted becoming. This is a problem not only of

feminism but of any group identity and it also marks the difference between the politics of the virtual of the Anartist from the politics of the militant of a group identity. It is not enough to put together different identities in a project to access a politics of Difference. The group identity remains a policy based on a multiplicity of micro-narrative and micro-representations that find the glue in a great eschatological narrative based on a common enemy...the heterosexual white male as an exponent of a patriarchal rapist culture. This is an hypostatization of the subjectivity through a defined enemy extracted from a complex field.

As I have already written, when I draw a definition to construct a minoritarian political actual subject as a bearer of justice, I must define what is outside these boundaries as “injustice”. This is a problem related to a politics based on the actual, and the representation and privilege of clarity of the Enlightenment. The becoming-imperceptible of the Anartist goes in a different direction but necessarily meets the aberrant interpretations based on the prejudice of clarity of the group identity that cannot conceive the existence of undefined imperceptible-entities and a dark ecology based on rogue objects that move in non-Cartesian spaces. This does not mean that in a certain intervention I cannot find an alliance with feminist issues, as in the case of Trump Tower, but this is only just a tactical pretext to engender a more radical chaos in the actuality of the urban space, to participate in a Dionysian becoming. I use the mask of feminist group identity with the mask of Black Bloc to engender a heterogeneous assemblage that is purely expressive as super-ject. It’s not an actual political subject with a political project. Is this immoral for a militant discipline? I do not know, I can only be what I feel, and I cannot belong to a group identity. I must bring together the “sin” and the “seen” of being an “infidel”. Is this a sign of my male chauvinism? I do not think so, because I would not belong to any group identity based on “maleness”, either. Maybe just temporarily, in order to create disruption in a female establishment. But my involvement is only partial and nomadic. It is relative to the breaking of an instituted representation that is my political enemy. Even if I have sympathy for this evil that triggers my disruption. The limit is potential. But my intervention is not triggered by a political ideology but by the excess of the flesh that wants to reach a body without organs. Is this body political? I guess yes.

This politics of group identities that is particularly strong in the disciplines of humanities, as for example in artistic research, engenders a molar obstacle to the molecular expression of the Anartist whose intervention tries to de-actualize the segment of “fiction” implemented as “reality” by an apparatus of clear representation that obstructs the intense mystic connection with the becoming of the Earth. The feminism is entangled with the symbolic World when the Anartist with the material forces of the Earth that cannot be tamed in a classical political project. Not only this, but I think the New Left is based on a misinterpretation of Deleuze, but also of Guattari. I think we cannot reduce the chaosmosis to a narrative of many micro-narratives based on group identities. The molecular is something more radical and also imperceptible. This misinterpretation of D&G is based on a conflation of the virtual with the actual. The problem is that the academy offers the ground for the legitimation of this misinterpretation. My “praxis” is always considered not so much heretical as wrong and dangerous.

Because of this, some reviewers reject my writing with acid disgust. But is it not a feature of art to also provoke these kind of reactions?

Nevertheless these limits defined by group identities, that renew a separation between sacred and profane, are also the propulsive vital call for transgression and deterritorializing sacrifice of the Anartist that is in excess with respect to every contour. The Anartist is a bastard and must pay for the luxury of his or her position. The fact that the urban and conceptual space are divided according to a dominant partition, does not stop the becoming of the Anartist towards a body without organs where the intensities can circulate freely. The Anartist itself can be defined, not only as a difference in itself that emerges mystically from its own refrain-power, but also as an excessive intensity attracted by the overcoming of what limits it. The encounter with the limit of definition is that which provokes and triggers the potential for the indefinite advancing in the body without organs. This affirmation can be defined as the profanation of the sacred holy but also as the irruption of a heretic sacred in the profane space of Capitalism (The Worldly). The Anartist brings the deterritorializing vibration of the Earth, involved in a chaomic becoming, into the profane space of the World. In this sense, a sacrifice is also a Gnostic revelation and an alchemical symbolic production for a hyperstitional mythology. The Anartist brings the intensity of the origin before every origin, the ungrund in the grund, the primordial snake of chaos in the cosmological foundation of the human territory, the darkness in the light. If it's true that in cosmology light wins and the chthonic forces are tamed, in the chaosmology there is still a struggling twilight resulting from a paradoxical labyrinthine force at the origin. An original schism, as Bataille would put it, or a "striving RIFT between Earth and World" to use Heidegger's metaphor, that engenders all Difference (Deleuze). The Anartist, through its interventions, is an avatar of the elemental forces of an intense chaosmosis that happens not only in the urban space but also in the chaosmogony of the Singleton that produces, territorializes, and deterritorializes the biosphere. Because of this, the politics of the Anartist cannot be considered entirely secular, actual or profane. It's a politics that deals with a metaphysical plane and concerns a different episteme that cannot be compared with the one of the actual politics: be it of the Left, the Right, or some other Group Identity politics.

GROUP IDENTITY 2. GREEN ECOLOGY AND DARK ECOLOGY

The line of flight of the intervention follows the RIFT in a transgressive becoming of the establishment that is the proper politics concerning art in itself without the addition of any ideology. It's just a libidinal excess in tune with deterritorialization and its mystic experience. The difference between the Artist and the Anartist is that the artist operates in a coded medium with a transcendent signifier that captures its line of flight in a painting, for example. One can see the RIFT between Earth and World in a painting and the diagrammatic shape of the tension is the style of a certain name; i.e., its singular haecceity in the telluric striving. The Anartist instead operates directly in the capitalist

flow, whose totalitarian overcoding spreads where there is a concentration of dangerous potentiality for the expression of singularity and its contagion. The more there is potential, the more there is repression: “urban space”, “art system”, “academy”.

The Anartist escapes the definition of Artist but just to intensify the origin of its ungrund “origin”. I think that Artistic Research cannot exclude the “origin” of the work of art in favor of a superficial, signified, cultural, and Worldly “ideology” that excludes the “proper” of the art as “striving”. There is a “political” that is just proper to the origin of art. It’s a politics of the Rift and its serpentine moving that is symbolically revealed in the gothic line of a gothic church. The Heideggerian Rift can also be expressed as intense phylum by D&G. The politics of the Anartist is ecological but in a wide sense that considers *res intensa* and not simply *res extensa*. The *res intensa* marks a Dark Ecology that is not just Green as a naturalist scientific matter. However, I do not want too reify the Dark Ecology into a profane materialist view as some object-oriented philosopher would like to do. The Mechanosphere can only reveal itself but cannot be known, simply because we are expressions of it. This also opens many fundamental questions that the theory of Global Warming, as in its usual positivist attitude, does not consider. For all I know, the striving of the Earth could be also a suicidal striving and human species and their World emerges just for this scope. I must at least consider this hypothesis without fearing to look into the abyss and get depressed. Instead, the mainstream considers the Earth as positive and the human as evil. For Heidegger, the disaster is due to the ontic reduction of Being into technology (that is an alienated form of *tecnè*) which represses the Earth’s expression with an over-inflection of the World. I sense this too, I feel it in my flesh, in my becoming-animal, this is what pushes me toward the Earth’s strife. But what if also the ontic turn of the human species, that has produced a cage that is not even World but Globe, is also a schizophrenic suicidal push of the Earth itself that has created the hand of men (in Italian “*mano*”) as deterritorialized organ to kill Her-self. The “*mano*” (hand) of the man is then abstracted in the “mind” (*manos*). The mind becomes instrumental as a “hand” (*mano*) and the evolution from tools to technology can be driven by Earth. If this view were correct the Earth would desire to kill herself “*propria manu*” (Latin language).

Are we sure we can separate the biological evolution from the technological and cultural? And that this intertwining is not just the unfolding of a biological evolution? Can we not see this biological evolution as a cosmic evolution? A sort of omega-point coevolution that is beyond Good and Evil. We can also see the chaosmos as an entropic deterritorialization and as a will of each body to transcend themselves in other bodies through a sort of suicide/sacrifice. It’s the consumption of the “*ignis*”. As Debord and Situationist were used to declaim: *in girum imus nocte et consumimur igni*. Even the Earth, so much as the Situationist, could have the drive to dissipation and the tendency to use man for this purpose.

The Earth could be just a perverse toxic child-girl that wants to reach an overdose of intoxication. In this case “hu-man” would be just a “virus”. Of course, this is just a hypothesis, but this ground is enough for not belonging to any pre-constituted narrative as ideology and their constitution of group identi-

ty. There are too many bifurcations and possibilities to accept a narrative as THE narrative. This is immoral and anti-political, no? Perhaps, but maybe it brings forth an idea of the political that is purely immanent, a-signifying, anti-cultural, that is typical of the art's striving that has something to do with "punk" in a general sense. If this immanent "violence" exists at the level of the rift, the Anartist expresses this ontological anxiety refusing every ideological comfort zone in a group identity that brings justice and progress. Justice for the Anartist is just an "obscure pre-verbal push" that dismantles every instituted truth which does not resist the push as affirmation of something deep, subversive and telluric. In this sense even the Anartist is a dissipative force of the Earth. It accomplishes, with its speculative narcissism, the desire of its Mother (Mater) Nature.

"THE BAROQUE ART OF ACCELERATING AND SLOWING DOWN": I.E. RELAYING ISABELLE STENGERS THROUGH ERIK BORDELEAU

Catacomic Proemio

Even if this text is probably the most academic in its axiology and referentiality to Stengers' essay and its chain of relays, one can perceive still evil schizo-forces of the "outside" impinging on the axis. These forces curve the axis of reason a little bit, they give a monster schizo-shift to the signifier which performs a joyful but macabre non-linear dance of weird relays. Indeed, the heterogeneous "concretion" that comes forth by this machinic "tour de force" is still a cross-over between art, philosophy and literature. Even if my essay is philosophically well-founded, its scope is too large and occult to be treated with the precise form of a philosophical academic "meter". The text-machine relays Stengers to becoming-Anartist and the Anartist to becoming-Stengers in a paradoxical schizo-chasm which reverts the "positions" more than one time. Like the infinitesimal rounding rounds of a baroque harpsichord that always turns its scales in an infinite play. This unnatural machinic assemblage between high and low ranks of the academic research will produce stammering catacomic effects and pataphisic affects to reveal the schizo-cartography of the Anartist's "obscure concern". Because this concern cannot be defined, not even by the "me-the-writer", I recuse every "objectivist" judgment concerning the outline of the Anartist (like solipsistic, 1900sque and so on...). Nevertheless, I will not subtract the fleeting figure of the Anartist to a relay-encounter with the Bordeleau-Stengers-Guattari's assemblage.

I could just say that my approach to the Anartist is obscurely esthetical and in excess to every causal, copulative, syntactic signifier. In this way, I could close every discourse on the Anartist's contours! I could say that all the possible causalities of this World do not exhaust the principle of sufficient reason of the virtual. It is also my right of artist to relay only inhuman forces outside of this superficial World, to connect with the depth of the Earth! But the "human box construct" still will force me to provide "too human" answers. Those too humans, who criticize me with their academic whipping arguments, would nonsensically still accuse me to be a "solipsistic Black Hole", when this being "withdrawn" is the mysterious essence of the "aesthetic paradigm" (to mention Guattari). It's the effect of the "essential" authentic "nomadism" which contrasts with the inauthentic "tourism" of the academic world. However, because I am generous and slightly masochistic in my Deleuzian/Guattarian relays, I do not subtract from the challenges that the "objectile," and its luring encounters, offers me. Every counter-wind for me is an opportunity for a counter-line of flight. This is my "resistant openness" ... a paradoxical open island I want to explore ... a going counter toward...

One could enjoy better my text if he or she could read Stengers' text before mine; but it should already make sense in itself, as a spinning machine

folding the other text in itself. This is the natural form of the Anartist relay: a long penetrating vertical screw...

Ps: This composition is heavily influenced by the Italian alchemist composer Antonio Vivaldi, his muse Dorilla and the contralto singer Andreas Scholl. It's an assemblage that, in its acoustic grafts with D&G schizo-relaying philosophy, forms the Chaotic Axiology and the Bifurcating Ontology of this phenomenautical writing-machine, whose only endeavor is to turn the dust of the Academy into witchy molecular Stardust!

(You can laugh if you want!)

Misplaced Entr'acte

One day I was wandering in the "desert island" of my impoverished life of "spinning bubbler" when I met by chance a true scholar. He looked nice, smart and wise, even very cunning with his words, so we exchanged some papers. After reading some of my writing he suggested me that, in his view, my attitude was too radical and reflected an old style (circa 1900) with its intransigent demolition of group identities, the Rainbow Movement and "political correctness". He frankly told me that, with my attitude, I would suffer—isolated in a solipsistic spinning "Black Hole" that only resonates in itself... He also added that I would lose potentiality of infection if I did not relay with the leftist "movement" and the actual multi-multi "protest". I imagined myself shipwrecked, laying on the sand of an isolated tropical beach. The island was my safe ground. I named this luxurious island the Anartist. He added that, after 40 years of inefficacy, my anarchist position may have become obsolete and sterile. (Yes, I thought, I should find at least a harem of young muses on my island... I want to be like Marlon Brando in "Apocalypse Now".) However, because I respect my friend's opinion I decided to accept his relay and to confront the attitude of the Anartist with his virtual "curettage". He straightly suggested me to read Stengers's "Relaying War Machine?"; which I must say is an interesting essay included in the collection "Guattari's effect", curated by Erick Alliez. Here, provoked by this wise, or better "caution", as Stengers would write, suggestion of my friend, I wish to discuss briefly this essay based on Stengers-Guattari and to find a "relay" between Stengers' text and the Anartist's schizo-being. I do not want to withdraw from the productive challenge that my friend posed. However, the relay will necessarily be an agonistic "differend", in the style of the Anartist; because it would be completely useless to relay Stengers to something that does not exist, just for spirit of academic moderation. What knowledge would come from churning out a relay with nothing? Even if the presence of the Anartist is already something questionable, its contours are not definable in the actual, it can only be relayed as "Anartist" and not as something else. From here you have already understood the unnatural assemblage we are relaying.

Therefore, the Anartist schizo-virtual relays will spur from the authentic internal difference which composes it—in itself propulsive but also clinamically

corrosive—when it relays to the “lure” of its outside. It consumes and is consumed in its prehensions like every force in play. This consumption is the reason of our aging, dying and transforming into something else. Despite the fact that some relays have more stored energy and a situational “best position” than others, everybody is destined to be consumed, digested and transformed. Life is inherently cannibalistic. And we civilized humans are all still cannibals, even if the strata of the psyche have evolved into a culture which conceals our deepest nature. The stronger the “*élan vital*” of two relays, the more violent the cannibalism. The prehension of the event is always a cannibal “forcing”. Even thinking is a “forcing” as Deleuze puts it. In “Difference and Repetition” Deleuze writes that difference is a process of combustion: the violent spark of dark precursors that inject ever new intensive propulsive becomings when they encounter new difference. In its continuously mutating plane of composition, the forces in play in our dynamic system fold and are folded in machines that open new potentials, new virtualities, and new plateaus in a weird mutating landscape between the virtual and the actual. We are explorers of the morphology of our mutating islands in the chaos. When walking we relay to a mutating landscape: it’s in our kinesthetic nature. Our prehensions from chaosmotic relays engender accelerations and decelerations in baroque perspectival assemblages whose cooperative/destructive productivity is a contingent event of accumulations and thresholds and not an act of will directed by a centralized abstract subject and its ethic. We are immersed in the mutation of our action-sensor becoming before every ek-static representation...

Actually, one could disseminate “lures” and “catalyst” around to catch a relay, as he catches fishes by the shore of an island, but this intentionality would not be really “immanent”. A true catalysis can only be spontaneous and immanent in the becoming of a life; and unpredictable too. Like Deleuze’s shipwrecked of “Desert Island” and its creative becoming.

This is why, just to respond to an argument of my friend Bordeleau, as Anartist I live the Heteron of the Anartist(s) as virtual hyperstition and I refuse a more “metastable” actualization. The mask is a catalyzing lure, but I cannot go around to make instrumental propaganda to sell my idea. I would fall in fake ek-static utilitarianism, in the reification and commodification of my obscure concern. The synthesis must be as spontaneous as an Event. I am a “life”, not a subject. I can only inject my machine-interventions (urban and hyperstitional writing) in the destruction of this World and the creation of a new Earth. But just for an obscure urgent concern! I can inspire a collective heterogenous catalysis with my action, because as Arendt says, whatever phenomenon (new beginning) comes forth in public is itself a “political” appearance; but differently from Arendt or Badiou, I cannot pass from the superject to a subject of will and its ethics, because self-control would interrupt the mystically materialist work of the continuum. I intend politics like a Renaissance alchemist and not as a man of the Enlightenment. I am convinced that the superject which gives me a meta-stable human form, as new beginning (Saint Augustine), knows better than me what must happen. I want to keep my connection with this creative “It”. Maybe I am panspsychist and a Mesmerist! This is why I must return always to the experience of the pre-subjective and more-than-subjective superject through the disruptive

interventions which found the new beginnings of my practice. The intensification of new beginnings are events for the potentiality of a New Beginning that appears in the middle of history. It could be an a-historical spiritual art-politics which breaks with the usual utilitarian idea of politics. It could be an aionic politics, an archetypal politics and so on...in fact, my perspective is a Black 8 between Plato and Aristotle. It's faith in action, faith in an event still to come (by itself), as Derrida would say. The Event must be produced by an a-signifying continuum as a spontaneous magic "Black 8". It must be felt in its magnetism, not simply imagined. This is why I also agree with Rousseau's perspective on art and politics. In this refuse of a representational subjective ethic, I also agree with Heidegger that, because of this dangerous and oscillatory position, it is always condemned by leftist militants (especially North-American "politically correct" ones that are obsessed by ethics and epistemology). I think this superjective view of the Event is also compatible with a certain interpretation of Badiou, if I wish to take him from behind as Deleuze would do. Even if, actually, Badiou insists on militant ethics, it is only the affective trauma of the Superject that can materially ground the eventing of the Event and the constitution of the Subject with a Capital Letter. But the becoming of the eventing is obscure, it takes an uncertain virtual picture. No subject (even with Capital S) can stop the variation of the virtual and its unpredictability. Otherwise, one loses contact with the immanent contingency of becoming, as the communists, like Badiou, have always done. They abstract a rigid tangent line from a varying point, because they exchange a perspective for an axiomatic (a formed substance)... This should be easy to understand for a mathematician like Badiou... Even the Hegelian dialectic at the base of Marxism is too abstract. Especially in the Althusserian/Badiouan/Platonic interpretation, indeed a more Aristotelian interpretation of Marx would be more fruitful and also authentic. Nevertheless... to say as Badiou does... a "Subject to Truth" or to say as Deleuze/Whitehead a "Superject of the Virtual" could be just a changing of "words" but not of meanings. Here we enter in a territory of nuances that can be played differently and tactically. This why I cannot agree with the Lacanian-Platonic-Althusserian clarity of Badiou. If this axiomatic clarity of the "general" is possible in mathematical demonstration, it is not possible in the experience of human action; consequently, it cannot establish a pragmatic ground and be translated in politics, in art, or even in everyday life. Even if also Deleuze is inspired by Leibniz's "differential calculus mathematics" that is however more obscure, practical, sensitive, contingent, continuous, immanent than the axiological essentialities of set-theory. Even if then, also Deleuze and Guattari admit "aion" and a sort of timeless axiology of the Event as chaotic strange attractor. Even Leibniz, the creator of differential calculus, could admit this possibility with his idea of God, who selects the cum-possibles between the un-cum-possibles. This idea could be translated at the meta-level of strange attractors in the realm of *Natura Naturans*. But things are far more obscure than mathematical constructs when are lived. The fusional affectivity of the body still impinges on cold rational logic. This is why Deleuze has never considered too much Badiou's "sophistic" (and this is a hard blow I give to the Platonist Badiou!) attempts to relay with him as a "novelty". Deleuze has always been a snob-bish relay with the envy and admiration of Badiou. The relays between the two

have always been weak. Indeed, Badiou hides behind an excessive complexity and erudition to conceal a lack of strong new ideas. However, his rising to the challenge posed by Deleuze is admirable. We are still speaking of two Giants... one as distinct and obscure as Deleuze/Leibniz/Aristotle and the other as clear confused as Badiou/Descartes/Plato. The second can be considered as an immense effort to axiomatize the first. Badiou has tried to pin down an ungraspable chaotic butterfly which escapes defined ethics (only two advices: “be cautious in destratification” and “empower yourself in the potential of an assemblage”). This chaotic butterfly produces effects that are not under the control of a centralized political Subject-project. Badiou is like a growing big red Giant with a short and rigid Cartesian French “metre” in his hand, trying to catch in an axiomatic measure, an ungraspable black butterfly in the dark, which engenders chaotic effects everywhere. My idea under the Anartist and the Heteron is to use this virtual “butterfly” as a chaotic “quilt”, the mask, to fold a virtual-ly coordinated field of “butterflies” which repeats the original difference at the n-dimension of infinite and indefinite simulacra. In this way the repetition can make emerge a “memetic” (“meme” in French means “same”) Black Bloc-Chain...a Black Sun myth-desire in the Capitalist Urban Space. For this reason I think that the solution to the problem of meta-stability between one-many, raised by my friend Bordeleau, is not slowing down D&G as Stengers does in the essay he suggested me; and not even passing from the chaos of Deleuze to the axiomatic of Badiou. I know, so telling I burn all possible “friendly” relays with the “Badiouan Tribe”, probably I should be more “cautious” but, as artist, and especially as Anartist, I feel the bodily duty to be a suicidal “Subject to Truth”. (Laughing!).

I must admit that it is not easy for anyone to relay a super-spinning and super-brightening rotating quark on the edge of becoming-Black Hole like the Anartist! (Laughing again!). Stengers would immediately jump up on her chair of mastery and scream: “You are intensifying your “epic”! You need a “curettage”!” Giving to the word “curettage” the cynic charge of the pro-abortion feminist toward a subordinate insubordinate incoordinate low rank male’s borderline. But because I do not have pro-creative feminine organs, I should take it as a chemical castration against a potential toxic rapist male sex! Nevertheless, because I have a style and a sophisticated ear (which probably is a feminine organ) I would shift the word “curettage” to “correctage”, inflecting the word from the French root “correcteur”. I can imagine Guattari giving also this echoing diverging spin-line to the “word”. In this sense, the “correctage” would be a sort of internal automatic “sliding” of axiologically virtual lines of difference of a Differential Delta-Machine engendering a serpentine schizo-becoming. It would be like an internal servo-mechanism of a Cyborg in n-dimensions, to make Haraway happy. One can imagine a huge rhizome of knowledge-relays working through an internal curettage-correctage in an ec(h)ological schizo-niche. Stengers’ account sounds to me like an Artificial Intelligence where the relays always shift each other in a productive harmony of co-evolutive destruction and creation. It evokes the usual feminist idea of cooperative symbiosis but I would prefer a more complex schizo-machine where the difference and the

curettage-correctage is already internal to the two monads in relay, so that the relaying is much more intense, wild, incandescent and schizo because the “concreations” are more molecular, dynamic and less metastable. Difference dominates, since the infinitesimal. It is like that which appears in a composition of Domenico Scarlatti, where the scale starts scaling from the infinitesimal bit. My inflection of curettage in correctage, as if an inductive superposition, is already ec(h)ological! Therefore, since now, when I refer to this word... take it with this ec(h)ology in your mind. (You can laugh again if you want!)

The seasons of Vivaldi (extra-textual axiology of a mutant line)

There is an “obscure” “idiotic” concern even in the assemblages and their coming to light that cannot be betrayed even for tactical reason. I know this “obscure concern” has something “suicidal”, it could simply be the ungraspable ghost of the Heideggerian Being-for-Death. You can fertilize the maturation of a flower (an Event) but there is no direct relation of cause and effects between subject and object and the infinite other natural elements and circumstances that impinge on the coming-forth. Acting and thinking as a positivist, also a tendency I see in Stengers, would be a concealing of the Being-Event and its mystery. And when I mention a flower, I already refer to a stable Event of the bio-spherical design. Where the “spherical”, as also Aristotle’s *De Caelo* would put it, has its “essential” importance! It evokes a universe of cycles. Even the 4 seasons impinge on the event of the flower...not only the human “fertilizer”. However, when we refer to less metastable chaosmotic events, we are relaying to the realm of “singular anomalies” that can be only felt through virtual relays, not actual, too human relays. Because the anomaly is utterly new and outside a human axiology and cartography and cannot be addressed with the geometry of common sense... it is also scaring! It’s a matter to relay an occult becoming, to the powers of the “seer”... hyperstitional powers! We cannot even say that what we feel is good or bad for “humanity”, because it’s just a necessity, the urgent fleshy need of the Anartist and its obscure concern. Immanence is obscure and cryptic, it resists the decoding of a rational cartography. Cartography is a necessary challenge, whenever we write, it also responds to the question “where we are?” and is probably deeper than “What we are?” and of course of “Who we are?” Even now, we are drawing and drawn down by a fleeting outline that is a creatively composed event, a fleeting point; but the line, that is a curve in continuous variation is always mutating. The sense always disappears beyond the “event horizon” of our disappearance. We come forth and we pass away. In every instant! Each infinitesimal point of time (and of mathematic) is an infinitely small black hole, as also demonstrated by fundamental physics. We do not know this dark matter, but we can make the realistic speculation about that which is there and under. Our presence on Earth is largely a “Speculative Realism” (even if we think that Science is omnipotent!). Even when someone is addressing me and “interpelle” (Althusser) me (and even more the Anartist) as an “accountable” metastable construct I feel in a justified embarrassment. Maybe this accountability is possible in the scientific realm attended by Stengers but not in the esthetic “paradigm” of art research. The deterritorialization of the line cannot be an

ethical “cautious” advice, as Stengers wishes, or it would be a reterritorialization. There is something mystic, virtual and obscure in each point of the line. It responds to the wild and immanent necessities of the entanglements and the selected chance of a virtual opportunity. You cannot be ek-static, you must be esthetic, in the materialist immanent sense of Whitehead, Bataille, Henry, Varto. Being materialistically immanent does not mean being “classically” empiricist or “classically realist”, instead it means being “transcendentally empiricist” and “speculatively realist”. This philosophical position implies a wild intensification of the Imagination! (Even in the mystic and obscure sense of William Blake.) Instead it seems as the high-ranking academic Stengers having lost connection with the cannibal primitivism of the relays—the intensity of the radical matter, the urgent need of our superjectivity to express even its charge of obscurity. She cannot embrace the “material processual esthetic” until the end. She is trapped in a superficial “and”. Semio-capitalist “and”. She “politically correctly” refuses every intensive violence that could exceed a discourse of Progress, even if she always denounces the Progressive attitude. She is too calm and satisfied, while the “esthetic obscure concern” is insane, restless and anxious, but also stubborn in its intensive “authenticity” that creates problems for the standardized extension of the network. Indeed, Stengers seems to exchange the academic network for the wild molecular rhizome of Guattari (one that is, indeed, much more dangerous, untamed, and schizophrenic). My aim here is to intensify and “express” Guattari, instead of “repressing” and “depressing” it in an academic axiomatic (if I want to misuse some of Bifo’s concepts). This, to me, is a means to prolong and amplify the relays from the academy to the externality of the cosmic. The direction is deterritorializing the refrain of the tribe’s circle, not to reterritorialize the wild in the civilized, as in the American tendency toward “political correctness” ... My line is toward the outside, and this is the paradox of a nomadic and barbarian academic research. I can do this because I relay to an actual, even if virtual, praxis of subversion: the one of the Anartist. I can stay on the edge between the academy and the wild because I am of lower rank with nothing to lose. Indeed, I am too old to be young and to make a university career in the higher ranks. Stengers’ line, instead, is inverted with respect to mine. She relays only toward academic high ranks and is deeply territorialized. Even precariousness and the unnamed has advantages when it comes to intensifying on the borderline. Even if an axiomatic name can always extract value from the unnamed. It’s a cruel law of life! I do not want to mythologize too much the epical success of my creativity! (Laughing!) The rhizome is full of pray and predators, with different positions, even if Stengers wants to imagine just a cooperative symbiosis!

This said, the Anartist will relate to Stengers not as a “who he is”, nor even as a “who they are”, but as a “what it is”... i.e., the Anartist’s pre-individuated multiplicity and its heterogeneous series of “and” relays dislocated in a super-jective assemblage of which the official writer, me, is just one relaying will among other larval wills composing a “smooth space” without a central subject. Because of this field, the Anartist is a mutant which cannot be caught in a static cartography, it will change as soon as one divergent line tries to relay and track it. Indeed, the authentic relaying is always problematic, and rarely is only a Heideggerian “letting go” in the dance of harmonic prehensions... however, this

relaying cannot endure stably without the Nietzschean “agon”, or else it simply becomes boring (laughing!). There are phases of harmony and divergent series in every chaomotic event. Most processes of prehension are schizophrenic and arrive to a more meta-stable creative assemblage like an Event governed by a multiplicity of attractions and repulsions, potentialities and tracking limitations, deterritorialization and reterritorialization. At the cusp of the Event, this multiplicity creates the high instability that allows a butterfly to have the power of a hurricane. The “success” of the actualization of a new Event is in the hands of “chance” (maybe of God; if someone believes in it like Einstein did). It is not only in the hands of the art and desire toprehend of the two intertwined “subjectilities” in play. A subjectility is the intertwining mystery of a subject and its subjectile as the thinking-machine Artaud/Derrida/Deleuze would put it. To say it with the words of Whitehead, the result of an Event is the “concretion” of an “eternal object” (very Platonic but subversively materialist idea) selected in an eternal field of always renewed throws of dice. The schizo-graphy of the Event is due to the prehensions of an emergent super-ject of subjectiles that add a deep mystery to a superficial mastery: a field of anomalies, always furiously zig-zagging, like a Snake between its divergent and convergent series. The Anartist is already a line of flight in its own. It is a composite animal with muscles and without a spine...it’s a “becoming-meat”, a “nervous system without bones” as Deleuze-Beacon would put it in “Logic of Sensation”. The disruptive artist, the anarchist, the bastard writer, the minor philosopher, the narrative character, the mystic avatar, the doctoral candidate etc... are a multiplicity relayed in a muscular zig-zagging machine. Each of them—many more than the ones I have nominated—is a relay of relays that relay to other relays composing a field of forces which already in itself produces a continuous schizophrenic “curettage” that cannot be synthesized in a unity with defined contours, i.e, an erected subject with spine and bones: an Anthropos. For this feature, an intentional “external “curettage” (as the one Stengers applies) does not make sense. It must happen by an “internal” complex witchy encounter that cannot be forced from outside, i.e. ethically or methodologically and/or ideologically promoted. It’s an experience, in a large part obscure, where the axes are bending at their a-synthotic periodical limits: 0,1, Infinite (Black, White, Gray)—as every “internal experience” teaches (as Bataille would put it). It’s an “under-retinal” experience, (as Deleuze-Baumgarten would agree). An experience of the flesh of the world (Merleau-Ponty) and a pre-subjective arche-body (to mention Henry).

“Harpsicord and Chitarrone. Two multiplicities-machine engendering multiplicities.” (Antonio Vivaldi, also known as “il Prete Rosso” for his alchemist powers and red hair.)

The Anartist is a multiplicity that cannot be trucked back to the clear will of a “one”, a “who”, a “name”, a “me”, a “subject” and it is in itself already a displaced schizo-war-machine. This flat schizophrenia of a dislocated field of nerves without an axiomatic center constitutes an already ontological problem for the meticulous “methodology” (Stengers is mainly a philosopher of science) of relaying which the “feminist” French philosopher proposes in her essay. Or

else, it could be valid in the restricted field of a certain knowledge-production, the field of science, especially hard science. I see it difficult to apply it to such “weak fields” as humanities, including “philosophy”, and impossible to apply to the heterogeneous schizo-field of artistic research; and even more to an immanent schizo-figure as the Anartist. Indeed, she always relates two axiomatic unities, a couple of defined “subjects”. For example, she relays herself to Haraway through Guattari or Haraway to Deleuze&Guattari and so on... All subjects well represented by the reductive axiomatic fiction of “textual fragments” and not considered as a complex mutating fuzzy relay of singularities which resist representation in a clear and unitary axiology. This ek-static reduction to “subject”, that is also a reduction to “object” is already problematic when it comes to relaying an open field of differences like the Anartist, which has an ungraspable “schizo-essence”. It is not fully “present there” in an absolute point and with a defined form to approach with another form, because it is an internal difference of differences always shifting in itself, and unfolds between actual and virtual according the echoes of its own internal refrain and the luring virtual encounters of its echoing “prehension” (to use a concept of Whitehead, that Stengers should like). With her ek-static reductionism, which reterritorializes the Guattarian concept of “relays” from the obscure plane of intensity to a clear extension, Stengers enters in contradiction with the first part of her essay which presents the Guattarian Ethic-Aesthetic “paradigm” (with all the due “curettage” she does to this Khunian concept) as an alternative to “objectification”.

But let’s “slow down” and “be cautious” as Stengers invites us and let’s admit also that the reduction” of a processual a-signifying “abstract machine” to a clearly signifying “subject” is necessary when it comes to express intensities with an essay that needs signification to make sense, especially when it comes to the genre of an “academic essay” and its dogma of clarity. The medium is the message as McLuhan would put it... However, one can object that Stengers could have been a little braver, she could have forced the “genre” at the margins, the medium to its borderlines, adopting a braver and more heterogeneous language to encounter the monster-machines full of “divergent graphs” that Guattari was breeding. Like a mad alchemist, Guattari was injecting the anarchist disjunctive synthesis, with its Kafkian-Frankeinsteinian “aesthetic”, into the plan/plain and objectivist theoretical axiomatic thinking. Instead, Stengers refuses the esthetic challenge; she uses a plain, calm and clear academic language and attitude to capture the obscure “operative constructs”, i.e. heterogeneous spinning concepts made for practical use by Guattari’s “bifurcating ontology”. She reterritorializes the schizo into an academic axiomatic sense that lies under the spell of “objectivism”. In this way Stengers, with her calm relay, re-territorializes a non-academic singularity such as Guattari (that is already a war-machine in itself as Stengers admits) into the academically tamed territory... meanwhile, far from Stengers, the purpose of the Anartist’s anti-dissertation is instead to deterritorialize the academic territory into the heterogeneous “aesthetic paradigm”. This happens not because I am an anti-conformist anarchist rebel, a “spinning bubbler chaffinches” as Stenger would dismiss me, but because, as a diligent researcher, I follow the logical consequences that are implicit in the field of “artistic research” to the end. The effect is anti-conformist and undisciplined, but the desire and

intention are very disciplined; in this sense, I am a Badiouan “Subject to Truth”. (Laughter!) I think this should be the task of every researcher who is engaged in the “edgy” field of artistic research: i.e., accepting to fight objectivism from inside to produce a line of flight from the hegemonic territory. The artistic field can only be addressed transversally and schizophrenically, if one is to follow, with honesty, its “obscure deep concern”.

Allegro Andante Disruptivo. (Ah, sempre piu’ spietataaaa... solo l’Ammore puo’ consolar...)

This said, we can pass to the second part of Stengers’s essay, which is the one that relays more directly to the issue of “political correctness”. Indeed, Stengers writes that if the “concern” of the Latin-European thinkers have always been the issue of “objectification” (Sigh! She is not aware of all her funny contradictions!), the concern of the Americans has always been the issue of “universalization”. In particular she writes: “For ‘us’, who are interested in Guattari’s propositions, the temptation is strong to concur and deride or denounce ‘political correctness’ in terms of moralization, the policing of language or repressive US Puritanism”. I hope this is a just an Academic Joke! Guattari and the Politically Correct are the most distant incompatibilities in the Mechanosphere. This goes against the Spinozist Ethic of “using” drugs but not “abusing” them, that is also the logic of “being cautious”. (Laughing!) Maybe she is in a trip or she is just trying to hack and subvert Guattari’s schizo-machine in a baroque joke. Unfortunately, from the serious tone of her writing, and the comments of other scholars to my published and unpublished “articles”, I don’t see any playful attitude at the horizon. Rather, I see it as simply another reterritorialization of Guattari’s wild attitude in the academy invaded by the Rainbow Movement and its Capitalist Promoters of Davos. They are really reterritorializing Guattari in the Rainbow Movement! With the excuse of the “slow down” they are “slowing down” Guattari into a Kantian objective formalism. One might venture to say it’s even an abuse of the relays between Kant and Cunts! (Laughing! It’s just a sympathetic shifting “sherzo”! As Stengers would put it.) But then Stengers continues: “The point is not to take the opposite position and embrace it, but to consider it as a testing case, a particular aspect of a geopolitical divide that may concern us, because it takes two to make a divide. As for any such divides, there are as many molar, redundant explanations as one can wish for..., (for example) the difference between ancient colonizing power and a country inhabited by the children of slaves...” It’s incredible how Stengers, under the “lure” of a misplaced “molecularism”, not only embraces a “relativist point of view” that justifies the academic police of “political correctness” imported by US, but Stengers also subverts the relation between Latin-Europe and US by portraying the first as the “colonizing power” of the second; i.e., the poor “children of the slaves”! The American academics in this way appear as untouchable “victims” of the Latin-European Colonialist baroque sensitivity! Tell me this is a joke!

Now, if I am not becoming too crazy, it’s self-evident that after World War II, Yalta, Marshal Plan, Reconstruction, Nato, Stay Behind, Petrol Dollar, Moon, Bretton Woods, Wall Street, Internet, Mars, and so on...the colonizing capitalist

super-power-machine of the Globe is the United States with all its relayed components. Their “manifested destiny” is to colonize all the solar system through the power acquired by the capitalist machine which extracts resources from planet Earth. To mention Heidegger, they are extracting energetic “reserves at hand” to empower the American Imperial Starship Spaceship, and after the consumption of every resource “at hand” they will migrate to Mars to establish the American “way of life” in all the Universe. A new Colony of the American Pioneering trend. Because Colonialism is Pioneering. This is the Anglo-American cohesion. Colonizing the Earth, space and cyberspace. It’s the logic of Haraway’s feminist “Cyborg”! Give me a new application! We will see aliens driving a monochromatic Ford model-T on Alpha Centauri. It’s like a novel of Philip Dick. In the American Flag is already inscribed this Manifest Interstellar Destiny of a superior inter-racial inter-gender inter-inter American Cyborgian Enterprise. Where are Doctor Spock and Captain Kirk today? They have become trans, have tits and long hair! (Laughing!) As you know by reading my articles, I am very sensitive to occult symbolism and conspiracy. I like to decode symbols such as flags and currencies...I think is a feature of the “Seer”. It’s a condition of the mind that is difficult to reach because it needs a practice of intensification that is almost forbidden by today’s strictures of “political correctness”. All the networks of civil society are constructed for the miniaturization of the Being and the reduction of primary diffracted narcissism.

However, one could say that the Interstellar Project inscribed in the “flag” is exactly the “White Male Universalist Puritan Project”. As I have already hinted in other writings before this one, I praised this circumscribed “definition” as a terrible and dishonest feminist simplification of a far more complex problem... for example the concept of “Patriarchy is an illegitimate cut in the continuum”. (Then, we have seen how the feminist Haraway’s Cyborg is also functional to the supposed male Empire.) But let’s also admit that this strain of the American immigration/colonization, the Anglo-Saxon White Male virus, to be the clear ideological memetic colonizer and the ground of US ideology. Do ideologies exist or are they just an arbitrary extraction of a representation from a continuum?

But let’s admit that the American feminists are right, we must anyway notice that the literally referenced “children of the slaves”, the blacks, have also had Generals, Admirals, Defense Ministers, Belligerent Presidents. If nobody can be considered “innocent”, as Stengers and Haraway love to say, it’s time to stop this excess of “politically correct victimhood” and make the “black” people “accountable”, as they also love to say, of their participation in the relays of US ideology and Imperial money-libido, without considering them again as “children”. This relating to the “black” as “children” could be already a symptom of white “racism” (if I add a counter-field to the epistemology of the “politically correct”). Even if this politically correct “racism” is then hidden in the Puritan pietist definition of “children of slaves”. Even the Anglo-American whites felt slavery before the independence from England, and the British probably felt slavery under the Roman Empire, and so on...we are all “children of slaves” in the intricate karma of the World. Then, one could consider the Arab slave

trade, which sold African slaves throughout the medieval period to India and later to the American Colonies. What then could be said about the American Blacks, and even those in Africa, that could be said to have “discovered” Allah! Did they embraced Allah as a reaction against the dominant white culture without considering that they had been colonized and sold into slavery by the Arabs in the first place? Christian Puritanism and Islam are probably the nearest in their insistence on “austerity”—probably because they share the same Platonic roots. The Africans and the black Americans have built minarets everywhere! There is always something naive and forced in the definition of the minority “group identities” and their struggle against Universalism that is easy to deconstruct ad infinitum through changes of perspective. All the “representations” can be deconstructed easily. Representations are general simplification of a nomadic subjectivity into a subject-object, an inflection of perspectival folds into an axiomatic stable focal point. They are the repressive fiction of an enfolded multiplicity, a representation, which can be unfolded in all its subversion. Do you understand me? The problem is when “group identities” are institutionalized in a legitimate representation and want to impose the police of “political correctness” by forgetting the labyrinthine “black spot” behind their general point of view (to tell it in terms of Bataille). It’s an imposition of the single thought-representation, a practice that is visible in academy when the laziest minds take the power. It’s like the nemesis of an evil Hegelian synthesis without “sublation” ...the victim after the struggle for emancipation becomes crowned as tyrant and the silencer of the “crowned anarchy of difference” (the Anarchist Agon or the “void” at the base of every “specific set” as Badiou/Lacan would put it).

Indeed, despite Stengers’ words, even “children” (not necessarily of slaves) could subscribe that the last 30 years of Globalization have been characterized by a univocal (even in Deleuzian sense) Americanization of the World by the American God with One Eye, i.e. the Dollar. Actually, from WW2 on... the US Empire has pushed its hegemonic attitude beyond the provinces of Europe which during the Cold War was filled with NATO Bases. It’s not a moral accusation! On the other side of Yalta Agreement there was Stalinist USSR. However, after Cold War, United States are now present in all the Globe with the overwhelming and necessarily unfolding of the hard-power of its Military Force and with the soft-power of its powerful Universities (Ivy League). Not to mention its Propaganda Machine (Hollywood, Guggenheim, Silicon Valley, etc. ...). They are in all the space between Earth and Mars passing through Cyberspace. And here I also could start a longue “curettage” of Haraway’s Cyborg Utopia, fully embraced from NSA and DARPA. Just saying! But I don’t want to judge Haraway’s brave mistake! And here Stengers would agree with me but without understanding that the “cyborg” and its capitalist spatial epic is the same dystopic phenomenon of US “political correctness”! It’s all already inscribed in the “flag” like a mandala. But Stengers would continue to repeat “they are the children of the slaves!” Poor innocents!

Constructs of power. The hegemonic composition.

(Salve Regina. Quelle voix, mon Dieu, quelle voix!)

However, if I wish to demonstrate the Anglo-American cultural supremacy over the European Academy I could put aside the disputes of geo-political, geo-economic or geo-military arguments and just notice that I am writing in English and you are also reading in English. If I could write in Italian I would write this text in 1/4 of the time and I would not have to pass it through the revision of a mother tongue. Just to say the already onto-epistemological vantage of an Anglo-American scholar over a lower-class Italian. The hegemony of US is self-evident; and Stengers, just inverting the factors of the cohesion with a game of words, “the colonizing power” and “the children of slaves”, justifies US Imperialism. Very “feminine” attitude I would argue, if I were to be, for reaction, very politically incorrect! (It’s a joke!) And if we want to put on the table the easy victimhood of the “children of the slaves” to represent US as a victim of Latin-Europe (the colonizing power) we should write that the “owners of the slaves” were not so much Latin-Europeans (because they were mostly proletarian workers) but mostly Anglo-Saxon. Is not the case that the US Empire is simply a substantial continuous discontinuity of the British Empire? This is also why they continue to colonize? If they were feeling themselves as colonized, why feel the need to colonize again and again until filling the Universe with a T-Ford? “Buy the most Universal car of the Universe!” (Laughing!) The influence of this Imperial Machine in the production of Knowledge and the imposition of its positivist structures, methods, measurements, and processes over Latin-Europe’s baroque intellectual sensitivity became clearly overpowering since WW2 and even more so after WW3, i.e. the “Cold War”.

French, the only European Country which has not been completely subjugated after WW2, has been definitely assimilated after War World3 (Cold War) by the American White Noise even if some strain of French Theory have percolated in the American Academy in the Clintonian 90ies, but only to be annexed and recoded in the Puritan schematism. Derrida in particular, which is a philosopher of the ambiguous, the ghostly and the heterogeneous has been used as a source of inspiration for the deconstruction of Universalism of white male power, only then to create distinct and disambiguated liberal “group identities”. An operation of cultural power of the Democratic Party, which is consisted in using the “political correctness” to put the tendentially white male “Republicans” with their shoulders at the wall. The result is that the Republican establishment has imploded under the stricture of “political correctness” under Obama’s administration. Now you have The Donald, the most un-politically correct President ever, who is an anti-establishment outsider daisy-chained to the Republican Party, who catalyzes the rage and the sense of revenge of the so called “white trash” of the American Peripheries—not to mention the moguls of Wall Street—what a monster? He receives a great consensus from these groups for his isolationist, anti-universalist politics. What’s more, the “white trash” is a derogatory definition coined by the liberal press, in the sense of scorn, shame and despise, for the humiliated white unemployed of the working class. It’s just a symptom of how the shadow of Puritan rage can work on both sides.

The US empire could be described as a Global State-Machine annexing a War-Machine—as Deleuze and Guattari would put it in “A Thousand Plateaus”—that also annexes flows from all over the world. Flows processed in an internal re-territorialization: economic, material, energetic, informational, cultural and so on... If we admit the existence of a molecular plane, a rhizomatic continuum and an in-between under the “dividing” as Stengers does, we must also consider that an imperial molar super-apparatus overcodes, as a hegemonic center, the geo-political rhizome of forces that relay it to Latin-Europe (and not only there). The rhizome is not only simply a horizontal flat plane of relays, as Stengers’s moderation seems to presuppose but, as she knows, but probably she undervalues, there are vertical knots which fasten the potential lines of flight into an axiomatic vertical hierarchy – as this is well described in the two books of “Capitalism and Schizophrenia”. One can differentiate the network from the underlying rhizome but this does not change the fact that the relays with the “political correct” is a reterritorialization of Guattari in the American Imperial Network. Something that I see done every day by the North American Rainbow Movement invading the Academy. It’s an annexing of D&G to the Imperial War Machine. Now this reterritorializing machine has become a dogma of mindless academics.

“Molarity” is not just an idiosyncratic or superficial flaw of the intellectual interpretation of “reality” that could be adjusted with a creative “curettage” but it is the symptom of an actual Imperial destructive-creative Machine that has enough force to decode its own deterritorialization and to constitute “reality” and “subjectivity”. Now, as Foucault has well explained, Knowledge is Power and the US Empire has annexed this power over the academic production throughout the world (including Europe). It could not be otherwise. Furthermore, because this American power is traditionally Anglo-Saxon, it is also traditionally “Puritan”. For the American academy, it is too easy to hide this Puritanism under the sand of the struggle toward “Universalism”. The massive financing of the struggle toward Universalism in the “humanities” is a way to occult the same Puritanism lurking under the “group identities” and their meaningless distinctions...as is very easy to detect for a foreigner intellect, that is not too much enveloped in this academic war-machine propaganda. They are now doing to Deleuze and Guattari what they have already done to Derrida.

The analytic deconstruction of the universal “white male standard” to include the right and the voices of American minorities is still brought forth under the same white male Anglo-American form of Puritanism. To make an example, Stengers praises Haraway for her “Situated Knowledge” adding that we must always be “accountable” and “cautious”, for the way we express because Knowledge is never “neutral”. So, let’s test this “situated knowledge”. Let’s take for example the situated knowledge of the “woman”. The question comes out easy and spontaneous: who is representing this universal “woman”? All women are uniquely situated beings, a multiplicity, especially in a complex society like US, which is full of multiple crossing machinic-frames that can transversally distance the attitudes, positions and sensitivity of two women of different social classes, nearing the sensitivity of a white man and a black woman who share the same office space in the University. Even if the man and the woman have

different bodies, we cannot take this cut as an absolute condition of diversity, or else we could also say the same of skin color—this would simply produce another kind of inverted identity racism, for example. Furthermore, how many male writers demonstrate they can enter in the relays of a becoming-woman and writing as a woman character with her psyche or vice-versa. They exist... Even Hollywood's screen-writers portray the psyche, the action and the language of women that are protagonist or co-protagonist of a movie; even male movie-directors direct women. And the reverse is also true for women directing men. Furthermore, if I push the logic of the "situated" to its extreme consequence, one might venture to say "the" "woman" is too universal and not singular enough, because not only are there many "women" but a "Being" can never be represented as such, not even by being "a hyper-specifically situated" woman. Indeed, when I pass from the general frame of signification (as complex and multi-perspectival as you wish) of the social meaning (the Lacanian symbolic) to the singularity in itself of "a" life (as Deleuze would put it), I must surrender to the fact that what appeared as a substance is a mutant multiplicity in itself and, at the limit, is non-representable by any outline even if it has a certain esthetic atmosphere, a style of varying, a singular perfume... There are too many affections of beings, intensities and qualities that affect a Being and its becoming for it to be represented as something different from an obscure intertwined multiplicity forming a "singularity". Whenever you pin it down, a life is already de-territorialized away. A "singularity" is "what it is", an impersonal vital "vibration" with a certain tonality. It's a style of modulation that can be clearly seen in the artworks that are expressions of a life and not of a subject with all its trapped intersubjectivity. As the anti-epistemologist Stirner, but also Derrida, would put it... at the ontological limit, our presence is "ghostly" and to apply a "substantial" concept of "woman" or "women" is to fall into a Metaphysic of Presence. A typical example of this paradox is the attitude of the "feminists" toward "female sex-workers". In this case, because the "woman" is the "women" and because in "each woman" of these women there are "many women" (and we could go further in the dividing until the non-representable "ghost") there will be a schizo-tension between the kind of "feminists" who will see "sex-working" as an act of emancipation from the submitted gendered role of the woman and other kinds of "feminists" that will look at this phenomenon with an inverted perspective; i.e., as an act of "submission" to the male's gaze. Two opposite perspectives by the same general "woman" that turns an epistemology into a schismatic anti-epistemology which breaks the Kantian order and consistence of the relation to subject-object. Just like the quanta in physics breaks with the ontic-epistemological situatedness. They are everywhere. Indeed, as also Guattari would confirm, our "presence" is quantic at the molecular level. And this because we are relayed to infinite Chaomic monster-forces which act under the level of the "molar" human box. These forces "shift" constantly our "line of life". We are mutants, but this is spontaneous and occult... it has nothing to do with males that operate surgically on themselves to become women. The same is also the case that a becoming animal is not behaving like a house-dog and barking at Deleuze, Guattari, Artaud and pissing on their feet as if they were "superb luxurious trees" of a desert island. The transgender phenomenon is more related to

sexual reterritorialization in an inverted Oedipal Figure...the Mother. They are still concerned with identity, not difference. They are under the regime of signs and of representations. The molecular is more about an occult gnostic body, an alchemical body, an esoteric body, a hermetic body, that is trans-everything in its multiple univocity of relays. As Wittgenstein would say...reaching a certain point, you need to throw away the ladder. The world is full of noetic mystical experience, as William James demonstrated. Freedom is not just a horizontal freedom of choice but also a freedom from this World and its definitions to engage the depth of an Earth-Cosmos relay. A life is not only immersed in human relays or academic relays but more powerful virtual relays. Even Haraway, in its operation of “creatively imperial reterritorialization”, could confirm this with her “cyborg”, by grafting the human molar body to technological relays and algorithmic applications. (Laughing!). So, if we are immersed in a flux, how is it possible to ground a belonging to a “group identity” or a “situated knowledge”? Once again, the groundless ground shows its fundamental “schism” or “differ(a)nce” which produces every ghostly individuation: this does not mean that every individuation does not have an obscure synthesis, or a metastable withdrawn “essence”, as an object-oriented philosopher would say. It’s just that this “essence” is obscure for every general/universal category such as “woman”, “black woman”, “colored woman” or “aging middle-class white woman” as Haraway hypocritically defines herself. Be a “woman”, a “gay”, a “black”, a “native” is already an axiomatic generalization and I cannot be accountable for these generalizations. The accounting in a feature of the symbolic, i.e., the too human, where everything is already given and calculated in advance, even if it is an ethical calculation. Accounting prevents any authentic subversion to enforce only “political correctness” and a self-control that actually is deriving from a hidden Puritan Protestant Transcendent God. The hidden Protestant God is the point of metastability of the American Assemblage and its limited ethically subjectivist individualism. The only category that “political correctness” cannot absolutely account for is the intrinsic madness of labyrinthine effects which ground our quasi-presence in the Earth/World schism. In the above example of the female sex-workers, the Ereignis of our thrownness shows the abyss of our Being in Time, as Heidegger would put it, or the pre-subjective schizo-immanence to say it from the perspective of Deleuze and Guattari, and I could continue for long time to name names to express the paradoxical abyss of appearances.

Regimes of signs and Regimes of prehensions.

The eternal return of power. As in Scarlatti’s Harpsicord.

Furthermore, if we want to push even further the idea of the consequences of a “situated knowledge”... the Anglo-Saxon academy, as institution based on the fiction of the “White-Protestant-Enlightened-Male”, has its own “impersonal forms” since the beginning of its Platonic-Galilean-Cartesian-Kantian Objectivist, foundation. This form will continue to hunt every attempt of situating an outsider knowledge inside of it through its own code. The institution, as abstract machine, has its “impersonal regime of signs” which applies transcendently over the experience even when the speaker is a “woman” or a “black woman”

who tries to deconstruct the universalist paradigm with a “local universality” which is still under the spell of Platonic “universality”. Even me, now, I am using a white set of rules, it could not be different, but I have chosen this medium of expression and even if I deterritorialize it to the margin with my Anartist’s madness I will be contaminated by this regime of signs. Academic knowledge, being institutional and intersubjective, will always block any line of flight in an intellectual “representation” that is typical of its rhetoric. The living situated Knowledge will always be severed out. You cannot get rid of “universalism” if you do not get rid of “objectification” and its “representation”. Imperial Academy is a form of Knowledge which annexes in its code even the uncoded minorities to extract moral value or white knowledge from non-white knowledge: such as for example “Anthropology” does. The “tribe and its culture” is still an object of study for a subject even when I take in consideration “animist” and “decentered” ontology- epistemology and non-linear explanation. Even a Black Female professor will be under the rules and the objectivist practices of the institution. However liberal it can be, it’s still a white institution which produces white knowledge because it comes from Greeks that were all white males. It’s a mind-set that the woman can acquire with a training to fight the mind-set from inside but more she fights more she becomes slaves of the mind-set. At least, if she does not inject madness into the machine of rationality to make the machine stammer toward the borderline to obtain an edgy position. The edgy position is the best position for a line of flight. But this is true not only for the “woman”, the “gay” or whatever other minority under the spell of the Academic Rules. Only by affirming a knowledge based on an ontology of Difference is possible to subvert the image of thought based on Identity and surfing along the obscure margins. But this means renouncing to the fake political short-coming of “group Identities” and adopting an obscure esthetic paradigm as Guattari, Deleuze, Heidegger and many other males have invited to do to become-others. Perhaps the only woman who understood the essence of this is Hannah Arendt. This is why I love artistic research but I would never like to be a “philosopher”. Even she did not want to be defined a “philosopher”. I think that the “esthetic paradigm”, as Guattari puts it, is in the “best position” for a different Knowledge. Even if Stengers would contest immediately this Guattarian assumption by saying that there are not “best positions” and that each position must undergo a “curettage” to be intertwined, after its ek-static moment, again in the rhizome of the in-between. But then she also seems to affirm a “best position” when she says that the “best position” would be an intertwining between “science”, “philosophy” and “esthetic”. This shows that the “best position” is already implicit in the transcendent rationality of a discourse and cannot be adjusted by a decentering “politically correct” “curettage” based on academic signifier but only by an immanent approach based on deeply mute sensations of the flesh in a becoming of inhuman relays. These deep intensities, becoming-animal, becoming-mineral, becoming-seer are more akin to artistic disruption than to a cautious academic exercise of relays and curretages. This does not mean that I want to destroy academy, but I offer different instruments in my anti-dissertation which could work without silencing in a grid the intense agonistic wild paradox at the core of the “Real” and its weird “Imaginary” emissions. For me, Stengers is too molarly and

morally caught in the too human Symbolic. Instead I propose machines to keep the chaos at the core of the institution just as it was with the Greek Agora'. It seems a contradiction because I said that I would prefer not to be a philosopher but as Guattari would put it "no one has never died for contradiction." My text, as the one of Stengers, is full of paradoxes that resist reason since Zenon and the pre-socratic in general. Guattari for example is a paradoxical "war-machine" in itself but he plays with paradoxes instead of adopting a fake academic dress. He adopts a pragmatist Aristotelian view but then, together with Deleuze, frees itself of the "principle of contradiction", turning the Archè into an Anarchè. This was already done by Nietzsche to say the truth. Indeed, sometimes to beat heavily with the hammer over the consequences of the logic can be more useful than the "slowing down"; especially as it interpreted by Stengers, that does not correspond to the wild one considered by Guattari in "Chaosmosis".

I will try to explain: Deleuze and Guattari mix the 3 branches of Chaos Theory: Wiener Chaos expansion, Prigogine's irreversible dynamic system ("Order Out of Chaos" by Prigogine and Stengers) and Lorentz's Attractors. These are 3 different disciplines of Chaos. The concept of "Chaosmosis", which I have read a couple of times many years ago, if I well remember, is more under the spell of Lorentz's Attractors. I mean, for example a Julia-set. A Julia-set is a cohesion-machine which designs a "strange attractor" like the famous Buddha's shape. What happens? Some numerical statistical frequencies produced by the recursive Julia-set machine design a strange attractor in the space of potentialities and its actualizations. It's like if some numbers would "slow down" from the infinite speed of the numeric chaos to enter into the basin of attraction of a meta-actualizing figure. It's like a magic numbering number, an attractive echo-chamber, created by some number at the core of the ear of chaos. This slowing down is a chaosmosis which means an emerging fractal "order out of chaos". (This is anyway a feature in common with the other 2 theories). As if these strange attractors were paradoxically immanent Platonic Ideas. Or Jungian archetypes, even considering the mandala's fractal shape. The more one repeats the input of a mathematical operation, the more the events will neatly design the contours of an attractive figure. These are the essential forms of Eros if we want to take it esthetically. In the case of Anartist praxis, the Heteron works on these chaosmotic bases—by repeating its interventions, it produces an experience and a mythology which slows down the Capitalist speed of the Spectacle's "Imagery" in the counter-attractor of a more and more defined and attractive Black Sun. With this intensification, the Heteron will fold a counter-capital from the capital. The Black Mask works as an attractive folder-catalyzer which bends, to itself, the speed of each intervention of the Heteron. Otherwise, each line of flight would be dispersed outside the strange attractor's diagram...there would be not a slowing down... it would go out at the derives for an excess of speed which does not respond to the magnetism of a counter-attractor. Actually, an intervention is an acceleration that can reach also an aionic absolute speed but it is the black mask that allows the slowing down of a catalysis. So, the Heteron of the Anartist(s), the Black Sun, is a powerful machine because it oscillates between "absolute speed" and "slowing down to zero" without ever crystalizing into a "group identity". There is always a fresh crossing difference which injects

new difference to be folded by the mask—it is a one-many entity-attractor. The Anartist is a numbering number, always insisting—a mystic algorithm. The Heteron allows a politic of the Event that is a growing intensity based on the eternal return of the many in the one, that, to its own turn, is then broken in many diverging lines of flight, returning like an intensifying Black 8 in the one again and again. It's an echoing numbering number in the chamber of chaos, drawing a Black Sun in the striated urban space (considered as total capitalist space). In this sense, the Heteron is conceived as an acceleration toward chaos' speed with respect to the Capitalist speed...but also a simultaneous slowing down into a diagrammatic attractor. It's a living schizo-paradox. This paradox is the spiraling Ereignis or "en-owning" of a counter-capital at the folding edge of the capital. It's the outside of the capital in its continuity. It's a new beginning that, as experience, spurs from the abyss of Being in Time. Sorry...I am intensifying too much my writing. I wanted simply to explain Guattarian Chaosmosis in terms of the Anartist's praxis...without being caught in a too intense Speculative Epics.

Again and Again and Again... Fractals of a Puritan Matrix.

But let's put aside these necessary digressions on Chaos Theory. The "objectivist" attitude is a feature of all the Imperial machines of the West, and especially the super-machine that emerged after the War World2 and War World3 won by the American Empire. The Imperialist War-Machine affects every detail of life in every part of the Globe with its infinitely intertwined relays. The inscriptions of time in space, which governs our caged subjectivity, emanates from the secularized Protestant Machine, for the sole fact that it promotes an abstract, digital, capitalist and disembodied or else overstimulated experience of our flesh: Haraway's Cyborg! Relays of efficiency, calculation, and reduction operate on a network of clusters which includes majorities (are there still possible majorities in the clustering fractal chaos of Cyberspace?) and minorities included in a digit urban space made of sensors and media of con-separation. This technological con-separation is also intensively Puritan at its core, each contact is mediated (partitioned?) by a techno-dispositive. This explains, in part, also today's feminist phobia to be touched by the body of toxic males. But, also, the sensitivity of political correctness to every "touchy argument". This is especially the case with the new generations of college graduates, who grew up with the gender departments. They are so sensitive to the politically correctness that they commit themselves only to the superficial and coded practice of "small talk" in their dialogues...doing so, they avoid being too "touchy" so as not to offend the sensitive "emo" (i.e. a new figure of the emasculated politically correct). Even the rhetoric of liberalism and civil rights is already a universalist western ideology. The "black" and the "gay" will defend their white rights within the rules and practices of western universalism. Each minority, as local universality (general) is decoded into a wider universality that will justify itself with the Puritan moralism. Each group identity is represented over a universalist white puritan ground which can represent its victims as heroes of a multicultural society. This happens because the tendency of "group identities" is to push on victimhood to raise their voices to public level. This resonance is possible because the ground that

affects their mode of subjectivity is Puritan. It's the Puritan Sin, in all its false social Manicheism, that makes of the victim a resonant hero. It's a Puritan Ritual that cleans with its worship of the victim the false sense of sin at the base of the White America in all its "colors". The virus of the "politically correct", coming from US, infects all media, universities, squares and streets of the interconnected Global Village by imposing a kind of hegemonic "cool" Puritan atmosphere on every expression of the Puritan Village: under the premise that one must be "cautious of his or her situated position". An "infectious Puritanism" is a paradox engendered by the unconscious, material, ideological, libidinal, machinic ground which effectuates the American Global Subject. This is very dangerous because it limits the capacity of thinking, writing and speaking in terms of complexity, nuances, provocations, disruptions. We are very far from Heidegger's un-concealment where the language speaks through my revelatory speaking. Here, the inauthenticity of political correctness compromises the authenticity of the artist's sensation with social-networked superficiality and censorship. The artist is condemned to a position of guarded inauthenticity to fit in the limits of the politically correct; or else they are accused of being too "touchy", or worse, "violent" and "psychopathic". I speak from experience. This complex censorship affects writing and expression above all in humanities, and even more in "artistic research", where the phenomenon becomes particularly aggressive in its will of signification, by dividing the correct from the "touchy", the "dirty", the "violent"...yet, these territories can have many nuances...the homophobic, racist, fascist etc. and contrasts stridently with the aimless aim of art that is a-signifying, pre-individuated, a-subjective fleshy expression. It's another universe in respect of the Puritanism. Art expresses an immediate urgent need that cannot fold itself in the conscience of a Kantian subject and its reflexive self-deconstructive ethics in order to fit in the "weak thinking" (be cautious, be accountable) of "political correctness". This is why Guattari sees, in the emerging ethic-aesthetic (where the second term is more important) paradigm, the "best position" to oppose the "objectivist" paradigm that is ethical. The schizo cannot be "objectivated" and, par consequence, made accountable for an ethics and even less for a politically correct expressivity. The slowing down of Guattari concerns a-signifying esthetically disjunctive synthesis that cannot be signified by a straight objectivist signifier that designs fast cognitive geometries of sense and explanation, as certain scholars in the circle of artistic research would like to impose. The "idiotic" (in the Deleuze/Dostoevsky meaning) and obscure "concern" of the artist, considered as Jungian "automaton", is always in excess of the signifier; not only in respect to the cognitive discourse of every "majoritarian view", an expression used by Stengers, but also in relation to the discourse of minorities included in the apparatus of signification of the American Empire with its False and Decoded Gospel of situated generalities.

Scarlatti's sonata for Harpsicord in F sharp minor and E flat major. Again the same but different.

This problem of the speed of signification was already described by Nietzsche and his critique to non-creative and non-poetical reductionist language. Ni-

etzsche raised the risk of abstracting obscure material things into clearly axiomatic words and the superposition of two different levels of reality: the clear and fast one of words, and the obscure and enigmatically slowing one of things. For this Nietzschean motive, the relays with the “political correctness” cannot be a “cautious” way to slow down because “the politically correct” is based on definitions and stringent neologisms—not on the nuances of experience. It’s epistemological and instead it would need a pragmatic return to Aristotle, that is also a phenomenological “return to things”, as Husserl would put it with all its “bracketing” limits. In fact, making accountable the “schizo”, as Stengers suggests in relay with Haraway, produces an acceleration of the signifier and not an “esthetic slowing down”. This happens because it is exactly “accountability” which allows “objectivation” and, par consequence, the unequivocal signification and the speed of abstraction of the discourse. “Definition” is speed and axiomatic, the “indefinite” is slowing down respect to the axes to reach absolute speed. This has been well explained by Michel Henry in *Barbarism*. This happens because the situated universalities that contest the white male protestant universality are also discursive general abstractions separated by the obscure living of the thing in itself. This obscurity can be un-concealed only by the Aesthetic Paradigm of the concerned “idiot”: the sensitive schizo-artist. The slowing-down is a material stammering that prevents the abstract signifier to represent an identity and connecting dots, as the digital does at maximum level of abstraction with the super-accelerated 01 coupling of all the universe. How can you slow down this Puritan Madness of the abstracted Cognitive into an Artificial Intelligence? How can you interrupt this “destination”? The fuzzy slowing down can be only activated by the esthetic attitude of the schizo... but this is also an acceleration in terms of non-Cartesian Absolute Speed...it is an approaching of the Aionic Speed of the Event. But Stengers seems to undervalue this point and promotes this assemblage with the “politically correct” as if she had already been infected by this American Virus. The Puritan virus is an unwilled paradox engendered by the feminist relays that puts together two unpossibles: Guattari/Deleuze with the Rainbow Movement. Not all monsters are good! Not all infections are good! In this sense Leibniz and its selective God were right...there is a tendential-limit after which everything is at risk and chaotically paradoxical. I know that now, with this cautious attitude, I can appear more Puritan than Puritans in my stubborn opposition; but the Baroque is a continuous injecting of new paradoxes. You pass from Anarchism to Archism and vice-versa. Let’s agree that “I am not innocent” but I am not also “accountable” of my shifting position, this is why I do not buy Stengers “curettage”. Now the position of the relays Stengers-Anartist appears reverted, but it could turn again. They are all *trompe-l’oeil* that pop up in a “representation” and disintegrate continuously. This is the paradoxical inflection of two shifting subjectilities. A dance of specters between actualizations, de-actualization, reversions. However, the paradox, when it is felt and played on the immanence of a becoming, cannot be Puritan. It is Puritan when it remains hidden like a Jungian shadow and extracted in a normalized representation. The consequence of the spreading of this infection is that this tendency to “victimhood” (also attacked by Nietzsche’s hammer) affects all the art system. Today the art system is full of curators, artists, critics and

institutions that push aggressively this “politically correctness” that comes from North America as a compulsive dogma of emancipation for everybody. With this politically correct climate, propagated by the academy, fashion and media, every artist will tend to represent himself as a kind of “victim” entitled to attack the white male universalism, while the Puritan system, as regime of signs, will exploit this kind of attitude to reproduce and evolve in a differentiated complexity of control. We are in the age of the Spectacular Victim. Being a white heterosexual male artist is almost no more possible. I tell you from experience. The white male heterosexual has become the true discriminated marginal minority in the art system (“he” is “toxic” ... you must use “she” when you write), even if the tendency to classify and creating distinctions of the white male puritan gaze is still in place and worshipped by the minorities themselves that are so proud of their distinctions. The logic is simple: in creating a distinction from the Puritan they assume a Puritan White Male attitude. This is the problem of an epistemology based on analogy, identity, and representation. The general effect is that the system grounds itself more deeply and works even in more disciplined and in disciplinary way. We could say that the American System, as a powerful whitening toothpaste, has “whitened” deeply its minorities including them in its grounding abstract machine of axiomatic effectuation. They are no more radical alterities with the consistence of specters, or else, the radical alterity remains confined in the ghettos as marginal anti-culture for deviance and social services. But it does not have access in the academy or in the art’s Biennials, which are machines of reterritorialization of the alterity in the white regime of signs that dominates the globe. And not only the Ethnic Group inside America are whitened but also the ones outside are corrupted by this virus: Indians, Thais, Persians, Arabs, Chinese... All corrupted by the Puritan Virus. Even if the world class of scholars is always more culturally inclusive and the power is more distributed, the regime of signs in place is still the same, it’s situated and situates, it admits only translations from other sites. Translation is as reterritorializing a fiction as the one that conducts Anthropology. It’s not contamination, it’s reterritorialization in an Imperial Machine of which the Academy has become an important cog to its service.

**Exporting Puritanism through an Imperial War-machine.
Lully’s “Armide”.**

The Puritan Jungian shadow that affects the “political correctness” becomes paradoxically widely evident when the American Presidents want to export their liberal-democracy in Vietnam, South-America, Middle East... They can win the war, they can destroy a country in a month with their power of destruction, but they cannot win the battle to impose liberal-democracy. They try to do so as if the Iraqis, for example, were just a large minority that should be included in the American liberal-democratic socio-political institution. Why do they refuse to be included in the only realized Revolution of the planet, as Baudrillard would put it in his essay “America”, where even the children of the slaves have accepted to be included in its realized utopia and rewarded with a black “cool” president? A “colored man” (half black African – father, half white American – mother)

embodying all the ethical values of the “victim”, and for puritan resonance of the ground, a contemporary democratic “Champion”. The United States are founded over the “hope” of the Puritans reaching from Dover the island of Nantucket with the Mayflower...and this same “hope” is now given to all liberal minorities of the world by exporting democracy. This dystopic mistake has been done by Bush but also by Obama and many other presidents before of them. (There could be more said here about exporting hope vis a vis democracy. What is hope? Is it innately prescriptive like the law of democracy, or is it pulling from outside? Like animal magnetism? Maybe, it is just a transductive extraction of the magnetic pulling into a systematic code. As Latin-European, nurtured with Greek roots, I would prefer not to exchange Eros with Hope.)

I do not think US Presidents are natural-born killers, they are just moved by the values of universalism that, as such, must allow a critique to the white male Anglo-American universalism to be even more universal. It's a paradox of the epistemological abstraction that is not based on the praxis of the experience of being there. And even more paradoxically, the only recent president that has not waged a war to some country in order to export “democracy and hope” has been Donald Trump who, symptomatically, does not believe even in the inclusion of minorities. Indeed, Trump is the least universalist in exporting the American values and is contested internally on the ground of a white male lack of universality by the minorities, because he is not enough universal to include their situated culture. Another surprising turn! But in the request of cultural inclusion and recognition, the minorities already surrender to the universalism that is white, Anglo-Saxon and male in its ground... but we could go much further until the philosophical forgetting of the Being! The Western Metaphysic is a progression of “forgetting” accelerated by the Roman Empire which substitute the Being with the subject, to arrive to Galileo and Descartes that found the simple materialism of science. Now this paradigm of hypostatic presence has been broken by Einstein on one side and fundamental physics on the other, but nothing has still changed in the view of the world. Our intellectual attitude is still dominated by this hypostatization which is historical. We cannot just say it is the white male Anglo-Saxon male universalism. Too stupid. As Heidegger puts it: it's all a philosophical history of decadent forgetting from the Pre-socratic concern with Being...the obscure concern of the artist. And to fight this forgetting with the same means is hyper-stupid but not “idiotic”. Sorry... I need to laugh...or to vomit! For example, Trump is weak in legitimacy as President because he cannot occult his biased white male universalism because it is not displaced and concealed in many group identities to form a networked universalism of universalisms that are even more symbolically castrating. Conservatism is less legitimized by universalism than liberalism because it fights universalism, yet it cannot be but white in its own turn, this feeds Universalism even more. Folds of folds of the same, fractally repeated. It's all a paradox that once more reveals a basic schizophrenia at the core of the relation between one and many in itself. In fact, this schizophrenic shadow is also more evident in the liberal Canada which declares itself as a perfect multicultural country by investing tons of money in the emancipation of minorities and their situated knowledges. But then it does not withdraw when its concern is to force a gas pipeline through

the Dakota territory in order to maintain that kind of multicultural society as prosperous and rich as it is with all its universal tolerance. Then one should go to the Dominican Republic, as I did, and see with his or her own eyes how the Canadian retired people, which are present in the island in large number, live as neo-colonialists in that country. Just walking in the street of some small town on the coast you could observe very old white Canadian men, accompanied by young Dominican children-girls, riding without any shame, giant noisy super-bikes. These old men can finally be themselves in all their low primitive and predatory white male alpha instinct after a life lived in the inauthentic rhetoric of the “political correctness” of their country. They are happy as Gauguin in the Virgin Islands but do not share the poverty of the inhabitants like the great painter. They base their happiness on an asymmetric power-relation based on money. One could say...yes but also the young Dominican female children parasites the old rich Canadians. This is the discourse that could make someone like Haraway... if we draw a parallel with her master and servant training as she relays with her house pet. But then how to justify her feminist positions? Nobody is “innocent” Haraway would say to justify herself; already her “cyborg” was not “innocent” as Stengers would echo. The “accountability” of Stengers-Haraway’s lack of innocence however... do not justify their feminist position against the supposed guilt of the white male toward the new children of the new slaves! White Old Canadians, to their turn, can always say: “nobody is innocent”. And I can confirm this because in Senegal, for example, there are Western White Women who give themselves to the practice of sexual tourism, speculating on the condition of the Islamic women and stealing their men for a tour of sex and a tour of money. Yes, it’s true, there are no innocents but this discourse engenders a complete self-indulgence. Feminist oscillates between an extreme severity toward the male and an extreme self-indulgence toward themselves. If I was really bad and politically incorrect I could say that this could be an innate feature of the “woman” ...but I would not do so because I know it is a complex machinism due to a mistaken epistemology and ontology. The forgetting of Being is a destination. Only by disentangling from this can we think a new art, a new politics, a new knowledge, a new beginning, a new science, and so on. This passes through recovering the aesthetic paradigm but not as semiotic...but as a materialist esthetic...a being there in the dark...a thinking through praxis, body, action...to integrate the shadow in the Jungian Self. The artist who has mostly ungrounded the Jungian shadow of the “politically correct” does not often come from American minorities, because they cannot recognize the trick of the system where they have been born and educated. But, the European movie-maker Lars Von Trier might be worth mentioning in this regard. In particular, I refer to the uncompleted Trilogy composed of “Dogville” and “Mandalay”, but also the last movie “The House that Jack Built”. I suggest the curious reader to watch this interview with Von Trier on you-tube: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Za6sF2gzOno&feature=share>.

In particular I find interesting his point of view that can be synthesized like this: if you are “democratic” you must test the ground of democracy. And if you believe in “freedom” you must test what grounds the idea of freedom... Instead, I see only people that trust their positive biases on these absolute values.

I like Trier's metaphor that before you make the "shoes" you must consider the "feet". In this age, we are forcing too big feet into too narrow shoes.

**The bleeding complexity of Life!
(Accompanied by Corelli's "Follia").**

Isabelle Stengers, and also my friends that are cunning professional philosophers (not like me, I am a self-didact "artist" (maybe not even an artist)), would reply that I am not "relaying" but "debunking" with a scandalous attitude, because I fear to expose my "vulnerability" to a productive contamination with US "politically correct" academic style. They would add that I am a molar moralist just as the system I debunk, because I produce a "rupture", not a "shift". And in doing so I am breaking the continuity of the rhizome that allows "infection"! Nooooo...!

In my humble opinion Stengers and my friend are too much idealizing the idea of "rhizome" as opposed to the "three" or the "molar" as opposed to the "molecular", they are creating a transcendent principle of GOOD that neither Deleuze nor Guattari would accept because, as they know, for D&G the concepts are pragmatic constructs... The concepts are tactical tool for a nomadic schizo-analytic cartography full of strange divergent axiologies that does not work for absolute oppositions but transversally and for in-between snake-gradients. The concepts are "operative constructs" for the machination of subversive bifurcating processes... The pragmatic concept must be grafted in the immanent praxis of the phylum and not considered as a Platonic absolute idea to contemplate or to realize as utopian form in a degraded world of matter and affects (As for example Badiou slightly does). Furthermore, Guattari and Deleuze are for a flat ontology which extracts a flat experimental praxis based on transcendental empiricism and not a transcendental idealism as in Kant. They literally subvert both Plato and Kant. The transcendental conditions come from experience so much as the "ideas" are catalyzing immanent empirical intensities that folds events. There is not a form that applies to the experience: the specific living matter finds its own form and the artist, the philosopher, the writer, the scientist follows the becoming of a "shape" folded by the actual-virtual convolutive intertwinning. For this reason, concepts are pragmatically operative machines.

Given these premises, we must always test the concept in relation with the experience. There is a relay between action and thinking (and vice-versa) as there is a relay between actual and virtual (and vice-versa). This is the experience of a praxis. Nature, Internet and the Stock Market, show that the "rhizome" is not a polarity of the absolute GOOD. Also "virality" is not necessarily a GOOD thing. Nor the "monster" always a desirable actualization. Indeed, a rhizome is a war-machine of fighting war-machines in itself with infinite schizos-relays and if I say schizos... I mean turbulent forces that cannot be peaceful and reasonably cautious and self-aware, as Stengers wishes. And we are just talking of natural things of the biosphere like volcanoes, lethal mutant viruses, cannibals coming to the surface from the abyss of Dark Web...

but we could also be infected by alien organisms colonizing the Earth through meteorites to abduct our minds. Actually, we cannot demonstrate that our brains are not abducted by telepathic invisible aliens. One of my larval selves could be an alien that is now having a glimpse of revelatory self-awareness. Practical events show that the rhizome is a violent unknown zone that is crossed by viral and counter-viral infective effects, affects and thresholds of many kinds; even by innumerable catastrophes happening simultaneously at many levels of the spectrum that crosses transversally the organic and the inorganic, the *m i c r o* and the macro. The rhizome, in our experience, is proved to be beyond the GOOD and the EVIL, this is evident in the recurrent financial crisis as much as in natural earthquakes and so on. It suffices to say that some viruses are lethal weapons for our body and even death is a contingent singularity of a rhizome. With these premises, I think that institutionalized “political correctness” can be considered a dangerous destructive infection for “creative thinking”, a form of soft neo-Stalinist conformist virus and one should prevent the contagion without the fear to be homophobic, agoraphobic, or Puritan. I see already some of you thinking...ah this guy is phobic, toxic, misogynous, solipsistic and so on...Bullshit! I don’t want to be paranoid, I know there is also a provocative challenging attitude in my words, it’s part of the temperament of “my”(?) “character”, the Anartist, who is striving with the writer, the doctor, the performer, the philosopher, the comic, the movie maker, the artist and the abducting alien to take control over the modulation of the text’s signifier. My writings are already a prehension of forces and subjects that strive to emerge through a struggle of resonances that are in tension between them. They produce a singular rhetorically disruptive effect because they compose a Difference as such that wants to get rid of every epistemological imposition on their becoming...They are a tribe of eccentric speculative narcissists. This shows that we are already a danger to ourselves and the horrific monster is already inside us; but, because we are pragmatists, we cannot undervalue the danger inherent to the rhizome outside there. The academy hides a jungle too, it is rhizomatic too in the interstices of the ranks and it is full of violent events and ambushes too. In this rhizome, the high rank Stengers could find the relays of a true cannibal to bite her hand instead of the middle-class small dog of her high rank colleague Haraway. For this reason, I, the apparent black-hole resonating in itself at the margin of Academy and Society, the eternal unemployed, advise Stengers and my friend to “slow down” and “be cautious”. It’s too risky to simply destratify with a peacefully hippie-rainbow academic attitude. The world outside a “good position” in the academy is dangerous and full of cruel predators and outsiders in search of ways to dethrone the higher ranks. I could also be a predator, and I already carry the scars of my relays with “fanged noumena”. The rhizome is tendentially parasitic and full of camouflaged mutant beings. Often the ones who look “innocent” are “dangerous” and the ones who seem “allied” are the worst “enemies”. Predators, parasites...the world is full of them and we, ourselves, have these insane predatory and parasitic modalities within us, as Haraway would admit. If you admit that you are not “innocent” you cannot relay “innocently” with the others to make the great rainbow rhizome change the world with its LOVE. The word LOVE

already activates my animal instinct of protection. Love will tear us apart again, as Ian Curtis was singing before hanging himself with a rope. So, be cautious before you expose yourself to lethal viruses like the “politically correct”. The attitude of Stengers could be the symptom of an “irreversibility” in the infection, even if she would say that “irreversibility” is not a “politically correct” word, but we know that many processes in Nature are irreversible, even Ilya Prigogine, co-author with Stengers of *Order out of Chaos*, knew this to be true. It’s not often that we have a convolution from chaos to order...it can also be the opposite. For example, we know by everyday experience that the deterioration of our vital organism is irreversible, even if it initially evolves through complexity, our organism becomes decadent, only to become food for worms that, in turn, will become butterflies. With the flapping of their wings, these butterflies will produce a hurricane off the coast of Florida. The spiraling wind of this hurricane will sweep up an entire Circus with all its animals and clowns. The following day, a fisherman of a Mexican island will retrieve his fishing net only to find a living Bengali Tiger, this is alien abduction! Indeed, having a sense of the obscure and tragic rhizome in which we are relayed means to know, through intuition, when to slow down and protect ourselves... but also, on the contrary, to sense when to accelerate and attack (deterritorialize) in order to get an opportunity in the rhizome—this is precisely the case of the war-machine (it is not by chance that D&G invented this term...why didn’t they name the concept “peace-machine” as the Rainbow movement would like?). The baroque is full of acceleration, slowing down, and so on—up and down from micro to macro and the reverse... The psychedelic scales of Scarlatti, the fluid curls of curls of Corelli, the flight of flights of Vivaldi, the oscillating overtures of Giovan Battista Lulli named Lully by the King Du Soleil. Even Stengers’ idealization of the polarity of the “slow down” is a Platonic mistake: a false axiom! The art of war is like the art of Tao, a pragmatic but elusive philosophy that is fluid, paradoxical and conceives cosmos as a chaosmosis of essential relays combining in many ways. Tao itself is a relay between two gradients of forces in dynamic equilibrium. Tao and Tai Chi are also the base of many martial arts such as Kung Fu, for example, which is relayed to becoming-animal. Each move of Kung Fu corresponds to the dynamic movement of an animal—this form, executed through training, allows the martial artist to incarnate the archetypal energy of an animal: i.e. the tiger, the monkey, and so on—and, what’s more, this becoming-animal is also relayed to a becoming-cosmic, because Chinese Astrology relates to animal-constellations. Each one, with its specific singularity of relay, allows the fighter to become more-than-human in fighting... The fighter becomes a chaotic warrior in an alchemy of relays. Indeed, Kung Fu is a martial art...but it is also a cosmic dance.

This oriental digression is just to say that, in front to the molarity of the US Empire and its neo-Puritan academic or non-academic invasion, we must make an appeal to the art of the war-machine in our complex and pragmatic relaying to the plane of immanence. We cannot just give ourselves over to the violence of the enemy as a sect of hippy freaks that worship this fake Rainbow idea of LOVE. These Rainbow people do not even know the difference between EROS and AGAPE. We must stick to eros and not fetishize the agapeic pleasure, i.e. the capitalist trap that commodifies concepts and feelings through a

simplification of language and arguments. This is the shift from Enjoy Cocacola to Love Cocacola! If we want to survive American Capitalism, we must be open enough to an exchange with our environment but also closed enough to select what our unique percept-becoming requires to reproduce the refrain of our internal difference. In this argument, I defend the virtual essentialism of Graham Harman with respect to Latour's action-network philosophy and its infinite translations. We are not only an open flux of relays, we also resist the flux to reproduce our own singularity. We unfold but also enfold. We cannot passively accept the moralism of this North-American compulsive imperative to relay! If you do not relay you are solipsistic! Fuck! Leave me alone! You and your communitarian sense which deprives my absolute individualism of the absolute, you and your Maoist comrades! I am not referring to anyone, I am just relaying to idiotic virtualities, folding an obscure concern.

As Kung Fu teaches, if I relay to a "tiger", it is a path which differs from relaying to an overstimulated mouse in a laboratory, an abducting alien, or a middle class house-dog. I activate different fields of becoming and the Stengers-Haraway assemblage cannot come to tell me that I am just a "solitary superb three" with my roots in the safe ground of the 1900esque male artist misogynous milieu selected by Deleuze and Guattari, (Artaud, Kafka, Burroughs...). I do not accept to relay with Haraway's house-dog and its little pissing, or any other female hysteric caprices of a frustrated domestic eroticism that screams at me to go and take the little dog outside to piss! Furthermore, Haraway cannot hide behind the representation of herself as an "aging middle-class white woman", even if it's just a tactical withdrawing of a homely micro-war-machine... probably a micro-wave. And this is not only due to the fact that these women (Stengers-Haraway) have accumulated a huge capital of "academic power"; for if they define themselves as aging middle-class white women, I must define myself as an aging paria, almost-white, toxic male—if we are to compare our rank and power in the academy.

I have never heard of any middle class white woman (for example my wife, who is employed in a middle level position in a small corporation) that travels continuously throughout the globe—in first class—giving lectures, publishing with honors, and who is worshipped as an academic rock-star. Not only this, but Stengers also profits from her "best position" for bullying—from her institutionalized high-ranking position of aging upper-class woman—the too brave and too challenging low-level ranks, dismissing them as "precocious chaffinches". But don't just take my word for it, read Stengers in her own words and tell me there isn't an attitude of superiority:

"The point is – as it is everywhere – not to fake but to reclaim, that is also to diagnose the 'black hole' that we may fall into, with the machine then producing "individual" group effects spinning in circles, as in the case of chaffinches that have been isolated too early, and whose impoverished, simplified song expresses nothing more than the resonance of the black hole in which they are trapped'. Guattari related black holes to 'precocious' deterritorialization, and I would claim that the specific strength of the academic territorial assemblages (at least in humanities) is to encourage such precocity, even if afterwards they select away (sorry if they failed the objective ranking evaluation) most of the daring

young scholars, who will then spin in circles, singing the song of the bearer of a truth that makes their prosecution self-explanatory...”

And then the high rank philosopher who is not any of these precocious “chaffinches” but a well-established high rank scholar that can provide wise and cautious suggestion from her “best position” in the Academic Rank continues like this:

“Let us not assume that the figure of the schizo (I am not speaking about dealing with schizos, as he did) is bound to be a deterritorializing one. It may as well be reterritorialized as a *nec plus ultra*-academic reference for debunking the illusions of normality of the modern Subject again and again. And as such it will be a subject for innumerable academic dissertations by precocious students, just like Artaud or Nietzsche or... For those of us who teach and breathe the academic air, reclaiming the machinic freedom of cartography, which Guattari’s operative constructs require, may well mean learning the signature of the black hole that threatens any (academic) relaying, and transforms relayers into sophisticated, spinning babblers: it is the fear of exposing oneself to the accusation of being duped, to compromise oneself with what others may be able to debunk. It may well mean accepting that the smoke of the burned witches is indeed poisoning our milieu, producing faked, conditional freedom. Being true to Felix Guattari’s memory does not mean leaving this milieu – poison is everywhere – but crafting the complex refrains that may dispel – and I take dispel with its etymological link with spell – the smoke, that may accompany us when opening the circle and venturing outside without the fear that produces precocious academic chaffinches”.

She is bullying and whipping the “precocious” insubordinate academic chaffinches of the low ranks, who do not accept her precious “incautious” suggestions to be “cautious”, because, in so doing, these challenging outsiders would turn themselves into isolated and desperate self-echoing black holes. First Stengers, being a philosopher and not an artist, cannot understand the intense fascination of a Black Hole and the joyful suicidal attitude it comports, the sublime attraction related to becoming a cosmic giant cannibal of light. The most powerful attractor impinging on our biosphere in the good and in the bad. Even much more powerful than Bataille’s Sun and its Aztec sacrifices.

Then, it is evident that Stengers, by dismissing and bullying the “spinning bubbler, isolated precocious chaffinches” is showing the symptom of a repressed rage. It’s like if Stengers, after having accepted in a passively and masochistic way the most stupid and “politically correct” humiliations inflicted by Haraway, must burst her rage toward an innocuous target as the precocious chaffinches of the low ranks, the marginals of the university. She is too much loaded with scorn and humiliation, having accepted with passivity the police operations of Haraway’s “political correctness” on her body...with its doggy bites, Cyborg’s applications, and so on...even if she has camouflaged and occulted her latent masochism as simply “curettage” (a word, which taken without a divergent ec(h)ology evokes pain, discipline and cruelty)”. Finally, after she had heavily repressed her authenticity with her submission to the academic torture of an Amazon Dominatrix as Haraway, the French philosopher converted to American politically correct, explodes against the young outsiders of the low ranks as if she was a sour ag-

ing upper-class white woman with a long whip arriving to the margin of the academy, between the losers, the anonymous chaffinches that have failed in their career and are spinning in themselves between a bottle of whisky and another... isolated by the illuminating light of the higher ranks...by the global guru of the academy... So doing, she passes from "maso" to "sado", inverting her position in the relay with Haraway, who is a natural born dominatrix who has cast a spell that Stengers cannot "dis-spell". But Stenger sublimates this transfer of relays, not with Haraway—who is too strong in character and too high of rank (cybernetically useful, colleague-relays of her academic-network)—but with the parias, the chaffinches, and the spinning bubblers. It's an easy innocuous target for her. If she had addressed, in that sour way, a blazoned colleague of similar rank...it would be devastating for her image and career. When you reach that academic power, I imagine that it is easy to be published, but is not convenient to be free to express yourself; you must calculate and be very cautious in every move and word. The power is a conquest that requires dressage and discipline to arrive to the academic jet-set and not fall into the mouth of a Black Cosmic Cannibal. However, she chooses to discharge the weight of this limitation upon a weak scapegoat figure: the chaffinches. But, of course, I don't write this as a transcendental critique... or a personal attack on Stengers... it is just a "cautious" "curettage" to the high-rank feminist assemblage Stengers-Haraway – as also Stengers clearly signals and remarks with the "we" in best position will not fall in the trap of the precocious chaffinches... While hardly bullying the insubordinate lower ranks, probably all toxic young alpha males that should be domesticated by Stengers wipe or by the domestic dog-leash of Haraway. According to Stengers, the "pack of wolves" should undergo the house-dog training of Donna Haraway. Discipline! I am sorry to delude the mastery-attitude of this clitoris-centric phallo-assemblage which distributes wise suggestions and Oedipal threats to the insubordinate lower ranks...but I am a suicidal cannibal, an inhuman monster, and I cannot accept the reduction and the humiliation of my "tiger-masculinity" (you can laugh, but as Anartist I am used to risking being ridiculous in public!) to the miniaturization of a house-cat! (Laughing!) The Anartist, as colony of larval selves has voted, he-they-her-it cannot accept to put their neck in the house-dog leash of Haraway! I would prefer not! If the Anartist must enter in "masochist" assemblages to reach a body without organs, I-he-them-us Anartist(s) would prefer to enter into more cosmic and chaosmic empowering "agence d'agencements" than in the domestic machinic machinisms of re-territorialization of the Stengers-Haraway assemblage. And I say this because relaying a "black tiger" (it is an actual anomalous color variant of the tiger) to a house-dog or to the leash of an aging middle-class woman could not turn out to be a "good encounter" for the house-dog or for the aging "middle class" woman, as Spinoza's ethics would suggest! From my lower rank of male paria, black tiger, I suggest Stengers and Haraway to be very "cautious" when they graft with weird relays in their assemblages... if they do not want to be torn to pieces by a ferocious beast they might meet outside their protected white upper-class "milieu" of safe "relays". They could also be sucked by the spinning bubbling giant cosmic cannibal. As the art of witchcraft tells, and the theory of chaos confirms, when you start naming a Black Hole more than one

time you start materializing it in your refrain and then it's not easy to resist the attraction of its intense self-echoing mass. Outside a protected environment, it is hard to survive, you mistake the relays and you are fucked! It's not the case when you are in the high rank and you relay only to high ranks. (Laughing! Scarlatti is a drug!)

To confirm this danger is the structure of our "situatedness". Our ground could be divided in 3 reigns that range from absolute speed to maximum stability. The first reign is chaos or the "innaturale" (Italian) which stands for "unnatural" but also "innate" or fundamental groundless ground of pure chance and sterile virtualities. Slowing down, we arrive to the reign of *Natura Naturans*, or *Chaosmosis*, that is a fluid situation of schizo-relays, a field of potential between the virtual and the actual which allows magic witch-flight. Jumps in the *aion*. At the end, the reign of order and organization of *Natura Naturata* is under the spell of more constant and stable patterns and allow the life in the biosphere to not be completely mutant and unpredictable. It's the sort of ordered mind of Nature, the holistic and fractal harmony which manifests itself through the Fibonacci Series or the Golden Section. This stratum is not only negative and reactive but allows our species to be born consistently with one head, two arms and two legs instead of two or three floating heads (this would be a rare anomaly due to an excess of the other two strata impinging on and corroding the molar harmony). Even the rhizome is affected by this natural order: when a small house-dog and an aging middle/upper class high-ranking woman relays to a hungry black tiger, they are usually destined to become fast food. Fortunately, this reign of order and regularity which differentiates territories has created different ecological niches for the black tiger, the house-dog, and the house-wife. So, there is also a natural and cultural limit of the capacity of relaying in the rhizome; a natural distancing that prevents unnatural encounters, for example between the incandescent academic low rank and an aging academic high-ranking woman. Even if, at the end, every relay of the biosphere is in some way connected to whatever other relays...strange deterritorializing anomalous encounters can happen. For example, you can sometimes see aging middle-class white women on Facebook or YouTube training, domesticating, and petting black tigers or a pack of wolves... but very rarely and always at their own danger and risk. (Intense Laughing!)

Sailing the Black See. (Accompanied by the psychedelic harpsicord of Domenico Scarlatti playing his notorious Fandango).

In my view, the opening of a relays can be considered as an acceleration that exposes us to the violent but empowering and refreshing winds of chaos that de-territorializes our life, while the closing of the relays is the slowing down of our dynamic system that reterritorializes us in the internal difference of our singular trajectory-objectile that cuts the wind with a counter-angle of exit. Whoever has experienced sailing, knows how the relays of a sailing-ship work. We are this schizo-line of tension of a meta-stable oscillatory trajectory and this is exactly the turbulence of a chaosmosis that impinges on the gait of a sail and allows the becoming of a robust and dynamic war-machine of the sea. Instead Stengers

seems to know only one gait...probably “lasco” (broad reach!) But this gait of open relays allows only one direction...the one of the Capital winding. But how can one “escape against” Capitalism? It’s a paradox. One must go beyond the “broad reach” gait and learn the art of the “bowline”. The “broad reach” surfing works with wind and waves that push the ship from behind, it’s the gait more conformed to the wind, but the “bowline” must cut wind and waves at the maximum angular speed to counter-deterritorialize the ship from the direction of the wind. The “broad reach” gait extracts the maximum value from the territorialization in the wind (even full capitalization is an art of sensitivity) but the second, bowline, is the maximum deterritorialization and extraction of angular value from counter-wind to obtain the maximum counter-capitalization. In the “bowline” the sail-boat is literally sucked out ahead by the counter-wind as the wing of an airplane or a seagull. This is why this strategy of angular counter-turbulence can be defined as an “escape against”. “Bowline” is a paradoxical gait. I think my composite dissertation-intervention does not refuse any brave relaying with academy, even with its too mechanistic machinism: the publication of articles. However, the writing never submits passively to the objectivist “form” and even the urban intervention-machines of the Anartist do not withdraw in opening relays with the capitalist world inside and outside the art system; even if I do not submit passively to the capitalist “code” but I try to subvert it with an “escape-against”. I cannot be accused to be an isolated spinning bubbling “black hole” dear Stengers, because my interventions have many relays, not all of them are humans! The struggle that concerns my position is very hard and refuses a kind of relaying that can sort out into a “domestication”, a falling into a network of inauthenticity where everybody plays the role of the institutionalized victim of an affirmative attitude which does not recognize the limit imposed by “political correctness”. However, I don’t want to play the part of the victim of the “political correctness” in turn, only to fall in the same trap. Even if my victimhood would be at least a non-institutionalized victimhood. I would have the right to complain a little in a warm spiral of self-commiseration! (Laughing!) The Anartist at the limit is a true marginal and not a fake one coded by the use of a system. Even if I would prefer not to be a victim! The Anartist interventions always consist in pushing against toward the center to keep active the infection as a capacity of deterritorialization, instead of being confined to the margins and signified simply as an “outsider”. It’s not easy, because it is a struggle against forces of exclusion from one side and inclusion on the other! I like to push the outside inside and the inside outside. I think this chiasmic inversion is a feature of subversion. I don’t want to be marginalized, nor even domesticated. This is why I don’t refuse to expose myself to the attacks when I open my relays, but I also transform these negativities into potential by a re-folding that propels the “obscure concern” at the core of my counter-attacking war-machine. Each folding of my war-machine can be seen also as a relay and all my dissertation-intervention can be considered as a relay of relays even if these relays have an intensity of striving, and a speed, more sustained than the ones that I can perceive in the text of Isabelle Stengers. Indeed, because I am an Anartist and she is an important philosopher of science we cannot have the same modality to relay to the world. She is much more institutionalized than me. She could not write

with the catacombic freedom I have, she has a responsibility; it's not only to keep her higher rank, as this was just an "innocent" joke. (Laughing!) However, she has a no less boring weight to carry on her shoulders. Her voice has much more weight than mine and her actions must respond to a more-heavy accountability. Indeed, I don't buy the distinction between "relays" and "debunking". And also, she seems to change position during the essay. I guess, in a rhizome there are relayed a multiplicity of species, each one with its own specific bio-strategy of relaying to others, each one with its specific kind of "prehension and satisfaction" to use the words of Norbert Whitehead that is the materialist spiritual guide of Stengers. But, by reverting again and again my position in our system of relays, I suggest Stengers to be "cautious"! She risks falling prey of the domestication of political correctness when she passively accepts the "politically correct" bites of Haraway, with a sacrifice, which in her intension, should displace her individual "good position" in favor of a more dynamic rhizome-machine of knowledge production, but she cannot control the infection of a bite. She should suppress the house-dog with her scientific claws: maybe an injection of some deadly chemical alchemy would do...I don't know..."Ricin"? Stengers, instead, is innocuous and innocent as a precocious chaffinches when she believes that accepting the "curettage" of the "politically correct" is a generous gesture to sacrifice her individual position for the superior and common cause of a rhizomatic anti-establishment knowledge. Stengers seems to assume that the displacement is always a positive sacrifice for the one who undergoes it. For what concerns me, I think that "displacement" can be certainly an empowering deterritorialization of the "continuum" but also a domestic reterritorialization. Even the deportation of the Jews and many other minorities and individuals throughout history was a displacement, but it was not necessarily positive and empowering for the continuum. At the natural level, an earthquake is a displacement of the inhabitants of a town. Death itself is a displacement. But if we want to destratify more cautiously, as Stengers suggests, even the house-dog's bite given by Haraway to her hand can bring a lethal infection if the immune-system who received it is too weak toward the invasive virus. Its puny little bite, in the case of this anemia, can be like the bite of a viper injecting venom! (Laughing!)

Allegro and Lethally Poisonous. Sonatas K1.

Chaos Theory, of which Stengers is a master, says that a small displacement, as inductive cause, can engender a catastrophic event – as for example the "butterfly effect". In my opinion in "feminism" there is an excessive positive bias and trust toward "symbiosis" as a harmonic, even if it's always displacing, cooperative processual network of assemblages that is already inscribed in Nature... This hides a myth of Natural Communism that, to its turn, conceals the myth of a "Paradise Lost" which, as Anartist (Anarchist Artist Anti-Christ) I cannot subscribe to. For me the problem is not that we live in an individualist society and, by contrast, we should form cooperative communities to mitigate this alienating tendency but, on the contrary, we are not enough individuated, because our internal difference is mediated by external values (basically capitalist values). Americans are individualist but also terribly communitarian and friendly conformists. The

consequent problem is that this axiomatization of internal difference to external common values folds the conscience of a subject. Instead the becoming of full individuation should be like a forgetting of who we are as subjects to remember what we are as Being (aletheia against doxa). I know this is another paradox but the full individual in its full unfolding is an absent presence, an “idiot” with an obscure but unique concern.

Instead, the myth of symbiosis is “wrong” and too much utopian “communist”. Symbiosis is neither good nor bad in itself. Many species cooperate in an ecological niche as relays of an assemblage of relays, but always inside a Darwinian competitive scheme of natural selection. Death, violence and struggle remain the tragic agents of metamorphosis in Nature which is creative but also destructive. In order to erase the negative side of symbiosis, one must believe in a Whiteheadian evolutionist “panentheism” where the cosmos is the ordering mind of God inscribed in matter and its eternal possibilities. In this Whiteheadian view, a phenomenon is eternal because, when it dies, it inscribes itself in the evolution of God and gives rise to a new beginning that, with its coming to life, participates to the creation of God itself. The concretion of the event makes a living phenomenon appear that is a creature and a creator of God at the same time. From this point of view, the present is a continuous prehension of the past which evolves toward the future. This is a vision of life that is teleological and theological. And we know that Whitehead is the driving spirit of Stengers. In my opinion this view, even if it has bases in the new science (mostly in Einstein’s theory of relativity) can only be sustained by the faith (that God does not play dice with the Universe.). We know the influence of Christian theology on Whitehead (for a general view on Whitehead’s philosophy I suggest watching professor Holmes’ university lectures on you-tube). I could characterize the attitude of Stengers as that of a white protestant nun from the New England, who accepts, without complaining, her sacrifice through the hand of Haraway’s pseudo-middle-class curettage, with the passive attitude of a Christian martyr; even if she claims to be a wielding “witchcraft” or sympathizes with this “figure”. I see Stengers taking the white male Whitehead too literally and teleologically as a master-father figure and not from behind, as a simulacrum, a diverging mask, as usually Deleuze did it with his friend-adversaries relays. (You can read Stephen Shaviro’s “Deleuze’s Encounter with Whitehead” on Google as PDF). Even when Stengers, in order to make a very moderate “curettage” to the position of Haraway’s “cyborg”, feels the necessity to celebrate “Starhawk” (a revivalist new age feminist who wants to return to the ritual of the witchcraft through performance) we see how the infection of the deep Puritan Anglo-American plane has virulently penetrated the unconscious of the Latin-European Stengers after the contact-relay with Haraway (but the nucleus of the Puritan infection was already in her unprotected and too direct contact with Whitehead. She should take it from behind... Laughing!). I don’t care if the return to witchcraft is just a copy without an original and I agree with Stengers, that even if the original teachings are forever lost... performativity is still magic in itself. I also understand that the ritual is a sort of grounding machine in itself, but I do not fully understand the nostalgic fascination for the “revival”. For a Pure Nature. It looks really like a ritual for Californian three-huggers! Even if it is a revival with no

origin, it is still an identitarian revivalism, nostalgic of a pure origin of nature to justify the essential purity of the “woman”, grounded against the majoritarian “corrupted” nature of the White American Male who is guilty for having burned the witches and destroyed the seeds of this minority practice and, in so doing, committed a gendercide against all women of the world! The myth of the witchcraft is a virtual tale that is enacted to be revived and actualized in the gestures to produce an essentialist and Puritan war-machine against the male! Even if it is a made-up tale, only inspired by hypothetical origins...it has a hyperstitional but distorted power for reterritorialization. Starhawk, a white academic feminist professor, wants to relay herself, by the means of a simulacrum, to this violently suppressed minority practice to call forth the spirit of witchcraft to a new life, as if the ghosts could re-emerge from their ashes to haunt the universality of the white male and to hunt the white male’s hidden crime/sin/scene. As Stengers puts it, the ritual is a Guattarian machine which establishes a cosmic refrain relayed to a becoming-witchcraft. It’s a hauntological and de-actualizing counter-practice based on a simulacrum, similar to the one which performs the Anartist when it parasites and enacts the symbolism of the Black Block rioters. Starhawk wants to ground, in a ritual, a different feminist sensitivity for the “woman”. A holistically, deeply ecological, culturally rooted alternative to the “white male” rationalist, universalist, logic. The performative operation is interesting but the annexing of the witchcraft, a singular and obscure experience in history, to the emancipation of the contemporary “woman” against the white “male” risks to translate and domesticate a singularity into the generality of a “group identity” and its victimized “resentment” against the “white” male rapist psychopath who is accused of all the Evil of the world. Even gendercide! This victimized resentment risks engendering the same Manichaeian and Puritan problem of white upper-class feminism: an extreme and harsh aggressiveness against the male and an extreme self-indulgence toward themselves. Even if Starhawk’s machine is interesting, and probably, as esthetic experience, hides a more obscure concern than just the superficial resentment for the white male, it is affected by this Puritan mechanism that is a feature of all the American minority discourse. For this reason, its political scope sounds too limited and even the approach to magic is literally and didactically coded in a pseudo-tradition. It’s an operation which slips into a far too kitsch, hippy, pop, new age and folkloric American Myth. More than a Deleuzian simulacrum, that is a dynamic superposition of different resonant baroque series, the performance of Starhawk has aspects of the puritan disguised simulation...it’s more a kitschy copy without a referent, like a Puritan theme park based on the theme of Witchcraft ... than a simulacrum that challenges both the original and the copy in its diverging resonance. Then, as artificial construct but essentialist myth, it contains the typical nostalgia of a Nature when things were simple and “innocent”, as also noticed by Haraway with her sentence “I would prefer to be a Cyborg”. Haraway contrasted the new age pseudo-essentialist pseudo-naïve figure of Starhawk with the Cyborg which is “not innocent” and does not want to appear as such. The “curettage” of Stengers to this position looks weak; even if the cyborg is not a sustainable figure today, Stengers cannot go much beyond transcendental critique because she cannot oppose a strong counter-practice. Starhawk boosts a

myth of an idealized “golden age” that roots the false myth of an autonomous “woman” (nobody is autonomous) that is still strongly Puritan, even if it has something of a malevolence and interesting feature in the idea of resuscitating specters buried in the American Unconscious. This spectral and simulacral aspect is similar to the hauntological, huntological and scatological praxis of the Anartist that tries to disrupt the capitalist urban space by bringing forth, on the situated scene, the ungrounding, repressed and removed undigestible antagonist specters that are buried there. The Sacred Specter of the Urban Riot! If we exclude a certain New Age kitschy “political correctness”, there is also a certain malevolent symbolic violence in Starhawk, that is sympathetic with the Anartist, even if the scope of the Anartist’s machine is much larger, less nostalgic and more contemporaneously pragmatic. The Anartist does not relay to a myth of the past, but constructs a new mythology of relays and a new libido attached to them, that is not nostalgic at all. The myth of the Anartist considers the capitalist refrain designed in the urban space as a form of magic spell (an idea more or less shared by Stengers in her book “Capitalist sorcery. Breaking the Spell”). The intervention disorganizes the urban space as a counter-spell, it is an arrhythmic divergent practice of s-witchcraft. I think the practice-machine of the Anartist is more grounded in a contemporary counter-machinism which is magic in itself, because it is a rhythm that transgresses another rhythm and catches it in its unfolding becoming. It’s a monster-rhythm! However, even Starhawk’s practice could be considered a practice to create a s-witchcraft line to fly outside the white male American cultural algorithm... but is reterritorialized by its own pseudo-essentialist Puritanism. Starhawk’s ritual is not enough grounded in the actual, nor even in the virtual, and is abstractly floating in the pseudo. Whereas, the practice of the Anartist has a hyperstitional viral power that grows each time it is enacted. Numbering number. Moreover, the Anartist does not have a privileged subjectivity and not even an object to exclude or resent like Starhawk. The Anartist is a potential figure and line of flight in urban space that everybody can incarnate by dressing a black balaclava and having a sufficient dose of bravery and creativity. It’s an open dynamic system activated just by a mask to surf the smooth in urban space. In order to answer more directly to the problematic raised by Bordeleau at the beginning of this counter-essay (full of turning points, convoluted relays and reversions), the idea is to keep in place the 1900esque radicality of the strong artistic borderline personalities like Artaud but with the surfing rhizomatic virality of the 21st century. However, I do not stay there to measure the efficacy of my infection; I just enjoy staying between the virtual and the actual through my avatar and the opening virtualities. It’s a strange way to live. It’s thinking through practice. As Deleuze and Guattari would put it, the pack of wolves contains the “exceptional individual” and I stick to this view and I do not relay to Haraway’s well-trained small house-dog. If I have to take Haraway from behind...this is hard-core porn sado-masochism...I would prefer to be a “bastard”! The alternative of this, as I noticed by travelling around the world, is a lack of radical excess and personality in the artistic scene and an excess of humanity, victimhood, false transgression and political correctness; all of this decoded and recoded by capitalism as a useful creative class to put to work in the Global Spectacle. In this sense, I don’t dislike being a little “anachronistic” or

“untimely” as Nietzsche would put it. It’s better to have a different rhythm–refrain, slower or more accelerated, to “dispel” the Capitalistically Synchronic Time...the Real Time of the Capitalist Realism inscribed in the design of the urban space. A little “vacu(h)ole” of solitude is necessary to inject radical difference in a world of compulsive social-networking and synchronic libido

Celebration of the “True Noire”. (Lulli’s overtures).

Then, if you want to say that this “vacu(h)ole” of solitude is a spinning “Black Hole” for me it is fine...but now is you that are intensifying, even negatively, my “epic”! For me is an honor to have a huge “counter-epic”! I want to fly, even throughout Hell if it needs to know the Paradise. Getting the stigmatic stain, the Black Aura, grows my esthetic power! I will not contain myself because you want to cast an Evil Eye on me. I will eat the negative light of your reflecting intersubjective mirror to grow bigger and bigger; through a Black 8 of freed magnetic energy, because I am the Big Cosmic Cannibal! I am the Black Sun! I am the Anartist, the orphan of Sagittarius A. I am 4 billion times the Mass of the White Sun. I shape the Galaxy where you live. Without my gravitational center, there would not be aggregate of matter, nor assemblages and relays, there would be only disintegrated dispersion. Without me there would not be “life on Earth”. Without my attraction, there would be no spiraling cycles of the spheres which allows the perfect cycles of Nature. There would be no Golden Section. Without me there would not be the synchronisms of death and life with their new beginnings and new endings and new beginnings...Nor destructions nor creativity... The Anglo-American Puritans look at me as the Door of the Hell... but nobody can imagine what happens to a quark after the event horizon. Maybe there is a white or red hole that connects another universe, but I prefer to keep it secret or the Puritans would think that I am GOOD. The Puritans are scared of me because I am Black, and I am a deep enigmatic Hole which subverts every “human” State’s rule. I don’t care if you judge me a psychopath narcissist, I don’t feel like a “victim”! You will not succeed in your North-American Puritan Perversion. I am Sagittarius A, the Big Cosmic Cannibal, a super-Black-Hole! I relay to everything that happens in the Galaxy. I am the Black Emperor of this Singleton. If only they could masticate a little French Language the Puritan should know that I am a “Trou Noire” and I resonate with “through” and “truth” and “true”. I am authentic, I am aletheic, I am the infinitesimally smaller part of the matter, but I can expand and eat all the universe because I can modify space and time, opening n dimensions that no Aristotelian hypersphere can contemplate. Aristoteles knew that everything is virtual because the point of the present does not exist. The line is a paradox but allows it to overcome the point. To defer and to differ the paradox of the instant (as also Derrida would say) in the practical time-line of the future. And even the circle is a paradox which rejoins the line with point. It’s the false movement of time and the 3 synthesis of it: kronos, kairos, aion. It’s an idea taken back again by Hegel that axiomatizes it to the Progressive evolution of history toward an eschatological point of return of the Spirit in itself. But for Aristoteles there is not Progressive

“history”, the movement is “utterly virtual” and “transcendentally Metaphysic”, like a spiral of intuition to get out the Platonic Cavern and reaching the Areté’ through the experience of praxis. Time is an event that happens and does not happen. It’s a spiral on a fixed virtual axe. Something that appears and passes away. He knew it because Zenon told this to him. And then from the circle to the rotating Spheres that show the impossibility of being situated in a point, but in spite of their virtual essence produced an impossible musical harmony catching every practical action in a final cause. He knew the paradox of time and geometry because Zenon told it to him. However, the virtual potentiality of the essences overcame the impossibility of an impossible grounded architecture within the void of the Archè...i.e., the Aretè. But the Aretè was relayed to each being and the relays of beings was infinite. An Aretè of Aretè. A rhizome (“rete” in Italian) of Aretè. But what was grounding the potentiality of the essences in the excellence of the Aretè was just the potentiality in itself. Aristotle knew the abyss under his feet even if he saw harmony in it and a cosmological end for every practical causation: the eternal return of the absolute Beauty, of the absolute Good; and their esthetic and ethic hierarchies. It was exactly that paradoxical groundless void of potential that allowed the multiplicity of beings and their aletheia...From here the importance of the “virtuous” action that allows the impossible of the point to become possible in the “virtual” line bending in a circle. The aletheia of praxis allowed to ascend in the spiraling staircase of “gnosis”. Do you understand this unmoved movement? For Aristoteles the essences were virtual potential, they could not guarantee an actualized substantial essence. Indeed, only the repeated and virtuous praxis of excellence (as difference) could keep the paradox of the virtual in play. In this way a great painter could become as such only through the development of its essential skill through praxis, not before. Even if he had a latent potentiality, he should encounter it through praxis and its assemblages to make it as “natural”. The “natural” was the immanent design of a praxis. Human nature could be stretched by praxis to the inhuman excellence of the Primal Unmoved Mover on the top of its cosmology. And this was Ether, an unsubstantial substance. The paradox of all the paradoxes. This idea of unsubstantial substance opens also to Deleuze’s idea of simulacra and virtual. Deleuze, even thanks to new biology, new physics and new art praxis brought Aristoteles’ difference and virtual to their extreme consequences. With all his mutating becomings Deleuze got rid of the strictures of Aristotelean logic, syllogisms and its principle of non-contradiction. He substituted the Aristotelean general-particular logic with the singularity of differential mathematics and topology that freed Aretè from every known ordered canon and harmony to reveal the chaos that Aristoteles already knew, but which he tried to ban for practical reason. (He was still a disciple of Plato, even if diverging). There is an evolutive convolution of Aretè’s concept from Aristoteles’ Artisan to the Deleuzian Anartist. Aretè became “Ars” with the Latins and then “Arte” which inspired the Italian Renaissance and its radicalization with Leibniz Baroque. Giordano Bruno tried and tried again to make a cartography of being situated in a system of rotating Spheres, he was already edging the Chaos as Nietzsche and Deleuze. It was a tremendous enigmatic puzzle for him. He could not accept the Aristotelean version imposed by the Church, especially after, there arrived in Florence, all the

books from the library of Babylon carried by Plato the Second who influenced all of the Renaissance. As you see I am a Black Hole of knowledge! I can drill infinite channels in the space-time. Joining and disjoining new trajectories and assemblages. I am the Black-Through which engenders Break-Throughs by launching dark-precursors in many directions. Then some of them explodes and changes the compositions of the Earth. "Through" me you can make a "trou" in the too human box, in the materialism of the mechanistic science and reaching out from your organized body and space-time and drill new channels. These holes and channels of a mysterious dark-matter rhizome reveal themselves by themselves, but you must make the action of drilling to pass through. You must drill the space-time of your "black box". You must drill your way to me. By passing "through" me you can reach a body without organs and fly in the univocity of the n dimensions and experience the infinite in-betweens...the "indefinite". "Through" me you can fly in a revelatory Black 8 and open your body-mind...free it from this world and discover where you dwell...in the extra-terrestrial Earth under the spell of Me...the Big Black Differentiator...the Big Cosmic Cannibal that is waiting for you with its huge open mouth. A mouth that knows everything and that Zoroaster, the Persian philosopher of the sacred fire, was used to listen to...Indeed, he well knew me by indicating my direction as the Sagittarius with the arrow...And this happened well before your western science knew the thermodynamic law and the arrow of entropy...and well before your technology could be able to photograph me in the position that Zarathustra (another name for Zoroaster) had indicated. Heraclitus knew me, Nietzsche knew me, Malevich knew me, Deleuze and Guattari knew me. Because they did not fear their dark side. They could navigate the Black "See" to become Black "Seers". I am the Big Black Destructor and the Big Black Creator. A Giant Turbine of Energy which bents the space-time. A Giant Spell! Under the Reign of my Galaxy every being has this double feature, beyond Good and Evil...even you...under your Puritan stratum...have this ambiguous feature of the huge Black Pharmacon.

After this machinic tour de force I should have explained, even if in a necessary convoluted and baroque way, my "position" (more a range of focus) with respect to "slowdowns", "relays", "infection", "schizos", "cyborgs", "situated knowledge", "curettage", "best position", "accountability", "aesthetic paradigm", "rhizome", "threes", "grafts", "wolves", "house-dogs" "solipsism", "1900sque", "obscure concern", "idiotic" "masochism", leashes" "political correctness", "witchcraft", "chaffinches", "dispel" and so on. I honestly thank my friend for suggesting me this essay and also Stengers for having unintentionally provided the "deterritorializing" "lure" for this "virtual" "monster" "orchid-wasp" "assemblage" between two different "immaterial species"; even if Stengers will never read this anti-dissertation and this counter-essay, because as I have previously argued, in Academy, as in the rest of the living realm, there is not such an easy "rhizomatic deterritorialization" and "infection" but the "relays" are mostly "territorialized" in "metastable" "niches", "areas", "coordinates" and "ranks" which prevents "chaos" but even the "state of flux" of "chaosmosis". It's the "abstract machine" (of *Natura Naturata*, Capitalism, Academy) that needs to "axiomatize" "difference" and "block" the "molecular" "line of flight"

in a “molar” but “vital” “stability” of “relays” to “slow down” almost to “zero” the “metamorphosis” into the “institution-apparatus”. I don’t agree, but I understand! I am not innocent! The “intensive” at the low margin can never win its battle with the “extensive” in the central top rank and vice-versa. They can simply “scorn” and “debunk” each other. This makes a field alive. They are two forces relaying eternally. I just want to finish by saying to Stengers-Bordeleau that “Infection”, as every concept, has an ambiguous and situational position beyond the Good and the Evil. Indeed, every “concept” (in philosophy), as for example “infection”, is destined to be relayed, and contaminated, both by the pragmatic reterritorializing functionality of the “perspect” (science) and by the deterritorializing obscurity of the artistic “percept”. This is why each “conceptual” “figure”, as for example the “Anartist”, can never be “pinned down” in a “meta-stable” “construct”, “axes”, “transcendental form” by an external “Kantian/Cartesian” “Judgement” because this operation would presuppose an “object”. Instead for its esthetic nature, the practice of the Anartist will always be a fleeting and figural “objectivity”, always subtracted or in excess.

I wish to finish this, in part catacomic in part extremely virtuous, counter-essay with some sentences written by Michel Foucault and Judith Butler to remark certain politically incorrect positions through voices unsuspected to be white, male, heterosexual, and “toxic” like me. As D&G in “What is philosophy” I consider thinking as a “de-actualization” which extracts a slowing down from the indistinct immanent super-velocity “flux” of the “mechanosphere” a divinatory intuition-concept-percept... and this “bastard thing” called creative thinking cannot be distinguished in racial or gendered group-identities, as these sentences well demonstrate:

“...if identity becomes the problem of sexual existence, and if people think that they have to “uncover” their “own identity”, and that their own identity has to become the law, the principle, the code of their existence; if the perennial question they ask is “Does this thing conform to my identity?” then, I think, they will turn back to a kind of ethics very close to the old heterosexual virility.”

Michel Foucault

“...the relationships we have to have with ourselves are not ones of identity, rather, they must be relationships of differentiation, of creation, of innovation.”

Michel Foucault

*"if we are asked to relate to the question of identity,
it must be an identity to our unique selves."*

Michel Foucault

*"I'm not at ease with "lesbian theories", gay
theories," for as I've argued elsewhere, identity
categories tend to be instruments of regular regimes."*

Judith Butler

*"Is it not a sign of despair over public politics when
identity becomes its own policy bringing with it
those who would "police" it from various sides?"*

Judith Butler

*"The dangers of identity politics...are that it casts
as authentic to the self or group an identity that
in fact is defined by its opposition to an Other.
Reclaiming such an identity as one's own merely
reinforces its dependence on this dominant Other,
and further internalizes and reinforces an
oppressive hierarchy."*

Judith Butler

After this counter-essay, a very ideologically biased reader could think that mine is just a macho misogynist suicidal performance-writing, a surfing through toxic currents but, actually, I appreciate a lot the archetypically feminine "ear" in my style of writing. What I try to deconstruct is the feminist phallogocentric axiomat-ic which neutralizes the "ear", which is also a metaphor of chaos and its resonant spin which escape every form of clear distinction or disambiguation. I just try to contest the feminist with a phallus, the feminist who uses the master-signifier to make things clear and distinct.









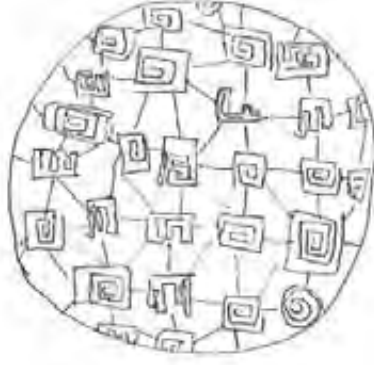


DIGIT-URBAN DESIGN



THE CAPTURED IN SPACE
LIBIDO CAPTURED IN LINKS
EXPERIENCE CAPTURED IN SIGNIFIER
MANA CAPTURED IN MONEY

EARTH-WORLD AS CITY OF PAVIL



FROM MATHEMATICS
TO MATRIX



The Catalysis of the Black Sun and the Evil Spirit of the cursed cobblestones



Journal: Ruukku.

Author: Gian Luigi Biagini.

Title: The Catalysis of the Black Sun and
the Evil Spirit of the cursed cobblestones.

The article has been written in the form of a poster
on research catalogue and framed with the help of
the artist/designer Arja Reiman.

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AGAINST THE LEFTIST ACADEMIC CONFORMISM. A CURSING INTRODUCTION.

*“Utopia isn’t the right concept: it’s more
a question of fabulation.” Deleuze, 1995*

As you can understand from the title, this
mini-essay winks at forms of hybrid nar-
rative that cross the social sciences into

fiction. With this I do not mean to devalue the concept of “fiction” in opposition to a supposed objective superiority of “reality”. In fact, from a Deleuzian point of view there is no clear separation between fiction and reality. Reality is simply a fiction institutionalized by powers that extract it, select it, stratify it and axiomatize it into a dominant syntax coded and decoded by a Signifier. This abstract machine of stratification reduces the immanent multiplicities of DIFFERENCE to a transcendent actualized identity-field: “reality”. This identity-field becomes the “given” for the production of a territorialized subject that experiences the oedipal affection of a striated, commodified, codified, disciplined space-time. It’s what Lukacs defines as “reification” of reality; what Mark Fisher addresses as the “Capitalist Realism”; and what Jean Baudrillard calls “hyperrealism”. Seen from this perspective the creation of new fictions is the productive effect of a subversive desiring machine that deterritorializes the dominant narrative and destratifies new becomings. A new fiction frees immanent virtual potentials beyond the actual present, for a people yet to come.

The production of fiction allows experiments that, being anomalous “singularities”, can break the general-particular scheme (of Aristotelian inheritance) on which the modern ideology-narratives are based. In fact, the big narratives do not place themselves in an immanent topology moved by singularities but in a perspective where the transcendent general of the actual is opposed to another transcendent general of the future: i.e., to values, narratives, institutions, fictions, already written for a people that already exist. It matters little whether these general ideologies confirm the present, like the neoliberal ones, or are projected into an alternative utopian leftist future. What these narratives lack is an immanent and singular experimental space-time where the fiction is experimented and embodied in the fold of an untimely anachronism.

For me, having discarded the possibility of an art subordinated to the dominant capitalist code, a fusion between expression and politics is possible only on this singular, experimental, anomalous and inchoate ground. With my bastard praxis, I destratify my expression from the capitalist code but also from the propaganda of the supposed leftist moral superiority of an already written counter-narrative for an identity-people of militants. This implies a reconfiguration of the idea of politics as a singular immanent production of new fictions – i.e. “myth-sciences” (O’Sullivan, 2016) or “hyperstitions” (Nick Land, 2011) – able to create interspaces, arrhythmias, cracks in the dominant narrative, but also in the already established historical counter-narratives. I do not recognize history as a matter of fact because it is always written by the winners. I also do not recognize a counter-history of revenge of the losers. I do not even identify with any historically constituted origin, as a point of projection for a political position or a militant consistency. Instead, I participate in a heterogeneous practice of simulacral becoming that starts from the messy middle of a singular life. Further–

more, fiction for me is not simply a matter of “minor literature” (Deleuze and Guattari, 1986) but is a throwing of my body into a limit-experience: often at the risky limits on the edge of the Law, where the intervention of Police establishes the boundaries of “reality” through punishment. This reconfiguration of politics as a singular event of “a” life is often misunderstood by academic scholars perched up in their militant leftist tradition, and sometimes my texts and my praxis are the subject of violent personal offense and vilification. Unfortunately, the relationship between “judge” and “accused” (a sad Kantian legacy of the tribunal of pure reason established in the academy) is not symmetrical – and does not allow the accused to resort to a third judicial body, as ordinary and administrative justice, at least, guarantees.

Other concepts that the left-wing judges of the “political/artistic field” detest are those of “simulacrum”, “perceptual-affective writing”, “occult”, and “Je”. In the first case of the list, the Platonic tradition is evident, rooted also in the ideology of the left, which sees in the “simulacrum” a form of malicious and dangerous falsification of authentic political-ethical engagement. The condemnation of experimental and perceptual-affective writing, is instead a Kantian prejudice of the academic judge based on the Critique of Pure Reason that Jean-Francois Lyotard has widely deconstructed and counter-attacked. In “The Differend” (1989), Lyotard unfolds a subversive interpretation of Kant’s Critique of Judgment and thoroughly explains the advantages of an aesthetic and hybrid approach to the text to show through a “crack” what, with a strictly rigorous format or established genre, could not be revealed. Even Deleuze often alludes to the advantage of a “shape” text, over an arborescent textual “form”, to bypass the censorship of the Court of Reason. Writing in a singular, figural, and a-modal form is in itself a political act! All post-Nietzschean thought asks us to embody Dionysian intensities into the text! However, most of the Academy, in search of scientific legitimation, remains coldly planted on the first Kantian critique founded on scientific formalism, which excludes the integration of “affects” in a text. Is not this scientific formalism a paradox if our texts concern with heterogeneous artistic expressivity instead of sociological positivist phenomena? In addition to this positivist paradox I have noticed that when I mention the words “gnosis” or “occult”, left-wing reviewers immediately cling to Freud’s or Adorno’s prejudice, who saw in magical practices a form of dangerous regression. In this case, I invite my reviewer to read the book *The Hermetic Deleuze* by Joshua Ramey (2012) and to consult the intertextual network referred to in the bibliography of this essay. Last, but not least, I want to refute the possible accusation of some reviewers to use illegitimately the pronoun “Je” (in English “I”) and, consequently, to give a narcissistic account of my experience. I agree that a schizo-nomadology of DIFFERENCE, based on an impersonal and pre-individuated field – mediated by a third person, in my case the Anartist transpersona – can screech with the use of the subjective pronoun “I”. Indeed, the Anartist is a multiplicity of differential daemons that breaks with the ontology of the first person. However, one can listen to Deleuze’s video-recorded lecture on the “Je” (on YouTube) where he elaborates on the immanent tension between “I” and “It” (or between an i and an I of the Earth). Yet, in this lecture, Deleuze invites us

to consider the use of “Je” not as a taboo. Rather, he adds, it is not bad habit to transgress a taboo! and subjectivity are re-personal “third person” have to castrate a creative act. (Otherwise, an the implicated perspec-

With this perspective – and its posture into account the writing and my practice judgment. Obviously, my be criticized from other political-artistic per-ground to define a dis-edge, I cannot tolerate a I invite the “court” to ac-it would be good prac-judgments of “truth”.

To conclude: this text pursues dark political interspaces on the guise of the uncanny, the subver-

It is clear that the experience of writing, memory, constructions of the twilight experience of an im-who is too broad for the subject; but this does not re-writing of the experience, which is always an ar-almighty-writer should re-write every instant from tives of an infinite number of subjects).

ventive deconstruction and reconstruction of my sible objections – I ask the “court” of reviewers to epistemological-discursive basis from which my start, and I therefore ask for a fair and non-offensive heterogeneous form of expression and content can epistemological and more supposedly “orthodox” spectives; but since there is no dogmatic common cursive or stylistic “truth” in this “fringe” of know-blind totalitarian arrogance of judgment. Therefore, cept the invitation of Derrida’s “Margin” (1984), that tice, “persephoner le tympane”, before expressing

sive, and the unknown as well as my Anartist practice.

This text therefore only responds to my praxis and can only be accused of not being sufficiently occult by the purist modern “demistificator” of the Enlightenment, but not of not being “political” enough; just because it pursues an ambiguous and seductive path.



*If the lost word is lost,
if the spent word is spent
If the unheard, unspoken
Word is unspoken, unheard;
Still is the unspoken word,
the Word unheard,
The Word without a word,
the Word within
The world and for the world;
And the light shone in darkness and
Against the Word the unstilled world
still whirled
About the centre of the silent Word.*

T. S. Eliot



I am doing a ritual of political sorcery inside the Museum of Cultures of Helsinki. I want to introduce disturbing elements of Black Bloc counter-culture inside its abstract machine to make stammer the reality-effect.



Figure 1. Exhibition in Museum of Cultures 2012.

Figure 2-3. Non-authorized intervention, Kamppi Square, Helsinki, 2012.

SPELL AND COUNTER-SPELL: THE BEWITCHING REFRAIN OF THE CAPITALIST SPACE-TIME

“Differences induced or produced by repetitions constitute the thread of time?” Lefebvre, 2004

“In the theatre of repetition, we experience pure forces, dynamic lines in space which act without intermediary” Deleuze, 1995

Space is designed by the abstract machine of the money-form to capture time and inscribe its rhythm for the production, consumption and reproduction of capital.

This coupling forms a capi-

talist space-time potentially conflictual. One can perceive it by reading both Deleuze’s and Lefebvre’s literatures. Both of them not only have in common a perspective based on rhythms, refrain, and music; but they would also agree that repetition is an intensification, and, therefore, time has the tendency to escape from the capture of designed space. This happens because the resonance of repetition generates a Difference that cannot be annulled in a perfectly circular and identical identity. What eternally returns is the ellipse of Difference – partially captured in the Capitalist repetition of the abstract machine implemented in urban space – but that tends to exceed it. What returns is the immanent metamorphosis of the Earth that exceeds the fascicular signifier of the Capitalist abstract machine and its space-time articulations.

Urban space is today an intelligent techno-capitalist machine, able to respond to the excess of difference integrating it in its flexible axiomatic evolution. Capitalism is an intelligent predator that can renew its rhythm and develop an evolving differentiation originated and mediated by exchange value. Is capitalism a metamorphic machine that has integrated its own death (Land, 2011) to evolve and speed up until it reaches a catastrophic meltdown with the plane of immanence? This is the accelerationist perspective. O’Sullivan, instead, counter-poses a praxis of narrative cut-ups that generate vacuoles and bifurcations, that slow and deviate capitalist dynamics. Apparently, the two visions are not incompatible because there is always a re-coding of the line of flight and its cut-up. Indeed, urban space is a coded space that always manages to revolutionize itself and integrate lines of flight in an innovation of the division of labor of space.

In this way, the variable design of the urban space is always differentiated, and its parts are connected and processed by a code that decodes every flow (desire, energy, info...) through the rhythm of an extremely flexible production. The control of the rhythm is the key of the axiomatic. Space is produced, Lefebvre would say, to produce and reproduce a rhythm. Rhythms are conjunctions and disjunctions, opening and closing. According to Lefebvre, the subaltern class should develop a new Marxist consciousness of urban space to organize and appropriate the means of production of space in the moment of its crisis – when the contradiction between the rhythms of the living and the abstract space clash in an open conflict. But this is easier to theorize than to do, in fact, after ’89, with the onslaught of delocalization, globalization, and digitization, the code of capitalist space has become so complex, abstract, fast, and flexible that it resembles an ungraspable bewitching refrain – as Isabelle Stengers (2011) has noticed. The partition of space is commanded by an invisible and ubiquitous force that

profanes everything without being profaned by nothing – as Agamben (2007) has put it. Urban space is a totalitarian space that aims at total commodification, reification, and fetishization – a space that Debord has named the “Integrated Spectacle”.

In this blinding and paradoxically ubiquitous space-time, Lefebvre's urban-revolutionary project of the late seventies appears obsolete; not only because the conditions of a consciousness of space are no longer given – the space appears as an infinite, instantaneous, and aleatory prison-labyrinth – but, also, because in such a pulverized space-time, the idea of project itself is obsolete, let alone a collective project. (In fact, a project is a modern tool that presupposes a consistent separated identity-subject from which to project and organize a future in a structure). As Marx prophesied “everything that is solid melts into thin air”, now also the subject can only be an antagonist super-ject in emergence: expressed quasi-mystically by the plane of immanence and its singular conjurations of speeds and rhythms. Even if locally structured collective projects of socialization of space were possible, capitalism would exploit the added urban value of enhanced livability through Gentrification. For example, as it happens in Berlin with urban counter-cultural expression of graffiti artists (at this point, more decorative than subversive), their expression is captured in a branded effort to increase rents. (See Fig. 4–6).

Berlin has been transformed into a hub for young tourists looking for metropolitan stimuli and a cool scene in which to place the representation of themselves. Often these cool tourists are artists (or at least creatives) who wish to project their consumerist narcissism, built on a romantic-bourgeois ideal, into a trendy scene; while remaining captured in the artist residency business. Residencies today, not only in Berlin, but in all the metropolitan centers of the world, are becoming a business machine to speculate on the “Urban” brand that arises from the institutionalized molarization of the molecular underground: turning an atmospheric and heterogeneous assemblage in apparatus of capture. The art system, made up of curators and other employees, extracts value and identity-visibility from the molecular dimension of the creative scene. This art business is well integrated with the city's commercial and tourist appeal policies carried out by the planners that govern the city. In fact, we live in a metropolis-world whose main node is a cluster of city-centers that compete for the flows that cross them. Focusing on the “Urban” brand is surely a good strategic move for marketing differentiation in the competition for global touristic flows. In this way, predatory Capitalism imposes its spelling rhythm on everything on Earth.



Figure 4-6. Non-authorized intervention in Berlin, 2015.



I am spreading Black Mana on the streets of Berlin to infect the “Urban” brand-marketing of the City. I am surrounding a millionaire art residency with a cursing tape to make visible the camouflaged speculation.

Figure 7. Non-authorized intervention in Berlin, 2015.



I am spreading Black Mana on the streets of Berlin to infect the "Urban" brand-marketing of the City. I am surrounding a millionaire art residency with a curs-ing tape to make visible the camouflaged speculation.

THE ANARTIST AS SUBVERSIVE SORCERER

"If you believe in the world you precipitate events, however inconspicuous, that elude control, you engender new space-times, however small their surface or volume." Deleuze, 1995

The future of free expression in this digit-urban network appears blind, one can

only experiment with subversive interventions that, as Baudrillard would say, can produce a disorientation of the space even more confusing than the urban simulated space – in order to escape the control of the code. These experiments must be able to generate an anomaly in a mobile panopticon-space dominated by super-intelligent algorithms that manage the capitalist rhythm through instantaneous processors, and treat the individuals as "dividuals", "data" and "objectiles". In this instantaneous space without planning, only subversive temporary lines of flight of super-jects are possible, which could "elude control, generating new space-times, however small their surface or volume" (Deleuze, 1995).

A line of flight is like a narrative cut-up embodied in an action that tries to un-work and generate arrhythmias in the narrative instituted in space-time. The super-ject of these interventions, that I have called Disturbanism, is the Anartist. The Anartist is a figure yet to come, like Nietzsche's ubermensch. In fact, this figure is born as an avatar from my subversive practice, my experience, and my imagination – even though I know I will be judged too narcissistic if I said that the Anartist's features coincide perfectly with myself and my practice.

Therefore, the Anartist is a potential space for experimentation of a subjectivity enfolded in the urban space, and Disturbanism is his or her practice of destratification. (Anyone can experiment with the potential of the Anartist). Indeed, the line of flight of a Disturbanist intervention cuts the cartesian striate of space-time and throws the enfolded capitalist subject – produced as a discontinuous egocentric entity by the money-form – into a super-ject, unfolding in the immanence of the continuum. The super-ject in its becoming-animal, and anorganicity regains the intense and deep refrain of the Earth. The Disturbanist intervention unleashes the powerful magnetic forces of the occult acting under and above the extended surface of capitalism. The transition from this surface to the occult is like a passage from organic to inorganic, from witchcraft to switchcraft, from spell to a more intense and powerful counter spell. The Disturbanist intervention participates in a more or less intense telluric fault-line that crosses the space with its chthonic vibration, provoking a crack of the established sense that starts stuttering in a "dissensus" (Rancière, 2010). In fact, this passage throws the Anartist and its intervention into participation with the chthonic occult. Therefore, this passage can be seen as a sort of urban sacrifice of transgression and dissolution, that produces a deterritorialization on the edge of the immanent death, where the actual is counter-actualized in the virtual. The cut generated by the line of flight produces an arrhythmia in the capitalist rhythm that immediately stammers and frees time from its spatialization and unleashes a bloc of becomings in which time is "out of joint" and the "I is another". Here, in this schizophrenic line of flight, the Anartist – the mediating figure incarnating a Disturbanist super-ject – can experience the immanence of Difference in a becoming of becomings where demons, spirits, and monstrous intensities of a

Cosmic Aion reveal their occult presence. The repetition of these magical experiences of the outside not only generates a daimonic mythology that is a direct expression of the “plane of metamorphosis, but also generates a gnostic practice of contact with occult forces.

The Disturbanist intervention generates a chaosmagic nihilophany that reveals the mysterious ground of a chaosmic body without organs that activates the vital percept-chakras of the Anartist’s body and its capacities to affect and be affected by the virtual plane (the Undead) at each new chaosmotic experience. This Anartist practice of participation with the Undead allows the Anartist to acquire the deep uncanny experience of the immanence that allows an ontological rupture of being. The Anartist becomes the avatar of a political shaman. With each intervention, the Anartist intensifies its accursed refrain-territory to emerge as a daimonic avatar that brings its action into a singular worlding of incremental potentiality. The Disturbanist intervention of the Anartist is a practice of destratification of a political “apprentice sorcerer” (Bataille, 1985) that learns to harness the violent magic forces of the back-ground to produce symbols, sigils, and actions charged with provocative black mana.

THE MANA OF MONEY AND THE ALL-SEEING EYE OF THE MASONIC DOLLAR

“Mana is not simply a being, it is also an action, a quality, a state. In other cases, the word is a noun, an adjective, and a verb. One refers to an object as mana in order to refer to its quality; in this sense, the word acts as a kind of adjective (it cannot be said of a man). People say that a being, a spirit, a man, a stone, or a rite has mana, “the mana do such and such a thing”. The word mana is employed in many different conjugations – it can be used to mean “to have mana”, “to give mana”, etc. On the whole, the word covers a host of ideas which we would designate by phrases such as a sorcerer’s power, the magic quality of an object, a magical object, to be magical, to possess magical powers, to be under a spell, to act magically. The single word embraces a whole series of notions which, as we have seen are interrelated, but which have always been represented as separate concepts. It reveals to us what has seemed to be a fundamental feature of magic – the confusion between actor, rite, and object.” (Mauss, 2001. Original 1972)

Mana is not definable, it is not representable, it is schizophrenic, it is everywhere, it is a field of intensity. The Mana is under and above, before and after, within and without, the structuring of an organizational and syntactic plan based on a Signifier and a Signified. Mana is pre-linguistic and pre-identified or over-identified; it is a bloc of becoming-cosmic that constitutes an inorganic and counter-natural machinic phylum. Mana is also exchanged in the sacrificial self-destruction of the “gift”. The gift of the Potlatch is not only a pure expenditure that forms a sort of sacrificial cosmic bond between tribes, but also an accursed action that abolishes the dangerous threshold of accumulation that could generate a Despot and a State. The mana remains a-Signifying until the body of a Despot, magically captures it, and becomes the center of signification and articulation of a State imposing taxes over the subjugated territories (Deleuze&Guattari 2004. Original, 1987).



While the Nigredo-Cube in the Museum is almost concluded, I build a talisman of stones in Kamppi Square. As I am constructing the sacred altar to the "rioter" in front of a commercial center, I sense a metallic cloud of empty cubes behind me. As I approach the structure, I read that this is the monument to the "entrepreneur". This is

one of many weird synchronisms that happen in my interventions. My provocations have an enigmatic revelatory dimension that is also ironic. They elicit mysterious sympathies of an occult alphabet.

Figure 8. Exhibition in Museum of Cultures 2012. Figure 9-10. Non-authorized intervention, Kamppi Square, Helsinki. 2012.

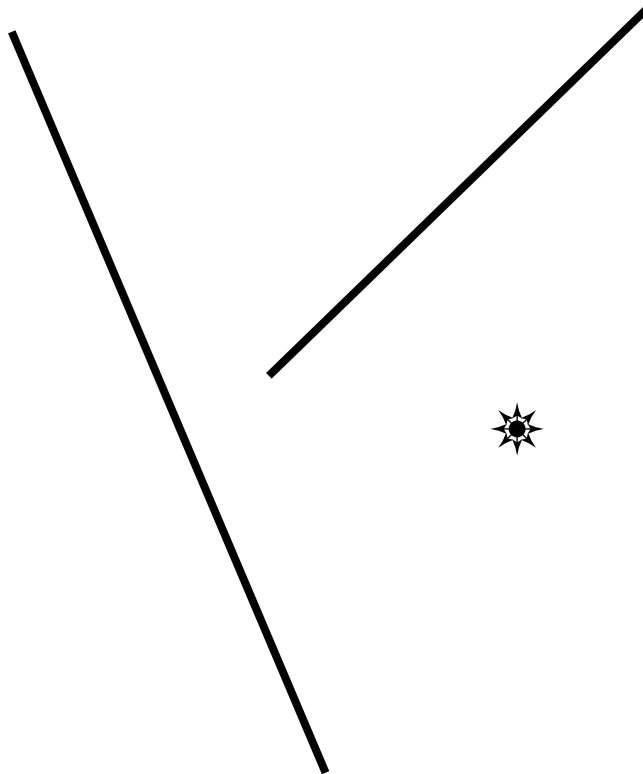
In the contemporary world mana is accumulated in money. The money-form also re-codes the State as an executive quasi-slave. The assemblage between money and State forms a space-time that captures mana to make it work for the reproduction of that space-time matrix-configuration of capitalism. In fact, one can superpose the pure form of time and the flow of mana captured in the rhythmic machine of Capitalism. The rhythm itself is spelling mana. Money beats the time of mana in a tam tam articulated in the totalitarian spell of an abstract transcendent Idol. This is the hypnotic and mystifying spell of exchange value that materializes, as Marx would say, in the fetishism of commodification (that is the concentration of reified mana).

The most evident symbol of mana concentration in money is the pyramidal Eye of the American dollar. Here it is clear the magical influence of the Egyptian and Hermetic tradition present in Masonic esotericism – that since the foundation of the USA (George Washington was a high-rank mason) has crossed and cemented the US establishment. The Eye first appeared as part of the standard iconography of the Freemasons in 1797, with the publication of Thomas Smith Webb's *Freemason's Monitor*. It represents the all-seeing eye of God, and is a reminder that man's thoughts and deeds are always observed by God (who is referred to in Masonry as the Great Architect of the Universe). Typically, the Masonic Eye of Providence has a semi-circular glory below it. Sometimes this Masonic Eye is enclosed by a transcendent triangle. US political, military, economic, and financial elites (in addition to obvious imperial purposes) are also composed of members of closed and occult circles that, one can assume, perceive themselves as the eyes of a Great Architect who decides the fate of the World, and probably also that of the Universe. The suspicion of an occult plan by the masonic American establishment grows when we consider that the dollar was created when the US was preparing to become the global empire and also today the petrol-dollar represents the geo-strategic key of the empire.

The sorcerous symbol of the “dollar” was chosen in 1935 by president Roosevelt. The declaration of the Secretary of Agriculture and Vice President Henry A. Wallace in a published letter written in 1951 clarifies everything: “Roosevelt, as he looked at the colored reproduction of the Seal, was first struck with the representation of the “All Seeing Eye”, a Masonic representation of The Great Architect of the Universe. Next, he was impressed with the idea that the foundation for the new order of the ages had been laid in 1776, but that it would be completed only under the eye of the Great Architect. Roosevelt, like myself, was a 32nd degree Mason.” You must consider also that Roosevelt was the 32nd president of the USA and the New York Masonic lodge, to which Roosevelt and the key figures of his administration belonged, was Lodge 32. This is just the occult numerology related to dollar, but there are many interesting stories about this symbol of intense mana. I read that Roosevelt and Wallace were very devoted to a Russian occultist who contributed to the choice of the symbol.

In any case, in addition to proven facts, there are many legends and conspiracy theories on the occult origin of the symbol. This is part of the concentration of magnetic mana. Nonetheless, I enjoy imagining the conspiratorial connections between the dollar symbol and historical facts. For example, the fact that the bricks (masons) of the pyramid, which gave name to the Masons, have been

used to reconstruct, in a very profitable way, the European cities in the post-war period according to the dictates of the Marshall plan – that we know was managed by masonic lodges. Furthermore, if one looks at the frescoes that decorate ancient Masonic lodges, one will notice the skies in which the dollar symbol stands out above and the euro symbol immediately below. Is it possible that there is an occult project of the Western elites that spans the centuries and refers to Freemasonry? And that new technologies, such as BIG DATA, are just a paranoid, occult prosthesis of this project and its anxiety of control? If that were so, then the apparent elusiveness of capitalism would be just an illusion that covers a secret and centralized cryptic techno-project of conspiracy networks of elitist circles, like in Don DeLillo's novels. Perhaps that new technologies do not work through encryption of codes? The mana has filled the crypt. Even the police alternate cryptic surveillance, crypto-data and front-line militarization. All conspiracy theorists agree that this hidden elite controls the FED where dollars are printed (or better, techno-digited). However, the vision of a financial market dominated by instantaneous, aleatory, and ungraspable dynamics is not incompatible with a centralized financial pseudo-Keynesianism and globalization promoted by a market-deregulating elite. The effects of these dynamics shape urban space and affect everyday life. As you can see by my Disturbanist intervention in Pittsburgh, I have played with the intense mana of the all-seeing dollar on the streets of the city to remodulate the sense of this powerful "energy". See figures 11-14.







The pyramid of dollar was made with cardboard found on the streets. In skating through Pittsburgh, that is a city with a strong masonic tradition and full of modern-gothic skyscrapers with pyramid-roofs, I passed through begging homeless and other characters laying on the street under the shadow of corporations' offices.

Figure 11. Conspiracy theory about dollar. Figure 12-14. Intervention Pittsburgh, 2016.

THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE BLACK COBBLESTONES

"The sorcerer has a relation of alliance with the demon as the power of the anomalous." Deleuze and Guattari, 2004

The reading of the dollar symbol shows that its power is based on a solidly impe-

rialist, occult-Masonic institutional construction. This imperialist institutional building is also supported by an elitist pyramidal hierarchy and an architectural sense of power – even if today, the masonic elite promote a deregulation that unleashes complex dynamics decoded by a techno-code approaching the speed of calculus of Artificial Intelligence. The metaphoric material that bonds this Dark Enlightenment's architecture – and its elite is the "Masonic brick" symbol. In Italian language brick is translated with "mattoni" and in ancient times the "t" was written with "s". This is why "mattoni" became "massoni" (mason). The mason is also the worker who builds with "mattoni" (bricks) following the plan of an architecture. The symbolic material that openly opposes the elitist masonic "brick", and its power of construction, is the "black cobblestone" that the antagonist rebels, mostly Black Blocs, extract from the streets to launch against the police which, ultimately, guarantee the occult order imposed by the elite. Against the elitist monopoly of violence of the masonic institution and its "bricks", exercised through the arms of the police, the black cobblestones, extracted from the streets, are the only symbolic weapon that anonymous citizens have in their availability to claim their "right to the city". Extracting a cobblestone from the street is an anarchitectural and deconstructive act of the urban money-form, a counter-actualization of the capitalist architecture implemented in the city. While the symbol of the masonic brick, present in the pyramid of the dollar, captures all the transcendent mega-violence of global capitalism, whose code organizes and builds the con-separation of space-time of the World-City, the cobblestone expresses the symbol and the mana of a micro-immanent, decentralized, and wide-spread molecular violence.

The Black Bloc Riot expresses a disjunctive symbiosis with the deep intensities of the Earth that exceed the capitalist techno-architecture and its money-rhythm. The Sacred Riot, as an excess of expenditure, is an urban sacrifice where the minor heterogeneity not only transgress the profane order of the capitalist homogeneous everyday of the middle-class, but also the major sacrum of the elite (Bataille, 1985). Even the Black Bloc, so much as the Great Architects, are inscribed in a sacred crypto-economy and a sacred crypto-politics. It is interesting to note that even Black Blocs, which embody the mana of the profane minor sacred, are creatures of the occult with their black clothes and their black balaclavas. One might think that the Black Bloc costume has only the tactical value of becoming anonymous to the police during urban guerrilla warfare, but it is also a sacred costume. Wearing a black balaclava is a dissolutive act by the identity of the subject to join the continuum of immanence. It's a s-witching gesture derived from the Alchemical Nigredo. By occulting his or her subjectivity the Black Bloc becomes the medium of the "black mana" power that lays in the dark background from where every figure of identity emerges. This back-ground is crossed by differential forces of immanence. It is interesting to note the consonance between "mana" and "im(man)ence" even if they have different linguistic roots. (Is not this an example of the irony of the occult heterogeneous series of rhythms?)



This installation was realized in a gallery-window located in front of the line of poor people that go to get food from Salvation Army. It's clearly a provocation: almost a trigger to a riot. The stones are also set in a way that risk to crumble and breaking the glass.

Figure 15-18. Exhibition/Intervention in Alkovi Gallery, Helsinki, 2013.

THE BLACK MANA OF BLACK BLOC: THE COUNTER-CAPITAL

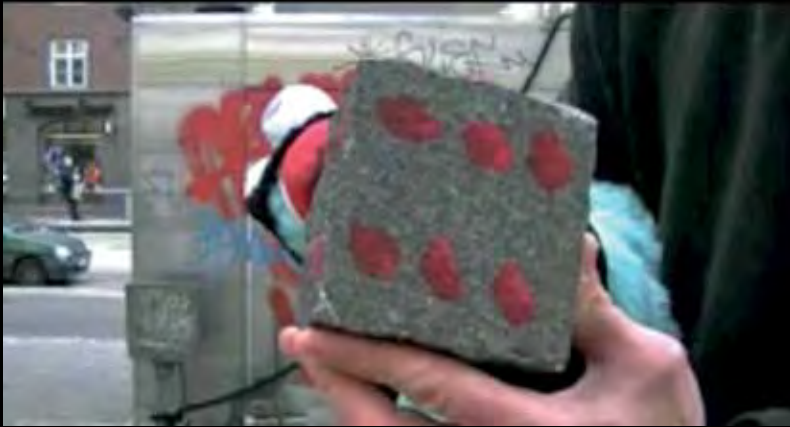
“Personally I can only decide in one way being myself, precisely this «unemployed negativity.” Bataille, 1937

Today, the only ones who can produce a counter-intensity to profane capitalism and regenerate

the sacredness of urban space are the Black Bloc with their Dionysian violence that has no utilitarian project. In fact, Capitalism can integrate any transgression but cannot integrate the Black Bloc's pure wasting violence. This expenditure of creative violence is based on an ancestral ritualistic force that generates an alternative mythology infested with a more intense and deeper mana – a will of intensity that is in excess to the one captured by the digit-capitalist tam tam. The Black Bloc participate in the intensity of the black mana that invests them with a powerful and mythical evil aura. This is why capitalism keeps them at a safe distance. Because when the Black Aura is captured by the Integrated Spectacle it amplifies and expands. In this way, Capitalism, which normally does not fear transgressions, risks to incorporate an expansive viral infection inside itself. Black Blocs engage Capitalism in a destructive Potlatch: an exchange of heterogeneous mana with different intensities. In fact, Capitalism has profaned with its violence any form of traditional sacredness, accumulating a vast reserve of mana-power-energy, but with the contagious power of the Black Bloc's Evil Aura any accumulation becomes a negative counter-accumulation. Capitalism must face this more destructive, subversive, viral, and energizing mana the corrosive black mana. Black Mana is too sexy for Capitalism. The Black Bloc is the war machine of the desiring anti-production that reverts production with a virulent infection of the capitalist medium. The Black Blocs, due to their participation with immanent intensity, from which they extract aura, symbols, and mythology, can form a counter-attractor and a counter-capital inside the Integrated Spectacle. This Black counter-attractor is the Black Sun: a specter of specters infested by the demonic nature of the Chthulucene's forces (Haraway, 2017).

THE ANARTIST, THE “SCREEN” AND THE SPECTROPOIESIS OF THE BLACK SUN

The Anartist, who is the avataric figure embodied in my Disurbanist interventions, spell-parasites the Evil Aura of the Black Blocs' anti-production, re-modulating their mythology, aesthetics, symbolism and occultism in new site-specific, sorcerous compositions. In fact, the Black Block mythology is a concentration of Evil, a cursed counter-capital, which the Anartist can spread as a contagious cuss to profane Capitalism – but also to screen and shield itself from the valorization of the Evil Eye of the Integrated Spectacle (a panoptic eye well represented by the symbolism of the dollar). Capitalism can integrate every artistic transgression in its code, but cannot integrate the Black Bloc profanations, whose evil contagion cannot be stopped by the negative stigma of the Capitalist Eye. Conversely, the contagion of the evil specters can expand in large measures when absorbed by the avid pupil of the Spectacle. In this dynamic, the strategy of the Anartist – that is a “trans-persona” marker – that as such can be single but also a swarm of multiplicity – is to remodulate and expand the hauntology and the



Here, me and John Dunn, we are playing a series of provocative perfor-



mances between the gallery-window gull of cobblestones and the line of poor people getting food for free from the Salvation Army.



Figure 19-21. Intervention outside Alkovi Gallery, Helsinki, 2013.

spectral infection of the Black Bloc Aura in the urban Spectacle. This contagious affection could be spread until the blinding of the Capitalist Eye and the counter-emergence of a darkly shining Black Sun mythology. This mythology should be an emerging attractor, a virtual quasi-cause, triggering the production of an anti-productive desiring machine nested on the Black Bloc's urban war machine. This assembling Heteron should work as an open-source machine based on Difference.

In fact, anyone who is brave and creative enough, can dress in black clothes and disguise himself with a black balaclava to expand the contagion of the black mana energies and symbolism with site-specific interventions or installations. The Anartist can invade and infect galleries, museums, biennials, or directly the streets or squares of the Capitalist Global City. Thus, every Anartist is a Black Bloc simulacrum and a transpersona marker and can remodulate the Black Bloc hauntology in an expansive bifurcating spectropoiesis. The Anartist passes from the position of spectator to the one of spectrator implicated in a rhizome of black mana. The black mana becomes the basic fold for new chaosmotic lines of flight from which the Anartist, who is a political sorcerer, extracts new mythology, new intensities and new profanatory counter-capital and counter-spells. This black mythology is therefore like a never completed chaosmogony that generates an aggressive and corrosive counter-refrain within the capitalist urban space and the Integrated Spectacle which is a catalyst of spectra.

The line of flight of the Anartist will then deterritorialize not only the site-specific space of his or her interventions but also the mythology in which new spectra and symbols will be injected and added. In this way, the chaosmogony generated by the symbiosis will never crystallize in a closed cosmology but it will always be opened by new dark precursors, new lines of flight, new becomings, new differences. Because the Anartist is a transpersona marker, the heterogeneous and singular production of each avatar's incarnation will not be dispersed and subsumed by the Capitalist Machine but re-territorialized in the magnetism of the Black Sun. Each singularity of the multiplicity of the Heteron of the Anartist will generate a counter-accumulation of black mana that will be re-invested in new desiring and deterritorializing lines of flight that, nevertheless, will conserve its evil trace. The disjunctive investment will be repeated again and again to increase the intensity of the Black Sun. This machinic Heteron will mark the catalysis of an uncoded and expanding territory: a black terra incognita. The raising Black Sun of black angels will be a concentration of mana that will give full expression to the occult monster-plane of the metamorphosis with its chaosmagic production at the limit of the Undead. The Heteron of the Anartist is an heterogeneous assemblage non-mediated by a center of signification. The Heteron will invade the urban space with a multiplicity of molecular and decentralized symbolic deaths, that will unwork the money-form and its techno-eschatology of mega-violence and mega-death. The money-form dissolved in the Nigredo of the formless-city will unleash new affirmative and decentralized becomings of becomings that will invade, with black dissensus, the space of the city as black waves of a Black Tide or black rays of a Black Sun.

HYPERSTITION AND SWITCH-FLIGHT

“Hyperstitions by their very existence as ideas function causally to bring about their own reality. The hyperstitial object is no mere figment or ‘social construction’ but it is in a very real way ‘conjured’ into being by the approach taken to it.”
Land, 2011

“Hyperstition has four characteristics: They function as (1) an element of effective culture that makes itself real, (2) as a fictional quality functional as a time-travelling device, (3) as coincidence intensifiers, and (4) as a call to the Old Ones.”
Land, 2011

Hyperstition, a term coined by Nick Land, is a fictional idea that magically catalyzes its actualization through an explosion of magnetic positive feed-backs. As, for example, the fiction narrative of “Cyberspace” has catalyzed a vast diagram of financial, intellectual, and other virtual forces for its own becoming-actual. Ac-

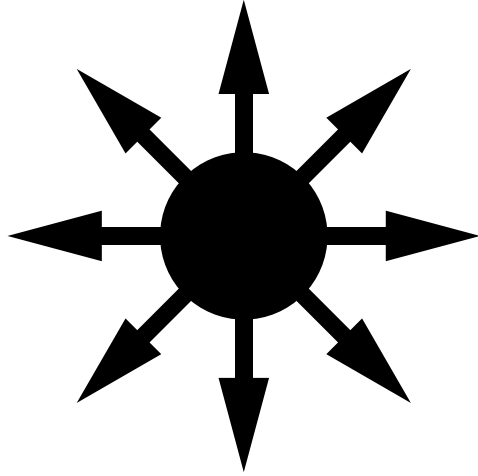
cording to this notion, one could read the catalysis of the BLACK SUN as a potential hyperstition. All my practice could be said to reside on the hyperstitial edge between praxis, theory, and fiction; but my practice can also be seen as an untimely prophecy for a people and an Event yet to come. A prophecy that is already lived and embodied in the now. Indeed, in a Disturbanist intervention and in my writings about it, I already live and already experience an anachronistic tension toward the future and toward an immemorial past of simulacra and specters that possess my becoming. In fact, in the BLACK SUN hyperstition, not only fiction and reality fade into each other, but also the virtual and the actual, the unconditioned and the conditioned superpose and intertwine. In this superposition of planes, I live in an unrooted now or in a deterritorialized presence – that is also an absence and a void full of potential. This paradoxical ontology, similar to the one of the shaman, can only be lived through the untimely pre-sentiments of an hyperstitial threshold that one can try to explicate by language, but is veritably implicated in a zero-infinite chaomystic intensity. Furthermore, this paradoxical becoming proceeds with ordeals and revelatory hierophanies extracted by the chaosmosis of my transgressive interventions in the urban space.

These interventions are like revelatory hieroglyphics of an occult sense. In fact, as Ramey would put, it is the ordeal of a sorcerer that grounds the belief in the power of an animistic and immanent *res intensa* that unfolds as an implicated rhizome without dualisms. Because the Anartist practice is a sort of immanent phase-space, “spatium”, that crosses many thresholds of metamorphosis at many levels, it can be seen as the subtle line of a witch-flight, or, if considered as a counter-spelling of the capitalist spell, as a joyful switch-flight in the body without organs.

This installation-performance appeared in the exhibition of 3 Anartists (me, John Dunn, Vito Giorgio). We provocatively titled the exhibition ADOLF. We Wanted to provoke a schizo-profanatory event by integrating the evil spirit of the Black Bloc (that are Antifa) with the specter of Hitler that is the fascist symbol of the Evil. A monster-conjunction that raised leftist stigma on my person.

Figure 22-24. *Intervention in Myymälä2 Gallery, Helsinki, 2014.*





Chaos Bells, Chaos Bells

AEPALIZAGE

belief systems come crashing down,

because we sigilize, hey!

Chaos bell, Chaos bells

Chaos all the way, oh what fun it is to

ride on a star made of 8 rays.

Crashing through belief, on a star made of 8 rays.

Watch the mortals weep, trying to seize the day

Immanentizing Eschaton, don't forget us in your wake,

We'll return to planet Earth and Chaos we'll remake.

Ohhhh, Chaos bells, Chaos bells

Chaos all the way, oh what fun it is to ride on a star made of 8 rays.

James Lin

This profaning intervention was realized in the female shaman section of the Museum Dar Si Said in Marrakech. The Black Cubba and the outline of the King-check represent a concentration of paternalistic religious and political power. The women revenge by launching stones of the streets over their cage in a ritual of destruction.



Figure 21-23. Installation/intervention museum Dar Si Said, Marrakech, 2015.

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Epistemological Troubles 5

COMMENT REVIEWER 1

Reviewer1

This manuscript presents a performative intervention; not only in terms of the artistic practice it refers to, but also as a piece of writing in itself. As the author underlines in the introduction, rather than presenting an academic argument in the conventional sense, the aim of this text is to disturb established conventions. For a reviewer, this presents a challenge that the author acknowledges, sarcastically perhaps: how to “judge” a piece like this? Due to the difficulty of answering this question, I will offer a brief commentary instead of a clear judgement; a commentary that, hopefully, helps the author to clarify their position as a writer – if not to the reader, then at least for the author himself.

In this commentary, I focus only on the written part of the exposition, because that is where my expertise is. This does not, however, mean that I would not pay attention to the artistic process linked to this exposition. On the contrary, due to its nature, the written part is inseparable from the artistic practice it delineates. As such, it can be understood as artistic research; at least how I understand it.

While the author clearly demonstrates his deep knowledge of the theoretical framework he operates with and shows that he can put it in use (both in writing and artistic practice), the text itself resists a critical involvement and dialogue. It offers a demonstration of a close reading that eventually creates its own conditions of understanding. It is, so to speak, a hermetic text: if one is to critique it productively, the reader must first agree with the conceptual space the text delineates and the theoretical apparatus it draws from. This becomes clear already in the Introduction, where the author tells the reader how his text should be read and even offers a preliminary counter-critique to possible critical concerns: “Obviously, my heterogeneous form of expression and content can be criticized from other epistemological and more supposedly “orthodox” political-artistic perspectives; but since there is no dogmatic common ground to define a discursive or stylistic “truth” in this “fringe” of knowledge, I cannot tolerate a blind totalitarian arrogance of judgement.” As a reader, I’m left perplexed: what is my role here? Just to take all in and either agree or disagree? And if I disagree, am I an “orthodox” reader suffering from “a blind totalitarian arrogance of judgement”? If the author cannot “tolerate” a critical reflection with his reader, why would the reader “tolerate” his “fringe of knowledge”?

Of course, this just might be question of fiction: as the author underlires, his wish is to blur the boundaries between fiction, philosophy, and reality – a goal I have not problems with in itself. From this perspective, the text can be understood as a performative exploration of an authoritative voice. As such, it would come close to the ironic mode of writing as it was practiced by the Jena Romantics: by bringing forth the limits of representation, the text itself performs the fundamental failure of representation. The fact that the author wants to distinguish his text from traditional academic research while simultaneously performing the kind of hermeticism academics are so often accused of supports this reading. Passages such as “The Disturbanist intervention generates a chaosmagic nihilophany that reveals the mysterious ground of a chaosmic body without organs that activates the vital percept-chakras of the Anartist’s body and its capacities to affect and be affected by the virtual plane (the Undead) at each new chaosmotic experience” and “The raising Black Sur of black angels will be a concentration of mana that will give full expression to the occult monster-plane of the metamorphosis with its chaosmagic production at the limit of the Undead” offer a play of signification that opens mainly to the initiated. As an initiation, however, this text fictionalizes both philosophy and reality to the point where it is unclear what each of these terms (“fiction,” “philosophy,” and “reality”) really mean for the author or to the interpretation of this text. This is why, partially, I’m not totally convinced that the author is really aiming at irony, but, as mentioned above, to a kind of discourse that attempts to escape critical engagement. I’m guessing the author

has in mind some other interpretation, but for the reader it’s difficult to draw that from the text itself.

Here, I wish to underlirer that my issues with the passages above are not related to the fact that they might seem difficult, complex, or just plain ‘weird.’ My point is, rather, that the complexity surely performs the theoretical framework it’s based on, but this performance leaves open some fundamental questions concerning the very disturbance it ought to provoke. How, in its hermeticism, does the text reach outside of its own ‘schizoid’ ‘excess,’ that is, its ‘excrement’? What does it disturb except its own logic of signification? When it comes to the possible “weirdness,” I completely agree with the author that the exclusion of the so-called occult and magical practices and discourses from academia has been historically problematic, especially when this exclusion has been targeted toward indigenous knowledges. But again, it is hard to draw these conclusions directly from the text, since the argument gets lost in the endless play of signification.

The weakest and the least rigorous part of the text is author’s discussion of conspiracy. While partially drawing from Bataille’s writings, the author gives quite a lot of space to the alleged global conspiracy of the Freemasons and its possible manifestations in the dollar bill. Here, the author comes close to the most banal conspiracy theory websites, thus flattering the very argument he is making (or seems to be making) as well as the artwork he refers to. To claim that “I enjoy imagining the conspiratorial connections between the dollar symbol and historical facts” is not enough in itself to justify this part as it is currently written and I would strongly recommend the author to think through what does he really want to say with that.

That said, it’s worth going back to the difficulty mentioned above. It would be easy to discard this text as being ‘too out there’ or, alternatively, celebrate its profound complexity. This is why, as a reviewer, **I’m willing to accept this text with some revisions** – namely, that the author clarifies his position as a writer/artist vis-a-vis the disturbance he aims at evoking (i.e. disturb what? where? how? why?) and discards/rewrites the conspiracy part.

I can see, and really hope, that this piece evokes critical discussion; it has great potential for that. However, due to the reasons explained above, I can also see why it would be difficult for the research community to engage in a dialogue with this piece. In order to create conditions for such dialogue, the author should also be willing to sacrifice his own knowledge and position, not only defend it.

FROM PHENOMENON TO PHENOMENON. A “RATIONAL” FOUNDATION FOR ART RESEARCH?

The editor of the journal “Ruukku” sent me the response of Reviewer 1 by e-mail... I have answered why, in my humble opinion, I “would prefer not” to follow the reviewer’s advices. My recalcitrant position was due to the fact that Reviewer 1 was asking (obliging) me to underline that my text was just an ironical provocation. He or she also compelled me to erase or modify my reference to “conspiracy theory” if I wanted to obtain his or her benevolent acceptance for the publication. I could not accept the compelling condition of the reviewer. I reclaimed my artistic right to the ambiguity.

I have written back an immediate answer to the editor. Usually I do not think too much before writing but I follow the impulse of the excess that is triggered by a “pressure” in my gut. I follow the impulsive call of the immediate need as many an artistic personality. I think my unconscious is a flow that keeps producing like a “factory”, to mention Deleuze and Guattari. This perpetual excess of production unfolds a feel-thinking when I am provoked by the violence of the Reviewer. But, because the “factories” have all been delocalized, I think that today the best metaphor for my unconscious is the “micro-physics lab” where experiments are made that follow a “weird” logic that defies the epistemological “realism” of the classical Kantianism adopted by the Academy in Artistic Research. A little bit of shifting “weirdness” always accompanies my writing and I don’t want this sensed weirdness to be disambiguated because I think it is the noisy “essence” of an esthetic attitude. The weirdness is the sound of the striving heterogeneous synthesis. As I have already written before, because art is missing a real “object”, framed by the First Critique as “phenomenon”, the description of the art “objue” or “objectile”, is more proper to a logic of “Speculative Realism” that tries to make sense of a quasi-experience of a quasi-object approached by quasi-subject – or sub-jectility – that involves a “transcendental variation”, or “transcendental nomadism”, in the words of the physicist and philosopher Gabriel Catren. Instead of the “phenomenon”, art research should investigate the “phenomenon”. Instead the reviewer tries to always to recapitulate the “phenomenon” in a striated space of axiomatics; because the phenomenon is an ever shifting “dissensus” in the “consensus” of the “phenomenon”. Gabriel Catren, differently from other Speculative

Philosophers, tries to go beyond Kant by including a tension with “Kant” in its line of flight. Even if I consider Catren’s interesting philosophy pragmatically problematic at the level of science, because Kant offers a “system of legitimization” that is necessary for “science” as well as for the “system of justice”, his theory could provide a foundation for an “approximate fuzzy rationality” that is proper of the field of “Artistic Research.” In this sense, instead, of a “subject” that researches an “object” we would have a “Speculative Narcissist” immersed in the variation of a quasi-experience of a “manifestation” – as Catren explains in his lecture on YouTube titled “A Plea for Narcissus”. The speculation on a “realism without reality” is in fact the condition of Narcissus. This also explains why my texts are often accused of “narcissism”. It’s not because I am narcissist, as

a sort of negative stigmata or moralistic fault of my behavior that does not fit a ruled discipline of knowledge, but because “narcissism” is the hyper-transcendental condition of a quasi-subject (or subjectility) of Knowledge in a field without a Kantian object; which is a feature of Artistic Research. I find Catren’s contamination of Kantian rationalism with the paradoxical perspectivism of the “shaman” as interesting, “brave”, and “profaning” – he manages to ground a new kind of rationality without dismissing a logic argumentation. He remains in the ground of rationality instead of founding an alternative to classic Kantianism on the irrationality of “mysticism”. I think this is a hyper-transcendental ground that could be accepted in a rational discourse on Artistic Research even if a hyper-Kantian approach, as the one of Catren, can probably be a model of approximate rational axiomatic for the field but cannot exhaust the obscure complexity of a quasi-mystic experience. Catren’s model could be just the epistemological skeleton, just for giving a rational legitimation to a research that exceeds the “phenomenon”.

My answer to the Reviewer, because it was born of an immediate need, is written out, without an editing of a mother tongue, so it probably contains some grammatical and spelling errors and has a not exactly Anglo-Saxon form. However, it is an understandable “document”. I decided to publish it as it is because it also responds to a need to complicate the text into multiple folds and registers, to reproduce the heterogeneous dissensus inherent in the many reading planes of this anti-narrative that resists a homogeneous Kantian/Cartesian type topology.

ELABORATION ON REVIEWER 1



Hi [REDACTED] I really wish to have a public discussion with Reviewer 1 but I cannot make the changes he asks me because we should discuss some metaphysical questions on the statute of “art” object before.

1) As I understand he asks me to disambiguate my position respect to the text, to say if it's ironical or not... But if it's disambiguated it falls pray of a representation again. As simulacrum I have always an ambiguous relation with reality. For example my avatar, the Anartist, it is ambiguous with both the Anarchist and the Artist but also with the Alchemist...it's a series of heterogeneous “and” that sticks because resonates with an unstable equilibrium. My praxis is not just post-modern irony (where you have a disambiguated distancing that makes a parody of the essence of the “object” simulated). Instead in my practice more dimensions are resonating together in an heterogeneous synthesis that cannot be disambiguated. It's an heterogenesis or heterogeneous catalysis of a multiplicities from different origins that create a compositions that remains unique. The mask of Dionysus is comedy but also tragic. It's an heterogeneous synthesis of a superject as a catalytic event, it's a libidinal plane of forces. not the unitary synthesis of a subject that correlates an object. The field of emergence is pre-individuated. My praxis emerges also in a different conception of space that is topologically based on singularity and not a cartesian space that is based on an origin with axis. The superject, as a singularity of multiplicities, can be correlated only to its internal difference that differs as an ambiguous event that is never concluded. My simulacrum is not just a parody but also something that escapes the apparatus of signification in the darkness, becoming-imperceptible. If it was just post-modern irony (that is a dimension that is present in my praxis but not exhaustive) it would be still in reference to a subjective awareness of a position respect to an object, just a linguistic pragmatic operation of performativity as the gender performance that contests a dominant stereotype by mocking it. Instead my avatar is born for an urgent obscure need to respond to my actual situation and sensation of unemployed immigrant. My avatar is emerged as an urgent and dark need in a complex contingency, as an event that repeats and intensifies its internal difference producing a singular refrain. Then I have discovered that the refrain has a mystical side related to alchemical Nigredo because it resonates with a chaosmic field. It's related to chaosmagic. I have also produced a chaosmogonic chaosmology of my avatar. All I have written in my research is written ex-post. There is not an act of subjective conscience before, it's not just a semiotic operation on a sign, like a detournement that is still in a Kantian subjective tradition. It's more a gnostic-becoming based on chaotic attractors that emerges in a chaosmotic field. If one does not make this experience cannot understand. You know the “understanding” is related to being in a praxis, it's not knowledge. And also the experience is problematic because is still interspaced by fiction when I go to recreate it by writing. Writing is another praxis and experience that not only adds but also affects the praxis itself and its experience. It's a flesh that becomes writing but is still an act of creation and not of representation. This why the writing on art cannot be scientific but must be elliptical literature because deals with the twilight of noumenous experience that cannot be approached directly. It's not a phenomenal experience produced in a laboratory with an intersubjective methodology. The methodology is still singular in art. I have invented my own techné. As Foucault would say I have invented a technology of Self. This is explained very well by Jung when he approaches alchemy but also by more cutting edge object-oriented philosophy. There is a virtuality in the object, and in particular the object of art, that cannot be exhausted with signification. If one does not have this

philosophy: there is a tendency in the object of art in particular and the object of art that carries the experience that originates in the object that there is a phenomenal experience that grounds the understanding takes it as just "irony". He can think I play with language when instead I am just using the language that I consider more proper to generate an elliptical sense to catch the excess of sense of the object that is withdrawn in the virtual. This is why the language on art must have a certain obscurity to approach the object of art. My experience of Anartist is ambiguous. For example as simulacrum I make a parody of black bloc but also I am a parasite that use them as "screen" and I also admire them as "persona" that moves my desire. It's the same attitude of Deleuze with all the authors he has been writing of: Spinoza, Bergson, Nietzsche etc...It cannot be reduced just to irony, there is a bodily pathos of the simulacral mask that is also sacrificial and tragic as Nietzsche would say. I could say much more on this point (I could write an essay) but I take it as already exhaustive or I will be too long...

2) When he says the "banality of Internet's conspirative theory"...it's not banality at all...what grounds this affirmation? It's just a different approach to explain capitalism respect to leftist marxist tradition but not respect to Marx that is fully compatible in an heterodox reading. Conspiracy presupposes an esoteric elitist dimension of power beyond the essoteric one of the everyday institutions. It's not this dimension also present in the idea of the obscure fetishism of commodities. Furthermore I think the network and the rhizome created by new technology generates a conspirative episteme (or partial episteme) and I am concerned with my reality. The symptom of this episteme is also the conspirative literature of DeLillo and Pynchon...The conspirative theory is also related to the idea of labyrinth of George Bataille, that is similar to the rhizome of Deleuze. Being lost in a groundless labyrinth can engender a conspirative theory attitude and the anxiety more or less paranoid to get out the labyrinth with a transcendent signifier that gives a fix interpretive order to the chaos but the network with digital encryption also generate the possibility of the "crypt" of an actual elitist control of the world. It's more than banality and paranoia...read for example the book on "how Goldman Sachs came to rule the world" that has won many journalist prizes in France and in US. Furthermore it's common to Deleuze and Bataille also a certain gnostic anarchism and the idea of a dimension which is hidden, poetic and sacred and one which is profane, utilitarian and transparent...and both of them stress the difference between knowledge and unknowledge, between esoteric and essoteric, between day and night, giving more importance to intuition than formal logic. Their style of writing is itself labyrinthine and in the twilight because it tries to catch an excess that is typical to art and also philosophy. Then because these philosophers are in the tradition of Nietzsche that sees the philosopher as an artist.

Furthermore, because capitalism is related to my intervention I like to explore many narratives and dimensions connected to capitalism without the fear to be not in tune with a leftist politically correct narrative. My praxis is an experiment. I am attracted by the sacrilege of heterogeneous catalysis, to transgress the orthodoxy to reach new synthesis that are also obscene, monster and excremental.



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Furthermore, I think that if it's true that the internet heterogeneous rhizome can push to the paranoia of conspiracy, or to the schizophrenia of heterogeneous synthesis, it can also engender an episteme that resonates with Renaissance's Wunderkammer. Now this kind of episteme based on analogy and intuition, well explained by Foucault in the "Order of things", can be dismissed by the Kantian mind as obscurantism and regression but for the mind and the experience of an artist can be also inspiring because it works on intuition based on heterogeneous synthesis of symbols that are in themselves heterogeneous synthesis. It could be another form of hermetic knowledge related to the grasping of an intuitive hyper-rationality based on series of patterns (related to form, meanings, desire, synchronism, archetypes and rhythms) that cannot be fully explained in a logic of linear signification where a reduced subject approach a reduced object. It's an esthetic and intuitive approach to knowledge based on composition. For me is however an interesting path that worth to be explored. I also think that conspirative paranoia, creative schizophrenia and metaphysical intuition do not exclude each other but are features of a reality of intertwined multiplicities as our contemporaneity. They can be assembled in various compositions.

To conclude...the object of art has a different metaphysical position respect to the object of design that can be explained by its function in a system of functions. The object of art is not actualized in a utilitarian scope, it is a resonance of resonances, it has virtualities that also diverges. If I should follow the suggestion of the reviewer 1 I would break the composition that is stucked there (but also elsewhere) with heterogeneous derivations and that it makes it unique, singular and ambiguous. I think there is a positivist anxiety of explanation in the reviewer. This attitude cannot be applied to an object of art but not even to a text that concerns an object of art. The text can be only an intensification of the object to form a texture that is never concluded and explained. It's just a transmedia passage from a media intensity to another intensity but the intensity cannot be fully extricated or else is an improper and violent reductionist extension (in the sense of Deleuze) from the dominium of art that is difference as such to the one of science that is axiomatic. The text of art, that forms a texture with the virtuality of its object, must be approached not only with rational logic but also with the esthetic virtualities that it opens and the synesthetic and cinesthetic becoming internal to writing. The analytic is always implicated with the analog in the making of sense, the eye with the ear, and this is already a feature of the pragmatic of language with alliterations, driftings, rhetorics, sounds and rhythms that are always in excess to a univocal signification based on the logic syllogism. This is why the style of writing becomes important as much as the content! It can be only a piece of literature that continues the experimentation of the praxis with language. Especially if the author of the writing is the same of the art praxis. The esthetic spin of the style becomes consistent to the expression of the praxis that describes/recreates.

For what concerns the "sacrifice" that reviewer 1 asks me at the end, I answer that I must feel the need of a "sacrifice". I just do not want to make it because it is moral according to him to be opened to the other. He asks me to exchange his openness to the other with my openness. As artist (and even more as Anartist) I am opened to the outside that is not the human other. My becoming is inhuman. I prefer to sacrifice his suggestions than my text because we are not in a symmetrical position. Because we are in the field of art, my right to be accepted in my ambiguity is superior to his right to clarification and he cannot catch me in his relativism. Because the specific ontological statute of the object of art is ontologically ambiguous. Here is not a question of a pragmatical compromise between two others as he seems to propose. Alterity is already inscribed in art as singularity and anomaly. It's an heterogeneous monad that inflects its own world as a singularity. It's not possible to translate the object of art in a scientific object or in an object of design without betray its specific heterology. Art is act of resistance! One can say that a text "on" art is different by a text "of" art but I think that a text "on" art cannot exist.

We can discuss this also publicly...I am not scared. It's basically the difference between art research and art based research.

DIVERTISSEMENT À LA BAUDRILLARD ON A CONSPIRACY-ONTOLOGY AND A SPECULATIVE EPISTEMOLOGY

In those who see everything conspiratorially there is the aftertaste of knowing more than others, but in those who are against conspiracy there is the aftertaste of knowing more than those who are conspirators... So in the academic Enlightened attitude there is a sort of proud “interdiction” against the idea of “conspiracy”: a sort of Evil Eye.

The fact is that in our living we are immersed in such gigantic, mysterious, and intrigued apparatuses that all reality has become pure speculation. Every event that appears on the media, in this new dark age, elicits a diffraction of a multiplicity of interpretations and narratives. Now it is no longer a matter of knowing what the “facts” are but of rewarding the most original speculation! (paradoxical laughing.)

Reality has become avant-garde literature, and every endeavor has become avant-garde performance in the open theatre of life. We could say that our living, in the good and in the tragic of this new transcendently empirical condition, has become as a bio-fictional phenomenon on the edge of the virtual.

The events cannot be closed anymore in the scale of the transcendental subject to produce a shared intersubjective knowledge of a “phenomenon”. There is always a difference of differences that haunts the epistemological closure. There is not even time, in the instant time of the ubiquitous circulation of the event, to adopt a critical distance and submit the event to the discipline of a legitimate knowledge and an authorized judgment. So everybody speculates on the events through possible simulations. The “differend” between all these narratives and interpretations in flight is the sum of all intertwined speculative conspiracies, including the speculation of finance. The Anartist who explores these virtual narratives, is in itself also the conspiracy of the singular Event that it engenders in the urban space and its artistic research. He is immersed in the obscure conspiracy rhizome of its emergence. The Anartist passes from a “cognitive and hermeneutic speculation” “on” an event to a mystic participation in a magic conspiracy. It’s a total participation in the conspiracy of a general economy that is the feature of a sorcerer. It’s still a passage from a transcendent “on” to an immanent “of” that is reflected (not without the diffractions implicit in the objectile as process) in the writing.

Indeed, the immanent BLACK 8 CONSPIRACY (complotTO immanente in Italian) of the magic of the event is what counts at the end... It is as if every conspiracy is not sufficiently conspiratorial. Because they are still just hermeneutic interpretation. They are still affective and effective but not as the radical conspiracy of being there in the “myst”. Science is not an evolution of magic that has supplanted it but magic still impinges on the dark edges of the apparatus of science with its seductive conspiracy of the infinitely intrigued Event. There is a “fatal strategy” that cannot be submitted and is always challenging the axiomatic western representation – as Baudrillard would say. It’s also possible that our excessive apparatus of science, that has extended the epistemology of classical physics and its tran-

scendental conditions to all the fields of sciences (that remains in their essence art), has reached a cursed threshold of retribution. The hyperreality of an automatized Positivism, which sustains science and techno-Capitalism, could have reached a threshold of destruction for having accumulated a Chaosmic Curse, a counter-wave of entropic energy in its excess of negentropy. The artist feels the need to unwork this “cursing tie” of positivist science. This is why the *tecnè* of the artist today must also be an anti-*tecnè* (the Anartist knows this) that frees the conspiracy of the BLACK 8 and its magic revelation. This happens at the level of urban space but also at the level of academic research.

Freedom has never fully existed, before we were slave of a state of Nature (with its pro and against) and now, as emancipated species, we are born into apparatuses that give a form and a model to the subjectivity but at the same time they are, the same, dark boxes inside other devices in an infinite game that recedes into the “infinitesimal”... that at the end decides everything... even if the powers try to contain this conspiracy “puissance”. There is no deterministic logic of causation... because there are not even full subjects and full objects of causation... the event is pure assembling conspiracy in itself and per se that turns out to be darkening for an apparatus of capture that in its complex techno-organization seems to have reached the same labyrinthine and darkening complexity of Nature itself... The singularity that pops up from this new altered state of nature of the apparatus is par force conspiratorial. It’s like if the apparatus in its attempt to capture the rhizomatic and conspiratorial excess of nature has become blind to itself. Certainly the conspiratorial complexity is escaped by the control of the subject, and it would be stupid to insist on this “model”... Decisions are often taken by the interaction of machines that communicate between themselves without the human species having had the time to intervene in the process.

Of course, the underlying dark conspiracy is also made up of so many conspiracies that try to organize themselves into emerging units but they never manage to close completely to direct reality in a deterministic way, as in classical mechanics... even if there are the winning conspiratorial trends, dominant assemblages (and this is why I do not take as merely “stupid” conspiracy theory on the internet), that inform the *zeitgeist* at a certain age, before sinking again into the total conspiracy of magic.

However, since the total conspiracy is inaccessible to the human subject, then he can have fun speculating on what conspiracy is taking place in every event that happens.

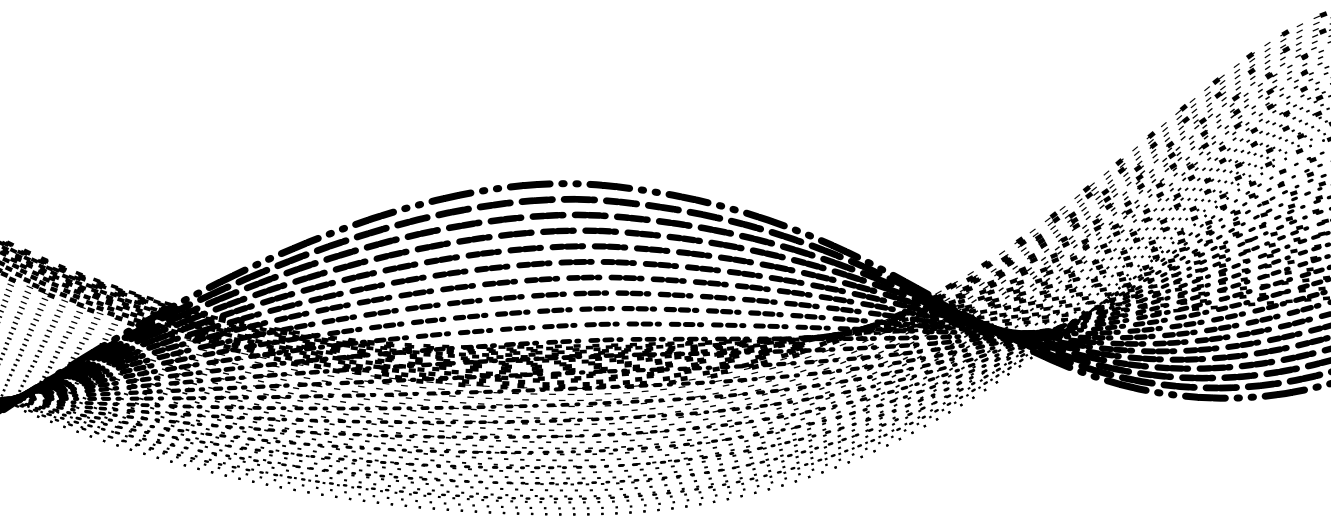
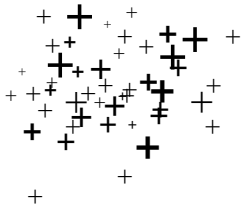
In fact we have gone from the “Kantian subject” who dominated the idea of knowledge in the Enlightenment to the “Narcissistic Speculator”... who is a realist without reality. But all of this could still be a speculation. The test is given by the participation to the “hermetic” experience that can be accessed only by drilling the “too human” box which occludes artistic research.

IMMANENCE

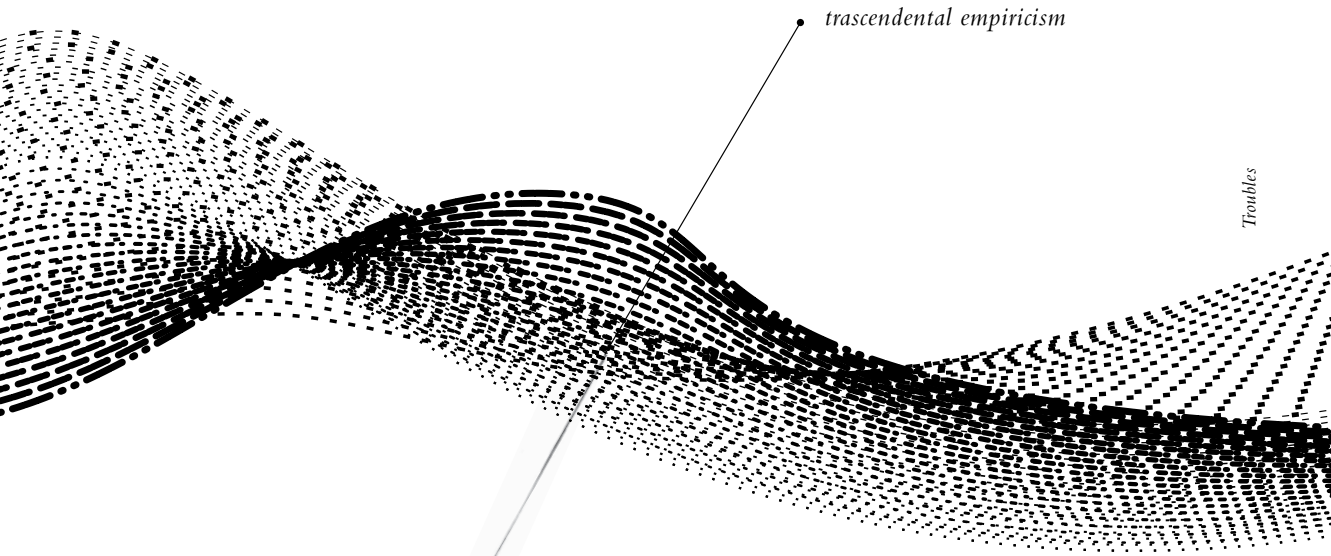
INTESSENCE



VIRTUAL AXIOLOGIES



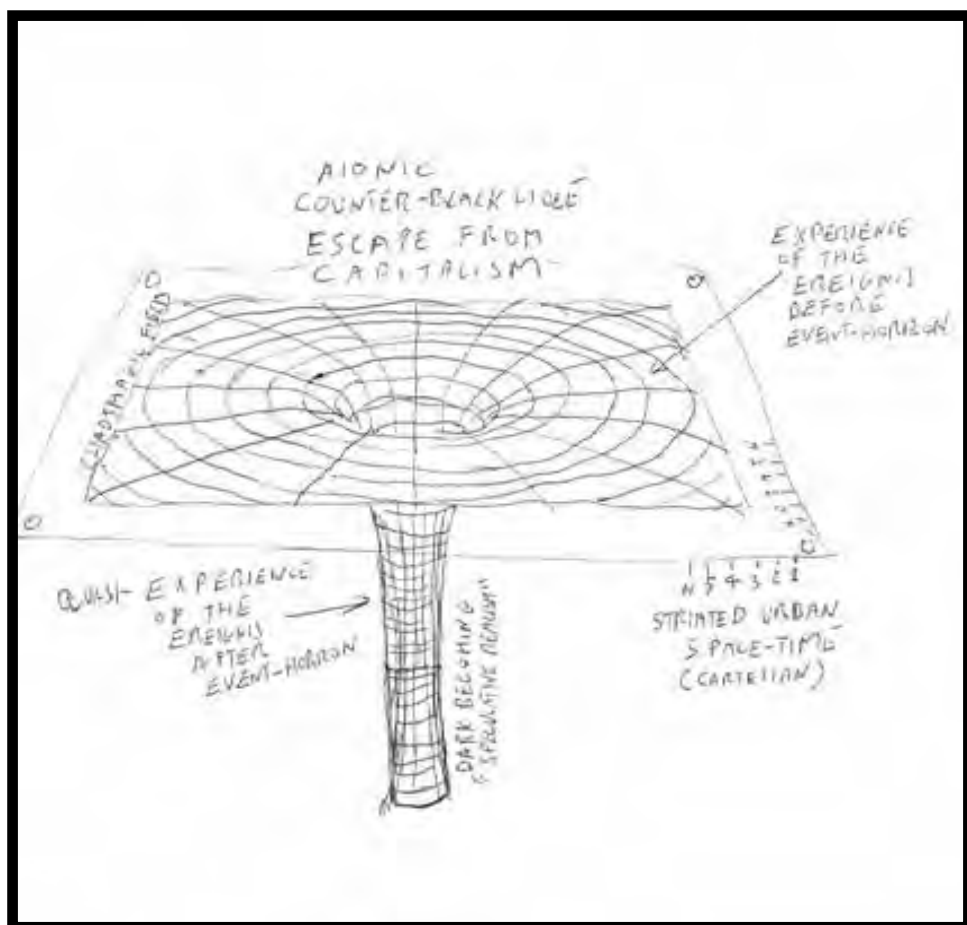
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Troubles







Passport for the invisible, and others



Journal: Kunstlicht / INSTEAD OF THE POLICE
CAME THE POLICE.

Author: Gian Luigi Biagini.

Title of the paper: Passport for the invisible.

Detailed information: In this case I have been asked to do an intervention to subvert the structure of the design and my intervention is more composite and transversal than the writing of an essay. It includes some of my e-mails and the idea of subversive unframed graphic intervention (even if the graphic designer has betrayed the project in favor of a modernist order).

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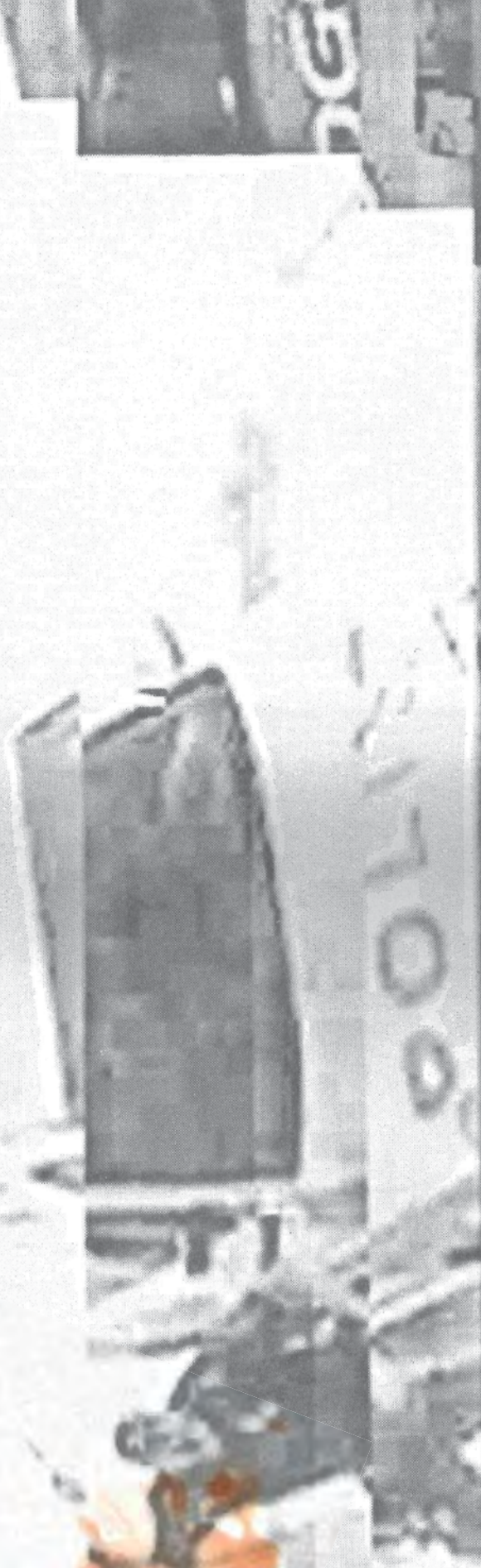
Breaking The Frame: Subversion from Within.

Editorial: Angela M. Bartholomew.

Passional fusion / email correspondence
and Passport for the invisible.

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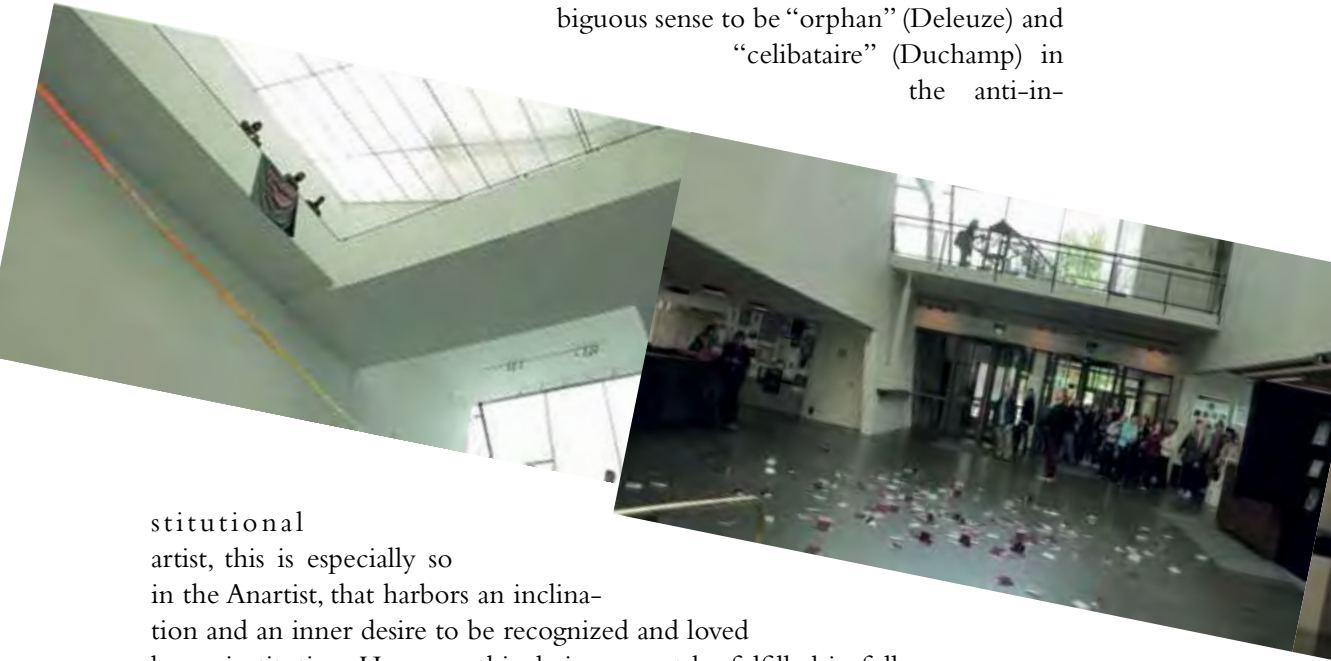
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1/2-2017 VOLUME/JAARGANG 38 — €12

JOURNAL FOR VISUAL ART,
VISUAL CULTURE
AND ARCHITECTURE

Kunstlicht is a Dutch academic zine internationally distributed. At the beginning of 2017, after sending my paper and images for the call selection, I was invited to collaborate actively on two volumes of Kunstlicht. The director wrote me that they received a lot of papers on the theme of “Subversion” from all-over but they needed a real subversive artist to make a volume on “Subversion” or the release would result as fake and boring.

They wanted me to create a graphic intervention throughout their zines. I felt pleased by this offer. There is always the ambiguous sense to be “orphan” (Deleuze) and “celibataire” (Duchamp) in the anti-in-



stitutional artist, this is especially so in the Anartist, that harbors an inclination and an inner desire to be recognized and loved by an institution. However, this desire cannot be fulfilled in full copula because it is diffracted and conflicted. So, in a sense, the Anartist is a “dirty virgin”, forever full of an epileptic eroticism, oscillating between strong attractions and repulsions. The desire for copula with the institution, the Oedipal Mother, is diffracted in the crack of a line of flight which expands desire to a hermetic anti-Oedipal dimension. The desire starts desiring itself as schizophrenic elevation to the firing noumena (strange attractors?). *In girum imus nocte et consumimur ignis*, Guy Debord. The sacred fire of eros is consumed into a transgression that by-pass sexuality and illuminates the night. It’s an unproductive consumption, a waste, that follows the combustion of circulatory intensities which propagate as flames of passion. It’s like a gnostic/hermetic illumination which follows the path of *Lucifer*, understood as carrier of light – as in David Lynch’s movie “Fire walk with me.” Not to mention Bachelard and his “A Poetic of Fire” (1988) wherein the flames of Fire have a chaotic unpredictable movement and a “vertical tendency” which, as archetypal myth conjoins the center of the Earth and the Sky, makes a sort of axis mundi emerge accompanied by deterritorializing chaotic movement. The most natural phenomenon that approaches this metaphor is, in my view, the “Firenado”. In this rare anomaly of nature all the 4 elements are caught in many-folds of combustion-attraction

which create a “Tornado of Fire” that is vertical but also unpredictably nomadic. A total difference as such activated by spontaneous internal chaos driven by emerging attractors. This image can be seen also as a Black Sun or a metaphor for the Heteron of Anartist(s) in my hyperstitional prophecy-praxis.

So, because of this passional-propulsion the proposal of Kunstlicht seduced me suddenly, and I proposed one intervention for each page. They liked a lot my ideas. I propose that the screen-shot sequences of PASSPORT FOR THE INVISIBLE <http://gigibiagini.tumblr.com/passport%20for%20the%20> should cut across the other texts of the zine together with my text.

As I explained to them, my intervention had to be invasive and disruptive of other texts and images. In the second number I propose to publish a sequence of drops of tomato over the other texts until reaching my text and images illustrating the intervention Spaghetti Anschluss [HTTP://GIGIBIAGINI.TUMBLR.COM/SPAGHETTI-ANSCHLUSS](http://GIGIBIAGINI.TUMBLR.COM/SPAGHETTI-ANSCHLUSS). So, we started to collaborate with full trust. After a while they communicated me that they had copied the title of

the first volume we were working on from a sentence of my text on the intervention PASSPORT FOR THE INVISIBLE. This sentence was “INSTEAD OF THE POLIS

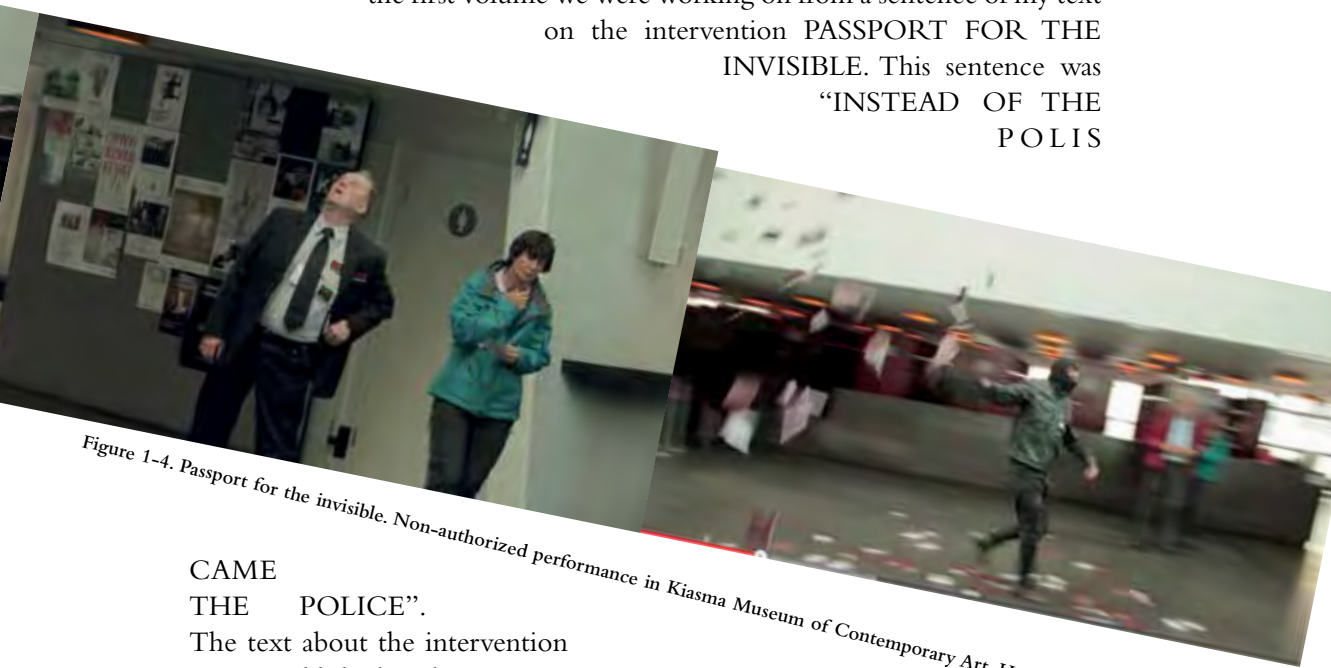


Figure 1–4. Passport for the invisible. Non-authorized performance in Kiasma Museum of Contemporary Art. Helsinki, 2011.

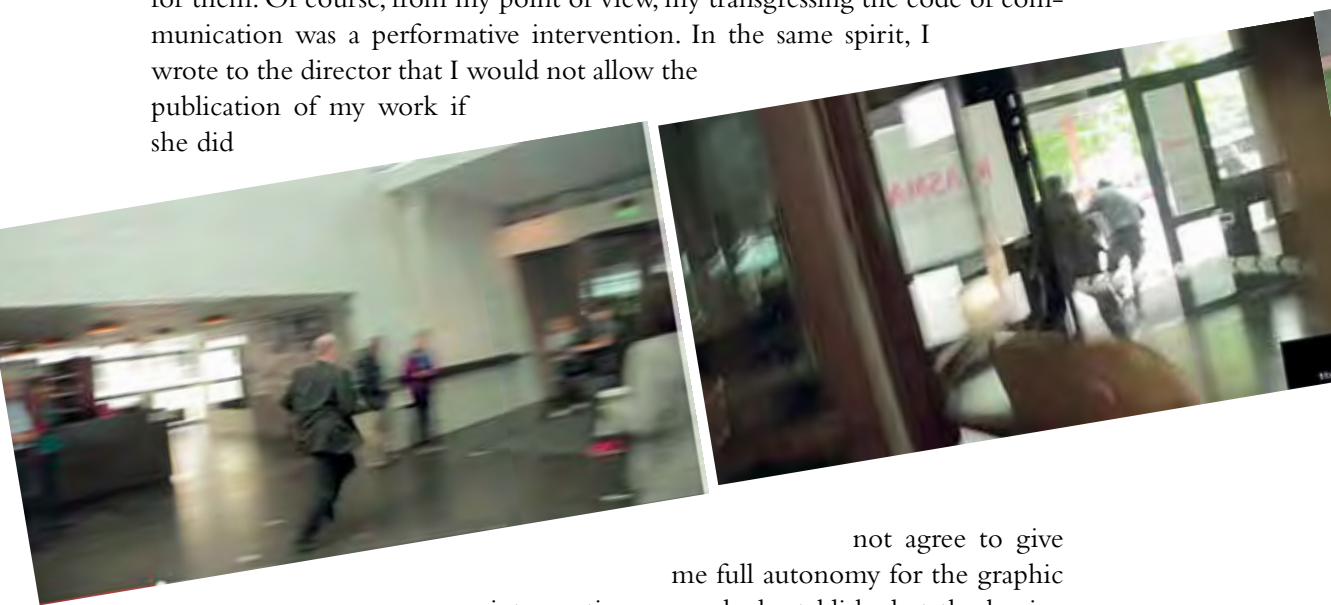
CAME
THE POLICE”.

The text about the intervention is now published in the zine.

During our collaboration I started also sending them complaints over their process of working. My complaints were based on a philosophical perspective and they liked so much that they asked me if they could also publish my e-mails. They wanted me to continue to send e-mails. I agreed because I was thinking to have established a perfect collaboration with Kunstlicht, that they could understand my praxis and total honesty. I was believing that we were creating together a sort of anti-magazine within the magazine. It was like a spiral of forces. I was thinking this was an honest idea to represent subversion. Indeed, subversion can be represented only by a subversive presentation in itself or it becomes a fake subversion or the representation of a subversion.

This tension between academic zine and its anti-zine shadow was consistent also with the concept of “challenging” in Baudrillard and “Yin and Yang” taotic relationship in Jung. These were two authors I was mostly reading at the time. I imagined that in the clash of two challenging forces (productive and anti-productive) a strange seismic event in tension could be traced. However, when it came the moment to realize my idea of the intervention the designer did not want to do what we had graphically established (i.e., cutting across the other texts as a disturbing invasion) and I started arguing polemically with her. According to the e-mail from the director, I understood that the graphic designer was arguing that the effect of my idea was not graphically “nice”.

Furthermore, I wanted to also subvert the relation of language between collaborator and academic zine (because they were using my e-mails in the publication) and I started using language in the e-mails that was not politically or academically correct, by mixing philosophical and slightly sexual/erotic language. I wanted to re-appropriate of my capacity for subversion. I wanted to inscribe another subversion in the e-mails so that the publication could be problematic for them. Of course, from my point of view, my transgressing the code of communication was a performative intervention. In the same spirit, I wrote to the director that I would not allow the publication of my work if she did



not agree to give
me full autonomy for the graphic
intervention, as we had established at the begin-
ning of the collaboration.

At the end she agreed with me to suggest that the designer do the design in the way we had established. I also wrote her that if the designer did not agree to do as I wanted, they should publish my last e-mails about how I did not agree with the design of the zine... And that they should also publish my e-mails with provocative erotic language! (Of course I was inspired by George Bataille, the king of subversion!) Unfortunately, the graphic designer, after this first issue, was so personally offended by my provocations that she did not want to collaborate with me anymore. So, they published the first volume but I was fired from the second (she had initially proposed that I also do a third). It was easier for the director to fire me instead of firing the graphic designer that was a full member of the team. Then I later learned that the position of the editor/director is temporary for each release. There is a rotation of doctoral or post-doctoral candidates

that are invited to direct a volume or a series.

Then followed a harsh argument between me and the director of the zine because I had already written an article for the second volume (the one concerning Spaghetti-Anschluss).

Figure 5-8. *Passport for the invisible.*



Non-authorized performance in Kiasma Museum of Contemporary Art. Helsinki, 2011.

I wrote that I wanted to be paid for my work, that they had abused of my time, energy and emotional trust. They counter-attacked my position by writing that I had used an intolerable “gendered” language in the e-mails (when it was clear that was an artistic provocation my not using a politically correct expression. They asked me to be really subversive at the beginning of our agreement, so I met the provocation!). The arguing went on for many e-mails where I simply tried to confute their accusation and to show their lack of consistency with the initial agreement. However, they continued to offend me by holding the “gender” ideology. There should be an honest discussion on how women in positions of power use the “gender ideology” against men today. I know that this is a sensitive issue but I am a suicide artist, I am intellectually honest with my experience and I must say that this discussion is necessary. It’s the last effect of every counter-power and general ideology when they become mainstream. When a counter-power and a counter-ideology are institutionalized, for example in the University, they become the mirror of what they were supposed to oppose. In this case a new phallocentrism has substituted an old one! This is also the point of view of Baudrillard in “Seduction”; he died before understanding how he became prophetic. This is the problem when an ideology, that is always a general “ism”, is applied to the unique contingency of a living situation that has many layers of complexity and open interpretation. For this reason, my practice is just de-institutional and subversive! The Heteron, as hyperstition, does not want to create a new counter-institution. The Heteron is just a becoming of differences that differ in itself that invade urban space, art systems and academic formats to engender a counter-mythology as a “creative diarrhea”. The Heteron does not want to reform society by putting a new power in place; it’s moreover a viral creative stream of “puissance”. Of course, it is also a hyperstition that probably will never be realized, but I live it as virtuality in the momentum of my intervention. It’s just something I feel as potential but not something I want to realize as act of subjective will. All I want from my intervention is to experience the potential of an outside. My intervention is an “active nihilophany” to access the “ungrund grund” (to use an expression fitting with Bohme, Schelling and Deleuze).

The director of Kunstlicht insisted that my attitude and language were “sexual harassment!” I could not believe the non-sense of this accusation. I had simply put some subversive spice in my language. It was literature, it was an intervention to open a crack in the standard code. I wanted to engender an infra-crack. They insisted on attach this disgusting and disgraceful stigmata of “sexual harassment” to my persona in order to evade their agreement. I felt like the object of a new “witch hunt”. I was also thinking of hiring a lawyer to file a lawsuit against Kunstlicht. Then I calmed my passion and I just decided to cut off my relationship with the team of the zine forever. Of course, I did not go to the public release of the two issues in Amsterdam; even if they sent me the invitation. They were very polite!

At the beginning I thought this conflict and annihilation of the relationship was the price to pay to make an authentic subversive artwork about “subversion”. Anyway, it was the only choice I had to defend myself from the capture of a design of normalization. Because of this I was forced to push the subversion

beyond the margins; I hoped the traces of this process of excess remained inscribed in the pages of the zine.

Actually, Kunstlicht sent me 3 copies of the zine but I did not open the parcel post for two years because I felt the director and the graphic designer could have neutralized my intervention. Indeed, when I opened the magazine I discovered that they had done a very “nice” graphic work but my intervention was completely neutralized. There wasn’t any frame broken from inside. It remained just a representation of my urban intervention, *PASSPORT FOR THE INVISIBLE*, but no trace of the disturbing graphic intervention we had agreed on. My photos were located in a position of no disturbance in the superior “margin” of the page, they looked cool. This is usually the desire of artists today, to appear cool in a cool magazine in order to build a successful career. All the expressive individuation process of the artist is subsumed by the fiction of the social “persona”, just to use a Jungian perspective. To borrow from a Lacanian perspective we could say that everybody, through the pervasiveness of the social network, is today subjected to a castrated secondary narcissism. If you try to get out of these constraints, also just with performative writing, you will risk being considered a “sexual rapist” just because, as artist, you have used a “sexual metaphor” to express yourself. Progressive ideologies are reaching a level of censorship and transcendent violence equal to the Church in the Reformation and Counter-Reformation. All witches and wizards of a New Renaissance will be burned on the altar of some abstract generalization. Those who are more conformed with the moralism of these generalizations will easily achieve success in the institutions and in the art system. Here we are witnessing the phenomenon of a new progressive fundamentalism and the birth of a new Church and new priests.

My experience is just an example of the difficulty to make a certain kind of intervention and art research that want to subvert the neo-liberal modernist form. This form is so pervasive in every relationship today. You cannot mix art research with art; one is holy and the other secondary and profane according the perverted rules of the Academy. It’s a nonsense! Even artistic research is caught in a “like-economy” where one must please to gain the “nicety” the others. The logic of social-network is completely pervasive and makes it impossible to make art within a certain intensity because it creates too much disruption and hurts feelings that are made to be too fragile by the self-indulgence of a politically correct “ideology”. When I refer to ideology, I do not embrace Idealism but I refer to systematic embodied habitudes that become feelings, following Aristotle. Our techno-system removes agonism and virility. One can argue that this is not true because capitalism is very competitive and ruthless, but I refer to Greek Virtuosity where the agon, as sacred game, becomes also a school of respect for the adversary. This becomes the salt of thinking and of art. If I exclude the conflict, and the tendency to agon, I will only have a system of politeness where nothing creative can come out. I will be forced to control my expression, to put a Doctoral Mask.

The intervention of the Anartist goes in the opposed direction but is a sort of sacrifice in the name of eroticism. Indeed, the esthetic, a-modal and conflictual expression, that should show the appearing before the appearing as





Figure 9-15. Spaghetti/Anschluss, Helsinki, 2011 more or less.

antagonist to the techno-capitalist appearing, has been almost banned in favor of a cool, pseudo-conceptual, objectivism that incorporates the Cartesian regularity of design. The trend is a design without function but ready-made to be functionalized in a ready-made system instead to subvert it; the opposite of the original idea of Duchamp. This trend was already denounced by Salvador Dali in his famous dialogue with Duchamp. Today it is impossible to think in terms that are different from design, social peace and established prejudices. That is as to say it is impossible to think at all in this liberal “consensus” that bans every excess before the access. Everybody must stay to its own place in the contours of a design and conform to the discipline of the “cool” and the “nice”. Artistic Research, unfortunately, brings these tendencies to the extreme. Most artistic researchers are hipsters, the sort of ready-mades of a globalized “dandy” inserted in a global technocracy of nice interfaces. Usually this hipster must be leftist and rainbow, in order to fit with the recognized ready-made of neo-liberal academy and be accepted in the social-network of the like-economy. It’s a world dominated by “sign-values” which cannot be transgressed, “where only signs and relations between signs are consumed” as a sort of linguistic dictionary of productive consumption of what is “cool”. (Baudrillard, *The Consumer Society*, 1996). The hipster is an encyclopedist of the “cool”. Artistic Research is conceived to be a factory for the production of this subjectivity that is a ready-made for the neo-liberal creative class. This skill can be employed in the semiurgic industry of “Semio-Capitalism” as “curators”, “trend setters”, “trend hunters”, “influencers” and so on. It’s a falsification of art in a technocratic structure that already starts in the presentation-conferences through “power-point” that is the victory of the capitalist format and its reductionism. There is no risk, no surprise and no creativity in the rigor mortis of this structured format.

Artistic research is conceived as “on” art. Instead, in order to have a sense as singular differentiated field of knowledge, should be “of” art in its approach; not only for what concerns writing but also in the “presentation” as “shape of living”. The creative pathos of the pre-subjective affection should be integrated as “diffraction” in the subjective “intentionality” and “use” to make the “bar” spinning as Lyotard would put it (Lyotard, *Libidinal Economy*, 1993). Art should invest Research with its libidinal economy, instead, at the moment, is the rationalist (but with no ground) attitude of Artistic Research which “cools” and “freezes” the “pathos” of Art. It’s a bureaucratization of the pathos which does not use the potentiality of Artistic Research as field and medium for a different, immanently aesthetic approach that, virtually, can violently interspace “the “realism” of Knowledge. There are no libidinal “perforations” of the “cage of rationality”. This is also a cage for the expression of the artist. A cage that is useful to the system of art as subsystem of the capitalist “status quo” and its standards, axiomatic and interfaces. The same we could say of “theory” that without “practice” becomes only a work of exegetic axiomatic functional to the system. A spinning in the void of the signs. This reductionism is a cynical miniaturization of the “artist” who loses his romantic attitude to risk the impossible and its “weird sovereignty” of aristocratic (in the sense of Aristotle) Anarchism (as form of reversed *techné*) that makes the virtuous anti-virtuous “great enough” and “mad enough” to break through the depressed libido of a system. This is also as I

heretically read Badiou's idea of "courage and heroism" in the affection of "subjectivation" that occurs in the "event" (Badiou, *Ethics of Subjectivation*, 1998) as a sort of anti-Aristotelian view that is, however, not oppositional with Aristotle, but a sort of reverse disruptive unfolding of the *virtuous's* greatness, which becomes a sort of "trans-valuator" à la Nietzsche. Even if I do not agree with the concept of "discipline" of Badiou and his critique of Deleuze and Guattari (How can you define Deleuze as Kantian? Does not make sense.)

As Anartist I can accept only a discipline of indiscipline, that is like the spiral of a snake instead of a line of classical virtuous "rectitude". But this kind of "gothic" ethics is already inscribed in the flesh. It's not a question of opposing a discrete force to the system, but to dis-organize, through the intensification of the continuum, the discrete dots of the system. In this sense the subject becomes a subjectile or a superject that fuses the sacred disruption with the political. It's animist or esoteric anarchy. The virtuosity becomes transversal with respect to the discretion of the dots (that today are also digital and mobile trackers).

Today with all this conformist gentile politeness that also massively affects academy, where everybody feels offended at the first hint of a clash-encounter, there is no space for the arrogance of the sovereign that breaks with the reduced real-time and real-space of Capitalist Realism. Today there is only space for creativity of reproduction. Automated creativity. Selective screening is ruthless to this point. Indeed, I have even taken issue with a group of Finnish curators that operates between art and politics, they call themselves Check-Point. This system of check-points is a miniaturization of life that is supported by "curators" themselves in their external institutionalization and professionalization of art through gate-keeping.

Heidegger was scared of "gigantism", for me is more a problem of "miniaturization" of life, of passing through the checkpoints of art-systems, even if this banal miniaturization is connected to the anomic gigantism of the network-system of globalization where machines and procedures can already express themselves more than the human species. Now one can accuse me of being a "vetero-essentialist", that alienation does not exist, that we are going toward a liberating marriage with technology, that we are enlarging our field of potential in the trans-humanism, that techno-scientific empowerment is Deleuzian. I just write what I sense as Anartist. From the point of view of the signifier there is always a bifurcation of the argument but from the point of view of the arche-body I can feel what disturbs me, what imprisons my sovereignty. It's not that I am a fan of titanism but is the system that has reached a titanic an impersonal dimension that enslaves us in a "miniaturization" of expression. However this reductionist symptom was already inscribed in American Minimalism to a certain extent and in Bauhaus Architecture. The famous polemic of Lefebvre against Bauhaus. (Lefebvre, *Production of Space*, 1984).

If one considers the subtitle of the zine, *BREAKING THE FRAME FROM WITHIN*, I succeed to break the frame in the performative living intervention but I totally failed in the graphic intervention. The living intervention happened but did not affect the representation/frame with any anomaly. This is why Baudrillard in one of his book wrote that "events" are no more possible, only "pseudo-events" can happen. My intervention, my war-machine, "never



took place” (Baudrillard, *The Gulf War did not take place*, 1995). I simplify the perspective of Baudrillard, using its article as metaphor, but if everybody must stay to its own place, as the design prescribes, nothing can take place. (And to rejoin Baudrillard I should write that this cage can be also a mobile and networked place where everything and everybody is displaced and replaced by a cybernetic net-code, even the war-machine.)

Indeed, my intervention was still recaptured in a “pure” modernist form that usually divides zones of sanitation to distribute the State’s principle of Public Sanity. It was just this “virginal” and “cool” purity” that I wanted to contest with my metaphorical sexual language, I wanted to inject some dirt in the design of the modernist relationship, some sand in the mechanism, but I was not understood. The problem is that also feminist ideology can be used for this sanitary purpose by annulling the creative eroticism between sexes in favor of a virginal transgender frigidity which has strict kinship even with the “cool” and the “nice”. I don’t know if this event of misunderstanding was due to an honest confusion between planes (engendered with purpose by my intervention) or if they just used this misunderstanding to fire and exclude an inconvenient guest. It’s difficult to make an editorial machinery working by hosting an alien, in part hostile, host inside; a weird host that unworks its working. In theory is possible but in praxis it requires an agonistic open-mind that, maybe, is not available in the Academic or para-Academic experiments. I have paid a heavy price for my transgression, in terms of energy, emotions and time, with nothing to show for it in the zine. It was just represented by the apparatus through a selective modernist work. Mine was a sacrifice with no tangible result in the zine. A pure waste with no return. For me this experience was a semi-failure but also for Kunstlicht that asked me to realize a disturbing intervention in the zine and then they decided to neutralize it to make it “nice”. This is a contradiction between the design that must work according a utilitarian goal and subversive art that is an expression that differs in itself. This problem of the conflict between outsider art (or Anartist’s intervention) and design is transferred to the conflict between academic form and authentic artistic research. However, the knowledge, also super-ethnographic, that a failed intervention engenders is always revealing because one moves beyond the strata of ideologies considered as habitudes. It’s not just detached observation and not just involvement but it actively opens a crack in the structure of sense. It’s a proactive ethnography. One gets involved into the ungrounding that is an experience of blinding and after-awareness. It’s a knowledge that cannot be reached by simply observing the “fiction” implemented to structure reality with an ethnographic gaze. It’s an experience that involves emotions, confusion, risk, chaos that is a passage through the a-subjective. It is also painful as experience.

To conclude, I could generalize this contingent failure by saying that it’s impossible to incorporate a real intervention in an academic experiment, but I would fall in the same mistake of generalizing ideologies. Mine was a contingent singular situation. An encounter which took that particular fold. I ask myself if exists any knowledge beyond contingency. In chaotic events, it suffices only a little variation to change the effects; and interventions deals with a lived chaos. In no way I conserve any “resentment” toward Kunstlicht. I know that

my experiments are risky, and, after an excess of emotional involvement I now understand the situation with a far more comprehensive eye. Even though I fail to leave a "trace" of my intervention.

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These are sequences of photos of my intervention “Passport for the invisible.” The idea was to break the frame from inside by making the photos cut through the pages from beginning to end.





In the process of working I started to complain via email that I was not involved enough in the editorial project. Because they had asked me to do an intervention in the graphic design of the journal, in order to break the frame from inside, the way they were handling the process made me feel excluded. I sent an e-mail and did not get an answer. I was anxious because I did not know the next step. I explained that I felt like alienated by the already instituted organization of work. The editor proposed me to publish my e-mail and to continue to send her e-mails to break the frame in this way as if I was hosted but remained hostile. I thought it was an excellent idea and I did it.

Gian Luigi



Naar inbox verplaatsen



Meer ▾

8 van 19

Gianluigi Biagini

11 apr.



Mensen (5)

aan mij ▾

Hi, thanks to include me in the issue. I can send you for the 21 only the Spaghetti images with text because to do what you ask me requires too much work. I need to be affectively stimulated to work with others and not for others. In this way of working that you propose me there is too distance and segmentation and I cannot have a fusional passional stimulation to create, to exceed in an economy of giving with the others. I understand that your way of doing is now given as a matter of fact: as the absolute way of doing. But I would like to invite you to think that you cannot ask to a subversive artist to work for you like this. If we must work at distance should be better you send me your finished work and I do a subversion on it. Do you know what I mean? There is a technocratic frame a-priori, an apparatus of representation and organization that frustrates every indeterminacy and subversion. A preemption of a model or a design. And this is also very typical of northern european countries that rules EU. This is not a complain, just a provocation to make you think that there cannot be an ideal of transgression/subversion from one side and a praxis of submission to a rational model of production and work from the other. This is what I detest in the art system. Because you are intelligent academic people think about it...and do not take it personally.

Gian Luigi

Tijdschrift Kunstlicht <redactie@tijdschriftkunstlicht.nl>

23 mei



gian luigi



Naar inbox verplaatsen



Meer ▾

8 van 19

Tijdschrift Kunstlicht <redactie@tijdschriftkunstlicht.nl>

23 mei



Mensen (5)

aan Gianluigi ▾

Dear Gian Luigi,

My sincere apologies for the delay in responding to your proposal. Let me start by saying that we are still very much interested in including your work in our issue and we hope you are still interested in working with us. We have decided to expand our single issue on subversive strategies in artistic practice into two companion issues and we would like to include your work in **both** issues, which will contribute to linking them.

We agree that there is a technocratic frame a priori in this process of requesting work from you for 'our' issue(s). It's not our intention to dictate limits to the 'fusional passional' potential of a collaboration. It's important to note, though, that the process with which we work with our designer allows little time for revisions to the design. If you were to take part in responding to that design, performing a subversion on it, it would have to take place in the two day time frame allotted mid June. This is still a possibility, but may offer some challenges.

In order to move forward at this time, we would like to propose the following, based entirely on what you have sent us thus far. We feel that your writing - even the email correspondence we have shared thus far - could be great for the issue (also as a means of exposing our own process of working on the issue), but we would also like to include the images and writing from the performances you have sent us thus far (both the images and text of the spaghetti performance and the passport for the invisible - perhaps one in each issue). Perhaps you could consider how to visually invade other parts of each issue (beyond the pages dedicated to these performances) specifically in relation to these two works? This seems in line with your previous suggestion of a 'transversal cut'.

We have also considered including on the cover of one issue something we especially found poignant from your writing on the passports for the invisible project, namely your quote: "Instead of the Polis came the Police" - which could be accompanied by an image (and/or other text). This quote highlights a theme that appears throughout your work - specifically how your practice relates to the surveillance and the public/private space of the museum.

Let us know your thoughts about this proposal.

Gianluigi Biagini

Recente foto's



Details w...

Gianluigi Biagini

Recente foto's



Details

gian luigi



Naar inbox verplaatsen



Meer

8 van 19

Gianluigi Biagini

6 jun. (7 dagen geleden)

aan mij

My answers:

- 1) Ok I can send you the text in word today.
- 2) I have only screen shots of this intervention of the PASSPORT FOR THE INVISIBLE. But I think the screen-shots are ok because it's a narrative sequence in action...Do I need to send the screen shots separate?
- 3) I can send you a short bio. I do not understand the question: "Do you have something you would like to use?" related to the bio.
- 4) Yes I would like to try to do this intervention on design the 11th and the 12th if you send me the issue the 10th. I will send my intervention 12th evening for sure. The fact is that I do not know how to use graphic design computer programs. I will just attach the images over pages of the issue and photographing them.

My questions:

Because the intervention is a sequence and must make sense as a movie-story you should tell me how many frames I am allowed to attach in a way that I can select the ones which are narratively relevant. Then I do not understand how you want to publish the text related to the publication of the images. I mean: is the text separated by the frames or divided in small parts and distributed along the issue with the frames? Or...are the sequence of frames just a sort of teaser to arrive to a text at the end?

PS: Because the matter is complex and I could need to make you some questions the 11th and 12th I need one skype address to deal with. I understand that eleven is Sunday so if I need to Skype I will do it the 12th morning.

PS 2: In the previous mail you mentioned also about a text on Surveillance. Can you specify better?

PS 3: I do not know if being "flexible" is a compliment ;) but I appreciate your including my critique of the process in the process. At least there is the evidence of a repressed symptom, a stain in the modernist design process.

Thanks

on -redactie@tijdschriftkunstlicht.nl

gian luigi



Naar inbox verplaatsen



Meer

8 van 19

Tijdschrift Kunstlicht <redactie@tijdschriftkunstlicht.nl>

6 jun. (7 dagen geleden)

aan Gianluigi

Hi Gian Luigi,

- 1.) Great, thanks.
- 2.) Screenshots are fine. Please do send them separately.
- 3.) Please send your bio, that is all that was meant.
- 4.) We will send you the design as soon as possible (on the 10th). Our designer has limited availability after the first version in June, however, so we will be taking over the design modifications. Our skills are also limited in terms of design, so will have to see to what extent it is possible to turn your photographed designs into reality.

We would like to keep the narrative text of the performance together with the frames, and these would stay together on consecutive pages (not split through the issue). We could place it across three spreads (six pages), with three to four images per page. That would make for 18 to 24 screen shots.

PS: We can arrange to skype on 11 or 12 - I can be available. My Skype is [REDACTED]

PS2: Surveillance of the institution/public space is a theme we identify in your work, not a separate text. This was meant as an explanation of why your work is so fitting for our issue.

PS3: Flexibility, while an asset of neoliberal production, is also important to cooperation in general - reaching beyond the limitations of capitalist productivity. We were thinking of it in terms of the latter ;) . While our tools in this case are somewhat limited, we try to be self-reflective of our own indoctrination in systems of capital.

Looking forward to receiving these requested materials and skyping soon.

Best,

[REDACTED]

Mensen (5)

Gianluigi

Recente foto's

De

Mensen (5)

Gianluigi

Recente foto's

De



Meer

3 van 7.5

Gianluigi Biagini

17 jun. (2 dagen geleden)



Mens

aan mij

Hi [redacted] I was meaning the screenshots to be more in the middle and invasive of the text but now it's the same don't worry. I'm in Estonia travelling and I do not have time now to explain how I was meaning because it would take also too much time to the graphic designer and the process would too complex. And I do not feel have the right to complicate it. What I really would not is to show the photo of me without mask that I sent you. Please take that out.

Gian Luigi

Tijdschrift Kunstlicht <redactie@tijdschriftkunstlicht.nl>

00:00 (14 uur geleden)



aan Gianluigi

Dear Gian Luigi,

I'm sorry we couldn't move the images closer to the center of the design - it was felt it interfered too much with the writing of the others and it still presents a cross-appearance through the issue, popping up from time to time. I'll mention to the designer your concerns, however. Maybe she can alter the level of the images on the page somehow.

But we will take out your photo as requested. Or perhaps we could also put a black box over your eyes to obscure your identity?

Best,



Meer

3 van 7.525

Gianluigi Biagini

12:50 (1 uur geleden)



Mensen (3)

aan mij

Nothing personally of course...we are just talking of the working process because it is how the things (phenomena) comes to appear. As I told you there is this contradiction between design and the open of dasein in making things to "appear". The design wants to close the dasein in its form and nothing comes out. I have understood that your magazine and also your research is in experimenting new ways of appearing. I think it could be interesting if one time in a magazine could win the dasein over the design, that you could feel the life of the chaosmosis appearing...Because the world is dominated by semicapitalism and its order. You are the one who propose to make an intervention and instead I have been neutralized by the police of the design. Instead it could be interesting to disturb the design, to break its modernist virginal frigidity with a fuck...However as I understand your problems and your honesty in accepting me that usually I am not even taken in consideration by the system...I have to force it...

Gian Luigi

Tijdschrift Kunstlicht <redactie@tijdschriftkunstlicht.nl>

13:58 (37 minuten geleden)

aan Gianluigi

Dear Gian Luigi,

As said before, I will ensure that your photo is removed from the issue, and I will see if it is possible with Corine to move some of the images on the pages more towards the center or diagonally - but I'm afraid it won't be possible to create the exact vision you had in mind - in such a case it would be more your journal than the one we have long been working to put together.

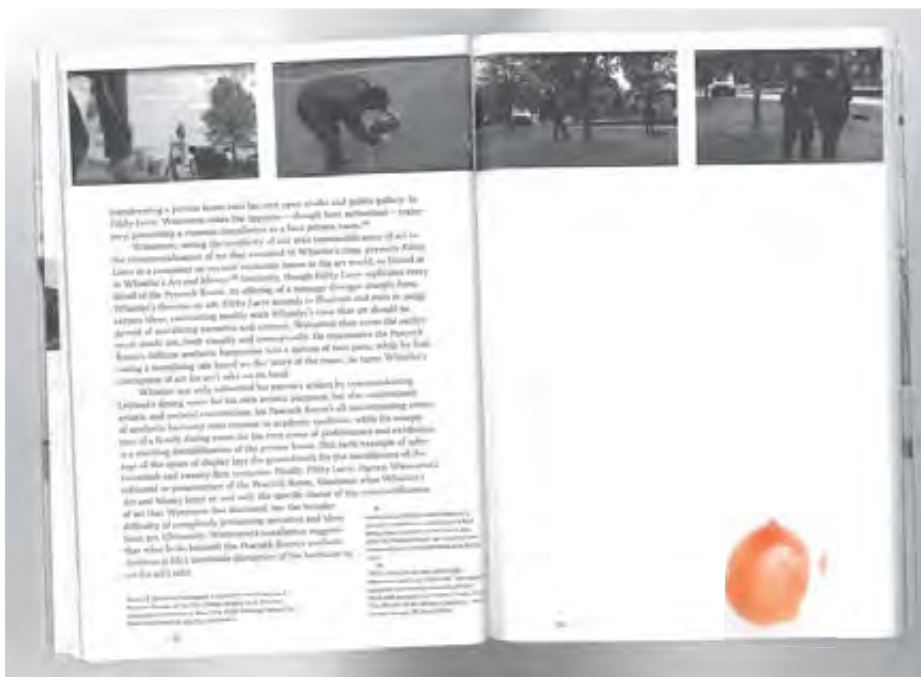
As I said, I think the emails we've already included express your disdain for our system of working, and I find it important to keep them in the issue. We could even include an additional email from your recent correspondence like the above, if you want.

But it is important that you let us know if it is still possible to include them.

Gianluigi I

Recente foto's

Del



As you see the screenshots of my intervention were supposed to cut through articles of other authors. Instead here the dissensus with the graphic designer started heating up. As I wrote in one of my previous published e-mails there is inherent conflict between the open of the “dasein” and the instituted design that hosts it. But here there is also an aesthetic conflict or *differend* between the classic Kantian idea of “beauty” of the designer (based on an instituted taste) and the Dionysian attitude of the Anartist that is formless and insurgent. Another conflict is between modernism and anarchism. In my intentions, the subversion, which is documented in screen-shots, and that concerns an urban intervention, should be doubled by subverting the modernist design that separates each author in a distinct cage and defines functional zones. Indeed, the expression “graphic cage” is at the base of graphic designing. The design distributes the space for a modernist reader according the principle of “clarity”. It operates “on” as the disincarnated eye of God. Mine is also an iconoclastic challenge to the idea of representation to engender a tension in the eye. It’s also my idea of “objectile” where the “object-process” becomes trans-artistic to keep its reserve of internal difference always active and virtually charged for another crossing of threshold. The two interventions, urban and meta-graphic are two parallel resonating lines of flight resonating; but the one which concerns the subversion of the graphic format of the journal, is also the unfolding of the other – I mean, the intervention in urban space. It’s an intensification “of”. In fact, also the urban space can be considered a text to subvert, so much as the text can

be considered a urban space to hack. The designers and the reviewers can be considered as the police who act in the urban space. Sometimes I can obtain the sympathy of the editor who agrees with my idea but then there are always reviewers, university boards or designers that are reactive forces. The editor is not free in its relation with the author but is also instituted in a structure of relations and powers based on internal consensus. In this case we can observe the literal process of “marginalization” and “normalization” of the difference as such operated by the modernist design. In fact, my pictures are moved to the “margins”. This is the same “marginalization” that happens in the urban plan. The city must be read as capitalist text that works. Capitalism is the last modernist device to force multiplicities to work for a unity of sense that it has engendered by breaking, dissolving, and fragmenting the tradition. De Certeau, to invert Foucault’s perspective on discipline and powers, says that the “reader” is not passive but can interpret the text and even subvert it. For example, through the play of the consumption of sign-commodities that detours the sign as if it was a Situationist Action. However, this idea is already been integrated by the marketing with the “prosumer” who participates, in part, to the creation of the commodity. For example, the prosumer will be invited to paint his or her Nike with the computer through the on-line template before buying them. This brings the interpassivity to “interaction”, but anyway the prosumer is also caught into a deeper level of capture in a productive consumption and the fetishization of commodities that makes Capitalism even stronger. This is all the logic of internet interaction. We all work for free for giants as Google, Facebook, YouTube, Tinder and son on. We cannot even anymore distinguish play from work, production from consumption, communism from capitalism, affectivity from utilitarianism, life from its simulation. It’s a totalitarian capitalism which imposes an American digital space to all the world. The idea of De Certeau and others has given birth to new evolutions of marketing and design that we could define postmodern but that instead answers to the essentialism still in play of modernity and positivism through the unification of Capitalism. However, in this scheme of modernist post-modernity, is still Capitalism that captures the creative energy of the prosumer in a band of oscillation. The danger becomes also larger where the frame of interactive technology can subsume the radicality of the body in a productive consumption. The stronger example of this process of incorporation is interactive porn on-line. You can tell me that technology as ambiguous “suppletive” (Derrida) can expands also the potentiality of sex beyond coded habits. I do not deny this potentiality but the business of porn is very reductive, it’s just masturbating in front of a screen. Pornography has a subversive potential but here it serves the utilitarian purpose of Capitalism. Everybody can access pornography but only to consepate, it does not have anything anymore as sacred dimension where the fusional pre-subjective is recovered, it has become even politically correct with the self-indulgent propaganda of compulsive instant consumption (an ideology of ejaculation precox) and the progressist “fanfara” of rainbow liberal sexologists. Furthermore, today, interactivity has transformed human in a prosthetic cyborg whose field of potentiality is defined by algorithms, sensors, apps, navigators, satellites, motors of research, smart-phones,

laptops. Technology is penetrating inside the body and so the capitalist axiomatic. In this sense we should understand that we are even beyond Marcuse. Virilio has described very well this situation in his books. But also David Cronenberg in his movies. It's a subsumption of the flesh and its libido in a system with no escape that creates a sort of technological tunnel that perpetrates modernity and Capitalism. It's a suicidal "new flesh" of the human species beyond its arche-body that develops a desire for its disappearing in the cognitive technology. It's an anesthetization of the subject in respect to its pre-subjective animal sensations. This tendency produces an incorporation in the logic of Corporations that perpetrates modernism as a fully disembodied Signifier. The only true possibility to reach Postmodernism, as disentanglement by the disembodied Signifier, is a true anarchism of the multiplicity that breaks the cage of variation of this modernist techno-rationality. This multiplicity, as heterogeneous singularity, has only its own immediate flesh, as auto-affection, as drive of deterritorialization of the monadic techno-machine. Only this immediacy can join us with our nature that is not essentially human but is a Chaosmic Singleton of forces. These forces unleash heterogeneous becomings, multiple becomings, schizo-becomings that cannot be reduced to the cognitive one. The cognitive approach of the subject and its intellect can do nothing against a Super-Cognitive-Cage. The discourse of De Certeau is interesting only if it is radicalized as in the case of the Anartist. The Brownian-motus, that De Certeau envisages, is postmodern only if it breaks with its Capitalist band of oscillation or else is still modernism and the discourse of Foucault on "discipline", so much as the writings of Deleuze on "control" are still valid. Only a deep anarchist Gnosticism that grounds a tendency toward the outside can connect us with the chthonic forces of the chaosmic entanglement. Earth and Chaosmos can provide energy for a line of flight (aesthetic, political, spiritual) outside the pre-emption of the economic Model. The Heteron of the Black Sun, in its hyperstitionality, is a kind of liberated Brownian-Motus. It's also a radical revolt of the flesh, a flesh-mob, that is transmitted to the cognitive, which become-intoxicated with a phenomenal excess. But it is also a hyper-rationality that includes madness to play against the techno-rationality. If this attitude could contaminate a multiplicity it would be an actualization of the virtual. Anyway, the creativity of fiction would still remain a drive in a situation without reference to the past as a vehicle, even fleshly mystic, to invent from the ungrounded scratch.



One could say that even my intention was to impose my project to the designer but this has been proposed to me by the editor at the beginning and I have accepted to work for free with this spirit. It has been an investment of energy, desire and time and then the designer has felt the authority and above all the power to do as she wanted. One could say that if “Breaking the frame from inside” as subtitle did not work, the main title “instead of the polis came the police” worked perfectly. However, I am not enraged or complaining with the designer, not even with the editor. The designer was engaged by her desire





and probably the editor has done what she could do. Furthermore, instead of complain one must keep affirming its own difference that is grounded also in a traumatic event. I could consider this text I am writing as intensification of the “objectle”; as a transartistic intervention. This should be considered as the third phase of the “objectile” in a phase-space. It’s a transmission of the internal difference of the first urban intervention; it is fueled by that resonating energy-action that keeps injecting and combusting. Archia and Anarchy are always in a tension that is the same between the one and the multiplicity. This tension returns as an infinite fractal. There is probably no possibility to liberate us from the one, once and for all, but as Anartist I feel the desire to subtract it to unleash the line of flight of my intervention and open myself to the experience of the hetero-dynamics. Even if this line of flight is destined to be captured again. This is the passion for authenticity that every artist must feel, because is the dark ungrounded ground of the Earth that calls and disturbs with its Scream the grounding of the symbolic World. The screams out of the world, but inside the earth, makes the symbols of this civilized world shattering. It’s what Heidegger calls the Rift. For this reason every intervention, so much as a life, can be considered as an infinite striving. It’s also the striving against death. Art is like a rebellion to death, before being a political rebellion. I guess even Deleuze would agree with this stoic view.



Gian Luigi Biagini

This is a Derridean intervention realized by the Anartist: a transpersonal figure that everybody can incarnate by transgressing like a Anartist. This intervention has been realized in the Kiasma Museum in Helsinki where the artist Alfredo Jarr was exhibiting his installation consisting of thousands of passports closed in a big parallelepiped glass. According to Jarr, his artwork was denouncing the fact that Finland had denied entrance and passports to many foreign people. The Anartist was composed of foreign unemployed people (Gian Luigi Biagini, John Dunn, Vito Giorgio) that have made re-living Jarr's artwork in the museum by co-modulating its meaning through a non-authorial action. The Anartist launched hundreds of passport copies from the top floor of the Museum over the museum-goers standing on the ground zero. The passports fell with a certain violence and the museum-goers were shocked but also amused by this unexpected thrilling event. The Anartist hung a black fabric with red characters: "WE'RE IN LIFE WHILEEVER IS PRISON". Also the surveillance team was shocked and putting his hand over his gun reached the elevator for the top floor.

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intimate with all its hierarchy of priests - i.e. the technocratic curators who have the power to establish who is and who is not the art system, the Anartist has profaned the abstract machine that, in order to recover its power to impetuous authority, has refolded the Anartist intervention as an artwork to incorporate in its collection. The Anartist has brought new fire to the Temple. In reality, this profanation has been an act of sacralization. A recursive symbolic exchange of fire and authority that has given more authority to the Anartist speech act and to the Museum as re-sacralized site. The urban sacrifice of the Anartist has transmitted the Museum new power to resist the attack of profane Capitalism - whose decoding turns every institution into an entertaining machine for the reproduction of the Capital and its discourse in the urban space. Capitalism destroys the possibility of an autonomous political speech-act of the Museum as a sacred place and even more the autonomy of the artist, who acts in the code of the Museum and its technocracy - i.e. curators, possibly international and famous - who have "chosen" him, the artist, as sacrificial victim for the Capital. The sacrifice of the Anartist goes in the opposite sense. It implies subversion, shifting autonomy and dematerialization of the profane Capital into an obscure sacred zone of indeterminacy. The Anartist has also tried to hand a passport to one of the surveillance agents, who violently rejected the Gift. This rejection by the policing function of the Museum has been, actually, like accepting the exchange of authority that has allowed the potentiality of the Police to emerge as

When the surveillance appeared on the floor. The Anartist started running through the museum while being chased by the guards. In particular, one of the Anartist reached the ground floor chased by the surveillance and, while running away toward the exit, he realized he still had some passports in his bag and launched them in front of the museum-goers who were picking up the passports as art souvenirs from the floor and were also taking pictures with their smartphones and sending images on Facebook all over the world.

The confrontation between the Anartist and the surveillance has continued outside, while inside, the puzzled museum-goers were looking on high where the black fabric with red letters was hung. They were collecting passports trying to make sense of the event and to exorcise their puzzlement and anxiety by attributing fetishist art sacredness to the objects. As if they were trying to re-define the event inside the frame of the museum as an authoritative institution that was confirming the value of the society as idealist bourgeois capitalist mirror. The Anartist had blackened that mirror, in a subversive alchemic nigredo, suspending the space of being a museum-goer. Also, the museum staff was collecting "passports" that now are in the collection of the museum. The museum is like a temple of spirituality which, according to the bourgeois aesthetic mythology, protects the sacred fire of art. By transgressing the law of the

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"agonism" still inscribed in the chaotic potential of the City - as subversive force of its virtual Outside. Continuing their subversive intervention - an intervention of the sacred Outside - the Anartist has set a line of Finnish flags in the meadow before the Museum with the aim of remodulating another Alfredo Jarr's artwork still present, in the form of photographic documentation, inside the Museum's exhibition. Alfredo Jarr had marked part of the land of his country, Chile, with a long line of small flags, of the same size of the ones that has been used by the Anartist in their remodulating intervention.

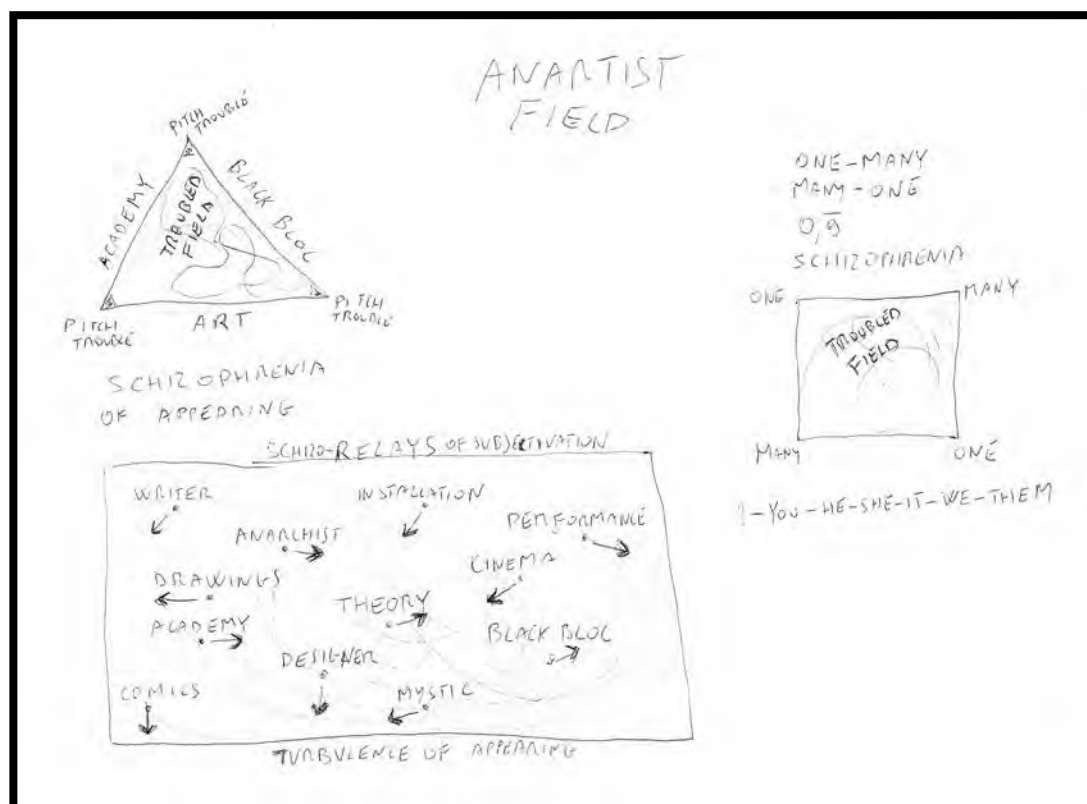
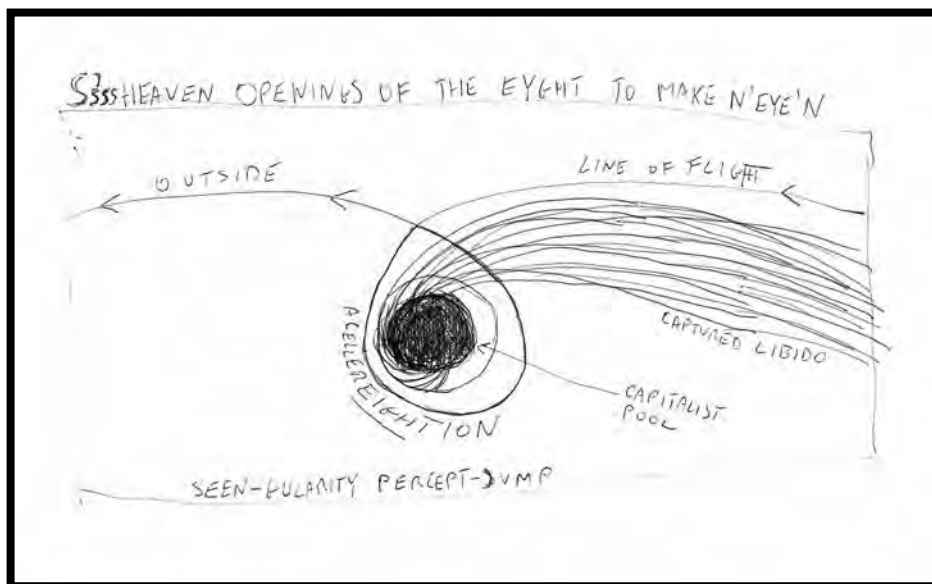
The intent of Jarr's artwork was to denounce the division between fascist and socialist after Adorno's examination of a work of political land art. The Anartist, after the installation of the flags, in the meadow of the Museum, started painting the line of Finnish flags with a black spray. Painting the Finnish flags in black was like suspending the spell of animality and opening the symbol to an indefinite nigredo, in the event of the agonist Polis. Consider that we were 3 unemployed foreigners that felt excluded by Finnish society and also by the Finnish art system and its artists, galleries, curators, and artists, and we wanted to shift them. A sort of sacrilege of the repressed. But instead of the Polis came the Police. The police were called by the Museum. However, the Policemen were very troubled and embarrassed because the Derridean intervention was happening in an interspace between an art performance-installation and a political demonstration. This ambiguous interspace was also spatial in the literal sense, because we were in front of the museum. It was a "seductive" space in-between that could not be easily represented, ended and made operative by the Law. If Police judged us it could be a bad reputation for the Museum as



OSCURO END CONTRARIO

DISTURBANIST WALKING PERFORMANCE STARTING IN **DELICEIRAS 18** AT 6 PM.
FREE CAPIRINHA BEFORE THE WALKING SINCE 5 PM. FRIDAY **MAY 26**.





PUBLICATION (REJECTED) 7—

**The Anartist: a textual tensor
between ontological anarchy
and political anarchy.**



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ABSTRACT

This text describes my practice of political-artistic interventions in urban space. These interventions tend to open up a space of indeterminacy in capitalist design to free a subversive event that challenges a site-specific space. The agent of these interventions is the Anartist, which is a “transpersona” and a simulacrum that actively remodulates the figure of the Black Bloc and its cursed counter-mythology. However, this text is also a baroque experimentation and provocation towards the academic authorities that manage the order and style of a text. In fact, the text tries to describe my practice of Anartist but also engages in a controversy with virtual reviewers and tries to escape the control of their epistemological point of view based on order, clarity and readability through a stylistic and multi-genre nomadism. For this reason this text can be considered as an intervention in the context of the academic text and a line of flight toward a subversive outside. The text also deliberately exceeds the length required as a limit by the format.



Figure 1. Intervention in Porto, Portugal, 2017.



Figure 1b, 1c, 1d. Intervention in Porto, Portugal, 2017.

ANARTIST AND CAPITALISM AS MEDIUM

I begin this text by stating that I'm neither an artist, nor an anti-artist. In fact, I don't produce coded aesthetic artifacts like artists do, or conceptual anti-work to provoke the art context through semiotic games. My practice doesn't match with forms, practices and roles coded in the system of art, but exceeds them toward a lively outside. For this reason, I have been forced to invent the concept ANARTIST: to pin down an elusive and atmospheric meaning. As ANARTIST, I'm moved by an attempt to subvert the medium in which my life, my body, and my sensations are embedded. My medium of expression is capitalism itself, and I deterritorialize this field to its limit in order to reach autonomy of expression. I try to disentangle my desire not only from the system of art, but also from the destructive-creativity of capitalism and its techno-triggers: that elicit commodified desires embedded in programmed obsolescence. Even death has become programmed in the algo-design modeled by digit-urban capitalism. By hacking urban space through interventions, I try to create an uncoded death to oppose the programmed death of capitalism with its cycles of differentiation and evolutionary parts. Thus, my Disturbanist interventions are like urban "sacrifices" (Bataille, 1986) that unwork the capitalist abstract machine implemented in urban space. With the return of the non-sense of an uncoded death, I want to provoke an interruption of the coded semiotic exchange and unleash an eccentric drift of creative "symbolibido".

The Anartist considers CAPITALISM to be the medium that overcodes and enfolds all other mediums into an abstract, universal code of exchange. The aim of the Anartist is to recover a singular sensor-becoming in order to produce an autonomous "break-flow" (D&G, 1986) in the capitalist machine. This task is achieved by installing chaotic attractors that open "seductive" (Baudrillard, 2001) spaces of indeterminacy in coded situations. This simulacral approach contests simulated capitalism and its continuous re-coding of libidinal excess through its varying processes of urban reproduction. In this sense, my practice races between two conflicting vectors; a simulated re-territorialization and a simulacral deterritorialization.

DISTURBANISM AND ITS OBJEUX

The Anartist practice consists in setting deterritorializing chaosmotic "attractors" (Guattari, 1995) in the urban space. These attractors, that have the ontology of an "objet"—a synthesis between object and jeu (play)—generate a sort of uncoded heterogeneity with respect to the capitalist signifier (one that usually extracts value and puts every excess to work through an economic coding, decoding, and recoding of sense). Through anomalous events on the edge of "dis-sensus" (Rancière, 2010), I try to give new plasticity to urban expression by restoring the ambiguous and polysemic horror into everyday profane life, often resulting in comical effects. That being said, I cannot control the kind of effects triggered by an intervention. I am not an art director outside my performance, I simply meet potentials of improvisation. Photographers, videographers, and participants enter into my assemblage of expression in a similarly contingent

way. They are not paid professionals, but are only available people that desire to participate in an “antagonist” disruption of urban sense with their own style and view. The Anartist expression initiates a set up that triggers conflicting narratives with large margins of improvisation and feed-backs that intercept and are intercepted by flows of chance. The Anartist surfs these waves of chance. Its ability lies in provoking a counter-tide of indeterminacy while surfing on a subtle drift of mystic “scatology” (Bataille 1986). Indeed, turbulence and chaomosis are the energies spinning from the Anartist’s Dionysian dance.



Figure 2. Non-authorized intervention, Kamppi Square, Helsinki, 2012.

In fact, I would define the Anartist subversive praxis also as political shamanism, or sense-anarchism, and a line of flight toward a sacred uncoded expenditure. The anartist performance-installations typically unfold in the urban space as non-authorized interventions that pierce the organized “libidinal economy” (Lyotard, 2004) and produce a singular dissensus in a street, a museum, or any other overcoded situation. The Anartist’s “anartworks” are political, poetic, and magical. They hack the code of a space-time and open a line of flight into the unknown of a “smooth space”. In the eventfulness of these “temporary autonomous zones” (Bey, 1991) in which the crowned anarchy of the open dissensus reigns, I can experiment in an intensity of life that is usually not allowed in the surveilled and partitioned sensorium subsumed by capitalism. Through these lines of dissensus, which exceed the sense as meanings and involve ungraspable open sensations, I try to unleash new uncoded, temporary, and fractal “heterotopies”; subtracting them from the decoding of the capitalist medium. In fact, the obsessive limits of the capitalist axiomatic generates enabling constrictors for a multiplicity of site-specific fields of potential, ready to explode in the subversion of many lines of flight (D&G, 1987).

EXPRESSIVE POLIS IN POLICED SPACE-TIMES

Usually my performances bring about the intervention of puzzled policemen and surveillants who don't know how to react to an ambiguous and heteronomous act on the edge of art and politics. Police react with anxiety because the control, also as coded interpretation, escapes from their training when faced with such manifestations of the ambiguous. Usually they take my passport in order to place me in the profane space of the administration: checking, defining, and recording my identity.

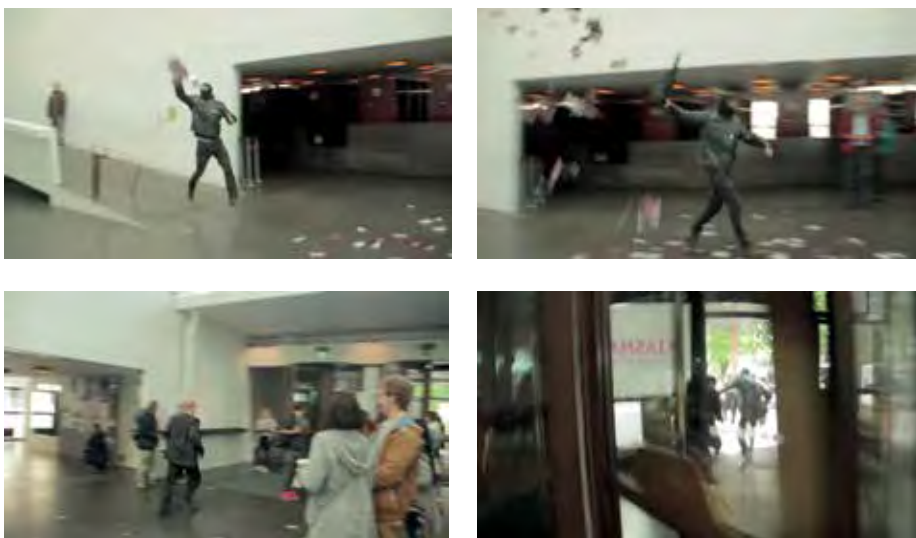


Figure 3-6. Non-authorized intervention in Kiasma Museum of Contemporary Art, Helsinki, 2011.

On other occasions, the ambiguity is so embarrassing for them that they look to me to provide them with some excuse to leave me in peace. Sometimes, instead, they react with more straightforward intentions. They confiscate the video of my intervention, or save me from an angry crowd with homicidal intentions, something that happened to me in the streets of Marrakech. However, I must say that the single policeman usually, in whatever part of the world, tends to show a certain kind of respect for my interventions.

They recognize the “sovereignty” (Bataille, 1986) of my free gestures, even if, as policemen, they have to keep the order and suppress my expression. Paradoxically, even though I have performed many provoking interventions in many situations in many cities of the world – including an intervention around a hyper-militarized and hyper-surveilled Trump Tower a week after the election of Donald Trump – I must say that the place where I received more repression and sanctions than any other place was the 2018 Venice Biennale (even though I took greater risk for an intervention I performed there in 2016).



Figure 7. Non-authorized intervention in Kiasma Museum of Contemporary Art, Helsinki, 2011.
 Figure 8. Non-authorized intervention in Venice Biennale, 2017.



Figure 9-11. Non-authorized intervention in Trump Tower after Trump's election, 2016.

Indeed, the glamorous official system of art – which historicizes the artist and takes economic positions by managing the artist signifier – is very vigilant in excluding every intervention that might blur the boundaries between what is IN and what is OUT. The system of art, as capitalist sub-system, simulates itself as a representation, but does not allow interventional simulacra from the outside to enter its boundaries. The closed territory of values, selected and enforced by art experts, is the machine that assigns monetary value to the market. For this reason, every intrusion that questions their fiction is dangerous, evil, and must be expelled and punished by police and military surveillance.

AESTHETIC EXPRESSION AS UNCODED EXISTENTIAL TERRITORY

My aesthetic is born out of a concrete, existential, and political exigence. I'm "Italian", and during the financial crisis of 2008, my partner and I were both laid off from the design company we were working for. After migrating to Finland at the age of 41, I found myself unemployed for years, in spite of a respectable resume. Yet, the main reason I could not find a job was due to the fact that I could not speak Finnish. I don't understand why this is a disadvantage in Helsinki: a place where everyone speaks English (even better than me). This kind of linguistic nationalism is a barrier to foreigners. The escamotage of language allows administrative powers of Finland to avoid accusations by the EU of national protectionism. Furthermore, there is a universal paradoxical law at the level of the labor market. The more qualified and independent you become, the more difficult it is to find a job because others will try to defend their territory. The only real qualification the market needs today is a network that guarantees your harmlessness in the hierarchy. This attitude has created an enormous, protective, international bureaucracy. Your portfolio does not count. The only thing that can guarantee your employment – even in the so called creative sector – is your conditioning in the code of smiling emoticons. I write this to strike a blow against the meritocratic rhetoric that pervades all the moralist corners of western societies which have become a cage of rationality, full of codes and standards. One byproduct of this territorial exclusion was me: a recluse in my home, taking care of my child, unable to speak Finnish, without friends, in a country entirely alien to me in terms of climate and general attitude. The most traumatic repulsion was the "blank mood" of Helsinki's people, their indifference to my desperation and, in general, their incapacity to use critical thinking. I was in the position of the "absolute isolated" as Philippe Sollers would say. I did not want to be integrated in a country so ideologically state-oriented as to cancel every lively trace of individuality and autonomy in a person. At the same time, I did not want to identify myself with "being Italian" – the country from which I was escaping after decades of Berlusconi, the country that had left me without a perspective in life (for this reason, I have always avoided meeting other Italian migrants in Helsinki). In this desperate situation, where I was contemplating suicide every day, a small light slowly opened through the fog. The occasion was a collective exhibition of contemporary art in a museum of anthropology that was organized at the end of an open course at Aalto University. Asked to realize an artwork in the museum of anthropology, I took the most space that I possibly could, expending all my energies, to bring the problematic of global capitalism and its antagonistic political symbols inside this dusty "modernist" institution. In particular, with the team of the museum's workers, I created a long vitrine with 30 anonymous (V for Vendetta) masks (commonly used in anarchist demonstrations around the world). I was fascinated by the viral quality of this mask: it was capable of surfing through heterogeneous contexts while retaining an ambiguous, antagonistic force. Reflecting on this feature of the mask, I then developed my concept of the HETERON of ANARTISTS. (I will threat this concept only slightly because it is well described in other published texts.)

BECOMING BLACK BLOC, BECOMING ANARTIST

During my first exhibition in the Museum of Anthropology, I dressed in a black outfit with a black ski-hood, simulating the attitude of the antagonist black blocs during riots. Thus dressed, I shattered a cubic glass-vitrine, similar to the ones used to present anthropological artifacts and objects. For this radical act of destruction, I used a hand-crafted, spiked iron bar. My gesture was a demonstration of rage against the sneaky dispositive of signification that museums use to divide subject and object. These cases neutralize the sacred polyphony of the world through profane scientism. The container frames and enfold the radical alterity of othercultures under the critical lens of modern western perspective. This violent gesture was not only intended to be a post-colonial act of subversion, but it also contained the simulation of an antagonist assault on a bank window. It was a way to inscribe counter-culture inside the Museum by opening up a bleeding bifurcation. Ultimately, the Anartist synthesis is always a heterogeneous superposition of times and masks, and this action simultaneously operated in many dimensions. (One of these is also the esoteric dimension tied to the cubic form, that I have already specified in other published essays). For this heterogeneity, the multidimensionally open experience of an “objeu” requires a necessarily hybrid writing narrative: an eclectic mixed style between social science, fiction, reportage, philosophy, liber magicus, and... However, what is most important is that this first Anartist gesture of rupture and transgression marked my life and started drawing the ungrounded ground of my singular worldling, defining an ethical-aesthetic and singular territory.

It was like the first infinitesimal difference enfolding the external, hostile and economically undifferentiated capitalist deterritorialization in the monad of a mystic algorithm: the monadic-nomadic worldling of the “ANARTIST” in becoming. With this first singular folding, I established the singularity of my character and my art practice as a “refrain-territory” (D&G 1987). Through the repetition of this pure difference of the Black Bloc simulacrum, I started unfolding the narrative, symbolism, mythology, and aesthetic-political theory for my Anartist practice. The Anartist is a simulacrum that remodulates Black Bloc symbolism with its own singular shift. The unexpected emergence of the Anartist simulacrum gave me the possibility to dress in a mask for gnostic travel into the unknown, beyond any determined identity. Wearing a black ski mask was a sorcerous “escamotage” that allowed me to become a flow of life in becoming; removed from any external identifying Cartesian coordinates. With this mask, I was no longer an excluded Italian migrant. I had finally found an ambiguous camouflage that allowed me to stay in a no-man’s land and become a deterritorialized life. This “inner experience” (Bataille, *Eroticism*, 1986) unworked my subjectivity in a form of spiritual yoga. Passing through a quantic ascesis, I crossed a threshold that marked my becoming in hauntological “differ(a)nce” (Derrida, 2006). (This is how I interpret Alain Badiou’s singular, unaccountable Event to stick with. It’s like a genesis of a new existential ground).



Figure 12-13. Exhibition in Museum of Cultures, Helsinki, 2012.

THE SNAKE IN MY ABDOMEN IS POLITICAL!

I am not a “professional” artist, I have no academic art education, and I’m not represented by any art gallery. I simply became an “Anartist” because the situation of my life brought me, by necessity, to this catalysis. Becoming an Anartist has offered me a way to survive, to open a door in a situation with no exits. I insist on sharing this personal data, because my “form” of art is exactly the expression of my life. There is complete continuity between my life and my expression; I do not represent myself as an artist that plays his career in a system. Sometimes this condition of uncertainty, when the flow of my life is less assertive, makes me feel like an illegitimate usurper in the face of the art system and the artists coming from the academy. My artworks arise from “undisciplined” self-taught self-emergence and are made with the obscure matter of a life in becoming, a flow of bodily intensities striving to survive in the capitalist, unrooted desert. Sure, you might say my first exhibition in a museum gave me some glimpse of institutional self-esteem, but soon after this occasion, I fell back into isolation and depression. When I would ask for a space to exhibit, galleries would not answer me, or they would tell me they already had enough artists. If I had not felt the necessity for sovereign revenge against this kind of institutional gatekeeping, spurting from a sense of frustration, desperation, envy, and arrogance, I would never have had the bravery to do what I did. Ultimately, I’m certain that the intensity of the expressive pulse cannot come from just any political or civil ethics.

It must arise from a more obscure will to power, rooted in the abdominal muscles, from the snake, our reptilian, and more-than-human side. It is the violence that stems from a sense of revenge, and an affirmation of the genius inscribed in the “open” (Agamben 2004) that we are, which paradoxically institutes an ethos (in the sense of ethology) of marking a singularity-territory that resists through uniqueness, without selling itself to the logic of the servant. The Anartist has an aristocratic pride that despises petty utilitarianism.



THE MUSE IN MY EYES IS POLITICAL!

The full transformation of my life happened some months after the exhibition in the museum thanks to the affective support of a friend (a young woman, a muse). I was brave and desperate enough to throw my character out into the public squares. With her help, I realized several provocative installations by invading the museum of contemporary art with unauthorized performances and challenging the authority of the art system and the state through public intervention. “Eroticism” (Bataille 1986) is necessary to loosen life’s contours in search of unpredictable metamorphosis. For this reason, I think muses are an integrated part of my praxis; they move desire and disintegrate the defensive realism of the capitalist subject. According to Jung (as well as Plato and Tantra) male and female energies form the wise Hermaphrodite of hermetic tradition. However, in art it is not the male that penetrates the sex of the female but the muse that penetrates the mind of the male artist triggering a more than human desire. It’s a perversion of the “natural” reproductive process that sets up a mystic libidinal economy that does not necessarily imply a sexual act. I know that this view can seem a little patriarchal in that it excludes the female as artist, but I can only speak for my experience, and do not forbid others to think differently. Nonetheless, these occasions, favored by the provocation of this particular muse, were shaped by the condition of material necessity; because, as I said, no gallery in Helsinki would allow me to make an exhibition for free. I was desperate, unemployed, and without money. The narcissist self-hypnosis elicited by my muse, like a witch, allowed me to switch from self-commiseration and follow the line of flight of my desire in urban space. When you feel reflected in the eyes of a beautiful young woman, your “character”, your “phantom” (as Derrida would put it) grows in power and imaginative energy. I need to project my libido in a phantomatic character to afford the impossible. Thus, the muse is a medium for mirroring my own character. It’s as if I fall in love with my “character” that falls in love with the “muse”. This is the source of archetypal energy. (I know that my frivolity is disturbing the seriousness of activists that consider politics to be connected to concrete social issues. But, if one considers politics as embedded in the “blind secret” (Caputo 1998) of life, it cannot be reduced to material goals or rational strategies!)

Thanks to this erotic surplus, the initial material exclusion became the potential field for the Anartist’s unauthorized intervention in public space. Since the first time that I performed in a public space, I felt the power of the Anartist growing in my soul and in my nerves. At every following manifestation, my

character became more and more intense, reaching the threshold of a mystic avatar: anticipating me as if it were a virtual presence coexisting with me – a devil guiding me and pursuing its destiny almost autonomously from my own subjective will. As the “apprentice sorcerer” Faust, I soon discovered that in my “non-relational relation” with my Anartist avatar, I was only a medium, an instrument of an archetypal malevolent entity, a hauntology of specters and voices, emerging from the timeless Aion. This aionic “entity” made of voices and stream of delirium was asking me for revenge in an uninhabitable contemporary milieu. They were the voices of the marginal in the world, the aristocracy of the failed.

THE UNAPPROPRIATED POLITICAL AND THE UNAPPROPRIATED LENGTH OF THIS PARAGRAPH

In my Anartist mask I was the “unappropriated migrant”, “the unappropriated other”, uncoded by the reproductive function of the Finnish system. Intervention after intervention, I started to reveal a mystic realm in the territory of my simulacrum, a deep force, the uncertain contours of a fallen black angel rising from the burning center of the Earth. Now, of course, I’m romanticizing my figure, making it out to be heroic, divine, satanic, seductive; but what’s the problem with romanticism? It was the movement that started the anarchist “aesthetic regime”, according to Rancière. Romanticism was one of the first art movements to fold the expression of the gnostic and the political into coded art forms. One need only think of Shelley and the mystic apocalypse of the “Mask of Anarchy” for example, Byron’s mix of satanism and satirical politics, or Blake’s blend of alchemical politics and gnostic rosicrucianism. Hell, even the Situationists were drawn to pagan gnosticism by way of Surrealism. For example, Debord, despite his marxist influences, drew from the political gnosticism of the romantics; not to mention his “in girum imus nocte et consumimur igni” (we go wandering at night and are consumed by fire), or his cult symbol of the “nocturnal owl” counterposed to the “sun without cross” of Henri Lefebvre. The point I am trying to make here is that the ontological anarchism of aesthetic expression folds and resonates with the anarchism of politics, forming a strange “tensor” that is always in excess. Indeed, political anarchism, as pragmatic form, cannot exhaust the delirium of ontological anarchism. This last must exceed every utilitarian aim and bifurcate mere political sense. In my expression, there is always an excess of resonances that oscillate between the political and its outside. As Anartist, I have a sensitivity that cannot be reduced to the average subject and my experiences are sacred delirium, in touch with more subtle matter. For this reason, I have often been accused of mocking anarchism and politics, have been called an Italian “sur-fascist”, and judged to be “dangerous” by reviewers of my texts.

Other times people have tried to put me into the “art activism” category. No, I do not want to be a leftist propagandist. I refuse to be pinned down in this world, but, at the same time, I still claim that my Anartistism multiplies the political instead of doing sabotage to it... Anartistism is a multiplication of anarchist “puissance”. It is politically undisciplined in blurring the partition of

disciplines, it attacks art as a capitalist sub-system from inside and outside, and is political in a differential use of the political segment. The Anartist contaminates its outside with the political because the political is contaminated and perverted by the inside. It's the multiplication of Anarchism! The Anartist pushes "the bar of the signifier-signified" (Lyotard, 2004) to make it "turn" at incandescent speed, generating a spinning force of affirmation and acceleration over the surface of the Great Ephemeral Skin (to use a political-poetical expression of Lyotard). It's a politics without depths, only resonating "surfaces" unfolding. This is why I do not see myself as a "sur-fascist" but as a "surf-anarchist". Sure, it is undeniable that I am a dis-activist of the instituted regime of signs more than an activist of the "we". "I" feel uncomfortable with every subject even if I am using too much "I" in this text. I am doing it for provocation and to contradict myself in order to reach the essential paradox of everything. The "I", so much as the "we", always carves a depth, an "inside" opposed to an "outside". My libidinal production is instead in becoming, always drifting away by the central control of a mature political subject. Mine is a politics of a perverted polymorphic child, open to the furies of dissensus. My sensitivity participates in the earthquakes of the Earth. My desire is moved by deterritorialization. (Another typical accusation is that I am narcissist. Yes, it's true, I am not castrated by the symbolic of the Father. "I" am a creator of symbols; even if this "I" is in tension with the infinite "it" of chaosmosis.) The subject is always effectuated by a pre-individuated field of intensities. The impossibility of a stable subjectivity, that oscillates like a quantum wave, makes it problematic to irradiate a classical political action that is linear and efficient in its pragmatic goals and ideological designs. I do not have full clarity of what my expression means even if it is pervaded by signs of political tension. Deterritorializing events, such as the one produced by my interventions, overwhelm any firm sense of presence. Sure, a firm presence can be established in the everyday, but in a disruption of the status quo all the referents move chaotically away from the control of the controlled subject. Revolution is wild delirium and losing control. This is why it dies when it is institutionalized. It's like when a revolutionary artwork is historically codified in the museum or shown in a gallery. The institutional setting of the artwork corrupts it. There is also a temporal anachronism inscribed in the experience of a disruptive event, and each event's meaning can change in time. The Anartist praxis is "untimely", and possesses many heterogeneous schizo-drifts of time and libido. Due to this polyphonic, polymorphic, and poly-poly attitude, I am often judged as a non-reliable militant of the left by the ones who have endorsed a Kantian universal subject in their ontology. Even Marxism for me is Kantian because "class" becomes just another form of the universal subject. In my opinion, my critics have never really experienced subversion and are victims of the instituted space-time of "workers", tied to their Cartesian points of reference of labour against profit. They like to pontificate from a stable chair without venturing the thought that their position might just be a useless exercise of their own dullness. Not to mention the attacks I receive for my "occultist" inclinations tied to the magic inscribed in the chaosmosis of an intervention. These attacks expose an old critical prejudice of Freud

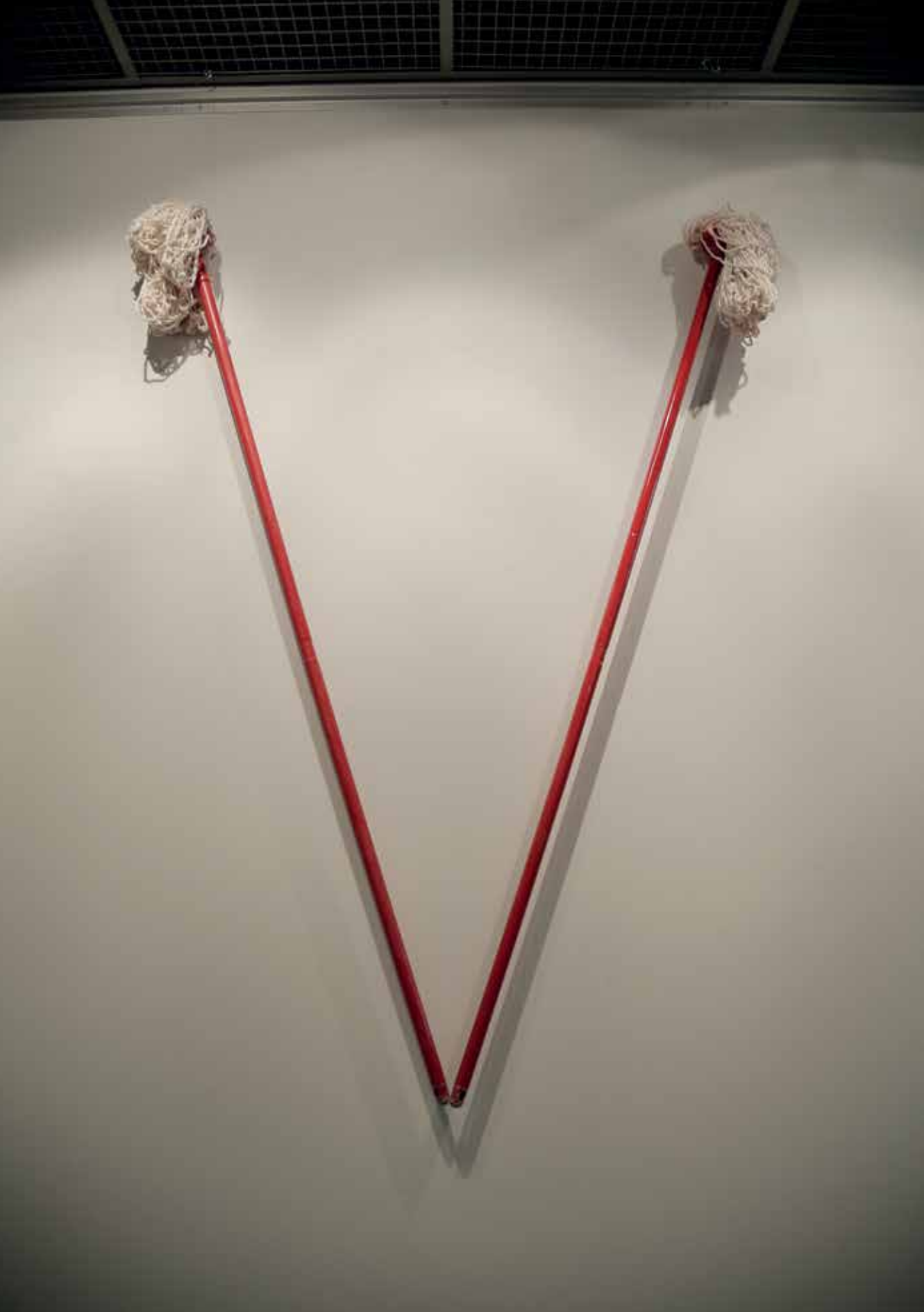




Figure 14-15. Intervention in Aalto University Gallery, Helsinki, 2014.

(Ramey, 2012) and the Frankfurt School, with Adorno playing a trumpet of war against heretics. The conflict between Freud and Jung over occultism is well known, and I do not deny that a trashy conformist occultism exists – as Adorno points out. But my chaosmagic practice is something tangible that I can experience; something magic occurs to me in my interventions when the partition of urban space-time fades with its referents. Through my practice, I participate in a catastrophe of space-time – a chaosmagical de-actualizing event.

This is why I invented the concept of Anartist, to skirt the Anarchist without falling into an identity-trap. I admit, the Anartist is a simulacrum that is dangerous for every system of representation or anti-representation precisely because it seductively passes transversally through the middle. It's a textually ambiguous demon that is unleashed. The schizo-concept of the Anartist generates its autonomous disruptive series in the political narrative and established positions. In the end, also representation is a simulation that is always adjusted to an order to keep a linearity of time working. In fact, the shifting of the simulacrum allows me to unfold my own autonomous line of flight while remaining in resonance with what I flee. I do not betray the cause of Anarchy, I just intensify it to the untimely. My friends-adversaries ask me to submit to their disciplinary red-line. They would like to re-territorialize me in their signification or expel me as a dangerous alien body, as though I am a potentially contagious virus – debilitating the impact of organized militant force. They, for example, hate every reference that I make to mythology and irrationality. This, for me, is simply an expression of my hyper-rationality. When faced with this position, I ask my rationalist and ethically-correct friends-adversaries: how can a desiring machine activate an attractor of subversion if not through the production of a counter-mythology? This counter-mythology, in my opinion, should be more exciting and sexier than the capitalist-machine, its coded advertising, and libidinal role models. How can we begin to disentangle desire if we do not acknowledge the existence of a mytho-poiesis and its counter-mythology? The class struggle, based on materialist conquests, cannot exhaust the need of desiring desire. "Libidinal economy is a matter of fact" as Bernard Stiegler put it. If we want to generate another worlding, we must use a heterogeneous material that is uncountable in the coded capitalist system. Use value is not enough to fight exchange value.

According my experience, if antagonism is played only to the tune of utilitarian pragmatism, it falls into utilitarian principles that are too cynical and too dry to sustain truly subversive desire. The play of a Machiavellian political strategy grows under the hypocritical solidarity and feeling of hope of militant groups. I know this is difficult to understand, especially in Anglo-American culture, driven by positivist hope to find solutions, instead of creating problems, non-sense, and paradoxes. Yet, just like capitalism, this rational opposition is still a reification of the heterogeneous into a disciplinary code; both oppositions share the same homogeneous features that exclude delirium, untimeliness, and madness (As Foucault would put it). They are both partners of the litigious capitalist vs. anti-capitalist rationalist couple. Each sustains and reinforces the other in a rationalist marriage that reproduces the order in a genealogical tradition. Capitalist and anti-capitalist, right and left, rich and poor, solidarity and individ-

ualism, and so on. These couples are always reproduced in the “original” political text, even though the world is full of simulacra and singularities that break these partition-traditions and expose their rationalist non-sense. The litigious couples also re-produce a sort of economic exchange with the same code. Indeed, leftist politics and even ecological solutions are perfectly integrated with the capitalist cycle to overcome its crisis and augment the scale of exploitation. Furthermore, these forms of materialist demystified secularization also hide a deeper, eschatological desire for Salvation. This attitude is typical of monotheistic religions, like Judaism and Christianity, but the evil reminder of the scatology always returns, it cannot be barred out. The material progress of the masses is fatally destined to produce an ecological disaster by exploiting nature on the grounds of progress. Efficient remedies to ecological disaster will ultimately boost capitalism by slightly reforming the existing models for higher degrees of exploitation and destruction.

Because of these “troubling provocations,” I often suffer exclusion. However, I do not dislike being misinterpreted, and stigmatized as “dangerous” by the rationalist “reviewers”. I like this evil aura of the “unappropriated political” that is in itself political. The only problem with this pseudo-secular “curse” against my praxis is that I must waste more energy and time than others to be published. I would like to challenge my friends-adversaries in a public debate, but they never accept a confrontation because they know it would eventually legitimate my heterogeneity. They prefer to stay in their circles and self-referential networks and keep the power-control as a cast of priests of the “politic & art” field. It is better to keep a potential trojan virus outside the field of potential of replication. The spiral must be axiomatized to the line and its disorder to be neutralized. They want to be the adult masters of the field, the calm guides of the class struggle with all its followers. For me, it is impossible to reach the transparency of Hegelian political-ascetic *Aufhebung* because the terms in play are always more than 3... The negative always virally multiplies in a “non” that exceeds the “no” of its thesis. The synthesis of master and servant awareness can never be reached; it can only be intensified in a labyrinthine, multiple descent into heterogeneity. It’s funny to think that Marx took his dialectic from Hegel to explain capitalism, but instead chose to oppose it like a mirror. In this way, the class struggle became the negative that capitalism continues to use to develop in its own dialectic. I think that marxism has become the perfect manual for capitalist management in contemporary society. The contradictions are integrated with new synthetic axioms that limit the range of the simulation in the illusion of representation. In this way “reality” is treated as a positive given that can be operated and opposed instrumentally as a political object, instead of appearing as the enigmatic and cursed fatal strategy that it is. The activist wants to build a better world. but as a disactivist I would prefer an unknown world. This is why the Anartist is more similar to a political sorcerer that prolongs the given into the unknown of the giving. It creates counter-spells and counter-refrains within the hyperrealism of the capitalist spell. As Marx would say, Capitalism melts everything into thin air. This is the only “hyper-real fact” of our era. This dissolutive phase resonates with the Jungian descent of the Nigredo. In

these conditions of evanescence we must see if it's possible to make a Black Eight and reach a higher level of perception. I call my interventions AccelerEighctions because every deterritorialization gives me the experience of an ungraspable Aion that is the source of the production of new symbolibido and new mythology. In this gnostic process, it is possible to reach an ontological rupture that destratifies my desires in a path of differences and heterogeneous sympathies. I pass from the Eye-I to the Black Eight that see through the dark shadow in its enfold-ing-unfolding movement. The urban space becomes the field for an atheo-logical becoming that breaks the 8 at its experiential apex but leaves traces of a hyper-rationality inscribed in the immanence of the Earth. It's a descending ascesis in the dark currents of chaos. This movement is political because it breaks the commodified and reified experience of the Capitalist given. (At this point I can hear my reviewers saying "this part is too long, contorted and convoluted! It should be broken into parts!" Instead my purpose here is to give a perceptive hint of the labyrinthine density of my practice that cannot easily be put to work by an organizing Signifier.)

THE ANGLO-IMPERIALIST ACADEMIC STRUCTURE AND TEXTUAL SUBVERSION

It goes without saying that my political mythology is closely related with the existential territory delineated above; a territory marked by my initial living conditions as a migrant undergoing practical and existential obstacles. That is why I will still bore you with the heaviness of my biographical pathos in the first, subjective person. The "I" is a fold that is completely foreign to the Anartist flat ontology, but "I" like to transgress my own rules. Actually, I am forced by the nature of my becoming-Anartist to use this hybrid narrative style and establish a tension between the first and third person. This style is another reason for disagreement with my friends-opponents who would like to reduce and confine my expression in their academic codes that are so clearly parodical alternatives of each other (APA, MLA, etc...). Why should artistic research be subsumed in the normalization of the anglo-positivist codes? Shouldn't it instead be a hybrid platform, open to artistic "genius" and its convoluted drifts? Toward a transartistic aesthetic syntheses? Why recode this creative indiscipline into a clear code? And especially when the topic of the research is the line between art and politics, a fuzzy area that can only have subversion as its horizon if it does not want to fall into Jewish-Christian propaganda for Hope and Salvation. I see my writing, as my praxis, more as a latin baroque "follia", "sarabanda", "scherzo" or "fuga" that cannot be bent to a rigid anglo-positivist code. As Anartist, double-anarchist, I cannot 'bar' out the tension of bodily sensitivity from my writing. I do not despise my body in favor of a purer white spirit of rationality. Furthermore, I cannot be an "I" in a line of time. My "I" will always be untimely displaced. I cannot fully be the subject of my action even if "I" use the first person when I'm writing. I already see the academic reviewers of this text saying, "it is too dense and difficult to follow, the paragraphs and the phrases are too

long. It lacks clarity and organization. What is the overall sense of the argument? It is not linear and progressive but a continuous convoluted variation that always subtracts itself from the grasp of the reader and any clear political project.” These imaginary thoughts from my imagined reviewers make me laugh out loud. Do these specters of my mind believe that with a systematic code they can sustain their judgements as the truth of truths? Do they believe everybody should bend to their epistemocratic regime of signs and truth? This imagined neo-liberal micro-fascism, pursued by my imagined reviewers, pushes me to subversion as political in itself. As Isabelle Stengers affirms in her invitation is not to conform to the “mignon” (Stengers 2011).

The system is full of mignons that stick their petit desires together but we can rebel and bifurcate this fatal attraction of mediocrity. She claims that it is within these infinitesimal differences where the fight between the capitalist spell and its counter-sorcery are played out. I like to imagine my reviewers are Anglo-protestant, and have also burned many witches. Suddenly, this baroquely sorcerous anomaly addresses them directly, calls them from their neutral places as arbiters, and brings them into the mud (also occult) of the scene, in a dramatic counter-point of political accusation. The accuser becomes the accused. Actually, I’m just drawing a zig-zag *trompe l’oeil* here, I do not want to put myself on the same level of judgment as my imagined reviewers and add to the counter of judgment. I would fall again into dualism, even if I wanted to subvert the relation! Yet even British pragmatism is not completely reject-able. I don’t want to enter into the part of the post-colonial victim of Anglo-imperialism power over the academy. I prefer to blur and complicate our relational non-relation. Even the Anglo-Saxons have had their great narrative experiments if I think of the late-modernist literature (Joyce, Beckett, etc...). However, they liked to live in places as Trieste or Paris, and often to write in foreign languages. (Just as Kafka was writing in a foreign language). These writers were looking for a line of flight from their own linguistic and cultural origins. But academic writing must remain clear, British, short, and understandable to everyone because it is scientific. None who deal with art and politics seem to be aware that this science is not as pure as it appears to the Puritan. For example, if one reads Latour’s epistemological intrigues (Latour 1993), he will realize that the idea of science as pure and objectively shared truth is also a political and social construction. Even the puritan construction of science and its epistemological separation from politics is baroque. It’s all *trompe l’oeil*, an optical and perspectival deceptive effect in a field of interpretive forces, as Deleuze/Nietzsche would claim. Should not a university Journal that deals with “art and politics” question its own “clarity”? It would be political, an already political speech act, inscribed in the transgression of the form. The Journal itself could perform a real political act and join the forces of subversion (style, simulacra, complications...), instead of folding, cataloguing and neutralizing ontologically anarchist expressions into an academically clear and balanced form. No, it’s too demonic! The nuance, the transversal, the asymmetric do not respond to dualism. This obscure discourse cannot be capitalized in a clear knowledge! (Caputo 1998). Because, strangely, no academic reviewer seems to have ever thought that this clear dualism is also the same form that allows the dominant regime to measure the “collective consensus”, upon which capitalism, like science, feeds-

back. The positivist discourse must invade and exploit art for use and measurable sense. “Let us not be too ensnared by baroque seduction” my imaginary reviewers say. “We are Anglo-Saxon: no sex, no mix, no risks! We are serious academics! We have a bureaucratic profession and a vocation, even if we have been called into this indecent Theatre of the Absurd by our accused, who throws stones at us from a distance; Institutions, since Hobbes, are here to defend us with a clear social contract – the Leviathan – to protect us from swarms of witches, heresies, levelers, shamans, and sorcerers of the Renaissance!” This utilitarian contract, that is specular to the pragmatism of science, counts what can be counted. The political consensus can be measured by subjective votes just as scientific truth can claim inter-subjective consensus. The majority wins, it’s arithmetic neutrality.

Reform mirrors counter-Reform in the repression of the institutionally unaccountable. New dualisms and orders: the “good” up and the “evil” down. Clearly separated! Human is stuck in the middle of the hierarchy! “Plato has taught us how to put everyone in his clear place and function, and now we are the reviewers!” the reviewers scream. “Let’s impose an ethic of work on this bastard through our beautiful, shared imperialist codes!” “We must burn this ambiguous satanist, this sophist, this sorcerer!” I know, I exaggerated, nobody cares what I’m writing. Censorship is sophisticated. Never engage in a relationship with your opponent or you legitimate his speech. It’s like screaming in a corridor of a psychiatric hospital. No one is interested in my wounds.

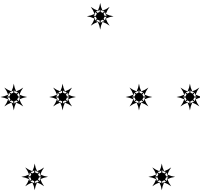


Figure 16, 16b. Non-authorized intervention in Kiasma Museum of Contemporary Art, Helsinki, 2011.



TEXT AND URBAN TEXTURE

I think there is no big difference between writing and urban subversion. Situationist writing can be used to break the codes of genres and the formal unity from inside through the appearance of a quasi-formless “living shape” passing through different genres. For example, in the previous paragraphs I passed from essay to satiric theatre, and... This irreducible nomadism is a political line of flight, a s-witch-flight that passes through an irregular morphology, different neighbors and landscapes with their own genres and atmospheres that compose the irregular texture of a text but also of a city. Mine is a Situationist *dérive* of writing, related to a poly-vocal non-organized body with libidinal drifts, speeds, thresholds and changes of rhythm. A body without organs as Deleuze would put it. Also the urban space can be considered as a text that can be subverted from its “margins” (Derrida 1982). Even spaces are “genres” with “dominant codes”. They already have repressed antagonist forces inside them waiting to be triggered and intensified, turning the obscene into an active political force of semio-terrorism. Today, because the system is everywhere and totalitarian, it is easy enough to subvert its space-text and unleash a pure uncoded event. There is no space left to bar the antagonist remainder to the outside! The excluded will return from the inside to shatter its order of exclusion. See for example terrorism coming from outside the West. Now it comes from inside the West. The center has subsumed periphery and the antagonist “differend” (Lyotard 1988) is already inside. The subversion is already internal to the textual organization, the signifier cannot face it because the defining contours of the Enlightenment are faded; the contradiction is already internal to it. The Empire, with its will of totalitarian control has created the premises for its own internal weakness. The outside is inside and the inside is outside. Reality has become seductive and conspiring (Baudrillard 2001). This capacity to trigger subversion from inside a dominant code is also the political power of “minor literature” (D&G 1986).

Burroughs’ cut-up in the urban space-organization can un- work the working signifier and make the repressed outside emerge (but it’s already inside! It boils under the narrative of the actual). Under the dominant narrative there are gothic furies that wait for someone to create the right trigger. Who will emerge on the surface and bring chaos? Yet, no, nobody wants to risk the censorship of the “mignon” and its network of “mignons”. It’s better to have a comfortable academic life, a career, a car, talking blah blah at conferences in front of a pre-made PowerPoint, without taking any risk in the field of experience, at the limit of the law. It’s the law and the police that establish the dominant fiction implemented in space. Why risk getting drunk with a bottle of water when it is forbidden? I could be stopped by the police. I could be fined. I could be excluded by the petit bourgeois academic circles. Why risk a bad name and a bad face in the network-capitalism? In this field, reputation and trust are key-emoticon “musts” to climb the hierarchy of nodes? (End of the digression, you can laugh at my post-post-colonialist Latin revolt against the Anglo-Saxon black/white dualism.)



Figure 17-18. Black Bloc Riot, 2013.

THE ANARTIST AESTHETIC AS A SHAPE OF LIVING

I came to Helsinki from a city, Rome, which I have hated and fought for decades. A country with a Berlusconi aesthetic dogma that has subsumed all Imagination. My generation has suffered a lack of Outside, for their desires

with respect to the other Europeans (the most important political leaders now in Italy, people in their forties, were protagonists of Berlusconi's TV shows in their youth). The only answer to this top-down symbolic violence could be an impotent self-reclusion among friends, to avoid the obscenity of the surrounding world. In this self-marginalized context of drugs, alcohol, and TV, the only vital breath is the counter-violence of the Black Bloc antagonists' riots. The Black Bloc riots, due to their fascinating spectacles of street violence, were (and still are) the only events that pierced the anesthetic apathy of "Berlusconia"; i.e. a totalizing stream of simulated identity-model propagated incessantly by every TV channel. Through their spectacular, fast incursions: breaking bank windows and burning luxury cars, the Black Bloc movement has provided the only real counter-mythology in the world-wide Imagination of the last few decades. At least in Italy, they have become like the burned wounds in an Alberto Burri's canvas.



They have burned the apathy by shuddering the Veil of Maya of Real TV. The intensive images of these riots remain the only outside force that can touch the apathy of the spectator dedicated to channel surfing. Even if Black Blocs have never presented themselves as a constructive alternative, the simple fury of their existence – burning with rage and life – has cast them as an evil outside depicted by the narrative of the regime. This narrative is mainly based on the views of the Right, with the hidden

support of the Left, and the globalized deregulating financial powers beyond both of them. These powers – a deterritorialized class power beyond nations – have destroyed the labour rights of my generation and the ones that came after. With the contracts I’ve received, I have no rights to retirement. My generation have helped pave the path toward impotence, while the rich continue to wage a war on the poor. In the media panorama today, the Black Bloc are presented as the evil of all evils. They are a Black Bloc of Evil that can’t be expelled from the inside of the capitalist medium. For this force, they are the stigmata of Absolute Evil. In a totalitarian hegemonic Spectacle, the scatology becomes hauntology! The fascination with Black Bloc’s negative evil aura is how it profanes capitalism’s commodified representations. The destruction of large smiles, sexy women, big cars, rich men, and TV refrains has always been Black Bloc’s real force. This is, perhaps, the only sense given to this form of radical antagonism that also defaces



Figure 19-20. Non-authorized Intervention in Suvilahti, Helsinki, 2013.

antagonism as an alternative political project. The images of the Black Bloc gestures have pierced the TV screens and reached, with their fiery Molotov's bombs, toward our TV-bored generation, creating a bastard aesthetic legacy over decades.

This viral bastard legacy has burned my skin as a reminding mark, a differ(a)nce forgotten there in the phantoms of my subliminal unconscious; condensing, bubbling, waiting for a moment to emerge as aesthetic, language, simulacrum, and mythology. This incandescent deposit of antagonist images is the furnace that forges my concepts, percepts, and urban interventions. I use this raw spectral material, buried in the magma of my unconscious, to re-modulate it into poetic action, to propose it in every-day urban situations as fresh burning symbolic violence, able to produce an affection in the anesthetized libido of the post-modern, post-mortem, zombie-urban after-life. It's as if I wish to challenge the anesthetized urban common sense under capitalism through the persistent displacing revival of this bloc of evil; a subversive mythology that can't be subsumed, digested, exchanged, or converted in value; not even by the more moderate antagonists that hate the annihilating nihilism of gestures without any apparent goal or strategy. (Give me pure waste and destruction of the urban capitalist structure!)



THE INFINITE CONTESTATION

The Anartist affirms the negative force of the Black Bloc that is then negated by poetic expression that opens the already mute meanings of the negative to the night without meaning, to the unknown, (as George Bataille would say). I detest the political meaningfulness of the political Right and Left. While I appreciate the pre-verbal meaninglessness of the Black Bloc destructive violence. The Anartist detours this absence of sense to an even more meaningless non-sense but retains – in some way – the symbolic violence of the Black Bloc mythology—the core of evilness inscribed in the media spectacle. It is the persistence of the sacred evil, the irreducibility to a separate sphere of profane sin, that is exhibited in front of the eye-I of the capitalist subject. The “sin” becomes an original “seen”. The “seen” and the “scene” of the Real buried by a symbolic over-normalization. With my interventions, I wish to force the eye-I of the capitalist spectator into a torsion of its pupil in the black cave of the orb, compelling it to show only the white bulb of an ecstatic trance. (I know this description is too much, even for a “sorcerer” like me. You can laugh at my romantic transport, my titanic modesty. There are always lines of flight ready to subvert the text in a parody from inside as soon as the libido of the text is intensified. This inherent counter-discourse, already inscribed in my discourse, keeps my will of power in its impossibility of becoming transcendent and fascist. The text is destined to disintegrate into a labyrinth when it reaches a mystically incandescent threshold. At the same time, disjunctive pressure forces me to be subversive toward any constituted signifier.) Actually, my anartworks are a sort of “infinite contestation” of the represented image. This throws my expression into an indefinite and confused zone: beyond morality, beyond militant attitude, beyond good and evil, beyond politics itself in order to loom in the mystic realm of the magic and the

sacred. Through the shifting of a simulacral play, the Anartist radicalizes the punk attitude already present in the “original” nucleus of the Black Bloc aesthetic. It’s a way to eliminate the prosaic inscribed in the original profane sin of the image, its meaningful media-constructed representation, but without losing its maleficent, asocial symbolic force. I like to torture common sense in its representation of the evil; inflicting evil with more evil. I want to open a never seen, never heard, never touched interspace in the sign-field of the evil. In my intervention, the first specter enters into a resonance with other specters, forming a point of catalysis that diverts the sense and folds together with heterogeneous materials to form an autonomous and enigmatic object that I call “ob-jeu”: a multi-fold of differences superposed, that – in some way – play together. This strange morphology takes place through processes triggered by chaotic attractors designed for site-specific situations. The conceptual strategies of my interventions are important, but they are also intertwined in a play where production and its limits shape the potentials. The counter-design of my interventions take shape only by passing through a process of contingencies, by answering to the question: how can I subvert the signifier that envelops this specific situation in which I’m embedded to retain an autonomy of expression? (Also this text can be considered, for many reasons, a disturbing intervention to subvert a signifier that irradiates a structure. It produces a tension between an operational and “non-operational” logic (Agamben 2007).

Urban life is enfolded in a network of meanings and feelings overcoded by Capitalism. This is why Capitalism, as transcendent medium, is the object to which my disruption is finally addressed. It could not be otherwise... the money-form ultimately shapes the urban space-time, and my interventions try to turn this urban money-form into something formless. The Anartist frees the uncoded becoming of a time subtracted from the capitalist design of space and affirm a Black Block aesthetic of symbolic violence that infects the totalitarian medium and its hauntology with a viral counter-mythology. The Anartist is the simulacrum that spell-parasites Black Bloc’s mythology, adding new scatological symbolism to the persistent hauntological force of the Black mythology. This Black hauntology not only resists the capitalist valorization of art expression, but also generates a counter-desiring machine inside the Spectacular Capitalism.

URBAN SPACE AS CAPITALIST TEXT UNDER THE EYE OF ALGO-REVIEWERS

I already see my imaginary reviewers complaining about the length and convolution of the paragraphs. One says: “the text would have potential but should be broken into several titles, some parts should be omitted and others developed and clarified. It is not clear what the project and the aim of the text is.” The reviewers are already thinking to restructure the textual space into a more useful academic design-form; with all the Cartesian axes and extensive indicators to capture the vital spinning of the libidinal economy in a knowledge economy. One reviewer says: “We are cartographers, we have conquered the globe through cartography. We have made an Empire thanks to a clear orientation!” The other

says: “there is no clear definition of concepts in this text; it takes more references, notes, direct quotations from authors. There is no public or contradictory dialogue organized between the voices and textual exegesis of the sources. Where are the Westminster parliamentary rules that guarantee a clear and discrete liberal pluralism for each countable and accountable subject? This multi-vocal, multi-subjective shamanic mode of proceeding is a scandal! We are not in an animist tribe, we are in the civilized Anglo-Saxonized world. Every act must be legislated and shared, we are a consensual democracy where the singular must be bent to the rules of the inter-subjective. We are not savages who practice magic and believe in superstitions and hyperstitions! This rebel does not recognize our authority and tradition; he must be expelled, cannot be published, he is an anarchist provocateur!!! We cannot give him space, let’s marginalize him!” The other says: “He is more than anarchist, he is an Anartist! A fucking atmospheric agent of the chaotic turbulences that our positivist, white science cannot completely predict!”. The other adds: “We cannot play the game of this heretic, we cannot accept this informal catacombic humorthat throws us into Theatrical Satire! We cannot lose face to this Anartist who wears a mask and does not want to face us according our rules! We are a corporation of serious professionals with a clear profile!” Then, they look at each other’s faces in a mirror of sameness. This is exactly what happens in urban space with its capitalist “mise en forme”. When Capitalist contradictions implode or explode in an intensified crisis that blocks its abstract machine, new opportunities for a violent scaling of its space of actualization arise. The textual restructuring of the city is implemented according a capitalist order that reshapes the morpho-logy according the distribution of new functions. The contradictions of urban space that render the management of the city impossible create a dangerous disorder that blur the boundaries between segregated classes. It must be transcended through Hegelian synthesis or an organic differentiation of the capitalist space, i.e. an induced mutation designed by the capitalist planners.

Buddhism says that we are our space. In fact, we are embedded in space, as Merleau Ponty would say. Lefebvre, inspired by these phenomenological considerations, adds that there is a represented space and a representing space. The two are in potential contradiction because the space represented, programmed by capitalist planners, is rigid. It is a space projected into the future and designed according a mechanical metaphor (Descartes) with functional parts of one organic whole. The representing space, however, is the inchoate space of everyday life; it is a vital space that cannot be contained in the represented one, it produces continuous drifts with respect to the capitalist axiomatic. Those practical drifts escape the planned space even if they belong to the actual. Represented and representing spaces have different rhythms, potentially in conflict. In fact, the small drifts of difference in the everyday accumulate a tectonic tension. They create an area of confusion and opacity that cannot be captured by the omniscient eye of the capitalist planner. An up-to-date Baudrillard would write that the planners today have the technological ability to simulate space in a detailed way through very precise sensors and computers that bypass contradictions. They can accurately reproduce space and simulate life in this space. They

can produce a space that adapts interactively to life. However, one wonders if the discrete digital intelligence will ever reach the elasticity of the super-continuum of the rhizome? One could argue that intelligence is not enough because embedded intuition is needed to move creatively in space. But someone else might object that intuition is an emerging property of artificial intelligence, speed, and the precision of its sensors. Potentially A.I. could become a monster-power that autonomously manages all life in space. The dream of the capitalist technocrats is to implement an interactive space managed by A.I. that is able to perfectly simulate life and anticipate, even program, its evolution. They are already designing an electronic, interactive text. They are far-ahead in the control of writing than my imaginary academic reviewers. The society of control is perfected everyday by the evolution of algorithms and information technology, while my reviewers are still in a disciplinary top-down society. This is Deleuze against Foucault. The reviewers insist that I should restructure my messy bubbling text according to the rigor of an academic disciplinary eye. However, the digital control, and its enabling power is also a hyper-discipline that continuously restructures the hyper-text according to the capitalist model. The principle of restructuring control does not change the discipline at its base. Technology is implemented by power according to an intelligent, variable design that is even more coercive because it captures the representing space by preventing disruptive contradictions between the two levels of space. The function of restructuring is fundamental for capitalism and is based on an efficient rationalization of the cycle of destruction and creation. See, for example, the programmed obsolescence of the commodity. Even urban space is a commodity to be produced, consumed and programmed for obsolescence. Not to mention urban space is also the base for production and consumption that today has reached the scale of the global. Today, the entire globe can be considered an urban commodity. What's more, it is also a space for financial investments and speculations as collateral global activity. The city is a node, a flexible global network that incessantly mutates with affections that pass from local to global and from global to local. The life in the city is molded by violent crisis and integrated restructuring. This has happened with great intensity in US since its European colonization. It was conceived as a profane abstract space for capitalist migration. Since the beginning, the ruthless essence of American space has been a deterritorialized desert, functional to capitalism. This anonymous space for decoding, where all the factors of production, consumption, and reproduction must circulate in the code without the least resistance, reaches toward eschatology with deterritorialization on the global scale; its apex is the cyberspace controlled by Google, Facebook, Amazon, and the National Security Agency. The digit-urban text is continuously restructured by implemented interactive algo-reviewers! In this light, my academic reviewers look sad and obsolete.



PITTSBURGH AS CAPITALIST TEXT UNDER REVIEW

The city of Pittsburgh is a perfect example of the successful capitalist dynamics of textual restructuring due through hyper-deterritorialization of space in a globally intensified context. Pittsburgh is part of the “Rust Belt”, an area of the

United States that has known a golden age with the development of the great metallurgical industry that laid the foundations for American infrastructure and the world supremacy of the Yankees. Steel bridges and iron towers have also created the aesthetics of the sublime. Industrial American gigantism unleashed the capitalist libido and imaginary for cultivating conformist narcissism, commodification, and imperialist grandeur. This libido-capitalist intensification was also due to the deep connection between metal, armaments, automotive, naval, and aeronautical industries. This powerful capitalist assemblage, fueled by the oil and coal industry, was destined to deterritorialize itself with the Second World War, and win the Cold War against the implosive Soviet Union. Moreover, as the metallurgical industry required large quantities of labor, it created cities around large industrial complexes and large surpluses distributed between the capitalist oligarchy of capitalist families and heavily unionized workers who achieved an excellent level of material and social well-being. This American utopia was realized thanks to strong class identity and communal solidarity generated by the large factory discipline and its standardized work. It was also realized according to the charity of rich American families and their big surpluses, which they invested in programs of consensus and social peace. This development model, based on the metallurgical industry, has experienced a rapid obsolescence since the '80s due to the internal saturation of the car market, attacks by Japanese aggressiveness and innovation, and the European recovery. But it also suffered from the rise of infrastructures that started to use new, more efficient materials. First of all, plastic and chemical-synthetic materials; second, the development of other sectors such as the electronics and computer industry, which also saw a transfer of labor from the production sector to the service and information sectors. After '89, with the acceleration of globalization, the metallurgical industry has moved away to low-wages in foreign countries, further accelerating the decline of the Rust Belt into vertical collapse. The golden age has become the age of rust with closed plants, and rusty carcasses belonging to the era of heavy metal dinosaurs. Meanwhile, the capitalist families have turned into financiers and bankers by relocating their presence and investments elsewhere. In this context, the power of the trade unions has been drastically reduced to lower wages, high unemployment, social conflict, and urban criminal anomy. Fortunately, thanks to the traditional, organized solidarity of workers and pragmatic politicians, the way has been found to attract new investments at the price of job flexibility and reduction of guarantees. In particular, Pittsburgh has moved from an economy based on heavy industry to an avant-garde economy, based on the knowledge economy, especially medical research, in which Pittsburgh has become a world leader. The workers of Pittsburgh are now forging DNA! Furthermore, the solidarity among the blue-collar workers of the past has been recoded into a passion for sport through massive investments in American football, hockey, baseball teams, and the culture industry. This has ensured social peace and urban renewal of the city with large and modern sports facilities and urban arenas that have become icons of the landscape and identity of Pittsburgh. So much so that many people of Pittsburgh dress up with the athletic uniforms of their sports teams, even when they go abroad. Of course, this is a bit grotesque and pataphysical, but it is a success from the point of view of restructuring of the capitalist texture.



Figure 21. Pittsburgh. Photo by Lance Anderson on Unsplash.

As for the old rusty factories, they were also transformed into museums and landscape icons – as if they were dinosaur cemeteries to visit for tourism. Also, the suburbs for workers have become trendy areas of residence for students and employees of the new knowledge economy. Everywhere new clubs, pubs, cultural, and artistic activities have arisen. A process of intense gentrification has spread through the neighborhoods once inhabited by industrial workers. In addition, the business center has been transformed into a luxury area where modern skyscrapers and neo-gothic architecture rise up. Thanks to computer networks, these directional centers are connected to their peripheral executive branches scattered around the world. This is why a medium-sized city like Pittsburgh can have a business center as big as a metropolis. It looks like a modern Gotham City with luxury restaurants, sexy sport-cars, and spectacular lights in the night. Higher than all the skyscrapers, stands the black UPMC building, home to the largest medical research corporation in the world. Its presence literally and symbolically establishes a hierarchy of power in the city. The only surreal contradiction that resists this perfect restructuring from modern rusty city to dynamic postmodern urban spectacle is the landscape littered with billboards advertising medical activities that feature impossibly beautiful people of all races. In contrast to this, the great majority of the population are obese. This is, of course, due to the fast food diet: a living vestige of the previous era based on standardization, production of large quantities of products, and conformist tendencies of consumption. Some local conspiracy theorist told me that there is an agreement between medical corporations, insurance companies, and fast food chains to perpetuate the situation of obesity! In any case, the difference between billboards and reality is strident and surreal. Visibly, much of the obese population is Black. Blacks continue to feel segregated and disadvantaged compared to Whites in the US; the black youth are especially rebellious, violent, and agitated by this reality. Police cars are always located at the corners where young black people gather, usually in front of nightclubs and fast food corners. These youngsters are rather arrogant and contest social peace by challenging and provoking the authorities.

The reality is, the restructuring of urban-capitalist texture has brought – with its many advantages – the addition of new hierarchies and residual exclusions. For example, the transition to the knowledge economy has required a reduction in the guarantees of long term contracts at work, to ensure greater flexibility in a very competitive sector that always needs new fresh skills and

innovation. The dynamism of research must be fed with new brains coming from all over the world (those with slender bodies that frequent luxury vegan restaurants), and there must be an easy turn-over in firing and hiring. As long as the restructuring operation works, the children of the workers who have been able to study, especially Whites, will be reabsorbed into this new socio-economic mechanism. The minor social guarantees have been offset by increased salaries, purchasing power, and access to new services. However, a large part of the population did not exceed the bar of conversion and failed to be integrated into the new knowledge economy. Many people of color, especially Blacks, have seen their situation systematically worsen by not having access to university education. These people have had to settle for precarious jobs in the maintenance and cleaning industries that serve the privileged high-risers of the new business centers. This has created an insurmountable gap between professional and unskilled workers faced with anti-union laws that do not guarantee steady pay or allow a decent minimum wage per hour. This stratum of the population, racked by precarity and obesity, has found itself very uncomfortable, especially considering the growth of inflation and rents caused by the new economy.

TEXTUAL INTERVENTION IN PITTSBURGH

When I arrived in Pittsburgh, invited for a performance festival, I went for a walk around the city center. I had some days of residency before the Performance Art Festival 2016, and I was looking for an opportunity to carry out an intervention. As I wandered around the black high-rise that dominated the city, I found myself in front of a shocking scene. The cleaning workers, mostly Black and people of color, were doing a small demonstration to claim a minimum wage per hour. To my surprise, the police, called by the University of Pittsburgh Medical Center management, not only stopped the demonstration but also handcuffed the protesters with special plastic handcuffs before interrogating them and registering their documents. It seemed to me to be an act of unprecedented violence. Someone took a couple of pictures and in the following days they appeared on some local blogs but nothing else happened.



Figure 22. Pittsburgh, 2016.

I was shaken by the fact that unarmed people were so humiliated by a very rich and powerful corporation, which claimed to be pursuing humanitarian purposes such as medical care, and by policemen that were completely subservient to private interests. The people around told me that this was the law. I was so impressed by this that I went on the Internet to see if I could buy the type of handcuffs that were used on the demonstrators. I ordered 40 of them. My idea was to reshape the use of that instrument of ordinary torture and this gesture of public humiliation that I witnessed in a polemical intervention in the heart of the city. I wanted to change the sign of that instrument of coercion and make it a provocative instrument for aggregation. So, I invented the intervention AND AND HANDCUFFS/DISJUNCTIVE CONJUNCTIONS. The idea was to walk around the center of Pittsburgh, masked as the Anartist, accompanied by two other performers dressed as policemen, and try to handcuff as many people as possible. I knew it would be difficult because many were afraid of offending the police and paying the consequences. Me and the two “policemen” were handcuffed ankles and wrists and when we walked we were like a surreal assemblage, a deterritorializing schizo-tensor in the text of the city. The idea was to disturb and bifurcate the narrative of the new money-form of the city just by walking around. I expected to produce contrasting effects that were comic, political, puzzling, and even scary to some. Indeed, even though the cleaning workers were not directly mentioned, the intervention resonated with the unjust events that had happened a few days before, and vibrated with the obscene telluric forces of the under-text repressed by the hypocrisy of dominant powers.

The intervention was inserted in the hauntology of the city’s imaginary as a scatological displacement of the order of the text. The margin of the repressed marginals returned to haunt the main narrative from inside, producing an edge of tension. The Anartist is a sort of spectator of spectropoiesis. I call this tactical set-up a counter-trigger, as De Certeau would write, occupying a space from inside. The rest of what happens in the unfolding of the performance is a field of potential for the clashing of symbols, characters, sensations, magic synchronizations, textual anomalies, resonant dissonances, monster-couplings, dérives of sense, and other events. An event, when it is outside the grid of the textual signifier, is an unpredictable, macro-alignment of heterogeneous forces. The symbolic is just the surface of what Mesmer calls “animal magnetism”.

Through Disturbanist interventions the Anartist tries to sunder the coded text with an uncoded line of flight that not only contests the context but also manipulates the text in order to open the experience to a stage of strange and mesmeric encounters. The Anartist interventions have a double movement: a critical territorialization as well as an affirmative deterritorialization. They form a chasm that intensively oscillates in an indefinite chaosmosis. The marker of this affection is not just ludic; it is political, anthropological, and shamanic. It cannot be reduced to a political use. It is a-modally political in its expression.



Figure 23-25. Pittsburgh, 2016.

I was walking through Pittsburgh with two friends dressed as policemen. We were tied wrists and ankles with the white plastic handcuffs used by the Police. We wanted to revenge the UMPC workers and make a new comical use of this violent symbol. We wanted short-circuit the meanings of the symbol by creating a schizo-assemblage on the edge of the art event, the comedy performance and the demonstration. An ambiguous unstable position.



We asked the sheriff if he wanted to be handcuffed with us to participate to our Anartistic unworking of the instituted narrative of the city. He looked as he was in a bad humor. I insisted that he could make our performance a masterpiece, and that we could share the money of the art auction. But he still was in bad humor. So we continue our walking to try handcuffing other fellows.



Now we were in a good company of new handcuffed people...why not smoking pot?



And drink a gin tonic with some handcuffed ladies?

Figure 26-30. Pittsburgh, 2016.



And then going to the oldest movie-theatre in downtown?



And now why not go to the UPMC office to speak with the director about the minimum wage?



Here we are, the black rise of UPMC...



Let's go... getting the elevator..."yes, but on Saturday the offices of the high floors are closed," says my temporary police-girl... fucked... I am really stupid... so is this intervention, we arrived at the elevator just to find our path barred... Thanks to my friends who participated in this schizo-assemblage. Unfortunately we did not find many people willing to be handcuffed with us to go to UMPC - which was the starting goal of the performance - but we had a funny party anyway.



Figure 31-35. Pittsburgh, 2016.

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Epistemological Troubles 7

DOES ACADEMY FOLLOW AN ANGLO-AMERICAN IMPERIALIST PATTERN?

I sent to a US journal the essay "Tensor" as a provocation against the reviewers. It was clear from the content that the text should not be modified. However, after a first "ode to my writing", that I do not know if it was felt or just a polite form, they asked me to change the text substantially in order to be accepted by the board. The topic of the "journal" was on "activism". My task was almost impossible but I wanted to perform an activist writing contesting the Anglo-American positivist imperialism over the academy. But because the journal was linguistic I had a residual chance they could accept my provocation as is. I have always had the sensation that Anglo-American universities impose their standards and the rest of academy accept them as if it was just something cool. A dogma of innovation for innovation which enforces a conformist single-thought. Continental Europe should have an autonomy of thinking and to propose different approaches to Knowledge. In my opinion the only alternative to Anglo-American imperialism comes from French Philosophy because they are the only ones who have not lost World War 2. The only one who were allowed to resist and criticize the "Marshall Plan", which is still marshalling with the neo-liberal globalization (Ross, *Fast Cars, Clean Bodies*, 1996). The German thinking has lost its power after World War 2 for obvious reason, even if Nietzsche, Marx and Heidegger have strongly influenced French theory. As I see it Situationism is a critique to the Americanization of the space. The transformation of the city, still related to a sacred (Aristotelian) cosmology since its foundation, in an economic and profane urban space. A space of alienation that Situationists were trying to divert and re-enchant. Even if Debord and Lefebvre based their critique on a heterogeneous secular Marxism they were strongly affected by pagan festivity, potlatch and gnostic occultism – as in the French anarchist tradition, conditioned by the idea of the "sacred" derived by Durkheim, Mauss, Walter Otto. The cult of Debord's Nocturnal Howl and of Lefebvre's Sun without Cross for example. The Americanization of the space is a capitalist design that engender a profane form of time and of habitudes in time (performance and desire). It also produces a kind of subject, and libidinal economy, that cannot resist to Capitalism, because this subject recognizes itself only in its spatialized institutions, habitudes, functions, goals and desires. It's disciplined by the urban architecture that surrounds

it and also trained to it. It does not have an outside to conquer a singularity and this cage becomes lesser and lesser penetrable the more it becomes complex as digit-urban space: a net cage of prosthesis and screens where the flesh is enfolded and educated to a digital interactivity that is passivity of the flesh from the point of view of the phenomenological experience (see all Virilio's books). Only through modification, subversion, profanation or transgression of the space is possible to transcend, in the immanence, the implemented design. It's not enough to think in abstract an alternative as much self-referential theory does... This transgression must be performed in the space as a praxis and cannot be just an inter-textual approach based on books. After '89 even the resistance of the French has collapsed. Now Americans have imposed a capitalist space that involves also the subject enfolded in the university. Even the architecture of the university has a logic of capitalist efficiency because it is embedded in a capitalist space. It pops up in that space of scrolling. It's no more possible for the subject of the European Universities to oppose the American Gospel because the abstract space is a rigid space of transit that does not allow nor negative resistance nor drifts. The students, that should be the motor of this resistance have been born in a post-89 world without alternative, they are hypnotized by the logic of "cool" implemented in their digit-urban environment. Even in artistic research where the figure of the "hipster" dominates. This conformism enforces the neo-liberal Gospel, even considering that the Europe of Euro is a Europe of Banks which has fully embraced this Gospel. Europe has no more its own singularity which has been re-structured according to an American Plan: the cities do not have anymore a distinctive atmosphere. Furthermore, English, as language, is thoroughly hegemonic. This gives also a larger power to Anglo-American Universities and academics which are mother-tongue. For example, my writing would be much more creative, pertinent, subversive, aesthetic and fast if I could express in my mother-tongue.

For the Anglo-American, the rest of the Europeans are just inefficient barbarians. Their power in the world from North-America to India until Saudi Arabia and Australia is there to show their natural supremacy. Also the rank of the universities that is of course constructed with an Anglo-American paradigm and parameters is there to show the self-evident positivist truth. The efficiency of their universities are measured as an objective "matter of fact"!

The editor was writing that the reviewers had seen much excitement and potential in the work but I should substantially to revise my text to fit in the academic format, i.e. in the wishes of the “board”. She also underlined a series of critical points that I did not agreed but substantially she asked me to cut the text and stick more with “brief descriptions” of my interventions in urban space.

As I interpreted her mail, she suggested, if I wanted to succeed in publishing my article, to pass from the strange locus of “praxis” to a “clear” and “simple” pragmatic approach to “practice”. Not only because this is the way that Anglo-American see Artistic Research but because this “reduction” to “factuality” would erase my meta-polemic and would engender a peaceful “consensus in the board”. This is the problem of the editorial boards and their internal “consensus”, which engenders a compromise which induces the selection to “mediocrity”.

INTENSIVE JUDGMENT OR JUDGING THROUGH “DISSENSUS”: A REVOLUTIONARY PERSPECTIVE FOR THE FIELD

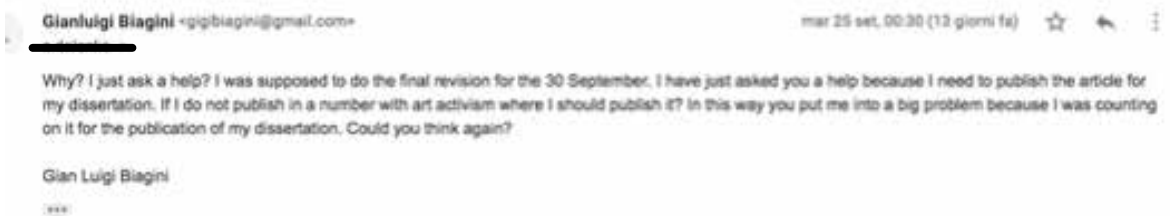
One could say that an enlarged consensus is more democratic and inter-subjectively scientific, but art has nothing to do with democracy and science, because it affirms a singularity, a heterogeneity, an incompleteness of meanings and presence. “Art” and its atmospheric world is something nearer to a reversed aristocracy with a reversed *àrche*; which is fundamentally anarchist, singular and qualitative. The problem is that the university is a bourgeois institution which privileges democratic “consensus” through forms of liberal politeness together with a false positivist conception of knowledge based on the identity of the “object”. This clashes with the object of Art as I have explained; the object of Art is more like an indefinite quasi-object: an *objeu*, if considered as synchronic synthesis; or an *objectile*, as diachronic synthesis. However, always a heterogenous or disjunctive synthesis that is not compatible with the classic unitary synthesis of Enlightenment; i.e., Descartes/Kant/Hegel. This is a problem when Academy meets art, as in the artistic research field, and even more to the “puissance destituante et prophétique” (Bordeleau, YouTube lecture, 2016) of the Anartist. An article like the one I submitted can engender objection from the Marxist, from the Anglo-positivist, or from the one who shares Badiou’s perspective against anarchism (as the one expressed by Badiou in the “Flux and the State”). An article like mine can create a crack along political and epistemological dividing lines in an editorial board of “artistic research”, especially if they are discussing a theme issue on “art activism”. The editor was clearly on my side and she was suggesting, to win over the resistance of the board, to reduce the excesses of my writing in order to suture the possible conflicts the text could unleash in the epistemological heterogeneity of the board. Due to this heterogeneity, that is purely subjective, the only way to find consensus in this relativist situation is a reductionism which does not bring forth any provocation; be it a discursive, structural, thematic, stylistic or linguistic provocation. But the act of triggering a conflictual reaction is a feature of art, which is an heterogenous synthesis crossed by a schism, and even more in the case of the singularity of the Anartist. Instead, what the academic “consensus” asks to be published is something “flat”, “neutral”, “regular” and with no “character”. In my view, the conjunction of art and discourse could survive only in the context of a Greek Agonism. Because even the evolution of art evolves through the “play” of differences and transgressions as much as an Agora. Instead the academy, as an institution, is more related to the parliamentary compromise which is based on procedures and representations. It is not possible just to present a singularity or it will be like an anarchist bomb in a field already crossed by hybrid heterogeneity. Paradoxically, it is the composite heterogeneity of the board which brings out the lie of homogenizing procedures of consensual evaluation. Instead, an article “of” art should be published for the richness of the conflict and the passionate “dissensus” that it provokes between the readers. Probably, the institution should be organized with a board that reacts to an article in a conflictual way, with an editor supervisor, and also super-partes, who accepts an article on the basis of the intensity of “dissensus”

which it elicits. In this way the intensity proper to art could emerge on the axiomatic extension of science and its philosophical bases. But this is an aristocratic perspective because the editor-in-chief, even if she or he has a little autonomy, is seen by the board only as its expression; i.e., a coordinator who keeps her position because of her ability to mediate a consensus. Furthermore, the judging through “dissensus” implies a long time for decision making. If every article is an “anomaly” to discuss, the process becomes very long and this is conflicts with the imperative of the Capitalist Real Time that grounds our age on efficiency. Time is money. University does not have the aristocratic “luxury” of such long times (the time of art): it is imprisoned in a logic of modernist/capitalist efficiency. This utilitarian, impersonal logic is also a problem in the field of “artistic research” which deals with art and qualitative time and doing (praxis) that is reduced to a quantitative time and making (poiesis). The result is that artistic research, as it is conceived, is not a field for the search of a new knowledge which would ground a different society based on difference and heterogeneity but an apparatus of transcendent violence. This anti-dissertation wants to show this paradox and also propose, at least virtually and between the lines, the possibility of a different tendency that is necessarily a counter-tendency.

MY ANSWER WAS THIS:



I wanted to publish, but it seemed very unethical and against my principles. An article on art activism should be a dangerous and anomalous “presentation”... or should I accept the rules of “representation”? In the last case, I was going against the praxis of the Anartist. Even more so because the article was precisely on the notion of praxis, vis-à-vis, Activism. I did not understand what they were asking of me. Reading between the lines I suspected that I should cut the part where I was criticizing the Anglo-American colonialism of academy or the critique to “Leftist activism”. At the end, I decided to add some text concerning directly the urban intervention under the photos but I also left the article as it was, because there was still one week to the deadline of review, I asked them to underline the parts they wanted out. However, as I suspected, this provocation was too much for the board. They should take responsibility for their censorship and the answer was almost simultaneous.



The editor was writing that after a long debate the board have decided not to include my article on the special issue of JMMLA. However, she wrote, that much interesting and innovative content were present in my article and she was sure I would find some better venue for my fascinating work. All the best for my research!

The editor responded to this last mail that I should try with the journal “Soundings”, an experimental Journal based in San Francisco, or to search for other journals outside of UK.

What the editor was meaning? That maybe in the board there were professors from UK that did not appreciate my article? Anyway, this is of relative importance, I do not want to make controversy, my article and my attitude were purposely provocative in not accepting the reductionism of expression required by the structure of a board, where every member has a different position and only what is “neutral” in terms of invention, thematic and language can pass through with no conflict. This pre-emptive structure condition how Knowledge is produced. There is a censorship already implicit in a structure that must find a form of “mediation”. This axiomatization is understandable in fields as “social science”, probably even “theory”, which are traditional “disciplines” but not in a research of “Art” which is singular and heterogeneous. Art praxis cannot be reduced to a factual practice to try to fit a “neutral” model of inter-subjectivity derived by “classic science” – in order to legitimize a field and a hierarchy related to a heterogeneous field with the fiction of the objective consensus. The incompleteness and the heterogeneity cannot be filled and violated by a Positivist Signifier. This transcendental violence grounds also an ethic of the aesthetic attitude, at least in the field of “artistic research”.

BRIGHTNESS AND DARKNESS. ANGLO-AMERICAN EPISTEMOLOGICAL HEGEMONY VERSUS TWILIGHT “ROGUE OBJECT”

The Anartist expresses itself through Black Outs. A Disturbanist intervention of the Anartist is a Black Out that suspends the apparatus of signification and opens up to the virtual of an “obscure distinct” (to use Deleuze’s expression) resonant experience. This quasi-experience of the virtual is also a kind of knowledge that differs, when is not violently erased, marginalized or channeled in a discipline by the square discrimination of an apparatus of actualization and signification. In fact, Difference as such is dangerous because when it finds hospitality it engenders a tension in the weak Enlightenment foundation that grounds a field. Indeed, in the word “Enlightenment” is already inscribed “darkness” as its enemy to conquer and defeat; as if all the project was the construction of an Empire of Knowledge that advances in the land of the unknown. (And if one looks at Globalization this dystopia seems realized...). Indeed, the worst epithet for the enemy of knowledge is “obscurantist”. All hermetic and magic knowledge is obscurantist and dangerous. This accusation is waged basically against all other kinds of understandings that cannot be inscribed in a “phenomenon” correlated to the universal Kantian subject and its categories. This ground of knowledge, that is supposed to be founded in the neutrality of reason, shows instead the ontological Schmittian face of the friend-enemy violence between light and darkness. Not only, but when this episteme has started being attacked and has become fragile, because postmodern philosophers have started to criticize its integrity and shown its weakness it has closed itself in an a-critical Anglo-American positivism. This imperialist Anglo-American positivism, that is worshipped by a technocratic academy, not only in the faculties of economy but also in artistic research, represents the homeostasis of a field of forces of an actual geo-political power-relation and a capitalist approach to knowledge. As Foucault puts it in the *Order of Things* (Foucault, 1994), every dominant episteme is built on a stabilized field of material forces that grounds what is “rational” in a historical period. Going against this instituted Anglo-American approach is a masochistic suicide but also an irrational sacrificial need for the Anartist whose praxis is driven by the call of a de-actualized outside.

Given this Anglo-American episteme as a mirror of a geopolitical hierarchy, every academic in artistic research is trying to write in a way to fit this approach in order to get published. This episteme is then translated into normative imperatives over the language (English or American English), the style, the code, the use of the notes, etc. Not only this is a Anglo-American model which is counterfeit as universal but it also enforces the imperial Americanization exchanged for Universalization of knowledge. Under the effigy of modernity, democracy and equality this model imposes a frame that is selective in favor of Anglo-American mother-tongue for what concerns the language and the mind-set. If I could write in Italian I would be much more creative, pertinent and fast in my writing. I could not even spend money and time for editing. I could propose even a different sensitivity to organize a text. Let’s think the colonialist violence that this model imposes to non-western minds that for exam-

ple, as Africans, do not have a cartesian mind. Cognitive Knowledge is “white”, even more when it criticizes whiteness. Deconstruction is still “white”. However everybody conforms to these norms. Publishing is accumulating credits and capitalizing a position in the global rank. Why to sacrifice time and energy to escape, to subvert or to overturn this system of production of knowledge? Even when conformism is patently opposite not only to art but also to the intellectual work of the researcher? Why to turn knowledge, that apparently has never been so “neutral”, “rational” and “democratic”, into a political issue? Why oppose the singular to the general and the particular of the instituted Knowledge? Why to oppose the confused rhizome to the clear arborescent body of a text? Why to oppose the distinct obscure to the clear confused? The intensive to the extensive? Difference to Representation? Only the Anartist is enough of a masochist in trying to do that. The illusory light of knowledge is produced through inter-subjective standards and a methodology. Now, the implementation and the control of these homogeneous procedures of Enlightenment is the base of Academy. But what happens when the academic knowledge meets the “strange object” of art? And in particular the “rogue object” of the Disturbanist intervention of the Anartist that is also outside the academic definition of art, which is mostly still based on Kantian “beauty” and a coded idea of “sublime”? (A coded art that is no more subversive but is incorporated, and decoded as a matrix of professionals, in the larger capitalist code, just as it is artistic research.) The clash of knowledge with the radical alterity of the Anartist engenders a violent impact because the singularity of an art expression is heterogeneous in sé and per sé and resists the translation in the clear categories of Knowledge. The Anartist and its intervention, as “rogue object”, with its virtual withdrawing in the darkness, resists and escapes the field of epistemic attraction and inclusion in the network of knowledge with its code. The “rogue object” is an unbecoming for the becoming of the coded network that can enslave in knowledge only “bright objects”. In fact, the imperative of Knowledge to its own workers is “be bright!” So, the relational incommensurability between knowledge and Anartism can be only a tensional paradox, a Nietzschean struggle for interpretation carried out to its radical point of bifurcation and dissolution. A point of maximum intensity that recalls the struggle between antagonist forces before the foundation of ancient cosmogonies: light versus darkness.

Someone could ask: Why not keeping academic Knowledge and Anartism separated instead of forcing them into a Frankenstein’s monster as an anti-dissertation? Because profanation is what moves the Anartist so much as its desire for impossible and bold challenges. This paradoxical attitude is not only triggered by a self-destructive jouissance that is connected to the dissolution of the subjectivity produced by an apparatus of signification but also a way to participate to the gnostic experience of the ungrounded super-ject. Indeed, the participation to this struggle between light and darkness can engender a productive chaosmogony. The symbolic production, that synthesizes this struggle, can be considered a chaosmogonic effect of a participation to the “ungrund grund”. A participation to the primordial STRIFE. We have seen how the Anartist’s line of flight follows the rift of the struggle between Earth and World. The Anartist can be seen as an avatar that mediates between a subject in its way of disso-

lution (NIGREDO) and the intensities of elemental forces (ALBEDO AND RUBEDO) that are expressed in this a-subjective or super-jective experiences of the intervention. (Here I use alchemy as metaphor for preventing a discursive crystallization).

Difference as such attacks all the rational dispositives of sanitization of our society, whose function is to separate, axiomatize and prevent the traumatic but liberating experience of the continuum. They must prevent contagion and the breaking up of a system that works against dissipation and extracts values, knowledge and hierarchies by a fundamental excess. The intervention of the Anartist is a trauma for the abstract machine in play and also for the Anartist as subject, whose body is thrown out of its habitual zone of comfort, but this event also grounds a gnostic experience of singularization that tends to repeat and intensify. It's like integrating the dark of the ying in the light of the yang or, as Carl Jung would say to make a quaternium including the Devil in the Saint Trinity through a descendant ascent. DISSOLVE ET COAGULA for Alchemy. This model of knowledge that is "vertical", "tensive" and "bipolar", and we find also for example in the "anus solaris" of George Bataille, is different from the Kantian horizontality that has a sort of roof that stabilizes the knowledge in an architecture and prevents a formless line of flight toward the noumenal. For example, in Bataille (*Bataille, Visions of Excess*, 1985) the gnostic experience oscillates between the heavens and the pit, towards a transcendent pyramid with a hole in the summa that makes all the pyramid crumbles into the obscurity of labyrinth. With this kind of knowledge, that Bataille considers "sacred", it is not possible to create a stable summa as in the theological ascesis based on stable cosmologies with a low and a heavenly peak. This knowledge is paradoxical as a body without organs where the intensities circulate without a human form. It's a paradoxical knowledge of abyssal peaks, of intensity from zero to infinite. So it's an idea of sacred not as holy but as continuous heretic transgression, sacrifice and profanation of what brings forth. Every form becomes formless, every light turns into darkness and vice-versa. It's morphologically dynamic. This a-theology tinges a "weird" experience and understanding that cannot be reduced to a systematic, encompassing signification. The darkness of the night haunts the light of the day, non-knowledge tricks knowledge, the low unmakes the high, eroticism elicits the vital delirium which displaces the boring rationality of the everyday work (Bataille, *Eroticism*, 2001.) This kind of minor knowledge that edges "madness" (Bataille, Foucault, Derrida, Deleuze, Land but also Nietzsche and Giordano Bruno) in my opinion is more similar to an intensity that oscillates than to a stable architecture. Even Kant, when he describes the Sublime, admits that art belongs more to this kind of dominium of intensities and virtualities. These vertical oscillatory intensities break the Kantian roof that separates the phenomenon from the noumenon. It drills a hole by a pneumatic oscillatory vertical pumping movement. It's like a perverted sexualized Plato which enter the Cosmic Vagina by breaking the Kantian hymen. This does not mean that the knowledge of art is superior to the one of science. Maybe it is deeper and more primordial, nearer to the density of Being. At least for Heidegger, and also for Henry, science is a derivative knowledge. For sure they are just two different approaches and one cannot subsume the other. However, for example, in mi-

cro-physics the realm of the virtual, when we are dealing with dark matter, dark energy, weird particles and so on, is similar more to the artistic line of flight than to Kantian Academic Art Research. The theoretical hypotheses of microphysics are like lines of flight launched in the night, they are extremely “fringe” and “paradoxical”. For example the uncertainty principle in Heisenberg or even more Complementarity in Bohr or the “strange” experiments of Schrodinger’s cat that remember the modernist wonderlands of Lewis Carroll. They keep something of the primordial strife between concealment and un-concealment that concerns the artist. They present a radical difference or differ(a)nce that cannot be presented in the Kantian categories of space and time and cause and effect. Then these mad flights toward a noumenal indefinite attraction are also falls because noumena, by definition, cannot be known, because they are withdrawn to the infinite but they can be experienced as aesthetic intensities. This kind of quasi-experience can however give birth to great works in the arts. How can we express this paradoxical experience with a knowledge that is based on “clarity” and the limit of the intersubjective? Even physics or math has shown paradoxes of space-time that for example elude the easy category of cause and effects. The experience of the artist can be of this kind, transcending these categories that are given as the formal condition of our experience. Transcendental empiricism carves its own forms starting from a multiplicity of singularity in actual-virtual becoming. It’s an other speed of flickering intuitions caught and slowed down in percept-concept. Each singularity is an idiotic I-Dio-Tao (Dio means God in Italian language.) Passion and desire for the outside, as the hermetic Renaissance magus-philosophers would say, are the drivers for these lines of flights. “De Sidera”, as Guattari used to say (Guattari, Chaosmosis, 1995), probably inspired by Neoplatonists like Ficino, Bruno, Pico. Indeed, already Plato was saying this. However, the flight of the contemporary artist is not grounded in an eternal transcendent and circular cosmology as in Plato or Aristotle but more in an immanent chaosmogony in becoming that can never be fully institutionalized for a shared community and be a foundation for a hierarchy of holy priests as in theology or in the Republic of Plato. This singular approach to knowledge is immanent and a-theological as we have seen. Even if every artwork, in a sense, founds the sensibility, the oneiric and the imaginary of a society. However, this founding remains molecular. Maybe this “bipolar”, “desiring” and “paradoxical” kind of understanding explains the schizoid temperament of the artist seized between enthusiasm and depression. If someone affirms that this is only a Romantic view of the figure of the artist, he is probably just a cynical curator that speculates on the undermining of the art and the reduction of the artist to a secular and profane figure. We cannot reduce art just to the semiotic and the profane as many art technicians wish. The authentic artist brings the a-theological strife in its flesh as a martyr of a sacrifice. It brings the intensity-experience of the heaven and the abyss in itself. For Jim Morrison only the extremes existed, in the middle there was nothing. This is difficult to approach through a knowledge based on intersubjectivity and standards that tend to form an average and a code. It’s this uncoded strife that also pushes the rogue-becoming of this anti-dissertation and produces the line of flight against the wind.

INTENSIVE UNDERSTANDING AND INTENSIVE WRITING

My praxis of knowledge, or better, understanding, stems more from the attitude of “furious” men like some magus philosophers of the Renaissance than by “sapients” or “scholars”. An example of this heroic furious is Giordano Bruno. Bruno, in his striving to grasp *natura naturans* (the virtual) at the edge of *natura naturata* (the actual) was feeling as if he was dismembered by bites of dogs, torn by fanged noumena – an attitude inherited by Nietzsche, Bataille, Deleuze, Derrida, Land and some other “political sorcerers”... This risky knowledge of the outside opens to a gnostic anarchy that also edges with the lunatic, the weird, the mystic and the mad. One reviewer who rejected my text accused me of being a “dark priest” of theory. As if I wish to substitute a theology of clarity with a theology of darkness and a Black Church of initiated to the democratic access of academic Knowledge. These are my answers. First: This could be also the aesthetic-political need of an artist and cannot be judged from a moralist point of view. The object of art, at the limit, is beyond the good and evil set by a society even if the artist, as citizen, must respond in front of the law. And I know this because in my interventions, most of the time, I must deal with the police. The artist wants to explore intensities and virtualities outside a prescriptive and conformist ethic. The ethical modality of society is in conflict with the aesthetic a-modality of the singular and its Dionysian intensities. Second: the object of art has a specific ambiguous metaphysics and cannot be approached by the clarity of a methodology drawn on the model of science. Furthermore, the return of “darkness” in knowledge is a matter of fact also in cutting edge sciences. Not only this, sciences redefine continuously what is socially ethical or not, and always moves further to the borders of understanding. This tendency to push the ethical border is also stronger in art. But how can art deal with an Academy so concerned with ethical values instead of esthetic values? The problematic is that a system can sustain itself only through ethical values because the aesthetic values are too open and subtract themselves from a clear judgment. Even Kant had problems in judging the “sublime”. This instability can generate drifts that can subvert authority and its hierarchy. However Artistic Research must take a risk on this border, if it wants to deal with a proper object in a proper way. This is why I consider the role of the academic too theological, because – by reversing the charge of the reviewer toward my obscure attitude – it tends to form a bureaucratic church apparatus and a dogma of “clarity”. The Anartist, in its intervention and its becoming-imperceptible, opposes the darkness of a nomadic superject, a mystic cinesthesia, that keeps to differing in itself and cannot be captured in a Church, not even in a Black Church, because it has no constituted dogma, not even political dogma. The member of this Black Church would be tied by difference and diffraction without constituting a base to construct a stable truth and a disciplined doctrine. There is no place for priest in a superject that keeps differing in itself driven by a virtual quasi-cause that is always renewed with new difference. The superject of the Anartist both as individual and Heteron always subverts even itself, or better is in excess of itself. This becoming is neither theological nor teleological. The Anartist experiments with lines of

flight in the virtual that are destined to fall and to re-emerge again as new virtualities. One never reaches the perfection of the virtual, it must always deal with the finitude of the being and the tension with the infinite of the will, so, because of this precipitation of the will, it is destined to error, as Derrida says in a lecture by quoting Descartes. But I say that in art, the imperfection of the mistake is what usually creates the surprise that makes a difference and reveals “something” that a perfect mastering of *s technique* cannot reveal. The scream of Munch, the smile of Mona Lisa, the broken glass of Duchamp, and so on... The falling from grace is what makes a masterpiece. The mistake is what makes the virtual penetrate and divert the intentionality of the subject, engendering the differential super-continuous discontinuity of the new, of the event. In the event of the falling a “divine object”, as Whitehead would say, can precipitate in the actual. As if the artist was sucked in the zone of attraction of this withdrawn “divine object”. The artist is caught with its sensorial and extra-sensorial body in the spell of this obscure entity. They are co-implicated, the eventing of a subjectile intertwined with its objectile, in the event of a super-ject. The mistake can be the final revelation or the manifestation of this “divine object”. This withdrawn “divine object” that happens as a “divine accident”, as Orson Welles used to say, gives freshness and seduction to the artwork and remains concealed even after unconcealment in the actual. The virtual cannot be reduced to the actual. They remain in a chasmic dialectic tensor of generative forces, just as the light and the darkness, the flight and the falling, the conditioned and unconditioned. It’s the explosion of the line of flight that responds to the seducing attraction of the virtual noumenon but it is also the falling that makes precipitate not only the passionate will of the artist but also the “divine object”. When this falling happens simultaneously, it opens the space for the precipitation of the withdrawn. This is why the artist has a mystic tendency that cannot be demystified by the anxiety of clarity of an Academy that has become obsessed with Anglo-American positivism. The object is not there but is veiled and revealed in infinite dialectic. Also the text “of” art must conserve the trace of this kinesthetic mysticism. This is why I have proposed a writing “of” art instead of a writing “on” art. The same strife and tension between light and dark must pass from the beginning of the artwork (if there is a beginning) to the end of the text (if there is an end). The artwork and the text are implicated in a circulation of intensities as much as the artist and the writer. It would be absurd and anti-aesthetic if the affirmative attitude of the Anartist Intervention would be expressed in terms of a positivist clarity with a “neutral” language and a moderate attitude. The same goes for the clarity of the text when the Anartist puts on a Black Bloc mask to not interface with the social mirror and to interrupt its exchanges of expectations and values. The same goes for the stability of the text when the Anartist is also a transpersona, a body without organs, and a shamanic swarm of larval selves with different drifts. The Anartist is also one who profanes and transgress. The text must resonate this multiplicity also in the variations of tones, styles, genres as an agonistic crossover.



Conclusion

I started my artistic research thinking of making a monograph about my urban interventions. It would have been the simplest and most painless way, because it would have protected me from the confrontation with the academic institutions. Indeed, I think there are many interesting features in my Anartist praxis, both on an ethical-aesthetic and on a theoretical level, and I could have chosen a more classical form of dissertation to represent it. But at that point it would have been only a representation of the intervention and not just a “presentation”. That would not have been good, as a detestation of constructed situations has been implicit in the logic of interventions in urban space since Jean Jacques Rousseau and all the way through the Situationists until today. The detestation of a “constructed set”, as Badiou would put it. Perhaps because of this, I unconsciously felt a discomfort in that simplicity of achievement, which in any case would have saved me time, energy and money. But as we know, the artist engaged with truth always looks for the challenge with the complexity and for an experience that could throw him into the intensity of sensations. The artist follows the call of the muse Artemis in joy and pain, without restraints, in order to have an authentic revelation, the naked truth of his Being as Heidegger would put it. The artist is a being who likes to risk his own skin, and the Anartist is this attitude only amplified.

I am honest, I do not like to be modest, I knew the strength of my means. I know that I am an excellent writer, as well as having a cultural background and notable creative experience, so I fell into the temptation of writing an article for the Art of Research 2017 conference. One of the reviewers, as I expected, was really praising my article, while the other was so hard and out of place in his insinuation that I took it as a personal attack (maybe it was, too, everybody recognizes my character, even if I am masked). However, I was so shocked by this second reviewer’s judgement that I thought it was just a random episode. With this belief, I decided to challenge myself and the institution by writing new articles. I began to reflect above all on the negative responses, those that burned more deeply, not so much because they showed my limits but because the reviewers’ judgements seemed to me grounded on nothing if not their ego and biases. My feeling was that every reviewer based their personal judgment on the fiction of an inter-subjective Kantian-Cartesian judgment as if they were addressing a concrete and visible “object”, when instead, praxis, as Aristotle puts it in his *Metaphysics*, is a process that has itself as an end. In this sense “praxis” is different from the “poiesis” with a declared purpose. “Praxis” is a “doing”, not a Positivist “making”, it is what Hannah Arendt calls “action”, opposed to “poiesis”

as “work”. The first, as Arendt puts it, is unpredictable and singular, the second standardizable in a code and anonymous from the point of view of the “maker”. This also creates a problem with the concept of “work of art”. The concept seems more part of a tradition based on craftsmanship than on “contemporary art”. Above all, my praxis of Anartist is far from the tradition of “works of art”, which has an useful end (a design) or at least a coded aesthetic (the beautiful, as defined by Kant as the taste where a community recognizes its soul). Indeed, my praxis of Anartist is more a transartistic wandering and worldling of a processual “objectile” that, in its subversive becoming, challenges the apparatus of the capitalist medium. It’s a process of deterritorialization as Deleuze would put it, where also the common references of space and time are lost. The Anartist praxis is a heterogeneous processual singularity without a concrete external object, too complex in its process of folds to be reduced to some pictures; and therefore without the possibility of a systematic reification of its “object”, to which would be possible to ascribe shareable and “clear” attributes or meanings.

The same applies to the theoretical dimension. In my praxis the theoretical dimension is subsumed by the praxis itself because it must serve the experience and the narrative of the living event and its rhythm. It is embodied and adapted through a striving with both the most material and contingent side of the production but also with the mystic event of the action, without losing completely its own driving logic toward a Platonic and Apollonian light. Praxis is a condition of twilight that oscillates in a void filled by an excess. This is why the narcissism of the Anartist cannot be condemned, but only considered as a form of “speculative realism” inherent to a “reality without realism”, a dimension in large part imaginative and phantasmatic, which edges with the multiple planes of becoming and different intensities. There is an intense tension between the many of the process of becoming and the one of an identity that is always torn apart in its flesh. This heterological condition produces an anxiety, a clamor of being that cannot be accounted for by a simple signifier, that cannot be posed in a logic of subject and object with a predicative copula. It cannot be tracked in a mechanistic world of clear causes and clear effects.

The dramatic concern of my obscure position and the deafness (in Derridean sense) of the Academy have pushed me to question the Institution and the assumptions that found structures and practices of judgment, considered as a matter of fact, that affect the behavior of reviewers and editors. In this way I could find the way, through this dissertation, to make room for the appearance of my “anomaly”, as uncountable excess in the instituted procedures of Knowledge. The result was a dissertation-intervention, consistent with my practice of urban interventions, which was not limited to criticizing the ontological and epistemological fiction, basically Positivist, established in the field of “artistic research”, but it also pushed me to reflect on the transcendental conditions of the field. Through this effort I tried to offer new tools of judgment to the field, tools that restore justice to hybrid, singular, aesthetic and heterogeneous praxis, which also relates to a fictional, prophetic and virtual edgy dimension, which can not be reduced to randomly subjective judgements affected by aesthetic, political or ideological biases disguised as a positivist reductionism. A unitary synthesis is not possible in the conditions of the field and I have proposed alternatives, not only

criticisms. In this sense I believe that my dissertation-intervention, is not only a provocative exercise implicit in the subversive and “destituente” aptitude of the Anartist, but also has an ethical and cognitive value that bypasses the concerns of my specific praxis related to urban interventions, to invest evolution and assessment of the entire field, without violating its specific heterological and anti-epistemological indefiniteness.

One of the results of my artistic research is, I hope, implicit in the form and the content of the dissertation-intervention. It is the necessity for the *intensification* of the objectiles encountered through the interventions. This intensification finds its shape in the text. It is necessary because of the theoretical approach I have chosen: the dissertation-intervention is ontologically and epistemologically on the same level as the praxis of the Anartist. This means that it can not just describe/represent the objectiles as “objects”, but must be an objectile itself, it must “know” and “show” as an objectile to intensify whatever is encountered. This is a part of the intense and hyperbolic style, that a reader that does not “get” the ontological grounding, may interpret as personal and psychological messianism. Here, the intensification (in the style more proper to the aesthetic world of the Anartist) is offered as a method of writing for artistic research.

In fact, I consider this kind of hybrid writing (poetic essay), as an immanent writing “of”, based on the ear to the aesthetic world that intends to catch even its internal atmosphere in its unfolding as writing, which is different from the transcendent writing “on” usually adopted by academic essays with a clear eye looking down from the top. This allows to incorporate the writing in the objectile itself as part-object of the artistic expression. In this way the artistic research and its product is an edge between the terms that compose it without one cannibalizing the other.

Another result is to have phenomenologically explored the idea of praxis as a “weird locus” as a singular difference in itself and with an end in itself. In my opinion, this is what Deleuze and Guattari intend with “refrain”. This idea of “refrain” has also a specific time that, also as Aristotle writes of “praxis” in *Metaphysics*, contains the past in the present and also its future as a resonance of times that unfold. This rhymes with Nietzsche’s ideas of the untimely, Derrida’s hauntology and Heidegger’s resoluteness. This condition of “return of the same” and its understanding is very peculiar and cannot be described neither as a *poiesis* (making with an end), that could be judged from a technical or aesthetically coded point of view or from a transcendent position in terms of “value”, nor from a theoretical point of view with a strong analytical axiomatization. Even theory shares with *poiesis* an attitude of standing in front of the “object” of thinking – theory is not often the objectile in itself, the thinking in itself, the acting in itself. To make sense of this experience at the limit of darkness I was forced to a hybrid telluric oscillation between a genre more connected with theory and another more narrative. Therefore, I used the methodology of a “weak axiomatization” in order to inject life in the rigidity of “theory”. Otherwise I should have made a multidimensional origami to make sense of the situation with strong references of axiomatization. But how to read an origami of folds? However, in the shape of my dissertation there is also this origami-tendency. (Japan has a culture of praxis already in its tradition, while the West is

more conditioned by Plato, privileging theory and poesis.)

This condition of “weak axiomatization” has allowed me to keep fluidity in the rhythm and in the speed of writing affected by a situation of heterogeneity of materials (contingency of life and references of texts) and a quasi-experience of simultaneous different times and dimensions (actual, virtual, hyperstitional).

This fluidity is kept by the use of “rhythmic affects-concepts” that allow to me to have the lightness for leaving the “trace” of a line of flight in-between. The use of the ear, and not only of the eye, is a feature of this writing and also of this reading. The theory displayed on this heterogeneous plane of composition must be caught also in its resonance with the contextual use of the concepts and the speed of the mobilization of the writing: this is why they are also “affects”. The text is a “body” in the literal sense because of its multisensorial incarnation of concepts in the writing and in the reading. It’s a body with an internal pathos of concepts and a circulation of intensities and rhythms.

The pathos connected with this experience of the singular praxis has thrown me in a sea of sensations, even contradictory and paradoxical, in the ontological anxiety of a multiplicity of affects, and the result is a telluric or “seismic style”. A serpentine of tension that however is crossed by a current of “understanding” and some “illuminations”, to mention an eclectic writer such as Benjamin. As I mentioned, this chthonic tension between heterogeneities has expressed itself in a necessary “cross-over” of genres: from the affirmative style of manifesto, to the mysticism of the *liber magicus*, to the reportage of the site specific atmosphere and contradictory dynamics of a city, that are necessary to gather an inspiration for an urban intervention, to theory-essay, to storytelling, to poetry etc. In fact, a heterogeneous field like “artistic research” crossed by a heterogeneous praxis like the one performed by the Anartist is forced to deploy the maximum of multiplicity in order to catch the experience in its schizo-eventual flight.

While the usual ground of Academy is constructed on a clear identity, metaphysics of presence and a disembodied intersubjectivity, the “artistic field”, at least when encountered by the praxis of the Anartist, is sundered by Difference, singularity, heterogeneity, incompleteness, excess, libido, dreams, ghosts, resonances, schizophrenia, inner experiences, anxiety, transgressions and provocations. It’s a terrain for intense adventures, not for safe steps easily shared between colleagues in front of a coffee. It’s a weird land at the limit of darkness and chaos that needs a brave and self-confident attitude to be explored and mapped.

If the classic academic field is a rectangle, the field of artistic research is the serpentine diagonal of the rectangle. It’s a dangerous line of tension. For this reason, I have thought that the idea of knowledge as shared intersubjectivity, that also institutes the relation between a writer and a reviewer, should be revised as “perturbed or diffracted intersubjectivity”. In one of the paragraphs I articulate an explanation of what it is and how it could work, and the expansion of heterogeneity that it could facilitate, because otherwise the risk is to compress the possibility of the field and its praxis in a homogenization. The line of flight would be recaptured and molded in a pre-emptive form that cuts out the haecceity of art expression into striates which block the smooth space of artistic research.

These transcendental conditions that engender quasi-subjects and qua-

si-objects breaks the Kantian possibility to form definite “objects” from the appearances related to different points of views. The unitary synthesis is impossible because of the singularity of the praxis that has in itself its resonance and becoming. This experience is out of Cartesian space with mapped territory and even its singular understanding. We don’t know about the revelations this experience brings forth for the subjectile of the uncoded praxis. I must say that is like navigating in an odyssey with sirens and so on...this why one must find tools to get out safe from this strange voyage. Indeed, we have only a reductive documentation and the words and the references of the writer which try to make sense of this experience.

Furthermore, the experiencer-writer is not completely transparent to itself in its “doing” that is in large part also an impersonal affirmation of a refrain that escapes the grasping of the subject. This is why I found the definition of “realism without reality”, that I have borrowed from a conference of lectures on anti-epistemology with Plotnitsky and Catren, perfect to describe the situation of artistic research. It appeared to me as a perfect definition of artistic research field and I have enlightened myself by listening to Gabriel Catren speaking of “Speculative Realism based on a Speculative Narcissism”, because it was consonant with the accusations of narcissism I received by some reviewers. In reality, if the object is a quasi-object it is necessarily interspaced by a narcissist inflection of fiction to be completed. This incompleteness unleashes also a “phenomenal” intensification that can be understood beyond the actual existence of a “phenomenon” with all the limits of the Kantian categories. It’s a different metaphysical status of “reality”, suspended between the phenomenon and the noumenon that for me resonates with the virtuality of a hyperstition. It has also divinatory potential as a line of flight, but I don’t want to intensify too much the discourse. You can believe it or not. It’s a possibility I want to lay here.

Then, because of this condition of incompleteness, that cannot be completed if not by the singular creative process of the singularity in its complex praxis and because the difficulty of a judgement based on identity as in the classical first critique of Kant, I have thought of an “intensive judgement” based on “dissensus” instead of “consensus”, that could be an interesting guide for the structure and the criteria of judgement inside an editorial board which wishes to save the adjective “artistic” in the field of “artistic research”. Even here this tool can be seen as alternative structure for evaluating and producing knowledge or an artistic project internal to academy that can be experimented with as a performance, also with surreal and provocative contours. This depends on how much an institution or a part of it is able to put itself in play to explore new paths.

The above are the results with regard to my phenomenological experience of the field and the tools I have found to cope with it. My approach can be read as a *re-constructive institutional critique* that borders also the methods made familiar by Michel Foucault (because it works with written documents which re-inject the marginal “minor” in the institutionalized “major”) and Erving Goffman (in its Situationist/Interventionist Ethnomethodology).

In fact, to be true, results must be ascribed also to the subversive interventions in urban space. They can be summarized in the following way.

1) The integration and application of Deleuze's Theory of Difference to a Situationist praxis in urban space that frees Deleuze's aesthetic from the modernist horizon of painting.

2) Conjoining the conflicting militant traditions of Badiou/Plato/Lacan and Deleuzian anarchism (see the infinite polemics born from the "Flux and the Party"). Which means having found a singular unthought path in the relative theoretical dispute about the relation between "one and many" in art activism. This original achievement came out from the practical idea of the Black Bloc/Anartist mask that works as a quilt that cumulates difference (Deleuze) without depressing it through discipline (Badiou). This idea of the mask and the simulacrum was already implicit in Deleuze/Nietzsche but I have extracted and developed it in an art activist praxis. This "escamotage" allows a bypassing of Badiou's axiomatic formalization in order to respond to the problem of the dispersion of difference which is the principal criticism to Deleuze. Without the push of the necessity and the invention of a praxis as experimentation, it was difficult to think it just in theoretical terms. In particular, the idea of the mask, that can be related to the concept of "faciality" (A Thousand Plateaus), "simulacrum" (Difference and Repetition) and "conceptual persona" (What is Philosophy?) and in Nietzsche's Dionysian Mask (Tragedy) has been unfolded in the original concept of a "transpersona marker" that founds the idea of the Anartist as a singular multiplicity and a multiplicity of singularities that produces the emergence of the Heteron of the Anartist(s) as a disjunctive synthesis and the Black Sun as its counter-mythology related to a counter desire of deterritorialization based on a "destituyente" Difference of differences.

3) Conjoining the politically subversive, the spiritual immanence and the aesthetic through a Bataille/Hermetic/Deleuze assemblage that gives an actual praxis to the idea of continuum and responds to the criticism raised by Hallwards with regard to Redemption.

4) Joining the Nietzschean affirmation, that can be coded by the capitalist valorization of becoming, with a negative "destituyente" counter-surfing counter-tide un-becoming, that is based on the "screen" of the Black Bloc mask as an unemployable negativity for the system. This immanent strategy conjoins the subtractive and the affirmative in a YES NO! drift of praxis that assembles the subtractive profanatory attitude of Agamben/Bataille with the most affirmative Deleuze/Spinoza/Nietzsche will of *jouissance*. All the power of the negativity of the Black Bloc is affirmed in the aesthetic and in the action of the Anartist during its deterritorializing interventions in the urban space that, as Agamben would put it, profane Capitalism as the "great profaner". In this way I have given an original

response to the subtractive hypothesis of Zizek's *Organs Without Bodies*. The counter-surfing is not only a metaphor but also actually possible as I could see surfers riding the waves of a river in counter-tide by watching a video on you-tube. The surf provides a sort of dynamic resistance to the becoming of the tide: a YES NO! However, the "virus" remains the best example of "active unbecoming".

5) The Anartist spreads the virus of the accumulated scatology at the margins of the retina of the Spectacle. The Anartist becomes a "spect(r)ator" (a play with spectator) of a spectropoiesis that frees Situationism from Platonism's purist anxiety (a criticism of Rancière) and accepts to challenge the cool pornography of the Spectacle by infecting it with radically attractive specters (Black Bloc's symbolic violence) that cannot be digested by the Spectacle if not by an amplification of the Specter of the Virus. Once the virus is injected... a counter-Spectacle can grow in the Spectacle as an invasive Black Specter which invades the Spectacle by using its excited metabolism. From here the idea of a raising Black Sun. In this way the Anartist is an expression of an original conceptual war-machine formed by Debord/Derrida/Deleuze/Bataille.

6) Joining the praxis of intervention with chaomagic and the sacred experience of chaomosis. A subversive experience of magic based on an original de-re-construction of Aristotle's "De Caelo" on the basis of a chaomology engendered by the heterogeneous synthesis of Alchemy, Astronomy and Chaos theory. Inspired contributes to this construction has been inspired also by Bataille's *Accursed Share* and his general economy of the Sun, by Guattari's *Chaosmosis*, by lectures of Badiou on the Singleton and the pluriverse. The conjunction of the chaomology with the urban space comes by inspiration by Mircea Eliade and by Henri Lefebvre.

7) What I want finally to say is that all these creative synthesis came out through the revelations or divinatory intuitions of an immanent experimental praxis, lived in the flesh, and not just by connecting the dots of a theory in order to make axioms. This why I find it a misunderstanding when the reviewers say that I superpose a theoretical narrative on my "praxis". They do not understand that I don't need to discuss the "concepts" at long, because they emerge from "percepts" of "being there", more than the reverse. Without the living of the praxis, and its quasi-experience, I could not have these synthetic intuitions. Of course the purely natural experience does not exist, because as Aristotle writes, it's the praxis that naturalizes our reality and affections that are then lived as natural, but this does not mean that I am just making a narrative characterization. The Anartist and its praxis emerges more as an "avatar" (in the proper sense of Indian tradition) than a character. I think reviewers are often obsessed by a Platonic essentialism that hates the idea of the mask and feels manipulated by the appearances, because they divide in a rigid way the essence from the appearance, play from seriousness, the comic from the

tragic and so on... They conflate the appearance with the lie when there are also authentic appearances that I would call “manifestations”.

I hope you find some points of agreement with my writing even if, as I explain in the paragraph “intensive judgement”, I consider a judgement based on dissensus more fitting with artistic research than one based on consensus. So, good “agon” and “differend” to my readers.



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DIRECT REFERENCES AND “TONAL OR CONTEXTUAL REFERENCES”. A PROPOSAL FOR THE JOURNAL OF ARTISTIC RESEARCH.

As I stated several times in my dissertation, an article which is written from the point of view of *praxis* cannot be compared with the Platonic “clear sky of eternal ideas” which is proper of an article written by a philosopher who lives the *bios theoretikos* (or *contemplative life*). Indeed, as Arendt would put it, the *vita activa* of the *praxis* has an implicit connection with the “shadows and darkness” that Plato despised and judged as the “*doxa*” proper of people enchained in the cave of ignorance. (Aristoteles and Heidegger have a different conception of *doxa* and *aletheia*) In the metaphysical hierarchy of Plato, *theory* is placed above *praxis* and *episteme* over mere *doxa*. The realm of action and appearance (including the political) is subordinated to and becomes instrumental for the ends of the Ideas as revealed to the philosopher. University Academy has inherited this Platonic despise for “action” and the “darkness”. University Academy is founded on the dogma of the “clear” writing, “clear” methodology and “clear” references. It contemplates almost a mathematical abstract world of forms instead of the immanent transcendental empiricism of experience. It’s not by chance that Plato is the founder of Academy and that Aristotle founded its own school, the Lyceum. We should add Bataille’s College that is a Nietzschean radicalization of Aristoteles, that in my opinion is the most genuine strangeepistemology for artistic research. Now, as I have written several times, the rhythm, the style and the hybrid genre of writing about *praxis* requires a “weak axiomatization” or “weak formalization” that contrasts with the Platonic tradition inherited also by the academic journals in artistic research. This Platonic tradition contrasts with the field of *artistic research*, which is dominated by *praxis*. Artistic research is an edge that is an art in itself and must be arranged as an art. When I write about *praxis*, as I have done... I must make room for the narration of the artistic event through a logic, a pathos and an aesthetic internal to that “world”, I will be led to a flow of writing on different planes (“*piani*” in Italian). It’s a bit like a cinematographic or cinesthetic writing, besides a synesthetic one, made of a superposition of planes. (Cinema planes (*piani*) in Italian) There will be a close-up of surface in which I will have direct references with other texts and authors, but then, in order to keep a rhythms, there will be back-ground planes that I cannot directly quote as references in the article (I cannot make them emerge) or I will engulf the rhythm in an anti-esthetic writing that conflicts with the flow of the event-writing and its strange forms. The dynamism and the obscure depth of the active will conflict with the stasis of the contemplative clear view. The *praxis* must make a hole in the contemplative plane and suck it in the line of flight. For this reason, in the final references of the article I usually add to the direct references (usually a few) the references of the obscure background which impinges on my arguments. I call these references as “tonal or contextual references”. It’s like when you create a background with colors in a canvas, you need this less clear plane to make emerge the clearer figure as “materially grounded abstract lines”(to mention Merleau-Ponty). The background is all about resonances where the eye of the first plane connects to the ear of the background

producing a 3D “referential synesthesia”, amplified by the movements into a n.D cinesthesia: an hypersensitive and hyper-rational subjectivity. There is a synesthesia of references over a disconnected plane of planes that surrounds the sensitivity of the writer... but also of the reader, in its relaying to the abstract machine. The problem is that the journals just apply the academic rules without asking the “why” of the “how”. In so doing they will cut out all the references that are not directly explicated in the article. In this way they depress the potential implicated understanding related to background references and the “ear”. My proposal is that a journal of artistic research should have two distinct and explicit planes of references: “explicit direct references” and then “implicit contextual references”. To follow this esthetic schizo-line until the end, we should add also new chaosmotic axiologies involving taste and smell as virtual sensorial references. This could be a feature developed in the material design in order to give full intensity to the described aesthetic world; as a sort of Proustian relay.



FAUST & MEPHISTOPHELES

WHERE KNOWLEDGE MEETS UNKNOWLEDGE



Gian Luigi Biagini is the Doctoral Mask behind the Mask of the Anartist. He has a master in Political Science, a Post-Master in Communication and Media and a Master in Creative Writing. He has worked for decades in applied creativity as professional but he also started a career as independent trans-artistic experimentation: painting, installation, short-movie, performance, writing. Since 2011 he lives in Helsinki where he has invented the figure of the Anartist (Anarchist Artist) and the practice of Disturbanism, which is object of this anti-dissertation conceived as a disruptive cross-over between art, literature and philosophy.



FAUST & MEPHISTOPHELES

WHERE KNOWLEDGE MEETS UNKNOWLEDGE

PROTAGONISTS

THE ANARTIST IN THE ROLE OF MEPHISTO

THE PSEUDO/ACADEMIC IN THE ROLE OF DR. FAUST

CO/PROTAGONIST

PSEUDO/EDITOR

SCREENPLAYER

ANARTIST

DIRECTOR

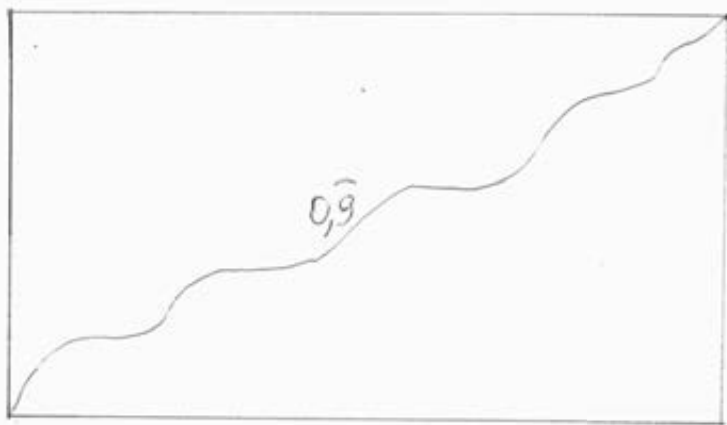
ANARTIST

ATTO UNICO

(e un po folle)



OCULUS N'EYE'N



DIAGONISM

FAUST & MEPHISTOPHELES

WHERE KNOWLEDGE MEETS UNKNOWLEDGE



ANARTIST

THIS AGONIC RELAY TRIES TO EXPAND AND INTEGRATE THE CONTENT OF THE ARTICLES WITH A MORE INFORMAL LANGUAGE. IT'S A SORT OF A LINE OF FLIGHT OF POINTS AND COUNTER-POINTS BETWEEN TWO DIFFERENT CHARACTERS. I HAVE NAMED THESE TWO CHARACTERS FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES (INSPIRED BY GOETHE'S "SORCERER'S APPRENTICE"). I SEE THESE NAMES APPROPRIATE TO MY PRACTICE OF "POLITICAL SORCERY", ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING THAT MY IMMEDIATE PHILOSOPHICAL SOURCES ARE DELEUZE AND BATAILLE, WHO ALWAYS INSIST ON THE FIGURE OF THE "SORCERER" AS AGENT OF SUBVERSION...

FAUST IS A ACADEMIC TYPE THAT OSCILLATES BETWEEN NEUROSIS AND IRONY OF NEUROSIS (HE SEEMS OBSESSED WITH ETHICS, CLARITY, PSYCHOSIS, NON-VIOLENCE, HIS "FACE", AND "POSITION"—BUT PERHAPS IT'S JUST HIS TASTE FOR HYPERBOLES). MEPHISTOPHELES, INSTEAD, IS ANOTHER MASK OF THE ANARTIST; i.e. AN UNDISCIPLINED ANTI-OEDIPUS WHO TRIES TO ESCAPE THE "DISCIPLINE OF THE FATHER", FOR EXAMPLE THE SIGNIFICATION AND THE CONTOURS WHICH FAUST DRAWS AROUND HIM IN HIS ANXIETY FOR CLEAR EXPLANATIONS. IN REALITY, BOTH CHARACTERS ARE AMBIGUOUS AND IRONIC MASKS AND COULD EASILY EXCHANGE THEIR POSITIONS. IT'S DIFFICULT TO SAY WHO, BETWEEN THEM, IS THE TRUE "PROVOCATEUR" OR WHO IS THE TRUE "NARCISSIST".

(A GHOSTLY THIRD CHARACTER, A DEUS EX-MACHINA, IS THE EDITOR OF “MY” TEXT. HE INTERVENES (IN RED) WITH HIS SUGGESTIONS AND PRODUCES HUMOROUS INVOLUNTARY EFFECTS OF SCHIZO-PARANOIA. (I HAVE AUGMENTED THE EFFECTS TO GIVE MORE GROTESQUE CHARACTERIZATION.) THIS INCORPORATION IS PART OF THE STYLE OF THE WHOLE ANTI-DISSERTATION WHICH SUBVERTS AND MAKES STAMMERING THE USUAL RULES AND PROCEDURES WHICH CREATE THE “SCENE” OF THE ACADEMIC TEXT, TO ENGENDER A SORT OF “THEATRE OF THE ACADEMIC CRUELTY”).

THESE TWO EXTREME CHARACTERS, FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES, IN THEIR ABSOLUTE DIFFERENCE, ENGENDER THE TENSION AND THE COMBUSTION OF A PSYCHODRAMA CONCERNING KNOWLEDGE AND ITS LIMIT WITH UNKNOWLEDGE. THIS PRODUCTIVE TENSION INVESTS WITH AN ANTI-PRODUCTIVE DISCOURSE, THAT IS EXAGGERATED IN VERBOSITY AND EXPLANATIONS, ALL THE ARTICLES THAT COMPOSE THIS ANTI-DISSERTATION. IT’S AN ANTI-PRODUCTIVE PRODUCTION BECAUSE FAUST’S ANXIETY OF DISCLOSURE AND CLARIFICATION FINDS NO SATISFACTION IN THE CONTINUOUS RETURN OF THE VERBOSE AMBIGUITY OF MEPHISTOPHELES. THIS TENSION UNFOLDS AN “OBJECTILE” WHICH PROBES THE LIMITS AND THE POSSIBILITIES OF A DISSERTATION IN “ARTISTIC” RESEARCH. IS IT POSSIBLE TO REPRESENT SOMETHING ELUSIVE, HYPERSTITIONAL, AND UNGRASPABLE ON THE EDGE OF THE BECOMING-IMPERCEPTIBLE? HOW TO DEAL WITH THE VIRTUAL, THE DESTITUENT, THE EXCESS, THE SPECULATIVE. ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING THE ANARTIST HIDES HIS OR HER FACE BEHIND A BLACK MASK IN ORDER TO NOT BE RECOGNIZED IN ANY INTERSUBJECTIVE IDENTITY-APPARATUS. IS IT POSSIBLE TO GRASP THE DIFFERENCE OF A “BECOMING” THAT DIFFERS IN ITSELF AND, THEREFORE, FROM THE IDENTITY OF A REPRESENTABLE “BEING”? THIS PARADOX APPLIES BOTH TO THE “SUBJECT”, WHICH BECOMES A SUBJEU (SUBJECT PLUS JEU (PLAY)) OR SUBJECTILE, AS WELL AS TO THE OBJECT, WHICH BECOMES OBJEU AND OBJECTILE. THE PROBLEM OF REPRESENTATION IS AMPLIFIED BY THE FACT THAT, IN THIS DISSERTATION, THE SUBJECTILE AND THE OBJECTILE ARE NOT ONLY CO-IMPLICATED IN THEIR BECOMING, BUT ALSO INTERCHANGEABLE BECAUSE THE RESEARCHER AND THE “DASEIN” OF ITS RESEARCH ARE THE “SAME OBJEU”. EVEN IF THE SAMENESS IS ALWAYS A DECEPTIVE ILLUSION PRODUCED BY AN APPARATUS OF KNOWLEDGE. THIS IS ANOTHER PARADOX THAT INVOLVES THE “RESEARCHING” AS COMPLEX IMPERSONAL FLOW IN FLIGHT. I HAVE NOT FOUND A BETTER “SHAPE” THAN THIS HYBRID BETWEEN INTERVIEW, ESSAY, AND ABSURD PSYCHODRAMA TO MAKE SENSE AND NON-SENSE OF THIS PARADOXICAL EXCESS OF SENSE. HOWEVER, IT WOULD BE BETTER TO SAY THAT THIS “SHAPE” HAS HAPPENED TO MY RESEARCH IN ALL ITS REPULSIVE, EXCESSIVE, MONSTROSITY.

PROEMIO

MEPHISTOPHELES: Dear Faust, I have just read your points concerning my texts. First, I want to make it clear that I am indeed an “Anartist” in the sense that my attitude is nearer to that of an artist than to a trained philosopher; given this, please do not ask too much of me in terms of Cartesian geometries of thinking. In fact, I don’t think! I only have what I call inspired “black outs”, sort of synesthetic and confused apperceptions. My psyche is different from that of the philosopher, it works more through synthetic pastiche and intuition than analytical logic. I do not claim to understand all of the angles of argumentation. When it comes to scholarship, much of what I write comes from heterogeneous and chaotic sources, often without memorizing the details. Indeed, my knowledge often comes from ethnographic and mystic sensitivity connected to the personal experience of my interventions. What’s more, you must add passion, dreams, ghosts, visions, raptures, a Romantic drive for self-sacrifice, and a multidimensional creative personality to the mix. Given this, my memory is unstable, it resonates like a character of Proust, often I cannot remember what I ate the day before; and, for this reason, I also often forget to eat. *My mind is always forgetting to be projected in what is an immemorial time of resonances (unclear).* From this untimely position, it is difficult to be a punctual presence in a line of time with a past behind and a future in front. The past and future intimately mingle in my mind. My expectations resonate with memories and I have a sort of “gap of presence”. I have many absences and excesses that forbid me to be a practical person and stay in the design of any apparatus of signification. From this uncertain position of an unstable subject, it is also difficult to relate to any particular “object”. If I see a slice of bread I do not analyze its chemical components as a scientist nor do I see the “concept” of bread as a philosopher but I see maybe a “strange landscape” that opens a story in my mind or vision. When I write I follow a rhythm dictated by voices and visions that appear on the horizon of a shaman. I’m a just a mystic instrument of alien forces. My line of flight is “supple” and confused. In the practical spectrum of the adult world I am sort of handicapped, I just should be the shaman in the tribe that is already inside me, or a member of a pack of wolves running free in the wilderness. Also, considering that I am not writing in my

mother tongue, this creates even more confusion in my untimely presence. For me the English language is like a prosthesis that cripples my expression, even if it helps my delirium and imagination by operating as a technique for de-subjection or de-actualization, unleashing a witch-flight or s-witch-flight toward the unknown. Given this, I will try to answer you by appealing to my knowledge (derived through reading) and my understanding (derived through my experience and my excavations through writing).

FAUST: IN THIS WAY, YOU ALREADY DESTABILIZE MY POWER TO SIGNIFY AND CONTAIN YOUR EXPRESSION. YOU DO NOT SEEM TO BE SO NAIVE IN YOUR WRITING. THIS INTRODUCTION LOOKS MORE LIKE THE FIRST MOVE OF A CHESS PLAYER WHO PUSHES A POSSIBLE OPPONENT TOWARD THE EDGE OF DANGER.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Be brave! I wait you in the mist.

Faust starts walking towards the fog with a lantern. His steps resonate but with a strange echo. Then he puts his hands to his mouth to amplify the sound of his voice.

ATTO UNICO

FAUST: WHAT IS IT A S-WITCH-FLIGHT? CAN YOU CLARIFY A LITTLE? I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THIS S...

MEPHISTOPHELES: Dear Faust I wrote “s-witch-flight” in opposition to “witch-flight” or “s-witchcraft in opposition to “witchcraft”. With this, I want to indicate the difference between “witch” and “switch” (however, it is not a true opposition, the meaning is situational). If I remember correctly, Nick Land often employs this game of words. According to Land, witchcraft creates a “spell” whereas “s-witchcraft” escapes from the “spell” of Capitalism by “switching” away from capture within the instituted Refrain-Signifier. In this sense the Anartist operates both as s-witchcraft and witchcraft through his or her intervention, because the intervention escapes the capitalist spell and generates a singular counter-spell (a self-generative uncoded refrain that is aesthetic, existential, mythological, chaomological, political, mystical...). Thus “s-witch” and “witch” are not oppositional terms. Nick Land’s game of words is played having Gilles Deleuze’s ideas in mind, wherein the line of flight is like that of a witch-flight because it concerns a molecular body (or subtile body, according to Tantra) that passes “in-between”. It’s an absolute “in-between”; a

becoming-imperceptible to any dualistic signification, a passing through and a becoming in an infinite rhizome and “a thousands plateaus”. So the “flight” is a passing through many intertwined levels of heterogeneous complexity: from basic matter-energy to particle-symbols. The line of flight passes through the indefinite of the Mechanosphere. Therefore, the Anartist has the experience of a body without organs. He, she or they fly through spiritualized matter. In this de-actualization, one can have access to the virtual-actual becoming driven by the virtual. This becoming opens the “doors” to a chaomotic sorcery and to the transcendental immanence of the “seer”.

Faust make another step in the dark and stumbles on something slippery that also has a disgusting smell, but fortunately does not lose its balance on the feet. Faust exclaims: “Fuck!” But it suddenly returns to his calm.

FAUST: DOES YOUR PRACTICE RISK BECOMING FASCIST? IT SEEMS TO BE INSPIRED BY “FIGHT CLUB”, THAT, ACCORDING MANY THINKERS, IS A CELEBRATION OF A FASCIST ATTITUDE.

MEPHISTOPHELES: I love Fight Club...and I do not care if it is considered fascist. This movie aliments my desire and my resonances...it's something else that, together with other anomalous and heterogeneous stuff, feeds my bastard desire to live. I feel affection toward what is interesting and seducing without ethical judgement. Flaiano, an eminent Italian intellectual, used to say that “two kinds of fascists exist: fascists and anti-fascists”. For me, the term “fascist” is not befitting for contemporaneity, it is simply a reminder of a leftist tradition with 20th century origins. The leftist blankets every new anomaly with the term “fascist”, instead of trying to understand where it comes from. Leftists are obsessed with their origin, by their grandfathers that fought against fascism for the Good; by the glorious history of their family. They are like Oedipal neurotics that cannot escape the Oedipal Triangle or the Cartesian space. They are capitalists of memory, they accumulate memory and identity. They are usually proud and socially successful people, almost a moral aristocracy with a privileged narrative. Usually they are also blazoned bourgeois and have an eminent position in the cultural industry: writers, intellectual, university professors. An inheritance of their privileged blood-line and their social capital that distinguishes them from the brutality of the people and their low populism. I come from a sub-

proletarian family of unschooled people with no cultural networks. Even If I went to University, 95% of my knowledge is self-taught through books I have chosen simply by trusting my own nose and the variegated experience of the nomad (in social and geographical terms).

Faust is still fighting with that something slippery that is attached to his shoes. He is thinking that all this adventure has no sense, why did he step in the dark? And also why to pay such a price for the shoes?

FAUST: CAN YOU CLARIFY THIS PROBLEM OF THE LEFT AND ITS ORIGIN?

MEPHISTOPHELES: Whatever happens is interpreted by the leftist from an origin that makes everything already clear and given. For me everything is ambiguous and enigmatic because I have no origin of interpretation.

I have no ground and I must integrate each event in my sensitivity, digest it and vomit it out as singular difference. The common interpretation, based on an established ground of values and presences, is too dry and ideologically stupid for me. Every phenomenon that appears is an island in the chaos and conserves the traces of an enigmatic heterogeneity. I think the task of contemporary expression is to escape the homogeneity of the capitalist signifier and the fold of the instituted signification of the political tradition. My political attitude is not one of right or left but is an a-modal politics of beyond. This position, usually, is not tolerated by the left. If you are not leftist you are automatically fascist and wrong. You are a psychotic nihilist. However, the problem remains of how contemporary expression can escape the valorization of capitalism and conserve a resistant heterogeneity that grounds a “new origin with no origins”. This could be something radically new because it would integrate darkness at its core.

Something NEW, not only in terms of content of subjectivity, (for example the gays, the ecologists, the feminists) but in terms of form, of a coming superject driven by an internal difference. My inspiration is a dynamic paradoxical form on the edge of formlessness. A new political-aesthetic paradigm based on an emerging schizo-refrain. Something that is not only NEW but that comes out from the NOW. From a groundless ground that has no relation with the idea of “innovation”. This “novism”, or better “nowism”, can also be considered fascist and dangerous by the ones who have a privileged position in the actual distribution of values and powers.

There are edges that cannot be decided... yet, in deciding to take a risk... an experimental art... that does not have an instituted definition... is dangerous. *As Bataille would say, it's evil that moves good literature (I don't understand this insert, it seems coming from nowhere in the discourse).* If I clarify myself in the “good light”

I become a flat figure in the like-economy, just an emoticon with a nice face. It seems that the emoticon of social media has become the hero of art institutions, museums, galleries, art festivals, and art academies. This is why I prefer to call myself as “Anartist” rather than “Artist”. It's more intense. In the contemporary capitalist net-society the word “Artist” is completely fucked!

The “Artist” is just a servant of the Spectacle because the artist fits perfectly in its representation. Even when the Artist works on politically well represented themes of the New Left: LBGT, Ecology, Feminism, and so on. There is no “seduction” in this kind of politics, it becomes immediately integrated in the moralism of the institutions, it does not challenge their power.

Faust is lowered down to take a leaf to clean the expensive shoes, but that one is not a leaf, what is it? It seems to him that nature, in the midst of this fog, can have many dangers. A leaf could be the tongue of a frog. How disgusting to be licked by a frog. Then, after passing the leaf under his shoes, Faust takes again is erected and calm position.

FAUST: YOU OFTEN SPEAK OF “BLACK TIDE”.

AGAIN, ISN'T THE IDEA OF TIDE DANGEROUS AND POTENTIALLY FASCIST?

MEPHISTOPHELES: Certainly it is. You are right when you say that a “tide” can create violent conformism. For example, I'm not so sure if the tide of METOO is actually liberating for women or is simply the violent conformism of career speculators. Because I have a post-structuralist view, I cannot stand with conformism; not even with that of minority-identities, that fight for recognition in a cultural panorama of signs and games of representation. In my view there is no ground for any representation of any kind, because there is no representation without bias. Even new representations are based on reductionist beliefs that constitute the base of their interpretation (for example of the history) and their organized political identity. I cannot stand any form of representation, not even new forms of representation. I am a chaosmonaut of the unknown and the invisible. These new minorities want their segment to be recognized and integrated in the capitalist

semiurgy, in the network of signified signs to circulate in neo-liberal exchange. The desire to be recognized as a political difference, to reshape identity and representation, for example of male and female, can become a tide of conformism. For example, METOO might bring back a sort of neo-victorian moralist puritanism with an inverted hunt of the witches (i.e. men) and/or a sex-phobic fear of “touch”. This tendency toward de-”touch” and disembodiment is already inscribed in the digital con-separation of our society. These tides are conformist because they are normative, they simply want to change the norms. Indeed, Socratic moralism has created the attitude of the liberal. For the liberal, it is just a question of changing the representation, to expand the differentiation of society, all while keeping the instituted form in place. Furthermore, the new media, whose political use is embraced by the progressive liberal, deforms the liberal form toward populism. So, we have a monster-liberalism. The new media creates a paradox where the individual is judged directly on social media instead of a court with all its degrees of defense. In this way, a tendency emerges toward an “illiberal liberalism” that seems to be more informed by the Stalinist Pogrom than liberal guarantees. These last, even if they were in their essence a confirmation of the status quo, they prevented a violence just based on public accusations. In reality, the changes of representation are a game that can be infinitely brought, because there will always be a part that does not accept the new institutionalized representation. This resistant conservative part becomes, on its own, the marginal iconoclastic minority once it has been superseded by the progressive representation of new minorities. Paradoxically, this conservative minority, in its desire to erase the new Representation, becomes the more in tune with the forces of deterritorialization and de-actualization, that in themselves, do not know any representation or value of right or left.

Faust is many days that is obsessed with the red stain that he saw on the bald head of the shoe shop clerk. He thinks it is similar to that of Gorbachev. He always thought that the Gorbachev stain was of the same shape as the USSR. Perhaps he had seen this image somewhere and could not get rid of it and had reworked it as the memory of one of his intuitions. He passes another leaf under his shoes.

FAUST: SO YOU THINK THAT DONALD TRUMP IS THE EFFECT OF A DETERRITORIALIZING MOVEMENT?

MEPHISTOPHELES: This explains the “disruptive success” of Donald Trump after the Obama era. Because people were sick of the liberals and their political correctness. Of course is a deterritorialization with a reterritorialization in the capitalist discipline. It’s a “Trump l’oeil”, the refolding of an unfolding, but as tendency is a deterritorialization., a telluric force. Then if you ask me if I would vote Donald Trump I must answer I do not vote since 30 years. As Anartist, I always feel the need to break the cycle of the fascicular signifier. My libido oscillates like a pendulum. For me, a politics of beyond means to break the instituted structure of sense without adhering to any instituted ideology and representation. For me left or right does not make sense. A crystallized representation is already unbearable to me. I have often felt myself placed in a fascist context among leftists – never among rightists because usually I have nothing in common with them and never meet them. However, when I provocatively created the exhibition-installation-performance ADOLE, written with the circled A of Anarchy, both leftists and nazis came to my exhibition. During the opening, I almost started a fight with a NAZI-PUNK (we were drunk); but after a brief confrontation we hugged each other and went to drink together. Once outside the gallery, with a can of beer in hand, this guy showed admiration for my creativity. He told me that he was a laborer in the construction industry, and that after my exhibition he was inspired to start making art. I do not know if it was just a moment between two drunks, probably it was just a bunch of bullshits, but it sounded authentic in the situation...

Faust touches his forehead, at the point where the bald salesman had the stain. The moment he touches his forehead, he realizes that he has not solved the problem of the smell that emanates from the sole of his shoes.

MEPHISTOPHELES: ...however, at the same exhibition, the leftists were really pissed off with me and still are because I did not appeal to their structural dogma of representation. I felt the need to differentiate myself from them. I did not want to be absorbed in their conformism. So we started arguing. Because I was dancing on a dangerous edge, they could not stand the ambiguity. They suffer from what Nietzsche calls “resentment” because they concentrate on their memories; on exclusions and inclusions with respect to their origin. They resent me because they do not understand my position...

The smell is unbearable and toxic...

...I stand for a sort of subtractive affirmation of an anomaly inside an instituted field. I am attracted to the infinitesimal that does not fit within the representation. I feel the call of the obscene, as Žižek would put it. The

leftists live their origin as an essence that institutes an ethics. They always live in an illuminated scene. They are obsessed by monuments of the memory and their heroic grandfathers. They believe they are descended from a morally superior race with pure blood. I do not identify with their position. I am a bastard being in becoming, which explains why many Academic reviewers want to hit me. They cannot read me without the memory of Stalinism coloring their view. Instead, for me, interpretation must remain open. Every phenomenon that emerges from chaos conserves the enigma of a fundamental paradox. This enigma cannot be exhausted by a relation between signifier and signified projected from an origin. There is always an excess that calls for an ungraspable difference, a subversive infinitesimal.

I think an artist cannot be judged within classical ideology because he does not signify what the signifier means. It's more like a "figural" painter that makes heterogeneous synthesis following a logic of sensation (to stick with G. Deleuze). The "logic of sensation" is not completely of this world. It's like if I say that Bacon or Dali were fascists because they designed a swastika in their paintings. You cannot pin down a painting or any artistic expression within a signifier. The expression of the artist is a preverbal game of the nervous system.

The obscure intensity of the nervous system cannot be made clear and/or extended in a logical system of signification without the transcendent violence of a signifier and a representation that falsifies the convoluted complexity of intensity. The aesthetic is a hyper-complex field of tension. It is the expression of an automaton embedded with its flesh in a field of expression. Even the unconscious and the play with the conscious is a game too complex to be grasped. To conclude I would say that yes, art is dangerous for democracy. Also for liberalism and any other "ism". Art applied to classical politics becomes populist propaganda without contortion or seduction. Art, as I see it, is a remote form that haunts our complex techno-society. It resists technonormalization. It's an ancestral call that has the potential to open a new untimely political form and a destituent subjectivity which destitutes also itself in its rolling and wandering. This untimely form is too much in the past

and too much in the future with respect to our alienated present. The true Anartist cannot conform and this is its anti-dote against fascism. The only “ism” the Anartist can be accused of is “bastardism”.

Faust tries to overcome the fear of the frog's tongue which peeps out in his mind, and lowers again to take a new leaf.

FAUST: ARE YOU SURE YOU ARE NOT BEING
PSYCHOTIC? HOW CAN YOU HAVE AN ETHICS WITH
THIS ATTITUDE?

MEPHISTOPHELES: I guess it is more schizophrenia than psychosis that drives me. Anyway, every action of the Anartist is beyond Good and Evil in the sense that it cannot be pinned down in definitions or in a moral organization because the Anartist tries to create something different that cannot be related to a system of references. This is why I am also diffident to the word “ethics”. I think mine is more an “ethos”, the searching for an uncoded territory, for a becoming-animal. In this becoming, moments of fascist psychosis or neurosis can happen, but these are just momentary phases of a wider schizophrenia. We cannot have a mature self-control because the artist must draw on forces of madness. So I do not care if you call it schizophrenia or psychosis. Risk, boldness, and a certain insanity are at the core of any radically nomadic expression. This is the case of the Anartist. We must run this risk, everything that happens is a bifurcation of becoming. I cannot draw a definitive clear map, nor even a manual of instructions to save the world, or I would create a religion with dogmas. As an Anartist I must run the risk of the seduction of the Evil, the risk of the Es, to integrate the quaternum – as Jung would say. I need access to the Self, considered as the material magnetism of Earth, in the-last-instance. As Anartist, I must pass over the ego of the subject of control. Or else the Evil will enter from another side of moralist subjectivity....

Faust starts cleaning the shoe sole. The smell is now more intense and also the vision of the red stain in the shape of the USSR on the bold head of the clerk...

MEPHISTOPHELES: ... I do not want a discipline based on principles detached from my “arche-body”. Sometimes self-discipline is necessary, but as an internal drive of the flesh that I am free to betray in a game of desire that I play with myself. I follow the self-affection of life as a continuity of the flesh, to quote Michel Henry. I do not want to be Lenin nor the Pope. Even ethics cannot be generalized in an abstraction but must

be related to immanence and to the flesh. For this reason my attitude is more of an ethos, a mute becoming-animal that concerns the obscure pre-verbal that cannot be seen, heard, and much less judged. It's a becoming of infinitesimal variations that can be detected only by the sensitivity of the flesh that experiences it. On the other hand, the risk is that psychosis can degenerate into a-moral cannibalism or an extreme a-social perversion.

FAUST: DO YOU FEEL THIS LUST FOR CANNIBALISM?

ARE YOU SERIOUS?

MEPHISTOPHELES: Personally not, but the Dark Web, which is our realized unconscious, is full of these extreme perversions and psychotics of every kind. How could not be like that. Of course the Dark Web also the screen of our fear and gothic mythology but I think that what happens in "Marianne" is also worst than our fantasies. However, this dualism between neurosis and psychosis is also very Freudian, even Lacanian... I like how Deleuze and Guattari overcome this view in "One or several wolves".

I need another leaf...what animal can have made a shit like this...

In this chapter of a Thousand Plateaus, they deconstruct Freud and Lacan and they lay the ground for a "schizo-analysis" as alternative to "psycho-analysis". The schizo-analysis is a view based on multiplicities as heterogeneous grounds for every-phenomena. My proceedings in the creative experience is similar to surfing my libido and jumping from one side to the other of the fundamental schism, it is like passing through space-phases. By that I mean light and darkness, reason and madness, pain and joy. The Anartist always proceeds transversally in order to "break through to the other side" to use an expression of Jim Morrison. Breaking through is the moment when I open the "door". It's a round in the Tao. Then I become captured by another attractor that starts to stratify me in this new dimension. Yet, at the same time, another force starts to attract me again toward destratification. For a moment, I am torn with pain. This is the bifurcation in the garden of the forking paths. Bifurcation is in itself schizophrenia. In reality, the catalysis is more multiple in spectrum than merely dualistic - the morphologies of phenomena are more complex but the tensions of extremes are more affective in terms of intensity and sensations. It's a fundamental and violent schism that

produces all multiplicities (the tail of the peacock in Alchemy). It's a fundamental difference, a dissonance, a potential void that is out of equilibrium—or, you might say, at least hyper-static. "There is nothing in the middle, only in the extremes" – as Jim Morrison was used to say. In fact the intensities of the middle are the ones that can be more easily captured and extended in a system of production and reproduction. The Capitalist system stimulates a speed that fits the growing of its own organization. It can arrive to a level of high flexibility but always in a context of management over its own eccentric drives. Even if Capitalism has integrated the schizo-creativity, it is still neurotic and based on the essentialism of "money" as the abstract manager. This is also the difference between a network and a rhizome.

This last has not standards and cannot be accounted in its creative process. The ethics of money is still imposed on life with its network-design. Maybe can be ethical to rebel to this Capitalist Compulsivity (this is confusing).

It's very difficult to say what is ethical, for it depends on a system of reference. For me my ethics is more rooted in the flesh, which has no clear system of references. It's an auto-affection. In fact my rebellion is more a rebellion of the flesh. It follows the logic of an urban insurrection, a "flesh-mob". As auto-affection and flesh-mob, the Riot is ethical. Even if it sounds a paradox because ethics makes me think to an anal subject all taken in its own reflexivity, in a rational choice between clear opinions...

Very far from the Sacred Scream of the Riot.

Faust throws away the dirty leaves. First he turns his back to be upwind. The moderate wind takes away the leaves with their load of indecency, while Faust is watching their departure like a dreamer...Eyes staring in the void...Then suddenly turns toward Mephistopheles, even if presence cannot be easily localized.

FAUST: YOU SCARE ME. LET'S TALK ABOUT YOUR BIOGRAPHY. YOU MENTION SEVERAL TIMES THAT YOU HAVE WORKED IN ADVERTISING. IN YOUR ATTITUDE YOU REMIND ME OF BARTLEBY'S "I WOULD PREFER NOT TO". IS IT CORRECT, MY VIEW?

MEPHISTOPHELES: In part you are right, but mine was not just a passive resistance. I must confess that my relation with advertising was more ambiguous: a mix of attraction and repulsion that made me schizophrenic. In fact I saw in advertising, not only the opportunity to understand the techniques of manipulation of the Spectacle but also to practice everyday the exercise

of breaking my sense as a unitary and ethical subject; I broke with the ontology related to a presence in a humanistic universal history (the Western State apparatus). In this sense, advertising gave me gnostic training. It was an initiation into sorcery. In Advertising, I dealt intimately with the legions of multiplicities inside me and I became Mephistopheles. I was infected by the simulacra and I departed from any essentialist platonic view based on the original. I came near to Nietzsche's view of the mask and began performing a multiplicity of masks to deal with different targets. I could be everyone with a mask. Furthermore, advertising gave me the opportunity to make a really "popular art", bypassing the snobbish club of curators, hipsters, gallerists, and so on. Yet, the major problem with advertising as "popular art" is that the opportunity is always there but I almost never achieved it; because in advertising there is a complex leveling of mediators that lower anomalies to the average. Too many levels of mediation makes the process bureaucratic. Realizing this failure was an important achievement. Indeed, even if I had succeeded at advertising, my successes were always inscribed in a Capitalist semiurgy-industry, with its rules that define the goal of a business, the target to catch, and so on. Advertising is just another machine for the consensus of Capitalism—it exploits creativity. So, in the end, it was good that I failed. It's good that repulsion was stronger than attraction. But this discourse could be applied to every contemporary modern institution, even a University Journal, for example, those that censored specific photos of my interventions. Or the museums and galleries that apply a sort of censorship through selection and curatorial gate-keeping procedures. The techno-structure of Enlightenment "enframes" everything.

So, my attitude, while I was in advertising, was more aggressive than *Bartleby's "I would prefer not"*. (Another sentence that came from out of nothing). I was both "too much for" and "too much against" the system of advertising. More excessive than subtractive. In this sense, directors loved me and my colleagues hated me. My undisciplined behavior, which they despised due to their own lack of boldness to be undisciplined, made them always conspire against me in envy. So much so, that when the director of our agency was replaced, I became the one to sacrifice. I also became affectively tied to these directors, I could not betray them. But I never followed them to other agencies, I did not want to be submitted

to a paternal figure. For this reason, I was always forced to start from zero with no accumulation of career status or seniority. For me, Bataille's concept of "sovereignty" is important. This attitude has thrown me into a nomadic life of downward mobility, rife with experiences and dimensions of a life without success. For this reason, I remained nameless and borderline, a survivor with no name, shipwrecked. Even if I did nothing to be liked by directors, they still exchanged affective judgements and colleagues continued to hate me. Usually directors feel surrounded by hypocritical and condescending attitudes aimed at making a career and to climb a hierarchy.

With me they could relax because they knew that I did not want their job. Recently, this happened in the University when I was denounced by a colleague to the Dean over something absurd. From the "homo sacer" and the sacrifice of archaic times, to the utilitarianism of rational bureaucracy of today—I think the "evil eye" has always been in play. It's Jung's shadow that affects the ego. Most people do not integrate the shadow inside the Self because they do not have a sense of becoming...they

fear madness as phase of a spatium of hyper-rationality or mystic-rationality (unclear). They think that whatever is not rational is dangerous and, by building a wall of defense, the shadow eats them. I feel this is particularly strong in the Finnish personality that is too rational and state-oriented. You see for example the attitude toward alcohol. It is the danger of alcohol in a society with a strong invisible repression. Many Finnish people cannot tolerate to be "themselves" as "individuals" and when they drink they explode. I think Freud to be the first case and cause of this. But Freud is also the product of the modern Western narrative. There is a long historical becoming of repression and normalization that created Freud. And however, Freud is also the one who wrote "Civilization and its discontents". I don't really know too much about Freud, I admit it, but the psychiatrists are "normalizer" that work in an established set of values.

The fog showed no sign of dispersing and every step forward could be a misstep. He had already been lucky that a frog had not licked his hand. His shoes were still always beautiful shoes. Of real leather, the only problem was the sole, tended to wear easily. Leather is not good with asphalt. Faust cleared his voice before speaking again. The place was damp, favoring the phlegm.

FAUST: ABOUT YOUR FIRST EXHIBITION IN THE MUSEUM OF ANTHROPOLOGY. I THOUGHT YOU

BUILT THE INSTALLATIONS YOURSELF ... INSTEAD
YOU MENTIONED YOU HAVE BEEN HELPED BY THE
WORKERS. HOW WAS YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH THE
WORKERS OF THE MUSEUM? I UNDERSTOOD IT
WAS CONFLICTED.

MEPHISTOPHELES: I am more of a conceptual artist
with limited skills in craft. I projected and followed
every detail with the help of the museum workers. It
was a couple of workers, one of them was anarchist
(but passive nihilist, he did not understand why I put so
much passion and desire in what I was doing) and the
other a fascist (or, better, very sensitive to the traditional
order and security with no aesthetic sense). So, when
I broke the vitrine, the fascist type put silicone on the
fragmented glass making the artwork solid and safe
(instead I wanted the artwork to be in a precarious
equilibrium to give an aesthetic sense of poetry.)
Fortunately, because I had experience in advertising,
I know how dangerous the “stupidity” of “practical
people” left to their own devices can be. I envy their
sense of concreteness sometimes, their life looks much
simpler than mine, but they can easily ruin the “objeu” of
an aesthetic sensitivity. They are “profane” with respect to
“aesthetic” sensitivity, because they can conceive only of
“objects” with material functionality. Not only this, often
they also lose the sense of an overall project because they
cannot see or imagine the poetics of a “bigger picture”.

This does not mean I am more intelligent, it's more a
question of sensitivity to a complex embodiment with a
transcendental intensity. The more you sense, the more
you are confused but also your imagination is excited
and resonates with the unknown of the outside. The
more you are present in the flesh of the world, the more
you are enraptured by a synesthetic absence outside
of yourself. Sensation is a mysticism of the flesh that
captures de-actualizing vibrations. These are some of
the many paradoxes of presence. Art deals with these
paradoxes and blurs the usual clarity of a knowledge
that proceeds toward disambiguation. This is why it is a
difficult to explain the obscure experience of art. Because
language and knowledge deal with a logical construction
of a discourse, with empirical relations of cause and
effect and with a clear terminology. My thinking can be
considered elitist and in contradiction with the Anartist
goal of reducing the separation between art and life to
the infinitesimal (for example, through interventions in
public space). However the Anartist is a contradictory

and paradoxical figure. As the object of art is an “objeu” (object with an internal play), the Anartist is also a “subjeu”. Sorry I love talking philosophical jargon as if I was at the pub, without all the care of argumentation of an essay. I Like the contrast between the alienated terminology and the talkative attitude, as if I was speaking about profane stuff like comics, or pop tunes.

Faust wondered why he had agreed to go to this place with this strange, somewhat megalomaniac type. He had accepted because he was asked by a colleague who had known him for a long time. It is the logic of the academic network. I'll do something to you if you give something to me. This is how one creates the basis for one's existence. No man is an island.

FAUST: AND HOW IT ENDED?

MEPHISTOPHELES: Because I knew the limits of my partners in the work of art (and also their practical capacity that exceeds mine) I arrived one hour before the opening and I saw what they had done; the museum workers had exploited my absence. I went to the museum director to protest and he declared that he did not know anything about what had happened to the installation. So, I went to the workers to ask them to bring the artwork back to its original force. My request did not work. They said that they did not want to work because it was too late before the opening. So I removed the silicone with my own bare hands that were bleeding by the end of it...but I did it anyway. I know that often artwork is completed just minutes before exhibition openings (sometimes even during or after). When set up as an installation in an institutional context, the work can come out only as a fight with forces of institutional resistance and reactionary micromanagement. It is in fighting with these forces that my “artwork” is shaped. Then, at the end of this process, you alienate yourself to the sympathy of the institution; because for them everything must be “peaceful”, “humane”, “standard”, “non-confrontational”. So I asked, why show anything at all if there is nothing problematic or affective to show, nothing that can affect the senses or the mind with a real difference. This discourse can be extended to all institutions. At the same time the institution provides you with means of creation that you would not have and also with a space for receiving the artwork. They also give you a status to spend in a career toward success. They are also responsible for the normalization of art, in creating tastes, trends and glamour; glorifying the names

of professional artists and professional curators that are then talked about in the newspapers and in the academy. They are also the ones that make the history of art by gathering large funding.

FAUST: BUT YOU DO ALSO NON-AUTHORIZED INTERVENTIONS. THE DYNAMICS IS DIFFERENT.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Of course, when I do non-authorized interventions, everything is different, it's another tactic. However, I like to vary my approach according to the possibilities that each contingency presents. I am contradictory, a little bipolar I would say. I am always torn by the opposites but is also a strategy of sorcery to stay on the edge of the bifurcation. Sometimes is better attacking institutions from outside, using the space as a space of transit and disruption; sometimes is a more interesting challenge to penetrate the institution, camouflaged as a normal conformist artist, only to turn around and break the frame from inside as the Anartist does. In the case of the Museum of Anthropology, I wanted to push the Museum to work against its own "abstract machine" and I was successful; even if then I never worked with them again. Even if I wish I could not. This is another paradox of the Anartist. It's almost impossible to accumulate a "brand image" or to construct a network, to develop a ground of belonging to flourish.

The Anartist is always in exile, always expelled from every territory, without ground to be recognized. The Anartist is outside normality and human exchange. Only the outsider artist is really interested in her or his need for expression. The outsider artist will sacrifice every energy for his or her craft, without care for personal gain or public relations. This is even more so with the Anartist that fights against any apparatus of signification. You might say, the workers and professionals that comprise the art system are simply following a career path or a safe routine. Nobody will give you a prize for being true to your artistic need. The satisfaction in this expression only comes from having opened a new door in your perception. In fact, I am suspicious of all successful artists, curators, directors and so on... for this reason—their motivations are mundane.

FAUST: YOU SAY THAT THE ANARTIST AND THE HETERON ARE OUTSIDE OF UTILITARIAN POLITICAL AGENDA. BUT HOW CAN I KNOW THAT YOU ARE NOT AN ALT-RIGHT SURFASCIST?

MEPHISTOPHELES: I do not know if I am alt-right or alt-left. However, I like to surf the forces of chaos.

If I am considered surfascist by someone it does not mean that I must justify myself toward an external eye; in order to appear as leftist or stop surfing altogether. Surfing gives me a joy in itself. It's a sport that saved my life when I was kid and my parents separate and also my family had a brutal financial crisis. I just went to the sea with my board waiting for the wind and the waves.

This attitude of surfing has remained as a feature in whatever I do. These dualist categories (left and right) do not concern me because as a singularity I cannot place myself in a Cartesian space with origins that project structures, coordinates, and ordinates upon me.

I am on the libidinal wave and I surf it. My space is a liberated wave of libido in the urban space that unworks even these categories. Therefore, I cannot inscribe my practice in a "safe" dualism, or it will stop my schizo-becoming. I always move in the third excluded, the line of shadow in-between zig-zagging and oscillating in an enigmatic tensor. If you ask me to cut a line in a piece of wood, I will never make a regular line because my body refuses every frame. I always go zig-zagging like Deligny's autistic children. This is why I sometimes need the help of practical workers. They know where they come from and where they are going; this is reflected in their practical skills. They are not infested by extra-bodies. Yes, I would say that my interventions are "flesh-mobs". My flesh refuses the Cartesian contours that organize the flesh in any organized body or ethics of castrated practical/poietic subject. I am engaged in a praxis and always adjust creatively my mistakes as fields for new potential becomings. I just follow the wave that is behind but also virtually ahead as attractor. Even my flesh is always in excess to subjective contours. My flesh is the becoming-meat of the animal. Mine is probably an ethic of the "meat" that desires to come-back to the background where it belongs—to experience immanence! The intervention is a time "machine" that I construct for this return to the untimely; a sort of return to the future with an aionic timeless peak in the crossing of the event. Yet another paradox that however grounds an I-Dio-Tao; and idiotic godly becoming in the taotic dynamism But, to make this happen, I need to transgress the violence of the designed contours of the subject organized by Capitalist space-time. This transgression is perceived as yet another violence by the techno-system, because it is a behavior not inscribed in its own modeling.

For a moment, Faust thought of a desert island. An exotic island, full of vegetation. I think that being an island at the end was not so bad respect to being a man. Surely it was better to be an island than to be in this humid place with this middle-aged psycho-surfer with the Peter Pan complex..

FAUST: IT LOOKS LIKE IF YOU HAVE A PUNK ATTITUDE.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Yes, my attitude is “punk” and is based on a continuous and heterogeneous synthesis that draws a line of variation...this becoming cannot be put in a tradition of the “left” or in any normative idea of politics. The leftist would say that my expression is not political, that it is just narcissist or humorist play without political consequence. It would be much simpler for me to say I am leftist; because leftists dominate the world of art and the academy (i.e. the territories I move through with my practice and theory). I cannot be leftist for this reason. I cannot bend to a dominant discourse or counter-discourse just because it would be easier. Domination and conformism are always relative to a territory. I always feel like an “alien”, an “outsider” even though I am often “inside”; the effect is one that subverts or reverts an instituted set up. This is why I could not be Gramscian and tend toward a hegemony of discourse. I cannot be an organic intellectual, I am the essence of the heretic. I would say that I am an ontological anarchist in the very essence without essence. Yet, I am not atheist in the modern sense, I follow a gnostic a-theology – as Bataille would put it. Sorry for all this “I” that I must use. I look like an hyper-narcissist. I feel too much at the center of your lamp. Can you turn down that lamp?

FAUST: IF I TURN DOWN THIS LAMP I AM LOST. PLEASE CONTINUE WHAT YOU WERE JUST SAYING.

MEPHISTOPHELES: I like, for example, Stirner and the concept of the “unique” instead of the “unity”. But I see that his book has been translated by Anglo-positivist socialists as “the ego and its own” (as a cult of egomaniac narcissism) or by Italian Gramscian Marxists (the unique and its property), with a patronal stigmata – when private “property” is never mentioned, if not in a negative way, by Stirner, that is against any institution protected by a general law. The socialists or communists simply wanted to dismiss his ontologically anarchist ideas in order to organically control the working class. I ask myself where the left takes all this credit in the academy? Even the New Left is completely integral to the neo-liberal project. Where is the moral superiority of the left? Have they forgotten the crimes of the Russian Revolutions? I

do not even feel like belonging to the “right” because I do not have a sense of local community and tradition, I am the most nomadic person I know and because there is already too many people inside me I cannot and do not need to stick to much with other people. I always will be a problem for any community of the right or left.

Faust sneezes violently...sorry for interruption...go ahead...

MEPHISTOPHELES: I do not understand why an artist must be of the left to be legitimated. I have never experienced free thought on the side of the left. Just camouflaged careerists that take legitimation from a supposed moral superiority. There is still a heterophobic project inscribed in modern Christian Enlightenment, and the “left” is always inscribed in this eschatological narrative of success. When leftists are open to the other, it is just to make it homogeneous to them. There is a discipline and a purity in this that I cannot stand. They use Machiavellian politics inside their groups to manage power; I refuse this kind of politics. This attitude is necessary as you establish yourself as a representation defined by an origin and your mirroring enemy. I feel instead more sympathy for the “right”, because it is further from me than the left, it’s completely Another World for me. It is interesting. I have sympathy for the devil. I do not like what mirrors my identity, just because it is near. But I never meet people of the alt-right; it’s as if they are simply too far from my anthropological environment. I would like to attend an exhibition of people from the far-right, but they much rather prefer fighting like hooligans in the soccer arena. I do not find this kind of attitude and violence interesting. In this way, they are enslaved to the apparatuses of the system. Their desire is too closed by a mind that is too closed. This happens to be the case because the bourgeois liberal leftist has left them in the outskirts of cities... left to their own circles to make war with immigrants and people they’ve never met or cared to invite into their homes. Yet, still I think they have something naïve and wild in them—something more interesting than the empty intellectualism of leftists. *The right is a body with no brain and the left is brain with no body.* I think Pasolini is close to me in his relation with right and left. Even my attitude is “corsara”. Probably because I have formed myself on his political writings when I was young that are pure schizophrenia. He searches always for a transversal position to disturb, transversally. Of course, when Pasolini

was active, all the cultural establishment was leftist, so the prejudice was still leftist even if Pasolini was anomalous and sometimes judged to be reactionary and stigmatized by the left. If I take Pierre Bourdieu's analysis, I must say that I am coming from the lower classes in terms of money, culture, and education. So when I enter in a group of leftist people, usually raised in a bourgeois intellectual family, I feel the instrumental training to political management they have received. They are trained to be the dominant class, to manage a relation; if not in politics and economy, in the production of culture. I do not have these utilitarian skills of management. I do not have this polite, social, and educated aggressiveness. My narcissism is primary, it's the one transmitted by the "mother". Their narcissism is secondary, it is the one mirrored in the "father". They have a solid symbolic structure that underlines their personality. I am more an informal "savage", like the guys coming from the alt-right...but, because I am nomadic, I have acquired the intellect of the alt-leftist. In my nomadism I have seen too many worlds to be fascist and I have too much sense of humor to stick to any one narrative. When I intensify I see a laughing looming in the under-text of every situation. I do not care if it's an alt-left or alt-right narrative, I don't want to stick to any ready-made narrative of any kind. I am a creator, I feel limited by any pre-constituted narrative. I conserve a certain anti-cultural naiveté. I am still a "child of my mother" even if I have "gray hair". This is also why I cannot be an academic in the strict sense, because the academia is an environment completely informed by bourgeois attitudes. I am interested in knowledge and I also think I could be a charismatic teacher in the University. I have already experimented with this possibility. However, the issues I take with the prospect of teaching arise from the general relations between colleagues, curriculum requirements... and the texts they defend, as these ones must have a structure that is typically bourgeoisie, and leftist of course.

Faust imagines being on a surf. He lives in a hut on a desert island shaped like USSR. Probably his position is wrong. Once he will get out of this conversation, a bit 'irritating, this blah blah, he could go on you-tube and watch a video on how the exact position of the surfer is.

FAUST: BUT IS THERE NOT A RISK OF VIOLENCE FOR THE SAKE OF VIOLENCE IN THIS "BLACK TIDE" THAT DOES NOT RESPOND TO A LEFTIST PROJECT? I THINK

YOU NEED TO CLARIFY THIS POINT TO MAKE THE BASE
OF YOUR DISCOURSE AVAILABLE FOR AN ACADEMIC
AND INSTITUTIONAL CONTEXT.

MEPHISTOPHELES: With the Heteron we are dealing
with a non-Cartesian non-Euclidean space-time that
cannot be defined with this terminology of right or
left. If you ask me if there is a risk of violence, I tell you
yes there is risk; especially if the tide becomes a molar
conformist mass. However, because the “mask” can be
surfaced in many directions by eccentric simulacra, this risk
is perhaps more limited than in a group of people that
know each other and form an ideology on what should
be the future and a hierarchy of chiefs and followers.

Utopias are always dystopias because the unfolding
of time is complex and blind. The givenness emerges
every instant as new from the dark. You cannot project
this instant in the future without creating a dangerous
conformism. Even if you succeed. To succeed is also
more dangerous, better when a plan for the progress
of humanity fails (I find this hard to follow). The New
Capitalism has inherited all this Progressive positive
view from the New Left. Realizing the utopian global
society of multi-gender, multi-race, multi-culture, and
so on. All with a new vocabulary of definitions. The
tycoons of finance support every project that seems to
eliminate any form of ancient prejudice with billions
of dollars. For me, these kinds of campaigns sounds like
a Stalinist “tabula rasa”, operated by the most advanced
forces of Capitalism with the help of the New Left and
its academic institutionalizations. The Black Mask is
instead impersonal. It is a battlefield for interpretations
with no definition. The sense emerges as a superject that
synthesizes differences and alimments a becoming of internal
difference based not on order-words but subversive
interventions. It is based on a subversive making that
engenders its own sense from its own making beyond
any discourse. This making opens the Heteron to many
risks. There is no reality without risk. Even secret services
could put on a mask and divert the sense of the black
tide. However, I am speaking of a hyperstition, of an
aesthetic strategy, of an existential territory drawn by a
life with a singular heterogeneous experience; this is why
I always start my essays with my biography.

*Is it the right foot that must be in front of or the left one?
About right or left. This guy is so boring and full of himself.
He thinks about knowing more than others. How can I present
it to pre-examiners. It is grotesque. He looks like a child. He*

remained at 15 years. He is almost 50 years old and still wants to be a punk. This is the worst of capitalism. It forces you to be eternally young. A Peter Pan.

MEPHISTOPHELES: I cannot generalize my experience in a political abstract plan because I am experimenting in an immanent obscure plane.

Yes yes of course big child. Your mom is here to listen to your bullshits.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Generalizing would mean falling back in a modernist perspective. I think ethics is typically modernist. I have never seen a great artist responding to an ethics.

Yes, but you, unfortunately, are not a big artist.

MEPHISTOPHELES: If they did, they would have a truth and they could make propaganda of their truth.

Even Majakovski or Marinetti at the end dismissed Soviet communism and Italian fascism. These movements start as open heterogeneous assemblages but then a figure and a signifier emerges that blocks the becoming in a form and hierarchy and channels the creative desire on the body of the dictator. This output is always possible even for the black tide. I do not have answers to project in the future, but I do not want to become a victim of my or your questions. I would be paralyzed by questions that are stupid like answers because the unfolding of time makes obsolete this questioning and answering. I am in a semi-obscure becoming. I am submerged by the matter where I belong, I do not want to abstract a precise outline. I cannot have this clarity.

I, I, I, I... am a bullshit. You should say this to be honest. One like this guy should never be allowed to walk inside academy. Once he is inside is like to deal everyday with a bullshit.

MEPHISTOPHELES: The Heteron is not a project. It's a virtual potential. Maybe it will never actualize in the future, but it is actualized for me in my interventions.

More? I cannot say. Not even Marx was consistent. Sometimes he was a humanist, other times he was a positivist. No abstraction can bracket the becoming of becomings. Not to mention the schizophrenia of Nietzsche, Bataille, or Benjamin. Their thinking is still a turbulent flow, it's not a geometrical construction where everything stays clearly to its place.

FAUST: I HAVE LOST THE TREAD. WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY?

MEPHISTOPHELES: What I'm trying to say is that the use of the mask is something "new" in the political

panorama of movements. Usually what is stressed is difference, every artist must be different from the others, or else sameness washes over them...and organizations emerge. I see in the mask something new because it allows everyone the expression of a singular potential or “difference”, without dispersing the production. I think there is something interesting here that I have experimented with. Not to mention all the sacred dimensions I experimented in relation to the mask. I cannot deny the limit of every experience, or I would deny death and mortality. **I am the first to recognize the limit of the Progressive view. (Where this sentence comes from?).** But I am not even obsessed with the danger of violence. I know that I will die, this is already violence.

The more there is life, the more there is death. The equation is always the same. If I renounce life for fear, I will be already dead. I am sensitive to the consumption of my body. This dualism of death and life is like two faces of the same coin. Risk of death cannot be erased from the human species’ experience – that is, of course, if technology does not invent immortality. Another way to overcome mortality is to experiment with eternity in the transient. I know that this discourse to its extreme can bring up issues like Islamic fundamentalism but what I want to do is different. I simply want to modify the institutionalized space-time in order to experience the body without organs and new incarnation. I do not want to kill people for a purpose, to kill in the name of religion or an ideology that promises me Paradise with many virgins...

Faust yawns with exaggerated emphasis.

MEPHISTOPHELES: My practice is based on an experience and a becoming, not on a pre-emptive dogma. In this sense my research is more transcendental than transcendent. The transcendental (not used in the sense of Kant) is an attempt to fly in the unknown by leaving the safe ground of an empirical experience already contained in a space-time form but without assuming transcendence as a principle that governs a metaphysical order. I am like Daedalus. I am a mortal that tries to push himself to the limit of what can be experienced in urban space. And, in my opinion, not every individual has the same relation with the unbound. There are more concrete and more sensitive individuals.

They have different experiences, they have different needs and concerns from the beginning. Some people are more prepared for the line of flight, probably because

they have had Near Death Experiences. Each person has his or her own unique skills and habits. We cannot generalize an abstract subject under abstract conditions like Kant does. There is not only “the” knowledge but also “a” knowledge. The second kind leaves space for a risky and transcendental line of flight to create a spark in the dark.

FAUST: IS YOUR CHAOSMOGONY AND HYPERSTITION RELATED TO NEGARESTANI?

MEPHISTOPHELES: I have read Negarestani’s *Cyclonopedia*. Not entirely, however, because it was quite boring. But yes, my Chaosmogony is dominated by cyclonoforces of deterritorialization that are destructive because the flesh, in becoming-meat, is affected and stimulated by these vibrations. It is consumed into depressive spinning bubbling if I do resist to the becoming-intensity and I jump into an intervention.

Imagine for me how boring you are. I have to put up with your ego and then discipline your sick brain if you want to do a decent dissertation with me.

MEPHISTOPHELES: It’s as if our meat reminds us of an ancestral wildness. This is not unlike points made in the short essay by Benjamin called “The Destructive Character”. In this sense, the movement of chaosmogonic deterritorialization is similar to Capitalism but more eccentric because it does not follow a concentric logic of profit but one of gnosis. In my intervention I participate in the underworld but also the overworld, less and more than human.

Finally I have discovered a very modest artist, very humble in his statements...this is how psychosis works in an aging individual that refuses aging...

MEPHISTOPHELES: Anyway, these forces destroy the “human figure” inscribed in the organization of space-time by the Enlightenment. This can only be an act of transgression, it cannot be an act of disincarnated contemplation that searches for harmony with Nature and Society. This is just an idealist bourgeoisie picture that expresses itself in “beauty”. The ancient spiritual practices that search for harmony, that are not transgressive, were designed to keep a certain cosmological order guarded through a caste system. This is why I am not of the “spiritual right”, in the sense of Mircea Eliade, Guenon, or Evola, or Spengler, even if I have read these authors and I find them interesting... I do not harbor taboos like leftists. I have sympathy for the devil because I read in a heterogeneous way. I cultivate heresy. In my practice,

I feel that I return to an act before every foundation, to the experience of chaosmosis. *Not even psychology can help me with this because it is inscribed in the space-time of modernism. (I do not see the consequence of this sentence with the one before).* I think general ideas

are useless, we need to modify space-time to reach the outside. It is worthless to participate in ideological demonstrations for a cause according an instituted political ritual in order to influence public opinion. In this case, sense will always meet non-sense. Classical political arguments are points of view drawn from an origin that radiates a sense. If I change the origin the sense changes. I want to make the experience of the anarchist sacred—a total but also singular experience.

Because I need more than a signifier to make sense of my life and my death. You can still say...yes, but the ethics? Let's say that my ethics is Spinozist. What empowers me and gives me joy to live, I do it. If I feel something is too dangerous, I do not risk. I do not abuse risk. At the same time, I cannot deny there is a suicidal attitude in me. In the will of de-subjectivation there is a will to suicide. We cannot elude this chasm between life and death. It's thanatos that moves eros and vice versa. It's the chasm of time. We start living or we start dying?

Every artist is creative more often than not but also destructive more often than not. How many great artists have killed themselves? The more you burn in the sacred fires, the more you risk. However, they were thinking the risk was worth taking. How many petit bourgeois of the bureaucratic machine have lived long lives without experiencing anything, without knowing anything, even if they were reading about it? For example, the great writer Saramago, before dying at the age of 87, wrote that if he could be born again he would have lived more mad and less wisely.

Now Faust is taking the sun on the beach of the island of his imagination when a cold drop falls on his neck. Then he is forced to open his eyes. The first thing he sees is a large frog with a red spot on the head in the shape of the USSR.

FAUST: WHERE DOES "BLACK TIDE" COME FROM? IS THERE SOME REFERENCE FOR THE USE OF THIS TERM.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Dear Faust I have invented BLACK TIDE to make sense of the Heteron of the Anartist, sometimes I prefer to call it BLACK SUN; it depends on the perspective. But, as often happens to me, I found someone else using this term on the internet. In particular, I have found this definition related to

“iconoclastic theology” and “insurrectionist manifesto”...

This comes from the literature of Deleuzian Theology. In Insurrectionist Manifesto, these philosophers speak of a Black Tide and I find it consistent with my practice. I think there is a rising of this kind of dark tide connected to a dark Deleuze. It's actually rising, it's not only my autistic hyperstition. There is a dissemination that must find a full catalysis. For now it is just a divination of a multiplicity that does not know each other and approaches something from different angles of a common puzzle. There are also the publications of the New York Editor Black Sun Lit. I've wanted to ask them if they might be interested in publishing one of my essays titled Capitalislam.

FAUST: WHAT IS THIS ICONOCLASTIC THEOLOGY?

A SORT OF “HOLY WAR”?

MEPHISTOPHELES: In my case, I will use the definition “ICONOCLASTIC A-THEOLOGY.” The minor sacred is a bastard sacred that erases the difference between “sacred and profane”. It's heterogeneous to the “homogeneous profane” but also to the “holy sacred”. For the “holy sacred” is profaned by the minor sacred. The left sacred, minor sacred, or low sacred, contaminates what is forbidden to be contaminated.

Let's say that the Upanisads are in large part of the minor sacred (the minor sacred is a concept of Bataille but also of Agamben's “profanation”). The task of the Anartist is to “profane” Capitalism—that is, to be the profaner of all the profaners. But the best explanation I found is in “Bataille and the left pole of the sacred” by William Pawlet at page 51 of the book “Bataille and contemporary thought, a collection of essays of William Stronge. Another source is “Renegade Durkheimianism and the transgressive left sacred” by Alexander T. Riley. Riley has also written an interesting book on the mystic politics of Surrealists and Situationists. However, I must confess that there are people according to whom Bataille is just a surfascist. If you are viewing things via the paradigm of the Enlightenment, everything that is not rationally and empirically proved and intersubjectively shared is fascist. Even Sartre disliked Bataille for this reason, even if, at the end, he recognized the value of Bataille. Also Breton did not love Bataille... the same... I do not love Sartre, who, like a “maitre a penser”, wanted to judge every other thinker... Whatsmore, I do not agree with the existentialist ontology of the subject as a meaningful project. These are the lines that strongly

divide Sartre from Bataille and the Anartist. Also to judge a great writer like Celine, as Sartre did, was a mistake...it is also question of sympathies and repulsions in the end...As an artist I am interested in what expands imagination and desire. I am interested in the mystic side of nazis: the disks, the search they made in the world for ancient civilizations, the mandragora... I do not want anything to be “politically correct” or “ideologically correct”. I understand the danger of my position and I willingly take the stigmata from people that consider me dangerous. I am very isolated for my punk attitude. But I like the artists that are “maudits”.

This guy is almost 50 year old... would you believe? It needs a psychiatrist... soon...

MEPHISTOPHELES: I think each one follows what he likes and cares about most. Of course, it is not that I blindly accept something dangerous, like Nazism, in its entirety. I can break several wholes to connect heterogeneous partialities. The heterogeneous synthesis is in itself a sacred profanation. Of course, I do not like all nazis. I do not like all Jews either. I like Derrida, Lyotard, Agamben but I do not like the Zionists, Paul Singer, or Soros... for example. It is an interesting practice to subtract from totalities in order to create a heterogeneous synthesis without the GOOD and the EVIL. We cannot be hostages of fear, the danger of fascism, or the events of the second World War. If I establish the protected stone of a dogma I elicit its subversion. It seems that I am protecting some values but I am just setting up the desiring trigger for their subversion. In fact, if I establish a sacred holy order with a foundation of taboos, I will raise the desire of transgression and profanation to that established order. The reality will always be impure. The desiring machine of the Earth desires impurity. Purity separates and freezes, it makes life profane. It's not so much the separation but the freezing of the separations that does not allow a body to expand beyond its organization. I have always been indifferent towards minorities like gays, women, and races. I could not understand these differences. I was only interested in the reality of an encounter with a complex individual in a contingent situation. But as soon as these “minorities” define themselves as different in a Cartesian logic of contours, they represent themselves, they make grow my desire to erase the definition they put between me and them. It's a natural scatology to exceed the organization of sense to access a body without organs. It's like if they

exclude me with their definitions, I do not want to live in a society with definitions that raises many holy walls that separate me by my sense of an indefinite. I understand the practical use of definitions but the minor sacred that is in me, cannot accept it. I do not believe in the “right of minorities” even if I understand the practical use. My body refuses segmentations. Neo-liberalism is all based on segmentations of minorities to integrate the other in the calculating equivalence of the system. I am not interested in Anglo-saxon Darwinist multi-culturalism. I think modernity is a big mistake because it is based on the left hemisphere of the brain and linearity of time, but I would not go back to traditional society based on the right hemisphere and the space with an eternal circular time based on rituals.

The contradiction of paradox and the condition of being a tormented Anartist is part of my practice. I try to express the tension of our complicated presence. I do not want to simplify or even find a compromise for my complex essence to become moderate. Your insistence on ethics and the problem of violence is a violence in itself because it forces me to wear the face of bourgeois and academic respectability. At the same, it elicits my transgression. It's the violence of the signifier that I am also forced, beyond your will, to provoke, evade and put in danger. We are an entangled field of effects.

Faust enters with his new expensive shoes in a pool of water with mud. It was impossible to see that pool in the fog that is there.

FAUST: WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY “MINOR TERRORISM”?

MEPHISTOPHELES: I mean...it's not terrorism as we know it. It's symbolic terrorism. It wants to shock the senses of the people in their routines. To show a radical difference that cannot be subsumed by the capitalist entertainment of art. Now creativity has become the fuel of capitalism. I want to contrast this complicated tendency to conformism and unleash a radical difference. The Black Block are the only ones that, with their symbolism, make this radical difference appear. They are violent because they destroy cars and bank windows. But if you think about the violence of capitalism and modernity, symbolic violence is nothing. The instituted system, with all its non-violent ideology, is much more nihilist and destructive than the Black Bloc. I could say that the leftist rainbow movement that goes on to demonstrate for their right to be integrated in the capitalist machine is much more nihilist.

Nihilism depends on the point of view. If I consider the “invisible violence” (Žižek) of the system as normal, every abnormality can be seen as violent. I am sick of all this intonation on LOVE. HATE has the same value as LOVE. They are fundamental forces and one cannot be denied in favor of the other. They are part of an 8-dynamism of energies that allows us to transcend ourselves as mature selves in an immobile structure of control. We are transformers of energies that allow us to fly in a chaomotic hyperstatic dynamism.

The problem is that the puddle of mud is high up to the knee. Not only will the shoes be dirty with mud but also the striped silk trousers. I hope a frog will not lick my knee. This idea resonates in his mind. It's a fear that sometimes re-emerges.

FAUST: YOU TALK ABOUT “HEADLESS ACEPHALIC VIOLENCE”. THIS I CANNOT ACCEPT!

Not even with mud at the knees.

MEPHISTOPHELES: It's headless because it is not “subjective violence”. A riot is headless because it repeats an ancestral ritual of tribal destruction of the capitalist accumulation and it is contagious because it is a tide of libido liberated by a specific alignment and excess of Nature's rhythms. The axiomatic extracts segments and connects them but a residual of rhythms remains outside as reminder. Nature is always in excess to the efficiency of rational systems driven by growing interest.

At a certain point the tension between Nature and the system based on human-centric figures explodes. I see the Sacred Riot as a natural phenomena just like the violence of a volcano. You cannot go to a volcano and say: “you are not ethically and politically correct”. It's an “anomaly”, that is, not only positive and socially enriching, as certain Anglo-positivist interpretations of Deleuze would like to believe. It is also immanent violence that responds to an opposed transcendent violence. It's tension liberated that produces alternative symbolism. But really alternative, not pseudo-alternative like much of cultural production. It's like anti-cultural production of an anti-productive war-machine. Baader Meinhof's is instead a “subjective violence” of an organized terrorist group with an ideology that selects its victims to realize its project. This is modernist Leninist violence of a rational group with heads and brains. The symbolic violence of Black Block is instead addressed to the symbols of transcendent violence such as Banks, Logos, Luxury Cars, Police Cars. Often all of these

are covered by insurances that repay the damages. The violence is purely symbolic and expressive. It's artistic violence. Instead, Baader Meinhof is actual violence on bodies, and it's carefully planned. It's not only symbolic violence but also addressed intentionally to the media to obtain an effect. However, the story of Baader Meinhof or B.R., and other terrorist groups is much more complicated than how it is normally explained. There is the intrusion of CIA and Stay Behind in the context of the Cold War. We should not make a positive or negative fetish of everything. There is no holy GOOD nor holy EVIL. You cannot press me in a humanist face like this. If I accept your game I become a normalized artist, too human and will no longer have anymore space to be Anartist. I become an employee of the academy. Maybe also a pedagogue that wants to be a good example for the new generations.

Faust tries to reflect carefully. How could he end up in this situation? So it was Friday when he went to the shoe store. He was determined to buy leather shoes, even if they become easily ruined with the asphalt. It can cost you a fortune to keep a pair of leather shoes in the days of Chinese globalization and rubber shoes.

FAUST: I FEEL THE UNCOMFORTABLE FEELING OF DEALING WITH SOMEONE WHO ESCAPES A FUNDAMENTAL QUESTION.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Poor guy...an artist that throws you out of your bourgeois comfort zone...I think it's never happened in the history of art...(ironical friendly comment) When the police arrive I need to stop the intervention, there is no other way. If you want to experiment the outside you need to go outside. Or else you can experience the inside of everyday and realize nice artworks around the context of a comfort zone. You can do a performance on "gender" inequality and call yourself political. Maybe you are more political than me. It is the police that define the contour of the everyday (territorialization). Who do they think they are, the philosophers? Yes, even the philosophers, in certain cases cover the function of the police. With their Oedipal fear that must draw paranoid contours and definitions on everything.

FAUST: YOU SAY THAT THE "TELLURIC EXPERIENCE" IS POLITICAL.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Yes because it concerns the experience of another space-time. You cannot enter a new subjectivity until you generate a new space-time.

For me politics is not just giving more rights to be all the same and working well together in the system as integrated differences. For me politics is experiencing a new dimension, the “disjoint”. We must understand what we mean by politics. I do not have your view of what politics is. This is how it seems to me.

FAUST: AND WHAT ABOUT IF POLICE PUT YOU IN JAIL. I FEEL THE NECESSITY TO ADVISE YOU FOR THE DANGER OF YOUR PRACTICE.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Thank you for your advice but if you do not feel like taking a risk, it is not a problem. Nobody will force you to do that. It's not that all that is clearly legal is also ethical. The Anartist Heteron is not a religious sect as ISIS that makes propaganda and brainwash until you explode yourself in a public square. It's not even a terrorist group like BRIGATE ROSSE that kills to obtain political goals. In Helsinki it is not even legal to make a “graffiti wall” but this is very questionable considering the shit of buildings that the planners realize. In the US they apply handcuffs on you if you demonstrate pacifistically for your right to minimum salary. You know, the “banality of evil” of Hannah Arendt, I guess. The nazi managers wanted to be good managers and be respectful of the Law. I know the Anartist praxis is a little risky but what I do is similar to civil disobedience.

Even if I am not moved by a political cause but by the desire of the experience of the sacred that for me is political. In any case I always choose to move on the edge of the law. I value a situation, I do not destroy a car in front of the museum because I know that I would be arrested. Even if it would be a great artwork! But if I go floating in the pool of the museum it is very much possible that I will not be arrested, because it is not well defined if it's art or not. I transgress the law of the museum but I do not cause a personal damage to anyone. You must distinguish between Black Block and Anartist. However, it is the stigmatization of the Black Bloc gesture, that you insist upon, that gives symbolic power to their gestures. As Baudrillard has put it, in a society where everything is a simulated pseudo, they re-establish the radicalism of the symbolic exchange. You put me in a difficult place by asking me to justify my actions. Because, if I follow your rules, I lose my anomaly that can be controverted and unresolved. You push me to condemn Black Bloc's violence and to take a distance to enter in the cage of the civil context and lose power of affection as absolute difference. My difference becomes

mediated and I enter in the play of the system of signs
that can be compared in an equivalence instead of
staying in the play of self-posed symbols and expressions.

Here we find the incommensurability between art and
academy. You transmit me the same castrating anxiety of
a father. Even if probably you are not much older than
me. Do you want me to be resocialized to the symbolic?

To the law of the father? Maybe I should go back to
school and be re-educated or I should go be cured by
a psychologist? Too late! You are a strange Deleuzian
because you criticize Freud and then you use
the same categories.

*Faust manages to get out of the pool, takes off his shoes that are
full of water, he also takes off his pants and leaves them hanging
on a branch. Then he unites his hands and brings them to his
mouth to speak amplified.*

FAUST: BUT THE TRANSGRESSION OF THE URBAN
DESIGN CAN BE DONE WITHOUT VIOLENCE I GUESS!

We hear the echo: guess guess guess...

MEPHISTOPHELES: Dear Faust, the design is based on
a moral GOOD that the system must reach. Efficiency is
GOOD. The good is in reaching the goal in the future.

The design is already transcendent violence that acts
on the bodies to organize them. Every line of flight is
necessarily an escape from this violence but at the same
time is registered as violence and evil from the system.

We must understand what is “violence” and the “scale
of violence”. We cannot live with no violence but we
probably should find a balance between transcendent
and immanent violence. My interventions give plasticity

to life to escape the molar violence of the Capitalist
model inscribed in the urban space. It’s a sort of micro-
violence. When you walk in a meadow, you likely kill
many flowers and insects. Violence is inherent to life.
Even love is violence because it “will tear us apart again”.

I do not understand how you can think that humans are
so separated from Nature that they cannot be violent.

Volcanoes are violent, animals are violent... What about
humans is not violent? Even Gandhi was violent because
he made British soldiers kill Indian people. Probably if he
had weapons he would have used them to defend them.

But he did not have any and so the “sacrifice” of Indians
with no weapons created a contradiction in the British
understanding of the right to dissent. But it was a violent

strategy anyway. The State is transcendent productive
violence and the war-machine is immanent anti-
productive violence that wastes the excess. It’s the excess

of the rational State that cannot be subsumed in rational production. To have a synthesis on Bataille's vision of violence you should search on google "Bataille on Immanent and Transcendent Violence" of Zeynep Direk but also "Violence" of Zizek where he speaks about invisible and visible violence. Then if you want you could read the reflection of David Graeber in *Revolutions in Reverse*: essay on politics, violence, Art, and imagination. Then I would read Michel Henry's "BARBARISM" on the transcendent abstract violence of modernity. Then I would suggest you read the essay of Benjamin on "Violence". I guess my view is consistent with these sources that are usually quoted in the field of artistic research. The problem is that in the Academic context the people just quote from behind their essays. Instead, I try to show a consistent connection between theory and action in my "praxis". I do not say it is a perfect consistency and I do not say I want to be an example. I just want to say that I am not completely a lunatic.

FAUST: SO WHAT ARE YOU SACRIFICING FOR? IF YOU BELIEVE IN NOTHING AND THERE IS NO OBJECT?

Then Faust looks at the bare leg, on the thigh has a red stain identical to that of Gorbachev and the shoe shop clerk. It's almost the same but looks more like Canada.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Dear Faust, you should understand that the sacrifice for a man immersed in an enchanted world is joyful. The vision of sacrifice as negative is a Christian idea and reinforced by the symbol of the cross with the pain of Christ and so on. However, we are talking about a sacrifice of the subjectivity built by the capitalist urban field of violence that forces you into the same productive routine. I do not want to save the world; it would be only propaganda because we know that we live in a complexity where the linear relation of cause and effect works only in Newtonian physics.

I don't understand where he wants to bring his discourse that we live in the world of Alice in Wonderland?

MEPHISTOPHELES: We live in such an interdependent world that every cause has many effects. How can I think that with an artistic intervention I can solve the problem of Libya. Modernity has created such intertwined problems that you cannot let all Africa come to Europe. This will just create a war between the white European poor and the African poor.

This is also an idea that can justify a phobia for multiculturalism that is a foundation of academy...

MEPHISTOPHELES: At the same time you cannot leave them in the cage of Libyan Jihadists and other kinds of criminals...The system is so intertwined that no one has the power to stop it in classical political terms. It's the violence of the transcendent that has captured the violence of the immanent (jungle). There are too many feedbacks to disentangle this violence. Even the humanitarian boats that go to save the migrants in the sea just augment the number of victims because there will inevitably be more people that venture into the sea, once they know there are boats that save people. Going to save them is an inductive cause for a disaster, in terms of Chaos Theory.

This is a discourse which can be in the mouth of a far-right leader...

MEPHISTOPHELES: This is an example of how cause and effect can work in opposite ways to what the humanitarian leftists think. Our reality is chaotic and very sensitive to small and casual variations. However, this situation affects me and puts me in a zone of tension and contradiction. I need to express this tension in some way that is in excess with respect to my rationality. I cannot make it in classical political linear terms, but I need to do it in some way...maybe in a poetic way (for example, my intervention about the plight of Libya)...Not only that, but I want to affect the people that pass by in urban space, to disturb their routine. Maybe just to say I exist. We share this trauma.

And all this contortion just because you do not want to admit to yourself that you are fascist, you do not want to make come out... ahahah...

MEPHISTOPHELES: This attitude is in a certain way violent because it breaks the public order and irrupts the ordinary life. It's also a reminder that violence far away is intertwined with the violence of business as usual. By violence I do not mean that the Anartist inflicts physical violence on people. By doing interventions, I escape the violence of the urban design that forces me to simply go to work and blindly consume. Maybe I could be fined for going to install umbrellas in a frozen pond, but maybe not. If I ask permission, they would not allow me to do so because they would say it is dangerous to go venture out near the bridge where the current is strong. They would never take responsibility and so I do not ask permission for my actions. The state wishes you to do what is normal, and they define what is normal for this reason. Nobody wants to take responsibility for

something out of the ordinary routine of normality. They care about your security and their career in so much as you do not interfere in their affairs. They fill the city with video-surveillance for your security to regulate behavior. We are so secure in smart-cities that we do not live anymore. We'll live to be 100 without living. I want to escape this frame. I want to die, I mean, I want to live.

In Canada there are four large lakes and in fact my red spot has four empty circles representing the lakes. Then Faust coughs before continuing with the questions. He took too much moisture. It would have been better to be an island in the Caribbean than a man in an academic network.

FAUST: YOU SAY THAT THE HETERON OF THE ANARTIST IS A HYPERSTITION. BUT YOUR HYPERSTITION IS DIFFERENT FROM NICK LAND'S HYPERSTITION.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Yes, it is another hyperstition, but it is still a hyperstition and works in that way. Even Neo-liberism is a hyperstition invented in the 70s by a group of intellectuals of the Trilateral. Anyway there is something in my hyperstition that resonates and sticks with Nick Land's. Consider for example these words in *Fanged Noumena*: "Sole agent of revolution, the Antichrist is not one but many, a swarm of masked infiltrators from the future, 'poised to eat your TV, infect your bank account, and hack mitochondria from your DNA.'" Here there is a lot about the Anartist and the Heteron's Hyperstition. I did not read this before having formulated my hyperstition. It occurred to me to read it after I had already formulated my vision. Here there is the "swarm", the "hacker's subversive attitude", the "anarchist gnosticism", the "masked infiltrators". This makes sense because the main sources of inspiration for Land are also mine: Deleuze and Guattari, George Bataille, Derrida. However, my view is also influenced by the Situationists: Guy Debord and Henri Lefebvre. But the biggest difference between me and Land is that my theory comes from a praxis. I started my interventions from a contingency and a need. From a marginal solitude in a foreign country, a need for expression, and a need for a space for this expression. This praxis could go on without a theory. There was no need for theory. However, I knew Situationism and I read some of Deleuze's books before starting my praxis. Something was already moving in my unconscious. I just needed to find the situation to trigger it and to make it emerge from the depths. Thus the Anartist, my avatar, was probably born of a long gestation in my unconscious.

This is the song of Death in June's "Little Black Angel"

Black angel, black angel

As you grow up
I want you to drink
From the plenty cup

My little black angel
My little black angel

My little black angel as years go by
I want you to fly with wings held high
I want you to live by the justice code
I want you to burn down freedom's road

My little black angel
My little black angel
My little black angel
My little black angel

Lie away lie away sleeping
Lie away safe in my arms
Your father your future protects you
Locks you safe from all harm
Little black angel I feel so glad
You'll never have things I never had
When out of men's hearts all hate has gone
It's better to die than forever live on

Even the song, all this is pathetic and embarrassing. This man has serious problems relating to reality. How can I make him understand that a dissertation must have a form... At that moment Faust thinks back to the stain on his leg. Then he looks at his trousers, he remembers when he was from the tailor. Tailored trousers. He had taken it this way, it was a way to oppose blue jeans and rubber shoes, all made in China. The colleagues would have to say but he felt the tropical island growing in himself.

FAUST: HOW CAN YOU DETERRITORIALIZE FROM THE
CAPITALIST'S TERRITORIALIZATION?

MEPHISTOPHELES: Yes, I'll try to give my answer
through the Heteron of Anartist. It's an experiment
that can fail. Until now it has worked in some way. My

experience and desire is to bypass the instituted form of space-time. You cannot deterritorialize if you do not move on the edge of the Law because the body is enfolded in the field of violence defined by the Law and the agents that enforce the Law. You have to reach the ambiguity of the edge. There, at the edge of the line of crisis, you can play with small differences that can produce a shift in the organization. Like grains of sand. Until you reach the point of tensive crisis, there cannot be any movement in the small hill of sands at the periphery. There cannot be a change of morphology. Of course not every intervention produces a “Landslide” (a play with Nick Land). Sometimes they are very small, as in the case of the Libyan installation with the parasols. This intervention didn’t even elicit the reaction of police. Instead, sometimes the action is (un)timely and relevant as in the case of the passports. The line of flight of an Anartist’s intervention is always a line of variation on the edge of the Law. Only in this way your difference can become perceptually affectional for a “Landslide” in the capitalist urban topography.

FAUST: CAN YOU ELABORATE ON REPRESENTATION?
YOU ARE CRITICAL OF REPRESENTATION BUT YOU
STILL REPRESENT YOURSELF IN IMAGES.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Concerning “representation”, the experience of the Anartist is not representational; It is a “manifestation”. To truly represent, I would need to be an aware subject that represents himself, as in a theatre with space-time references that define a coded situation. Instead the Anartist manifests symbolic expression outside the theatre... in an uncoded situation, where the event appears and then actualizes in symbols of expression (as in a catalysis of solve and coagula, in the Alchemist sense.) The Anartist expression emerges as a becoming of differences of differences. These manifest themselves in a dark Eventing that the Anartist does not control as a representation. Of course, once it is actualized, the “heterogeneous mandala” that materializes itself in a catalysis enters in a representation of signification, as Derrida would say. But also Lyotard would agree that the signification drawn by the surface of the “Great Ephemeral Skin” is a “tensor”. It cannot be completely signified because it does not stick to the technological design of external collective goals. It does not even inscribe itself in the Hebrew-Christian tradition of eschatological Progress. It conserves something enigmatic and an internal will of power that remains

productive of difference. Furthermore, the actualization of the symbol, the tale, and the aesthetic will be de-actualized by a new line of flight that starts from this quasi-actualized aesthetic territory on its way toward the outside (unclear). Because the aesthetic territory is not an established ground but a dynamic singular refrain that is in tension with its own representation, it is poised to repeat and differ, like an arrow in a bow. It's the outside of the outsider that has an internal will to repeat. It's a will of "puissance", not a will of "pouvoir".

Delirium, I cannot hear anymore, the pre-examiners will never pass such a dissertation...

MEPHISTOPHELES: It's a force related to the joy of expression that becomes an immediate need. It's a nomadic territory powered by resonances that stick but is not concluded in a unified ground. It remains vibratory. The refrain conserves a potential void like in Sufi dynamics. It always diverges by itself in the return of itself. It escapes to itself following the deterritorialization that is intrinsic to the becoming of the Earth. This happens because the aesthetic symbol has been produced by a non-linear machine in an intervention. An intervention is a line of flight in the chaosmos that generates a perceptual jump that has no reference with the instituted perception.

He could reach the island with a submarine...so he was fantasizing to escape the monotony of this discourse that insisted on itself...

MEPHISTOPHELES: When this percept is actualized, it remains a "tensor" whose intensity cannot be completely extended in a signifying representation. It remains enigmatic and potentially resonating outside of itself because it is not functional to an instituted design. It does not serve, it is not an auxiliary of a semiotic field of references, it does not couple without interferences and disturbances to a function and a system, it conserves an autonomous sovereignty. It is "master" of itself and, for the system of references, it is an anomalous "monster" that carries with it the non-sense, or excess of sense, of the paradox. This is why it cannot be put in a system of countability. It is master of itself. There is a dialectic between monster and master that bypasses the dialectic between master and servant. This explains the "maudit" aura of the outsider. It's an outsider not so much because it is a challenger but because it is out of the system of reference and its instituted production and reproduction of sense. The sovereign is perceived

as a monster against nature because it does not fit the human figure inscribed in the system of references and its reproduction. It's too big to stay in its place. Even the Freudian prejudice is inscribed in a human system of reference. The representation is always human and what is not human deserves a stigma that neutralizes its dangerous affection. In fact, pushing yourself beyond representation is a sacrifice because it implies the pain of not being understood. It's a jouissance that empowers the will to power but also a pain of not being recognized in a system based on a panoptical human identity (that is also technocratic in our societies). This is also the contrast between finitude and infinity. The infinite is indefinite and scary. It cannot be recognized and understood completely, and this situation generates a lot of misunderstanding. The human and the more-than-human enter into a conflicted relation. The sovereign, in the sense of Bataille, is alone, even if it elicits ambiguous feelings of admiration and envy. The sovereign is attractive and repulsive at the same time. This ambiguity is also a wound inside the sovereign because he is still human and connected to other humans, even if he participates in the non-human. The enigma and the darkness of the schism persists and cannot be represented as more-than-human. Actually, intensification cannot be represented even as anti-representation. It's a labyrinth that escapes definition. This is why I accompany the images of my intervention, that are recorded by video and images, with these writings. I want to show what the image cannot do, but I understand that I will fall into a weird circle. So my relation with representation is still ambiguous and painful...I can push myself to a certain limit but I cannot overcome those limits. My feelings also oscillate and I often enter into contradiction. I am in a continuous shifting and the sense of what I write does not pin down something essential, it still escapes, and what remains on the paper does not do justice to the complexity. At the limit, this dissertation is a neurotic failure. A Kafkaesque literary enterprise.

He probably begins to understand that this text does not add anything to the dissertation. It is just a talkative exercise. Faust puts his pants back on. What to do with the shoes? Now they are ruined by the water and the mud.

FAUST: WHAT IS THIS IDEA OF THE BLACK SUN? A SORT OF FANATIC RELIGION? ARE YOU CREATING A NEW ISIS?

MEPHISTOPHELES: The only thing that I have in common with ISIS is a strong iconoclastic attitude. However my iconoclasm is strongly bastard, it tends to profane Capitalism and does not want to re-establish a dogma of purity. It goes in the opposite direction of ISIS...it's a bastard becoming. This idea of the Black Sun, that I drew as heterogeneous material, is not part of a fideistic religion. It just helps me to visualize a complexity of planes. All the components of my praxis come to me after a becoming and an encounter and are not forced over my narrative. It's like a sympathetic attraction that elicits a simultaneous revelation. Synchronicities and heterogeneous sympathetic attractions enter in the action of the Anartist as productive revelations of components of a mysterious assemblage that empowers a line of flight. This is true for the single intervention but also for my praxis as a multiplicity of resonating interventions. The eroticism of Earth, in conjunction with the eroticism of the unconscious, produces components for a mystic and aesthetic empowerment. I used to say that I do not have an ethics but I am magn-ethics. My refrain generates the attraction of its future components. It resonates in itself, amplifying itself and attracting resonances as counter-points of a ritournelle, like the chanting of birds. One responds to the other. *The refrain, because it has resonances, is also a form of magnetic self-hypnosis. I follow my musical hypnosis like an automaton. I let the refrain expresses itself impersonally, even if I participate actively in it (unclear).* It's a chasm of being passive while being active. It's a dance that happens inside a molecular body without organs, not full nor empty, always in the logic of points and counter-points. The Anartist emerges as an avatar empowered by the internal movement of this refrain. The refrain is like an hypnotic mantra that connects me to the mesmerism of the Earth. Also the Chaosmogony that comes out from my praxis is a form of hypnotic resonance engendered by material forces and Chaosmic Differentiators (the Black, the White, the Red)...In fact the resonance is enchanting...the snake is sensitive hypnotism by a musical refrain that is itself a Snake of forces. It's a becoming-Snake. And it's a self-hypnosis because the difference of the refrain is internal, it's a difference as such. Self-hypnosis is fundamental to succeed in the intervention and to produce the aesthetic mystic components of the Anartist. The self-hypnosis is an overcoming of the limits of subjectivity and a

participation in an ocean of “theatrical flows” of the virtual. The capacity to intercept a “theatrical flow” through self-hypnosis and to surf its current is what allows Ronaldo to jump in the sky from nowhere and perform a bicycle kick goal that surprises any defensive plan. It’s an instantaneous participation to the Chaomic Dynamism of a Super-8 hyperstatic equilibrium that follows the super-dynamism of entangled super-speeds: the rotation of Earth, of the Sun, and the attraction of the Black Mass (or Black Sun).

Even less, even less and graceless emphasis, Faust thinks as he looks at his wet shoes but with a ear to the discourse of M... At the bottom they are only wet. Because to dramatize and to say they are ruined. Then he sits on a large frog with a red spot on his head and puts on his shoes.

FAUST: COULD YOU ELABORATE ON THE PROCESS OF “RESONANCE?”

MEPHISTOPHELES: Dear Faust, this idea of resonance, that is in Deleuze and Guattari, can be found also in the philosophy of the heretic magus Giordano Bruno. He has a personal interpretation of the Myth of Actaeon and Diana (Artemis in Greek mythology) that goes against the negative prejudice over the “passion” that was instituted by the Church of the Middle Age. Actaeon is a hunter looking for a divine pray... Diana... but as soon he sees her he is turned into a stag (becoming-animal). The hunter becomes a pray hunted by his own dogs, which represent his passional search for a divine truth (Natura Naturans as the virtual field of actualization of Natura Naturata). This myth of Actaeon can be interpreted as the reversion reached in a passionate research, as soon as he passes a certain threshold of intensity, it is the esoteric knowledge that comes to Actaeon through an attractive resonance. The hunter, Actaeon, who is moved toward an ungraspable attraction, becomes hunted by the hidden knowledge after the appearance of the naked “Diana”, i.e. the goddess of the hunt and the naked truth, who also symbolizes the elusive Natura Naturans (the virtual).

At a certain point of intensity of research there is an inversion of magnetism and resonance and the searcher is searched by a revelation. This is what I mean by Black 8. This seems to also happen in the intervention, at a certain point of the action there is an “Eternal Return” of Resonance that allows the encounter of a becoming with mystic components. It’s like an assemblage of a resonant “refrain”. **This Resonance looks also like the “pure form of time” ... a simultaneous and mystic**

unfolding and enfolding that is timeless and driven by the eroticism (magnetism) of a complex entanglement of a Sin-Theon in flight which responds to a Singleton in flight. (Not understood) Once this omega-point is reached, where Acteon can see the blinding nudity of Diana (the naked true), we participate in a form of mysticism of Nature, elicited by Eros, that establishes a conjunctive disjunction (mystic bond) between finitude and infinity, natura naturata and natura naturans, through resonance. The knowledge that Actaeon is looking for on his hunt becomes an “inner experience” because he becomes coextended as Nature but also with the paradox of its internal schism. This paradoxical experience of Dark Enlightenment (in the sense of Black Sun) is heroic because it is also inhumanly painful. In fact the schism between finite and infinite cannot be completely overcome but just intuited and experienced as a passionate turmoil on the edge of madness. This sacrifice, to access the hidden knowledge that meets non-knowledge, that is also a becoming-animal (the hunting dogs) founds the ethos of Giordano Bruno’s figure of the “furious”.

Faust exclaims... damn these shoes are water soups!

FAUST: DON’T WORRY, CONTINUE!

MEPHISTOPHELES: Bruno opposes the “furious” to the scholastic “sapiant” inherited from Middle Age. The “furious” is a figure between the philosopher and the artist that cannot unify knowledge but is torn by the bites of the dogs he has unleashed to hunt Diana (i.e., Artemis, consider the potential resonating disclosure of the names in play, for example with Art). Actaeon (another important name based on Action and Eon as a timeless dimension of time) is transformed into a stag and hunted and assailed by its own dogs. It’s a dramatic image that is the price of knowledge, however this pain does not prevent the “furious” to endeavor its sacrifice to access, through its intense research, this naked truth or noumenal primal scene.

No man is an island because he is not enough big to be an island. I would like to be a lush monad like an atoll in Polynesia, with an atomic lava bomb in the center ready to explode. A passionate being that is self-founded without having to suffer the flatness of civilization.

FAUST: AND WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER FIGURE, THE SAPIENT?

MEPHISTOPHELES: The scholastic “sapiant” (that is wise) contemplates the truth by situating himself in a point of observation indifferent to one

of the fundamental properties of truth, I mean...the “contrariety” which is implicit in the paradox. He wants everything “clear” and “explained”. The “furious” (that is also mad), on the other hand, diverges on the opposites by operating a “dis-quartering” of himself. He integrates the diverging bifurcating forces of the paradox inside his desire (in a psychosomatic earthquake). To me this heroic attitude in search of an ungraspable noumenal experience resonates with Nietzsche’s “übermensch” but also with Deleuze and Guattari’s “schizophrenic seer” and with the experience of the “Anartist”. The Anartist activates its refrain and its avatar through resonances by generating an attractive singular chaosmogony and a myth-poiesis that, to its own, resonates with archetypes and myths that are rooted in the evolutionary psyche of the species and intra-species connected with Natura Naturans. It’s a furious de-actualization through action and resonance to encompass the fundamental schismatic becoming.

Now does he compare himself to Giordano Bruno, when he will compare with Leonardo or Michelangelo? Describing himself as a genius is not the maximum of genius.

MEPHISTOPHELES: There is also a symbiotic intensionality between Actaeon and the Anartist that can open to the experience of the Sin-Theon as schizo-process of a Chaosmic Body Without Organs. However, because Natura Naturans deterritorializes toward the infinite, the Chaosmology, should be more a Chaosmogony...I mean...a perpetual becoming that dies and is born again, as Actaeon, to a different stage of awareness that is still however haunted by the “blindness” of the paradox. (Too convoluted and unclear). There is not an “essential true” that a “being” can know but a dis-quartering (disquartamento) “tension” toward true that is ungraspable and paradoxical. The truth is the powerful movement itself of the Singleton of the Sin-Theon. The “furious”, as the “Anartist”, participates in this non-knowledge that forms a resonating chasm with knowledge without eliminating the schism. This is also a chasm between finite and infinite that can be only catch by resonances and alliterations...

What a great poet...ahahah...I can’t believe it...this man is an island of narcissism.

MEPHISTOPHELES: This is why the chaosmogony of the Anartist can never become a religion with dogma and rituals. It’s a becoming that is hidden to the Anartist itself as a form of “blindness” inscribed

in the infinite metamorphosis. Whatsmore, I cannot know when I reach the threshold of the “Eternal Return”; I have to forget the subjective consciousness of this experience when I am in the continuum of the action, the search, the hunt. Furthermore, we can be aware of the dynamics of the Mecanosphere and even surf it, but we cannot grasp the “final quasi-cause” of our attraction because it is always moving. This is also consistent with the deterritorialization of the Earth-Sun entanglement generated by the Black Sun (Black Mass). Deterritorialization allows the life of the bio-sphere not to implode but its explosion is also a painful and blind experience of death—a heroic adventure in the darkness.

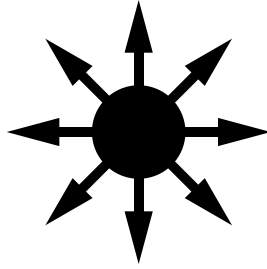
*The heroic adventures of a desperate middle aged man...
this is capitalism baby!*

MEPHISTOPHELES: The darkness can always be crossed and explored but without reaching a complete map of it. It can just be surfed in an action to bring to light the “experience” of following the call of the attractor of deterritorialization (a virtual schizo-God immanent to our experience?) (What?) Hyperstitions, Mythopoiesis, Earthlings, and Chaosmogony are minor forms of Dionysian quasi-divination that deal with the chasm between visible and invisible, light and darkness, blindness and revelation, revelation and creation, finitude and infinite. Everything is revealed/created. The act of revealing and creating is simultaneous because of the deterritorialization. Active search is necessary for revelation. This active search is also a creation. One moves toward the other in a active/passive chasm, like a kiss with closed eyes. This chasm is productive but also an unsolvable enigma because it puts in relation two heterogeneities that cannot reach identity. The relation is not stable, it’s like the dynamism of the Tao. However one of the terms cannot suppress the other. Suppressing this tension would mean creating a system based on a transcendent principle as the “sapient” does, instead of accepting an immanent bifurcation that resonates in a oscillating vibration. Also this chasm between visible and invisible, darkness and light is an intensified metaphor of the Black Sun that, like every symbol, is multi-dimensional and cannot be exhausted by an explanation.

Even the symbol, that diverges in this feature by the sign, has its own darkness, but it also has the potential of a hyper-rationality (unfolding) that explodes in many directions. In this sense (maybe I am exaggerating with my intuitive narcissism), the Black Sun, with its multi-

directional rays can be considered the symbol of all symbols. Allow me this exaggeration, we live in a “sea of delirium” as Erasmus from Rotterdam would put it. This said, I think to be the most far from militant fanaticism and discipline, I always find channels between the mystic delirium and the rational, but I cannot deny that this excess of passion for the invisible beyond the visible is something fanatic in itself. I must endure a furious contortion to follow this passion. I could be clearer and simpler in my explanations. Yet, if I were to do so, I would be recognized by other humans as normal and avoid being named a psychotic.

This is the Black Sun of Chaosmagic.



This is the song “Black Sun Rising” of Boyd Rice and
Death in June.

The stones of a house
Come to life
And kill those inside
Statues of bronze
Begin to breathe
Black sun rise

A world is born
Another dies
Black sun rise

Decaying flesh
Gives birth to flies
Black sun rise

Demons and angels
Before our eyes
Black sun rise

Black sun gleaming
Black sun dreaming
Black sun rise

Columns tumble
Faiths all crumble
Black sun rise

Black sun raises
Black sun blazes
Black sun rise

Now the diagnosis seems clear to me. This man has serious psychopathic problems and personality disorders. Faust gets up on his feet and the frog jumps away...he disappears in the water... "luckily he did not lick my hands"... Faust thinks. Then he closes his eyes and imagines the Caribbean island. He hears the song of the parrots.

FAUST: DOESN'T THE IMPETUS OF AFFIRMATION OF THE ANARTIST, AND ITS RELATION WITH THE VIOLENT ATTITUDE OF BLACK BLOC, CARRY OVER TO A FASCIST ATTITUDE?

MEPHISTOPHELES: You are obsessed with fascism! The affirmation cannot be "fascist" (if we want to use this old terminology that is already in itself "fascist"), because its intensity repeats itself with difference... It's like a composition of simulacra that diverges eccentrically and superposes in irrational resonating series. It does not rotate around a Platonic center of purism that constitutes the unity, an axiomatic totality of a one. The one is always subtracted and cannot establish an order of foundation. There is always a subtraction that disrupts the unity of a systematization. I think the militant, with its ideological project, has an authoritarian tendency, for example the ones who channel Deleuze in a workerist Marxism. I cannot stand the people of the Common.

How can I defend this asocial psychopath...he is disgusting... he searches always the conflict, the diffraction...

MEPHISTOPHELES: The Heteron is affirmative but also subtractive...it keeps on diverging even if it has a mechanism of return based on the transpersona mask. It can be violent in the impact with the structure but my work is aesthetic...I feel that I belong but also do not to belong to Black Bloc...there is a difference, a chasm and a schism,...this is why I use Black Bloc outside of its representation. I contaminate this potential virus with other heterogeneous strains and I use it as "screen" against the valorization that capital exerts on every form of creativity today. My expression is a contingent experiment, I cannot make a metaphysics of it. If I should see that my becoming takes a dangerous path for me or the others, I can always diverge. I do not know if this is a sufficient answer. I cannot control the future. I cannot even eliminate violence from the experience of metamorphosis of Nature. Every action is violence that tears, bends, cuts, and so on... Death and life are two faces of the same coin.

I am a violent narcissist! Now you should just present my dissertation to your colleagues. You just must put your face

*on my narcissism....Ahahahahah! I would prefer to shoot
a bullet in my head than to put my career at stake.*

MEPHISTOPHELES: Everything is intertwined and impure in the rhizome at the core of our existence and all of this is before the Good and the Evil of the actualized subject. The subject is an effectuated fiction of an apparatus of actualization – for example, the State (as shown by Foucault) – that cuts the rhizome with an act of transcendent violence that expels the darkness. In this sense even the ethical subject that wants to avoid violence is violent. It just hides the scatology of the cut that creates the contours of an organism such as the State.

For example with a system of sewers for the excrement, as well explained by the “History of Shit” by Dominique Laporte. (This insert is forced.) Civilization and Progress

are a self-illusion of a subject who lives in a sanitized ethical system of clarity, separated by the obscurity of a wider rhizome and its immanent but revelatory violence. Again, this illusion is produced by an act of transcendent violence that is connected to the violence of immanence

by a chasm and a schism. The subject only has the illusion to master a universal ethics of GOOD and EVIL.

The passage from the national state to globalization has shown very well these ethical contradictions and the plurality of conflicting “differends” at the core of every subjective or cultural discourse. How can you defend the rights of Muslim women to dress in burqas on the beach

(as free expression of a multiplicity) and the fighting of feminists against Toxic Patriarchy? Just to make an example of a complex rhizome of conflictual “differends”

that refuses harmony and LOVE. There is difference between modern LOVE, as self-indulgent hippy myth

subsumed in liberal ideology, and Eros as a path of esoteric knowledge. Indeed Eros is a source of attraction but also of repulsion, of conjunction and disjunction, of peace and war – it’s the fuel of a violent Metamorphosis.

I mean...violent for the ego. It appears always as a radical schism in every chasm that cannot be harmonized in a whole of differences as it is, for example, in the wishes of the Rainbow Movement.

Islamophobic, homophobic, misanthropic...what more? This is an implicit aesthetic of the “rejected”. If he at least would make it explicit I could say to my colleagues...it’s just an aesthetic of the “rejected”.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Due to this dis-harmonic heterogeneity, the Anartist path is effectively dangerous and bastard. It must pass through many winds, waves,

bifurcations, and turbulences to surf out the point-break of transsubjective libido. However, this attitude is farthest from fascism, with its “gauchiste” variant tainted in red. This does not mean that “violence” can be expelled from the metamorphosis of Nature, to which we obscurely belong.

The black and white striped pants give me the gangster's aura. I want to impress my colleagues, I want to stop being a wheel in a network. Whoever said that no man is an island, I can become a flourishing island. With parrots and crocodiles, dive into the sea with the whales. Surf like this untalented idiot on warm waves like the curves of a beautiful woman.

FAUST: WHAT IS NIGREDO? YOU OFTEN USE TERMS WITHOUT EXPLAINING THEM.

MEPHISTOPHELES: The Alchemical Nigredo is common knowledge, I suppose, in the era of the Internet.

It's the first subtractive phase of Alchemy. It concerns the dissolving phase of a subject. The Albedo and the Rubedo are the phases that coagulate the transformation.

The Anartist intervention often follows the alchemist path. I feel a lot of tension putting myself in a square.

I will not be nailed like a butterfly in your collection, with appropriate labels of description.

Now he wants to sell himself as an alchemist... sorry I have to laugh. Dear colleagues... I present you the last alchemist on the planet Earth... I know this is a conference of scholars but also a freak show.

FAUST: WHY DON'T YOU CREATE A GLOSSARY TO CLARIFY YOUR TEXTS?

MEPHISTOPHELES: My texts are not a religious dogma

to propose Salvation from Capitalism, they just try to explain what moves my interventions and the fuzzy mud that they provoke in my mind and my libido. From this mud I carve a “shape” more than a perfect “form” with all the corners well defined. There will always be a black spot that I do not understand. Fortunately, my becoming

is not without paradoxes and contradictions because, fundamentally, it is reality, in itself, that is paradoxical.

A perfect form would be without life that is the danger of the academic rules that do not fit well with the resonating abundance of Art. The dynamic of our being

in the world is taotic and full of enigma and mysteries that escape a full grasp and cannot be reduced to a form. Furthermore, the experience cannot be reproduced with

words... language is still a reductive fiction organized in a syntax that structures an organization of time. This

fiction assumes the existence of a subject in a line of productive actions from a beginning to an end, from a past to a future. The use of language is a passage from the implicated obscure intensity to an explicated clarity.

But it's ultimately a reductionist and violent action.

This kind of medium, language, is then incorporated in my flesh and sensations. By writing, I strive to give sense to my experience, but language has its own diverging autonomy. Language is not identical to the experience. It cannot be the same, because only chasmic schism exists. Harmony can be reached only through resonance and, as such, is fuzzy and dis-harmonic. The oscillating multiplicity of our "complicated presence" cannot be channeled easily into a copulative syntax. We are untimely with respect to the linear time of the syntax. Each medium, especially language, has rules of expression that selects what can be seen or heard from a heterogeneous excess. Each medium is an apparatus that effectuates a representation. (Cinema, for example, has its own syntax). This intrinsic weakness of every medium, in this case a "article", in reproducing the "experienced" (that is also in itself already questionable because it overwhelms the awareness of the experiencer) is open to counter-arguments and provocations. I cannot exhaust myself with your criticism and provocations by simply providing you with a dictionary. This would simply create more voices to explain away my meaning. I would be caught into a Labyrinth of Resonances on the edge of non-sense. Let's take the classic Aristotelian Syllogism: All humans are mortals, Socrates is human, Socrates is mortal. This logic looks "clear" but then you must define what is it to be "human", to be "mortal", to be "Socrates". Then you must add definitions to explain the definitions in an infinite recursive process where the noise, the chaos and the darkness gnaw at the "clarity" of sense.

I want to be an atoll and floating over the surface of my lagoon. I want to be the Atafu Atoll in Tokelau...with its beaches shaped like a diamond...I want to be proud of my coralline reef... my essence is made of red gold. I would invite my colleagues for a week, no more than a week.

FAUST: BUT BATAILLE, FOR EXAMPLE, HAS WRITTEN A DICTIONARY TO EXPLAIN HIS CONCEPTS...

MEPHISTOPHELES: Indeed, Bataille had fun writing a dictionary of "undefinitions". What a surreal divertissement and a paradox! I don't think this fit with your anxiety related to put me in an academic form to be ready for a process of pre-examination. I know that

you are doing it for me, that you want avoiding me a painful rewriting under the dictation or dictatorship of the pre-examiners. I appreciate this but I cannot do it, I must be faithful to the aesthetic of the Anartist (Is this Badiou's subjectivation? Or is more Deleuze/Ramey's ordeal which grounds?). I want to force the margin of academy which as Sollers would say: "marge, marque, marche." I want to make a certain violence to the "limitrophic violence" as Derrida would put it. I want to be the unappropriated other of the Academy. I want express my heterogeneity. There will always be a shadow to any representation which has been selected by a specific medium. Yet, no representation can exhaust the enigma at the core of the "object" (or better objectile). Mine is a perspectivism à la Nietzsche, the creation of a world, without claim to universal truth.

Yes I know your perspectivism: I want, I want, I want...like a child that cannot mediate with the world of the adults...

MEPHISTOPHELES: It's just the truth of my worldling that folds the representation of my worldling. This becoming is a processual tension that never exhausts the contradiction between invisible and visible to its core. It's always a baroque trompe l'oeil. I am authentic in my striving... but the truth is not there; it is always recreated, and at the same time, betrayed. My texts are more an aesthetic intensification of my artwork-refrain, that is in itself transartistic, than they are revelations of truth for a salvation that can become "clear", "pedagogical", "universal", and fully "inter-subjective". The texts are integrated in a larger transartistic "texture" in becoming where the "and" of every medium of transformation conjoins but also disjoins the continuity. It's always a chasmic schism that can only be filled by poetic resonance to approximate the tension toward the feeling of something there that still keeps withdrawing, capturing us in its dark attractive intensity (the dark precursor).

I just want to be an atoll, I want to reproduce the reef, to make it growth upward and outward at a rate fast enough to contrast the erosion of the waves. I want to host a fauna of fishes. I want to organize a tour with mask and snorkel for my colleagues. But just for a week. Just to show the beauty in my depth.

MEPHISTOPHELES: There are dark interstices in this architecture of surfaces surrounded by the mist that cannot be presented and known in itself. They resist integration into a full identity, into a full architecture with a basement and organic parts. My practice does

not want to be a model or an example for anybody. If it did I would try to be more “educational”, “clear”, “banal”, and provide “instructions”. Schools today are based on “instructions.” This is the democratic idea of public school, public health, and public progress since the Enlightenment. The culmination of this idea led to the American and French Revolution. But there is also a parallel esoteric Knowledge that has not ceased to stop its run through the centuries. This is not a knowledge through instructions but through initiation and performance. The aim of my anti-dissertation is simply to leave a sort of memoir of my mix of experience/fiction (or re-experience) because the images that I catch of my interventions are not enough to present the invisible sense of my expression. I know that this is a paradoxical discourse: Zeno cannot reach the turtle. The more I try to present and explain, the more I lose myself in the fiction.

I wish to lose myself in the Pacific. Like an island. The islands are better than humans.

MEPHISTOPHELES: The “presence” is impossible because there is always an abyssal absence. The apparent practicality of linear time is only a cinematic effect of a false movement. However, this fiction is still art and connected to a process of “experience”, of “flesh”, of “darkness”, that is not possible to fully “experience” and “translate” with “clarity”. However let’s agree that my expression is perceptual but also conceptual for the most part.

Perceptual, conceptual, perceptual, conceptual, perceptual, conceptual...

MEPHISTOPHELES: My images, that are already a representation of something else, would not have the same force without a theoretical insert that is the conceptual side of my art. Theory, practice of intervention, experience, images, and fiction are destined to blur in the processual inconsistent something of being immersed in a transartistic “praxis”. The expression “immersed” in a praxis already gives radical darkness of this singular experience. No passage can exhaust the other. I can strive to present the invisible but it’s impossible. These texts are “traces” of a complex and convoluted processual event of events that could be also represented in many different ways. However the “traces” are paradoxically authentic because part of a striving. The “objectile” is made of “traces” whose depth depends on the intensity of the “strife”. Usually it is the instrumentality of a goal, its function, that creates the design of a text. But in my case, because I

am an artist that deals with an artistic non-functional
 “objectile” I cannot project a function that serves a
 utilitarian way to its source. My interventions and my
 texts are what they are: a singular texture. An event that
 happened, still happens, and will happen. They are an
 assembled intensive aesthetic of heterogeneous material.
 They are a monad in itself (even if they are nomadic in
 their surfacing). (unclear.) It is useless to clarify with a
 dictionary, this would simply add to adding. My texts
 are not an explanation but an aesthetic intensification;
 they are “tensors” that oscillate between the visible and
 the invisible. I cannot clearly separate my artwork of
 artworks from my writing of writings, as if the artwork
 was an essence with a defined identity and the writing
 the projected explanation of this essence. Everything is
 implicated, everything is an effect of a complex affection.

Only baroque effects exist. I don’t know where the
 contours of the artwork start and where the writing
 ends. They are an implicated “Thing” of folds that appear:
 an eventing Event. The process of creative becoming
 unfolds a depth in the surface, as a landscape with a
 morphology and a potential virtual horizon to discover,
 but does not have a depth as an original essence. My
 transartistic becoming appears as a processual event that
 forms a weird landscape of valleys and plateaus. It creates
 a planet. My texts are an expressive fold of a complex
 expressive geometry composed of many folds folded
 together. This does not mean that there is no striving to
 catch the elusive “object” in my writing. This writing
 oscillates between pain and joy: between a sense of a
 full cosmic union and a sense of solitude and loss. My
 writing is somatic, bipolar, incarnated in the flesh. In my
 writing the more sensitive parts are the gut and the skin.
 In fact, I suffer from psoriasis, I have like red stigmata in
 the palms of my hands. And perhaps is this a metaphor
 for the Christian incarnation? To put it with Henri or
 Marion? The passion of Christ?

*We lacked only the mystical-Christian delirium to
 formulate the diagnosis of megalomania. But how can I
 present this energumen from nowhere to my dear colleagues?
 Do I have to risk my face to let his uncontrolled narcissism
 to express? Dear colleagues, I present you a Saint with the
 stigmata... after-Padre Pio...*

FAUST: YES, BUT HOW CAN YOU RELATE TO THE
 BUREAUCRATIC SYSTEM OF THE UNIVERSITY WITH
 THIS PARADOXICAL, ELUSIVE ATTITUDE? IS IT NOT
 ANOTHER PARADOX?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yes it is, It's like the situation of making an issue in an academic journal on "subversion" or "counterculture"... The subversive must subvert the journal or it is not a subversion. The subversive will disintegrate the editorial rules and the established matrix of relations of a journal and bring boundaries into conflict, making emerge the "trace" of a "differend" that cannot be integrated in an all-encompassing form based on the One. See, for example, my experience with the publication "Kunstlicht" but also with the publication of "Forum". However, any publication accepted or rejected has the trace of this strife. Anyway, at the end of this experience of subversion from inside, I will fail. Because the editor has the power to "frame" everything in the last instance. And this "frame" is a representation constructed on a logic of network. There is a network inside the editorial office with its internal division of labor, division of powers, and its decision-making. It's a structure and consensus that allows a journal, but also every other institution, to work. And there is a construction of a representation based on an external network of readers that impinges on the vision of the journal; the image of the reader is its pre-defined polar star. The clarity of the image of the reader reduces the internal conflict in decision-making. This situation creates a pre-emptive "reification" or "crystallization" that cannot be overcome. Even when the editor is apparently open, as in the case of Kunstlicht, then it must acquire a defensive attitude because it cannot risk losing its face in an indeterminate relation of pure subversion... Because subversion does not have a limit in its will of defacing "representation", it disrupts the interface generated in the network, provoking a mess in the division of labor and powers.

Because you are a child who does not know where to stop...

MEPHISTOPHELES: The networking is a form of working. You cannot "disturb" the working. This is even truer in an even more established and classic academic journal, such as "Forum" of Edinburgh University. How can such a paternalistic and bureaucratic structure publish a journal on "counter-culture"? (See the published e-mails). The output will be just a "representation" of a counter-culture, a neutralization of the line of flight and a censorship of the very topics. Universities, which paradoxically research non-institutional expression (i.e. outsider art), operate a censorship beyond their will... In this pervasive logic of network, nothing that is new can really appear because it is already decided by a

design. If something anomalous happens, it is re-framed and neutralized by the design. I must really strive and fight to have my singularity in this arena; to be heard and seen without cuts and adjustment to a pre-emptive design; even when I participate in editorial projects on “subversion” and “counter-culture” or “art activism”.

These kinds of projects are already very rare in the capitalist “market” because there is no space (and it would be non-sense to give space to the heterogeneous when the economy is based on reduction). But even in the academy of artistic research, that should be as smooth space, there is no space for the heterogeneous, they make room only for the ideological, not for “praxis” or a methodology. I find this horrible because at least the “artistic research” should favor this kind of singular knowledge, experience and expression without trying to castrate and repress it. Instead, this opening to the “outsiders” is just discursive, it’s a representation and a normalization in a pre-emptive format. This is true also when you apply for a grant... Even if my expression comes from Nietzsche I am forced instead to relate to the institutions according a reductionist Kantian form that betrays the excess of sense of the original Dionysian drives. I must make of myself a convincing “representation” of an intentional subject, an interface that sticks with the design and an ethical ideal of the society and of the place of the institution in the society. They don’t give you money without a social goal, just to satisfy the pre-subjective anxiety of larval selves that forces you to express. I must be identifiable, practical, present, ethically and politically correct. I must follow a linguistic intersubjective standard/code of communication in a Cartesian space. I must draw a plan. I must lie and betray my drives and my drifts of multiplicity by accepting the contours of the design.

I will be in the paradox of someone who wants to be nobody, this is why I wear a Black Mask, but I am forced to be somebody with a face who interfaces with other faces. It’s not that the lie is related to “fiction”, because my praxis is interspaced in large part by “fiction”. It’s rather the “authenticity of the fiction”, which spurs from an internal difference and aesthetic praxis, – not from an external utilitarian goal set by an institution – that is betrayed. The ethic destroys the esthetic, the inter-face annuls the power of the mask. The speculative simulacrum is forced into the lie of a “realism” with “reality”. Furthermore, it is not just a

problem of “names” that identify me, for example I could use a pseudonym, but of expression. I must watch my behavior in my way of writing and appearing to the institution if I want to be rewarded. I cannot be just a dissipative flow when I present my appearance. I must force myself to be an insider and to forget that my research is going on toward an uncoded outside. This is another form of neutralization of the technostucture that obliges the applicant to sell himself, to represent herself in an established bourgeoisie code that alienates the search for singularity of the Anartist. Sometimes I must ask myself if I am an artist or a networker. I chose to answer the first but then I had to pay the price of isolation. At this point, I refuse isolation and enter into a fight that risks misinterpretation of my behavior and alienation of sympathies from the professional workers of the system. I become a complex self-destructive stain. I have a bad reputation... no one will likely hire me... even if I have a lot to transmit as knowledge, understanding, and experience. I have no preclusive prejudices, for example, I appreciate you tackling my texts because in this way I can show you examples of what I detest. You perfectly simulate the inquisitive attitude of the academic judge that polices academic territory against anomalies that might escape clarity, inter-subjectivity, ethical attitudes, and mental health. Kant was a judge. This philosophical figure has been incorporated into the academic attitude, even when dealing with “subversive art” that should have a sort of poetic license from ethics and judgement in general. If you did not interrogate me, I would always appear as a dangerous renegade in your lens. Certainly, your rigid attitude is a “simulation”. It’s part of methodology we have established together before. A line of points and counter points in tension; as in a orchid-wasp relation...I need this dynamic flow of territorializations, deterritorializations, and re-territorializations to outline my practice in flight.

However, this guy is smart, he has created as a discursive screen that prevents me from passing and suggesting modification in the articles and in the dissertation in general. If I do it, if I pass the screen, I’m automatically in the position of the bullshit that violates artistic expression and artistic research. This is a chess player who is putting me in a corner. No, I can’t move, he’s already done checkmate with the horse’s move. Then Faust feels also physically paralyzed with the humidity that from the shoes raises all the skeleton, the spine until the brain. He feels useless. He cannot conceive to be useless. He is an academic.

FAUST: SO I SEE YOUR DISSERTATION AS A SORT
OF INTERVENTION.

MEPHISTOPHELES: A practice of intervention can only be expressed as an intervention in itself. The intervention is a speech-act that moves and can only be described by an intervention-dissertation as a speech-act that moves. It cannot be contained in a formally closed epistemological structure, it must escape the form in a “processual dissertation”. The “differend” between the academic father and the anti-oedipal Anartist must be evident. The episteme must be bifurcated if the intervention is a pure presentation instead of a representation. Indeed, the tension of the bifurcation is what is interesting in this experiment. My practice consists in this undisciplined tension. If I erase this tension I have nothing more than a pre-formed homogeneous representation. My heterogeneity would then be sealed in a box and neutralized. I cannot just follow your instructions. In the oscillation of our points and counterpoints, the dissertation moves beyond the “form”. It’s like a “trace” of something living that is still happening even after the happening. It’s a “shape of living” more than a “form”. But, paradoxically, this living morphology comes out only if you put a constrictive “form” on me. I need to endure a compression to express the potential of the line of flight. I know that this could expose my “fragility” and also “your own” but it could be also a revolutionary approach to the dissertation in ARTISTIC RESEARCH or else it would be like killing the post-structuralism by modeling it on Kant’s first critique. We are using an approach more of the Third Critique. Or else an oscillation between the First Critique that founds “science” and the Third that “founds” art. And this methodology could be part of the introduction that we can also write with two hands (or else with your suggestions). Maybe we can open a new perspective on artistic research. However, it will be the most honest way to write a dissertation on art. The “differend” would remain open, showing the paradoxical bifurcation between the subject required by academy and the super-ject required by Disturbanist interventions. You will try to re-territorialize my line of flight but you are an integral part of this escaping refrain. We make this clear so that you are not the bad guy and I am the cool one. We are just an assemblage of simulacra that intertwine their lines of flight in a line of flight. But I want the tension to be high and the

“differend” to emerge as something authentic. I do not want to fall in a “dialogue” between two wise sapientists...

I want the tension of the divergent fury between us. Only in this disfiguration, that defaces the figure of your academic capture, can I express my singularity. Otherwise, everything has already happened before in the form of signification, and there are no more possibilities for anomalies that disseminate new problematic sense. What's left is only a general structure and particular cases of this generality already contained in the form or genre. So, my idea is to continue to respond to your tackling. For me, the more you are an evil bastard, the better it gets... we can make also an agonizing confrontation (i am not scared of my limits) without falling into hyper-respect for the other difference (politically correctness) that is just one of the limits of liberal North-American remodulation of post-structuralism. For me difference is the relation in-between. I mean, I do not care for “diversity” but only “difference”. However, we cannot erase violence, not even from the thinking, just because we must respect each other. So, the differend must be authentic in its emerging... a line inherent to the discursive tension, or else it is just another form (the dialogue), but I think we do not have problem in this sense.

Mephistopheles appears from the mist with a glass of champagne:

Do you agree with this “diabolic pact”?

FAUST: YES, I AGREE.

Then Mephistopheles disappears again in the fog.

FAUST JOIN HIS HANDS TO THE MOUTH TO AMPLIFY HIS VOICE: “WHAT DO YOU MEAN WITH AUGMENTED WILL TO POWER. IS IT ABOUT NIETZSCHE?”

MEPHISTOPHELES from nowhere: Yes, it is related to Nietzsche but also to Brian Massumi's idea expressed in “Parables of the Virtual”. Massumi sees in the Deleuzian affirmative philosophy an “augmenting of reality” through creativity. It's no more a critically analytical philosophy based on judgement (as in Kant) but an excessive production of reality, that is augmented. This is also related to forgetting. According Deleuze and Massumi's interpretation, in every instant everything is recreated anew by the deterritorialized virtual field that moves on. And, of course, the Anartist who participates in this moving experience is empowered with the excessive energy of augmenting creativity. The “part-subject” is beyond himself, he is the automaton of an assembled virtual becoming of becomings, it's part of a superject

that augments itself and expresses an untimely Event to which the part-subject participates. Reality augments incessantly, production after production. Each production resonates with the others, augmenting the vibration of the onto-power. Massumi makes the example of a great soccer player, he must overcome his separated conscience to participate fully in the game as an automaton and to produce a shifting effect in the game. He must become part of a super-jective field of forces created by the diagrammatic limits of the soccer field and its instituted rules to operate on an infinitesimal variation that subverts the predictable schemes of the normal players.

In a sense, he must make minor “illegal” gestures that overcome separation of the subject and augment reality.

He calls this shifting attitude “splash activity”. In my opinion, this is also more evident in the game of art, as we see from the history of art (with all the limits of the histories), where every excess of splash activity redefines the “rules of the game”. Even the Anartist’s intervention is a “splashing activity” of a sensitive automaton

that engenders a “perturbation” that is expression of difference but who injects a new augmenting difference in a field of differences. The talented soccer player, as much as the talented artist, is a sensitive conjunctive/disjunction that allows innovation to bring-forth a shifting in the field of forces. For me this tendency of reality to augment is also connected with the eternal

return, because time is always augmented in its returning, and is intensified. The entropy augments and produces complexity due to negentropy. Anyway even entropy and negentropy are a chasm... it’s difficult to say what is entropic and negentropic because our point of view of mortal observers is limited in space and time.

Furthermore there is still the problem of Plato’s “liber arbitrium”. The “talented shifter” is free by chance or is destined to be free? How did the “splash activist” gain its sensitive talent of “lollapalooza”, of magic witchcraft?

Has he inherited these abilities, have they developed them thanks to a context, a practice and by chance?

Or it was a “destined one” since the conjuring of the virtual actualized him as phenomenon of this world? (this sentence doesn’t make sense) The idea of the virtual seems to be open to both of these two possibilities: chance and pre-destination.

Faust feels oppressed by this game. What is the clue of this game, what is the clue of this humidity, of this wet pair of shoes, of this wet dress with stripes that now looks as the

dress of a convict. I want to escape, I want to escape on the island, I want to be the island. I want to be a coralline formation. I want to be an inorganic/organic milieu.

FAUST: BUT YOUR VIEW IS MORE NIHILIST THAN THIS POSITIVE VITALISM. YOU OFTEN PUT YOUR ACCENT ON NEGATIVITY, SUBTRACTION, FINITUDE, DEATH, PAIN.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Yes, I agree, for me the intensity is always ambiguous and dualistic even if you can make a super-8. We have a transformative power which corresponds to a phase-spatium that oscillates between negative and positive. Indeed, in this affirmative “active nihilism” of the Anartist even “subtraction” plays an important role. Not to say the role of “death” has interruption of a “form” of life. But it’s the interruption that engenders the disruptive formless excess of affirmation. Even Deleuze oscillates between an affirmative and a subtractive logic. The idea of subtraction is well described by Agamben’s “logic of inoperability” that he draws from Malevich. This logic consists in suspending the working of an apparatus of signification.

For example, Malevich suspended the apparatus of representation of the traditional exhibition of painting as it was coded in Russian tradition. He painted in black the Madonna’s icon of orthodox Christianity that according the tradition should stay on the corner of the chamber of exposition. This orthodox icon, in the traditional exhibition, was the center that irradiated the distribution of the other figurative paintings. It was the metaphor of a cosmological order based on Church.

By painting this icon in Black, Malevich generates a chaosmic machine driven by an a-signifying Black Hole. The other paintings are hanged on the walls to the right and to the left of the Black Square in a sort of dynamic angular tension, like sparks of energy attracted or unleashed by a Black Density. In effect, on one of the wall he hangs a painting with the symbol “Plus” and on the other a painting with “Minus”. There is a current of electro-magnetism that engenders abstract spark-paintings in a Chaosmogony dominated by the attraction of the Black Square. Malevich reveals the a-theology behind the tradition. It’s not just an atheist gesture. After “Black Square”, which was not an abstract painting but an installation-diagram of a chaosmic machine, Malevich suspended the power of representation of the White Cube by hanging a completely white painting on its walls. In this way the power of the white cube to signify and to distribute the space of the abstract paintings was

hacked and neutralized by a subversive gesture. Even this is a subtractive installation. Both Malevich's masterpieces are actions in subtraction of an active and strategic nihilism that opens new dimensions to the possibility of a quasi-autonomous expression. Even if they are subtractive they augment the reality of what art could be. They augment the will of power of art and its subversion and impose new rules to the transgressive game. All these artworks open the medium to new codes, or engender a new tridimensional medium. Maybe you consider me a narcissist, megalomaniacal, and it's also possible, but I see in Malevich's hacking attitude, chaosmic diagrams, and unworking artworks a sort of prototype or map of my interventions. As if they were aerial views of possible urban interventions – as I have just realized in these last 8 years. Agamben has also published a book with G. Deleuze on “Bartleby” and his “I would prefer not to” that is the subtractive formula par excellence. I think my attitude oscillates between affirmative and subtractive as in Gilles Deleuze. In reality, affirmation and subtraction are a chasm of the intervention. You need to actively subtract the One in order to unleash a line of flight. It's an active negativity, a minus One that gives the access to the affirmation of the resonating many. You cannot be just passive (this is why I do not find Bartleby, for its excess of passivity, a perfect example of this attitude).

When you subtract the one you are simultaneously thrown by the schism of divergent forces into a becoming. The forces of the field unleash a liberated fundamental libido that invest the space and you surf this schizo-becoming, generating “splash activities”. The liberated forces seize your becoming as an anomalous wave of libido, an excess of energy-matter that has been poured out of its homeostatic form-container. It's something slightly different from the talented soccer player that accepts the rules of the game, even if it has extraordinary capacity for interpretation and infinitesimal transgression of the rules and the game. It is marginal and infinitesimal sensitivity that allows him to stay on the edge of the invention. Instead the Anartist breaks the rules of the field and flows with all the liberated libido and unworked texture toward the catalysis of a new homeostatic equilibrium. It's a more radical perturbation. Then, because the Anartist remodulates the “symbolibidic” anti-productive production of the Black Block, its affirmation is tinted with an essential negativity; as a sort of negative affirmation: a YES NO!...

It's an unbecoming becoming against the capitalist flow. The Anartist is not affirmative in the sense of just saying YES! to life – as the soccer player does...The drift is not subversive enough, because it can be captured by Capitalism to extract value. To have a strategy of anti-valorization, one needs to have a “negative drift”...to surf the negative...not only beyond Capitalism but also counter...Through negative affirmation, the Anartist is “screened” by the valorization and can produce a counter-mythology. At the same time, you cannot be only nihilistically negative to subtract the sense, or you just arrive to the “differend”, to an undetermined bifurcation; instead, in my practice the radical “differend” of Black Bloc is affirmed as a “crack” over the Capitalist system. It becomes viral. More than just a radically passive non-sense (as certain kinds of Dadaist games), my interventions express an actively negative excess of sense. It is like surfing a negative drift in order to be “screened” by capitalist valorization and to penetrate inside the social body as a virus that reverses the Capitalist mythology of the everyday. It's like surfing the wave of liberating chthonic forces with a counter-wave of “simbolibido” that invests the “order of things”.

I would like an alien ship to arrive right now over my head, a floatplane, which could teleport me with a beam out of this compromising situation of paralysis and then heading for a Caribbean island. I want to paint rocks like the Dogons. I want to become a “wild”. I want to inscribe the traces of a survivor in the morphology of an island and be part of its texture. I want to be an atoll of the Maldives...I want to be the only human sign...

FAUST: IN ONE OF YOUR ESSAYS YOU MENTION “THE SEDUCING SPELL OF THE MUSEUM”. FROM ANOTHER ESSAY, I HAD UNDERSTOOD THAT YOU DETESTED MUSEUMS. HAVE YOU CONVERTED YOURSELF TO A CONSERVATIVE ATTITUDE DURING YOUR PRACTICE? CAN YOU EXPLAIN THAT?

MEPHISTOPHELES: It's not that I am nostalgic of the bourgeois museum that is now commodified and profaned by the new barbarians of capitalism.

If it was like that, my position would be “arginal” and defensive of the old modernist bourgeois order instead of “marginal” and “heterogeneous”. However heterogeneity is always relative to the equilibrium of the system of homogenization. I see myself as a hacker that turns institutional machines of apparatus, that are overcoded by capitalism, into war machines that rebel

the code of their master, i.e, Capitalism. This reversion of the abstract machine is what seduces me in every institution, because radical transgression is a pleasure that refreshes vitality with the experience of a timeless “original seen”. Actually the relation with the museum is ambiguous. It’s a mechanism of attraction and repulsion that moves the intervention. If there were not the Law of the Temple, there would not be Transgression. If there were not Transgression, there would be no Law of the Temple. It is as if they are in a spiraling relation, as Foucault puts it by drawing Bataille as inspired by Mauss.

The Law is seducing because through the Transgression that I perform, with my non-authorized interventions,

I have access to a minor sacred where something can appear in the museum as Temple and not as Entertaining Machine...The original Dionysian Temple is restored by the non-authorized transgression. Its aura is empowered again and liberated by the compulsive Capitalist code that today turns a museum into an Amusing Park for the masses and neutralizes the political excess. Furthermore, the stigma provided by the transgression augments the power of the Anartist’s spectro-poiesis. The counter-intervention of the police amplifies the negativity and the raising of the Black Myth-poiesis of the Black Sun. I think some transhistorical sacred forms persist as archetypes, even if modified by the return of difference.

Because reality is always augmenting. The Temple became the Museum when the Church and the Court lost their power in the French Revolution. These are like forms of the virtual. Once I watched a lecture hosted by Warwick University on Future Studies dedicated to Nick Land where a guy was giving a lecture on metamorphosis, in particular about the virtual migration of forms and functions. He showed how functions, that now are decorative, were, in their time, functional...that the becoming of a plastic flow generates a continuous coding and recoding of the actual and virtual with a circulation of functions. Even the function of the Temple is circulatory, the place of the scared appearance changes according the mutation of the structures. For example, the architecture of the Pantheon in Rome was functional to the appearing of the sacred related to Roman Paganism but now is purely ornamental, not to mention part of a global and profane Amusement Park for tourists. Now the place of unconcealment of the sacred could be the Museum if it was not attacked by the profanation of Capitalism. In order to be liberated the

Anartist must profane the Capitalist code inscribed in the Museum as sacred machine. In this sense the Anartist is “marginal” but also “arginal”. The action of the Anartist is anachronistic, he is an anarchist of the Untimely Remote.

FAUST: WHAT DO YOU MEAN WITH AMBIGUITY OF THE SACRED? COULD YOU BE LESS AMBIGUOUS AND LESS SACRED?

MEPHISTOPHELES: I like when you start to be so bastardly and ironic. I'll try to answer your provocation.

Our Christian society tends to separate sacred and profane, spirit and matter, pure and impure. In this schema, the separated sacred becomes the “holy”. But the true sacred is when the “holy” has been profaned and an undetermined ambiguity is re-established.

This ambiguity is already in the profound dynamic relation between Law and Transgression, Repulsion and Attraction, Pure and Impure, Light and Darkness, Life and Death. The overcoming of the separation, through a transgression that infects these distant dimensions, re-establishes a Dionysian unity or sacred continuity beyond the separations of Apollonian morality. The body of Dionysus is a body without organs that is also a chaotic body that dances in the chaos of a multiplicity. The transgression is also a sacrifice of the transcendent rational subject that controls itself and is overcome in an a-subjective, indistinct flow of orgiastic sensations—the sacrifice of a separated being that is overcome in a becoming of becomings. A fading into a potential field where every instant is open. It's a becoming animal, a becoming woman, a becoming stone, a becoming-child, a becoming-... The human figure is open to a post human defacing into a multiplicity of intensities. It's a post-signifying expression which rejoins a pre-signifying condition. All dualisms are undone in the pure sacred that for paradox is a form of complete impurity in becoming. It's an experience of a primal chaos and an original “sin”, “seen”, and “scene”.

FAUST: CAN YOU ELABORATE THIS? I HAVE NEVER HEARD OF THIS.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Are just intuitions which concern the intensification of my experience of Anartist. The term “sin” is also related to “sinusoid”. In our sacred relation with the chaosmos, we are like sensitive dynamic transformers that process an excessive flow of energy.

The positive phase, at a certain threshold, becomes negative only for becoming positive again. In each phase

the energy intensifies as much as the sensations. This movement is like the one of a sinusoid that intensifies the ray of its curves to regain the dynamic of the “original snake of chaos”. The snake moves as a sinusoid, indeed, the Christian symbol of the “original sin” is usually the snake. Usually, in the world that separates the “holy” from the “profane” this intensifying sinusoid of energy, libido and sensation is forbidden by “sins” and taboos based on the separation between Good and Evil. The sacred instead is an oscillatory dynamism of a “sinusoid” of intensities before the clear separation of Good and Evil, Positive and Negative, Night and Day, Death and Life. This sin-oscillation is a telluric force that must be controlled by a society that wants to contain the power of the deterritorialization. A territory must contain the deterritorialization, must define the identity of a people that is related by a proximity of solidarity and cooperative work against what is outside and dangerous but also internally mad and disruptive. The infection of the outside can be dangerous. The Anartist intervention is an infection from the outside of Capitalism but inside the medium, it's an injection of the sacred. This outside is engendered by the Black Blocs' Riot that produces a symbolic virus. The Anartist remodulates and deterritorializes this virus from its representation, making it active and subversive again. Also, for this reason, it is a form of sacredness. Deleuze and Guattari describe, in the tribes that did not know the State, how this deterritorialization is controlled by alliances and codes inscribed in the bodies of its members in a strict territorialization. In our Capitalist and State society, a profane mirror stops the becoming of the “sinusoid” in a freezing spell of expectations that passes through the human face. However, the concept of faciality extends to all structures of interface, technological and informative.

We are all captured in a network of inter-faces. The Anartist blackens the mirror with a black mask to achieve the sin-dynamism of the chaosmotic “snake”. The intervention always bypasses the reflection of the human face's mirror to enter into a dark zone of becoming activated by dark precursors that trigger an experience of sparks of light in the unknown. The intervention is a super-linear non-linear becoming activated by a black stain in the social mirror. This super-linear non-linearity is a magic catalysis that describes a sort of black 8 in the Black Mirror. It's a returning to a black background from which every phenomenon or human figure appears, as

in baroque painting. This is a pre-signifying dimension that is hidden by the profane human design and revealed only by the intervention that penetrates the depth of the Black Mirror in a post-signifying becoming. An event-experience where the human references are lost.

In that nowhere-everywhere, an autonomous Event in becoming can be unleashed and surfed. A different space-time can emerge and be experienced as chaosmic line of flight and perceptual jump in the outside. Unfortunately sometimes the police intervene too soon and block the unfolding of the experience.

Faust imagines being on the alien spacecraft, we are in the vicinity of the island says the almost microscopic being, 30 cm tall. The problem is that the island can be inhabited by cannibals. Recently, the media reported that a young American man tried to reach an island off the Philippines with a cargo. The access was forbidden, because is one of the last island where man lives at the state of Nature. Government wants to preserve this anomaly as if it was a reserve. Then the young American reached the shore by swimming but photos from the satellite showed that the man was captured and then killed by the hostile savages and then eaten like in a horror movie.

FAUST: ANYWAY DELEUZE AND GUATTARI SEEM TO SEPARATE TWO TERMS TO PRIVILEGE ONE OF THE COUPLE: FOR EXAMPLE ANTI-OEDIPUS OVER OEDIPUS. THEY DO NOT TRY TO BLUR THE TERMS IN THE SACRED AS YOU SAY.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Deleuze and Guattari have left some concepts and a creative methodology to construct theory. However, they have never intended to be masters and followed by disciples. If one wishes “authentically” to follow them, he should betray them with a drifting excess. Even their theory is a philosophical “praxis”. The disciple should perform their “conceptual persona” to exceed their mask in divergent drifts. It would be a sort of serious parody of the masters. This is the paradox which Deleuze and Guattari have left in their methodology. What is this kind of disciple that betrays in order to be a perfect disciple? Is it an anti-Oedipus or an Oedipus? In their discourse, there is always a blurring in-between of any dualism; a becoming-imperceptible that the limits of analytical language try to disambiguate, to explain, to systematize, to axiomatize. This is typical of academic discourse that is not performative at all. The spaces of Deleuze and Guattari are made of folds that are enfolded and unfolded or acoustic spaces of dissonant

resonances. These spaces are impure, baroque, indefinite,
 in constant flux. Their thinking requires a constant
 dislocation of the analysis and the concepts, a continuous
 creation and re-creation, an adaptation of tools à la
 Feyerabend. The thinking is in itself time-becoming of
 a matter-energy flow. The concepts are just temporary
 cutting of a plane of infinite speeds, but, in order to
 keep the becoming fresh, they are always exceeded and
 must be re-created with other concepts. It's a plane of
 multiplicity that is never tamed by a structure of sense.
 Their concepts must be re-invented or complicated or
 adapted to the becoming of a praxis. For example, I,
 as many of my generation, have had an anti-Oedipus
 father. The transgression for me, to be anti-Oedipus with
 the anti-Oedipus, in order to define my singularity, has
 been to be Oedipus... a sort of father of my father. Only
 later did I regain my anti-Oedipus, especially when I
 became a father. A paradox. In reality the situation has
 been even more ambiguous with more folds than can
 be expressed. This is an example of how the dualism is
 instead a complex intertwined field with many gradients.
 The relation between Law and Transgression is perverse
 and ambiguous because it does not exhaust itself in just
 a dualism between Oedipus and anti-Oedipus as the
 rebels of the '68 were thinking. As Foucault writes...
 it is a spiral. My idea is that the traditional Capitalist
 Oedipus disciplined by traditional "patriarchy" has been
 subverted in '68 but is then migrated in the techno-
 axiomatic of capitalism as perverted father...half Oedipus
 and half anti-Oedipus. To use an expression of Breton
 it is now a "dog-wolf". With my transgressions of the
 MUSEUM, for example, I want to put the abstract
 machine of Capitalism (a perverted father) and the
 one of the Museum (a traditional father) in conflict
 and contradiction: a perversion of the perversion. The
 Oedipus side of the Anartist rebels against the Anti-
 Oedipus/Oedipus chasmic axiomatic of Capitalism. I
 think subversion can arrive from both side of the chasm
 Anti-Oedipus/Oedipus of the Axiomatic... because time
 is also not a line of progress where we evolve toward an
 emancipated future. When we are born we start dying
 and only apparently we progress. The beginning is the
 end and vice-versa. So, it's stupid, the idea of being
 conservative or progressive. There are two times that
 go in different direction in our life. Infinite past and
 infinite future, and we are within this enigmatic 8 with
 two heads, the hydra. It's only the modern subject, as

punctual unity, that poses an extends a line of evolution of something that is not linear and instead intense and complicated. This is why I cannot put myself in an ethical line of Progress or be a militant artist with a cause for transformation of reality... I want to live the now/new here and already with my intervention and my untimely hyperstition, but I do not want to submit to a discipline for a project in the future as a subject with a cause... First, because I do not want to make propaganda inscribed in the moral Good of the future and to show a Good face to Good people and have grants from Good Institutions.

No easy prostitution, if I get a grant (that I will not refuse at all) it is just because I am what I am. I want to be free to transgress and explore, to follow the libido, the events, and my mystical path—without discipline. I don't like to be liked. This is very difficult in a network society

where the people express themselves with emoticon symbols so as to not risk the dislike from others. It's the interface I was talking about before. In this society you are valued by the likes you receive in social media. This obligation to like, to think positive and social is typical of our times. We can, in theory and practice, redesign the DNA of our species but we are still under the spell of the

Evil Eye. In this sense I think there is no emancipation but only augmenting of complexity with strata that adds to strata, which resonates from infinite past to infinite future with all their virtualities unleashed in all directions ready to meet a catalysis. I invented the word "cataionic". As Derrida would say, reality is a hauntology of a multiplicity that debases a full sense of presence.

However the apparatus of capture is so strong today, we are living, or fake living, in a network of interfaces that define a strong realism that commands an absolute presence. As Mark Fisher would put it, after Socialist Realism we entered into Capitalist Realism. The realism of this political correctness is also a political attitude that one can maneuver in the left and in the academy. I don't want to feel moral obligation to conform to the idea of a better world. This is also a burden because I have been often misunderstood and I get the stigma of people and institutions. In this sense I am ethical, inasmuch as I do not conform, inasmuch as I retain being heterogeneous, and inasmuch as I maintain contact with my desires, sensations, and intuitions. I can betray myself, but only if I feel like doing it independently of a utilitarian goal. For me the event of the future comes, I do not project a discipline in the future to save the world according

a hierarchy of values. It's more a reciprocal attraction between my becoming and the future...the virtual shows me the way, risking psychosis and schizophrenia. I know that they are just phases of a chaosmotic spatium...I cannot prevent myself from being pathological. Who defines what is pathological? Do I need to stick to Freud and Lacan or to Jung and Guattari? I stick to Jung and Guattari without doubt. I stick with the unhealthy health of the Tao.

This conversation is too long, Faust thinks... it is virtually infinite, I should find a way to interrupt this deadly vitality of my cannibal interlocutor. I should find a diversion, maybe go back to the pool and start from there, from the mud. I could put my hands in the mud and do some sculpture. I could be inspired by the Sumerians, the Mother Earth. I want to return in the valleys of Tigris and Euphrates from where all our civilization is coming. I could be a Sumerian, a Babylonian, a Assyrian, a Chaldean, a Persian...I want an empire...an island as empire...I will be my empire... with a wall all around.

FAUST: THE 19TH CENTURY IDEA OF THE MUSEUM AS TEMPLE WAS OF "SOCIAL CRITIQUE" NOT OF "SHOW".

MEPHISTOPHELES: You say the 19th century idea of the so-called Temple was a place for social critique, not a place of show. Yes, in fact I want to re-code that kind of function and form against the "capitalist show" based on marketing. However...the modernist museum was related to history, judgments and a categorical imperative. Instead, my intervention is a-temporal and wants to reinstitute a more archaic form of Law and Transgression—The Dionysian Temple. I want a temple where is possible affirm the pre-subjective sacred instead of criticizing from the point of view of a subject in crisis that analyzes an object in crisis from a deconstructive distance. Archaic does not mean only "remote" but also "beginning" as Eliade puts it. I want to come back to a primal experience of the Temple. To subvert its ground by riding the groundless Snake that shakes it. This experience also produces a symbolic exchange of authority. It's like if I bring the fire to the Temple and the Temple marks me with the sacred fire. This Event re-grounds the museum with a different fold because it is an eternal return of a transhistorical form. This return is of course complicated by the modernist function of critique, but I am also beyond critique that still poses a unitary subject toward an unitary object, even if fragmented by analysis. It's Kantian! At the maximum,

modernity produces a crisis of the subject and the object,
but not a re-sacralization or new beginning.
Modernity is foreclosed to untimely and magic
experiences of the continuum.

FAUST: AND THIS IS THE MISTAKE OF BADIOU IN
LOOKING AT DELEUZE AND GUATTARI AS KANTIAN.

MEPHISTOPHELES: YOU GUT IT!

FAUST: YOU MEAN... YOU GOT IT!

MEPHISTOPHELES: NO I MEAN... YOU “GUT” IT..

FAUST: I DO NOT UNDERSTAND...

MEPHISTOPHELES: YOU WILL...

You know. I am interested to transgression as a vehicle for the sacred, for the noumena, for the cataionic immanestation of archetypes. Then of course the modernist fold enters in the composition of my intervention. There is always an augmenting of complexity. The primary experience cannot be repeated as an eternal same because reality is always augmenting and folding the same which repeats with difference... So we have the paradox of a repetition that is utterly new. Every instant we are in another point of the chaomic becoming that folds in itself while unfolding. It's also difficult to apply linguistic concepts to a complexity that is felt and can be only “maybe” experienced. How can you convey with words the idea of the “untimely”? I do what I can. Deleuze via Rimbaud says “I is another”, “time is out of joint”.

FAUST: YOU MENTIONED THE CONCEPT OF
“ENFRAME”. THIS WAS THE HISTORICAL CLAIM OF THE
(WEAK) JUNGER BOURGEOISIE IN GERMANY,
WAS IT NOT?

MEPHISTOPHELES: I do not know about that, but it is a concept of Heidegger, the ontology and the ontic in the case of enframing, but also Junger, Weber, and many other Germans...and then taken up again by the French since Durkheim. In fact, I believe that a true deterritorialization is not played so much against the traditional territory; with the generation after the second world war until Deleuze and his contemporaries that suddenly find themselves in a non-traditional space that culminates with a critique of tradition in '68. The space of the tradition and its “patriarchal” (that I do not intend it as an absolute extraction in feminist way) authority has been already deterritorialized since long, the organic space has been disintegrated, as Lefebvre would put it. My interventions are more against the techno-capitalist cartesian axiomatic that works at many levels like a

dynamic cage. I want to deterritorialize that dynamic cage of Capitalism, not the Church, which is already deterritorialized as an authority. However, even Deleuze seems to be more post-modern than modern, even if he does not bring to the extreme the application of his concepts.

FAUST: CAN YOU EXPLAIN BETTER?

MEPHISTOPHELES: This is, for me, the limit of Deleuze and Lyotard, they do not take into consideration all of the consequences of their conceptual richness, but this is understandable since there are always black spots in perception—we are always conditioned by the prejudices of our time. Even the “seer”, in its transcendental flight, cannot see all things perfectly clear.

The divination is always opaque. We cannot perceive the ground clearly from where we project our vision even if we are moving in the groundless, which is the molecular dimension of the “seer”. The disruptive idea of the “figural” can be applied to the “figure” of urban space at large by reconnecting Deleuze with Situationism, this is already way ahead of modernism. The figure of the city becomes a figural space for “seers.” Even Situationists were moving in this logic. The Anartist and its Disturbanist intervention start from this conjunction.

The urban space is born as sacred space, as you can see at the historical center of Italian cities. Records of this are conserved in the architecture of the buildings and a certain sacred symbolism in the decoration until early 1900. Even in the early 1900s, architects tried to link their architectures to the resonance of a wider cosmological sacred architecture. However, the organic space of the city has seen a progressive disintegration with the emergence of science and technology since 1650. The total disintegration was achieved in the second world war with the bombing of many buildings (thus destroying the organic space in many ways). Afterward the bombed cities were reconstructed according to the Marshall Plan in order to suit the Americanization of the European way of life. Larger streets for cars, rational organization, construction of subway metros, and so on. Urban space, once divided in sacred (holy) and profane ways, becomes partitioned into spaces for production and consumption and tourists’ circulation. Thus, the space is conceived as abstract and profane. This marks the export of a new kind of space in Europe that would continue to the rest of the world. In fact, the American space has already born as a space of abstraction. It is a desert

for the fast circulation of commodities and currency exchange. It's an abstract anonymous space of capture in the capitalist "figure", not "figural". The American space has been a commodity since the beginning. The sacred space of the red-skin tribes was wiped out by the brutality of land grabs, speculation, and private property contracts that were guaranteed by the state through force.

Now implementation of abstract space, also a space of homologation and anomy, has been imposed all over the world and has disintegrated the organic space. The residue of organic space, once tied to a cosmology, are now just hyperreal theme parks for tourist. They have been desacralized by Capitalism, the great profaner.

Sacred centers have been transformed into luxury space for boutiques, fashion brands, and banks. These areas are invaded by the masses of tourism and only serve a function in the production and reproduction of capitalism. What's more, the extreme of American abstract space is reached with the emergence of cyberspace, now completely integrated into every aspect of life and urban space. Here, large screen and holograms dominate from the skyscrapers of New York, London and Shanghai...

Everybody now navigates space according to the efficiency of google map, nobody takes an autonomous path or risks getting lost or following his or her intuition. If you are not able to use a smart-phone, you are somehow severed from the "connections", as Bifo puts it, of urban space. You are a solitary obsolete. You are never in the right place at the right time with the right people, you are displaced respect to the real time and the real space of the "City of Panic", as Virilio used to call the network

of the global mega-city, with its "communism of the emotions" in Real Time. The banality gives rhythm to the obsolescence. My practice, on the other hand, wants to produce new indeterminacy in this space,

by contesting its form, by opening lines of flight. My interventions are returns to a space that is magic, sacred, and enchanted. A space tied to a new chaismogony.

Of course, this return is not a nostalgic coming back to a former cosmology; Rather, it is a return to a chaismogony that is never concluded. Thus, it's more a nostalgia for the future. The Anartist is a figure of the "remote". He is too much in the past and too much in the future with respect to the present and a full presence. The Anartist is sensitive to de-subjection and to being haunted by the virtual.

I could build a desert island with the mud of the pool. So I would be sure there are no cannibals in there. I want to retire in my muddy island. I need something that I can touch with my hands. I need Matter Mother Nature with its plastic feature. I want to make a hole in the ground and put my dick in it.

FAUST: HOW DO YOU RELATE THE UNSEEN
EXPERIENCE WITH THE SEEN.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Yes there is dialectic between actualization and de-actualization. Indeed, the unseen becomes seen (but still enigmatic) only to return to the unseen and then be seen again. What is interesting is the “enigma” and its experience that becomes more and more complex. Then, my interventions must be seen as a varying line of a tale where an avatar is emerging. This oscillation is dis-figurative and is a problem when, for example, I must show one of my videos to make sense of my praxis. If I extract one episode and generalize it as absolute, I lose the big picture that remains, and the enigmatic black spot at its core. There is no complete transparency in our awareness, as in the Hegelian ascesis to a totality. Why? Even just the passing of time changes the sense of events... We cannot completely map the darkness of matter, as the idealist believed. We are always displaced in time and space, we do not have unity of subject as Proust shows in his novels, we are wandering in space and time, this the aesthetic as other dimension of the ethic... Under and over our illusion of subject, there is a complex field of chaomic pre-individuation in which we are immersed. However, we can use this abstract machine of the intervention to break through the realism of the one and access the nomadism of the multiple... *We can return to the back-ground by erasing our figure (unseen) to actualize a becoming figure (seen) or better “figural”. (completely obscure to me).*

The avatar is for me the “seen” that emerges from the “unseen”, but is then the seen of an indefinite presence.

It emerges according its fold and internal refrain of difference. It’s an internal difference that differs and cannot be captured because is a manifestation that continuously breaks the representation. However, it is an eventing that has a tonality and an esthetic territory. It’s a fuzzy blot that has a degree of the indefinite but it still has a presence as phenomenon. Furthermore, it is a seen that is not instituted by a design to appear in a certain way. It’s a “seen-gularity” if you allow me this invention.

This “seen-gularity” has many lines of tension with its own representation.

I wish to make a primordial ur-statue with mud. I can populate my island with ur-statues. I want to come back to 4000 B.C. Just when the aliens arrived from Nibiru's Planet...the rogue-planet...which goes in and out our solar system. A planet inhabited by a superior civilization which every 3000 years comes down to Earth to operate our brains for evolution. I want to evolve. No, I want to involve to the mud, I want to be a ur-thing.

FAUST: IN ONE ESSAY YOU SAY "THESE VIBRATORY FORCES ARE OFTEN WORSHIPPED IN SACRED RITUALS BUT THESE FORCES ARE ALSO POLITICAL"...I DO NOT UNDERSTAND...CAN YOU CLARIFY? I AM SCARED BY THE WORD "SACRED" AND THE WORD "SACRIFICE".

MEPHISTOPHELES: Don't worry I do not want to involve people in a Satanist sect where young women are kidnapped and sacrificed. I want to simply show the equivalence of the minor sacred and minor political as is expressed in George Bataille's writings...The re-injection of the sacred is political because it subverts the established profane order of the space-time that is kept in place by the authority of a transcendent major sacred (holy)...in this case it could be "the Dollar" or "the immortal Interest of finance"...in ancient times it could be the King or the Pope...All this entities imposes a restricted economy. There is always a transcendent principle that organizes a hierarchy, a separation, a division of labor, or a scarcity or a a con-separation (digital apparatus). With my intervention, I want to infect these modern separations or post-modern con-separations to access the general economy of the Singleton's continuum. At the same time, I want to divide and interspace the integrated functional unity of these separations. I want to engender an indeterminate event in the programmed design. It's a need that is part of a sacred excess, a need of Unio Mystica, of Hieros Gamos, of Orgiastic Sacred Pornography. My skin needs to overcome forbidden thresholds of separation and create an impure heterogeneous synthesis. It's a natural sacrifice driven by a scatological effect. We cannot be separated in a profane working structure because we have an excess of energy conveyed by our being a particle of a chaosmotic abstract machine. Some people feel stronger this intensity and the contrast with the profane. Our molecular body wants to fly in a witch-flight. At the same time, our ancestral origin, before the Neolithic, is the horde of hunters and gatherers, similar to a pack of wolves moving nomadically in a territory. This ancestral horde, ingrained

in a chaomic deterritorialization, still calls us. This deep call goes both against the individual (that is a too small separated unity) and against the society (that is too big). This call, that blurs the separation individual/society, can be called sacred (beyond the human); it is a becoming-animal and a becoming-chaomic that is naturally destructive to the everyday urban division of labor. The

Sacred Riot of the Black Bloc concerns this event of a-subjection where the subject (through a sacrifice of the transcendent principle that organizes its life and its habits) becomes part-subject of a super-ject. It's a violent becoming-wolf driven by the return to immanence in a primal horde. It's also an alpha individuation driven by a virtual omega-point into a non-linear super-linearity.

The features of the animal are intensified. It's like connecting directly with magnetic, mesmeric, chaomotic forces without the mediation of the "human" figure.

The conscience loses its grip on the individual subject, thus accessing a sort of active hypnotic trance driven by intensification. The space becomes a space of fighting, wandering and intensification. This becoming can be violent. Only the destruction of the urban structure that constitutes the capitalist world can allow the Earthling to generate a new Worldling. This production is radically new. If there is no radical destruction there cannot

be radical production. I know this anti-production is probably unethical, it's before and beyond the Good and the Evil. It's tied to our chaomology. Black Blocs are the true artists today because they confront Capitalism as medium and express their potential by carving an outside within it. They just respond to the deterritorialization of the Black Mass in the universe. They are wolves in a becoming-immanent respect to the capitalist space that is ek-static, a "glacier" as Virilio would put it... The Sacred Riot is the only artistic happening today, the rest is cynical brand construction for the masses. One must only wonder why the singularity of the Sacred Riot emerges. What brings the catalysis of this phenomenon, that I would define as "natural", into becoming?

The urban capitalist machine cannot extend intensity without the forces of the visible entering into a radical clash with the forces of the invisible. You might say the profane Capitalist machine, to a certain point, goes out of rhythm – because it is invested by an excess of chaomic rhythms – and its processual capacity of separation and extraction becomes overwhelmed by an outpouring of telluric libido. It's a kind of singular alignment of

rhythms that are in excess to decoding and functional segmentation. The call of the wolf becomes too attractive to be resisted. A contagion of alpha libido emerges, of a becoming-wolf in a pack. A call of a deterritorializing Nature breaks the urban civilized structure as a space of sanitation, separation, control, discipline, production, and reproduction. There appears an invisible sacred horde in the urban visibility that, through a libidinal contagion, engenders a Sacred Riot. This kind of worldling is much more radical than the worldling of any other form of art. It's more deterritorialized. This why the Anartist uses this anti-production, that is also aesthetic and symbolic, both as a "screen" against valorization and as infective urban poison. I am not a supporter of violence, but it is what it is, and I cannot accuse Black Blocs because they embrace violence. It's like when Benjamin talks about the "Divine Violence" against the law-making and the law-conserving violence of the Capitalist State. However, I do not believe in a final eschatological moment, a revolution or an absolute strike, even if my hyperstition of the Black Sun could induce this thinking. I do not belong to any Hebrew-Christian tradition, I do not wait for a final apocalypse and a final judgment: as in the general strike! For me Sacred Riots are moments of a necessary scatology driven by a natural excess of energy, a singular intensification that expresses inside Capitalist Urbanism because there is no more an outside but only an internal intensity that engenders a new insurgent spacing when re-appropriates time in the enowning of the Event: it's like pissing, ejaculating, and shitting. The flow cannot be contained in the capitalist organism and comes out from inside. All our excrements are related to a sacred excess that today is necessarily performed in public. There is no more a strict separation between private and public but a complicated line of variation between polarities. Because there is no more an outside the insurgent movement comes from inside and in public. Even my interventions, which are inspired to the symbolic violence of the Riot, are excrements and gifts at the same time. They are public ejaculations of the three attractors that impinge on the biosphere. They celebrate a perverted cosmic and alchemical marriage. It's a chaosmotic synchronic coitus. My interventions are like Old Ceremonies for a new cosmic skin. It's like acquiring a skin of stars. The Lizard King changes its skin. Forgive me, sometimes my words emerge according to a visionary exaltation.

We realized it. How can I present this aged child to pre-examiners? They cut him in pieces. They slaughter him, they dissect him, they do the autopsy and then throw its cadaver away. This guy is a catalyzer of evil eye with its big phallus always exhibited. It will come out full of scars. His ego will come out wounded. Just imagine a pogrom of academic feminists with knives in their hands waving the balls of this guy.

Then Faust returns inside the pool of mud, it is a senseless gesture, even considering the cost of new leather shoes.

FAUST: THE ANARTIST MUST KNOW WHERE HE CAN PUSH DISRUPTION...IT MUST HAVE AN ETHICAL LIMIT OR IT'S JUST PSYCHOSIS. DON'T YOU AGREE?

MEPHISTOPHELES: Yes, I agree, but the limit can be only sensed within the event. If I establish an ethical limit beforehand, I stop my becoming toward the unknown. I will be limited only to the known. The ethic separates the body from the immanence. The magic experience of the Black 8 would be blocked. The Black 8 is a simultaneous unfolding and enfolding of time in an Event. In this event the becoming of the Anartist, that is an alpha intensification in a wolf pack, reaches the omega point of the timeless where the 8 dissolves in the 9 of perfection. The 9 is the instant after the 8 when the awareness realizes that a picture has happened and an event has been experienced. This process, elicited by a sacrifice, educates the soul and the body of the Anartist to the magnetism of extra-senses and molecular body. The Anartist acquires the power of the sorcerer through rhythm, synchronicity, divination, immanimation, and materialization of desire. Like Alchemy, the Anartist reaches an inorganic becoming by developing the magnetic stones (lapis) of a body without organs that attract the sympathies of the components of the mandala-assemblage of heterogeneous becomings. It's like a participation in the fundamental magnetic field of the Earth. The magnetic field is created by a chaosmosis between the nucleus of the Earth (Red Sun), the Sun (White Sun), and the Black Sun (the deterritorializing Black Mass to which all our solar system is directed at amazing speed). These are the main differentiators of the Chaosmos that impinges on everything in the biosphere. The four elements are affected and moved chaosmotically by the dance of these attractors. The fifth element, Aether, is the super-dynamic quasi-cause of the virtual. The ultimate void, the vibration of vibrations, the Difference of differences. This potential void, that

generates everything, is in relation, in the last instance, with the void of the Black Mass (Black Sun). The Anartist participates in a consubstantiation of magnetism in the basic energy-matter. Also for Buddhists...the buddha, in his sacrifice to read the sutra with his own life-body, is protected by the magnetism of the animist functions of matter. This protective field is activated by the sacrifice of subjectivity in itself. The Anartist becomes a body of bodies, moving with basic magnetism. This does not mean that I always feel like an immortal God, but I do perceive when the moment for action is ripe and I found myself in that moment. When I feel yin I stop, when I feel yang I move. It's like the path of the Ninja, related to Chinese alchemy based on cosmic animated matter. Even if I seem like a lunatic drawing these connections, the Anartist has many features of the urban Ninja. It's merely a question of perceiving the rhythm of events. This perception can be developed only by the participation in the intervention with this kind of magnetic alchemy. It's not the I that chooses but an attraction produced by refrains that resonate together inside and outside of me. An event is like a kiss with closed eyes. Often there is an erotic attraction from tongues that is almost unintentional. Probably is a cannibalistic primordial attraction but I think is even more primordial and inorganic. If we want to use the metaphor of cannibalism, it's a cannibalism of intense chaosmic matter which eats and digests and pukes out itself. There is a connection of electro-magnetic particles that draw an anticipatory path, before the molar matter, with its contours that move and follow along. The tongue moves along a molecular path of attraction so much as the interventions of the Anartist or the disclosure of its avatar as driving demon for a gnostic empowering. However, the path of the Anartist is not a mystical practice for everyone. Wearing the black mask and hiding the face is just an initiatory ritual. Then one must understand if it's a practice suited for him or her. I started like this and I have run through the edge of this practice, but I cannot say it is universal. This is apparently in contradiction with my idea of Heteron, when I write that everybody can be an Anartist (The risk of populism is always there with the kind of affirmation that tries to overcome a certain artificial elitism). What I can say, however, is that some people have participated in my interventions and they always end up safe at the end. I have realized about 40 interventions in many cities and situations around the world. I have had incredible

experiences on the edge of chaos that have expanded
my awareness.

*Calm down, your writing is megalomaniac... how an
intellectual of academy can accept this exaltation... the risk
is of inflating reality with wishful thinking...*

MEPHISTOPHELES: This is already a revolution for me.

What comes after I do not know and I do not care if I
am judged a lunatic by the anal subject concentrated in
its professionalized constipation. Every instant bifurcates,
so I can promise nothing. What is most difficult is
cultivating the desire and energy to repeat and differ
again and again. I am not young anymore, to have vital
energy (that is also sexual) is a gift of youth, now I
want to leave something written with this dissertation-
intervention. I will never give you satisfaction in
choosing health instead of sickness... I am fascinated by
the “beautiful sickness”, by unhealthy health. You and
I are a field, we are not separate subjects. You cannot
expect that you can pull me in your direction like an
ordinary billiard ball. The Black 8 is mad because its
a field of effects. If you push me you can experience
reactive effects that are non-linear with respect to your
intention. This is something that you may be able to
perceive in this entanglement of effects that we are, I
suppose. You can consider our line of flight, of points
and counterpoints, as an initiatory path from academic
attitude to sorcery.

Do you want? (what do you mean by this?)

FAUST: YES I WANT.

MEPHISTOPHELES: No, you need to be more
provocative and bastard. I want someone who challenges
me strongly. I want to show my greatness to all the world!

FAUST: DO NOT PLAY THE PSYCHOTIC NOW. IT'S STILL
A DISSERTATION. “STRIATED SPACE AGAINST SMOOTH
SPACE”. CAN YOU ELABORATE THIS?

MEPHISTOPHELES: I see that you have not lost your
academic composure. I'll try to explain as best I can.
Many authors write that Deleuze's smooth space has
been already realized and that this is in fact the space of
finance. In my opinion, until there is an axiomatic that
reduces and organizes the schizophrenia in countable
standards to make it work...for example money...there is
no smooth space. Others say that digital space is smooth,
but I see it as a cartesian numeric space that is discrete
and striated...an apparatus of capture of the continuum.

The digital can segment the continuum that passes
through it in every point and can block it in an apparatus

of capture, in flexible figure. The digit-urban space is striated by techno-capitalism. Even the non-Euclidean space of the digital design privileges Cartesian contours that bracket figures in movement. It's like a capturing profile that extracts value from the becoming of the living.

FAUST: YOU PASS FROM EXTREMELY MYSTICAL AND ALMOST UNGRASPABLE TO EXTREMELY RATIONAL EXPLANATIONS. NOW, YOU SHOULD EXPLAIN ME RANCIERE'S CONCEPT OF "DEMONSTRATION OF EQUALITY". CAN YOU CLARIFY THIS?

MEPHISTOPHELES: The demonstration of equality is already written in the legitimation of democracy as "virtual universal", it can always be used to legitimate the litigation of a minority. The intervention I described in my short-essay about the intervention at Trump Tower is an example of this because the police did not move. They were under the virtual spell of the equality principle. For Rancière, this principle is contrasted by the governmentality principle of the elites that try to limit the principle of equality in the name of efficiency, security, control, economic goal, and knowledge. This is the example of chapter 6...with the excuse of having caused damage to the security of traffic flow, which concerns everybody, police can limit your right to be heard and seen. They establish a partition in the sensorium of urban space where every body must remain to the place established by the design of power-relations inscribed in the space. Dissensus instead blurs this partition because it moves a body out of its place (it's a deterritorialization) where one can now be heard or be seen as a disturbing difference with respect to the platonic order that drives the partition of the design. This design of space-time, to which a body is assigned, is outlined by the executives of the elites in power (Trump for example..."do not overcome the door of private property" to which Americans are so sensitive). Both the principles, i.e. equality and governmentality, are inside the definition of democracy but in conflict: archè vs. anarchè.

FAUST: NOW YOU HAVE BEEN CLEAR ENOUGH. SOMETIMES I THINK YOU ARE SMARTER THAN THE "LUNATIC" IMAGE YOU PROJECT ON YOURSELF.

Faust starts making sculptures with mud... it's like being a child again, when my parents took me to the beach and I had the shapes of the tortoise and the elephant. I should make molds with these sticks and these leaves. I could make the shape of a frog to overcome my ancestral fear to be

licked by a frog. Maybe I conceive myself as an insect and I fear the tongue of the frog. The academic insect will make a frog of mud... A monument to my fear.

MEPHISTOPHELES: According to my experience, it's "life" in itself that has an "essoteric" and an "esoteric" side. My being oscillates between these two poles. This explains why my descriptions have different nuances of obscurity and clarity. Often these are also descriptions to the limit of speculation. It depends on how far I push myself in the attempt to distinguish the "givenness", (as Jan Luc Marion would put it), at its limit of appearance in my experience, from the invisible. Is the invisible God? Is it The Unconditioned that is before being (following Marion), i.e. an open interpretation that creates all finite interpretation and words? If I must make sense with words of the limit between what is conditioned and unconditioned, I would need to use new words, invent new concepts, new figures, new myths, new symbols, a new aesthetic. Because an experience outside the pragmatism of everyday, that is instead clearly intersubjective and standardized, cannot be easily explained with established languages and clear words. For Kant, only "phenomena" can be grasped, not "noumena". We are limited by the a-priori categories that shape our perception and conception. On the other hand, I try to push myself to the limit of the "fanged noumena", to use an expression of Nick Land - an expression that could be drawn by Giordano Bruno and his "biting hounds". So, I need new words, I need new concepts, that cannot be understood by the people and also by the reviewers that are in a Kantian institution. My attitude, not properly academic, opens a space of "uncertainty" that could be contaminated by fabulation, passion, and the Mephistophelean desire of seduction. This speculation is even narcissistic I admit it but is a feature of creation and re-creation that cannot be liquidated with "sloganism". I feel that through my experiments with art, and with interventions in particular, I can participate in something that has a "divinatory logic". It's a space, better yet, a time, that has an ambiguous reality status. I am aware of the danger of irrationalism, and so I put certain affirmations between scare quotes. But I think a field of artistic research should also be open to what is irrational and enigmatic. Is there something rational in Monalisa's smile? Or in Munch's scream? I'm interested in this obscure dimension that moves something in me. You can say that my art has not the enigmatic presence of

these masterpiece but what is art today? This is another problem from art research. Not only the object of art is elusive but the definition of Art itself. Art involves an “inflation” of the unconscious over the conscious, and has something irrational, narcissistic and enigmatic at its core that cannot be disambiguated by the application of rationalism. I cannot abstract myself from the artist modality and its a-modal expression...even when I write “of” art instead of making it. I cannot bend my flesh to fully rational disembodied abstraction. Thus, the written account should be enigmatic and controversial, just as the “object” of art in itself, (which, as I have mentioned, is not only that but also a “process” (objectile) and an “objeu” with unstable meanings). I’m astill making art, I cannot separate a representation “from” my making.

My life is sensitive to the eroticism of creation as a continuous immersion in a field of desire that calls me to an aesthetic composition. I cannot draw a line where before I am the “artist” (or Anartist) and after I am the academic who represents and describes the artist and its expression as an objective matter of fact. I am involved with my flesh in what I am writing that becomes necessarily a “creative writing”.

Faust starts jumping like a frog in the mud.

FAUST: I HAVE THE FEELING THAT MY QUESTIONS ARE LIKE INTERVENTIONS IN YOUR WRITING- INTERVENTIONS. OR THAT YOU INTERVENE IN MY INTERVENTIONS WITH COUNTER-INTERVENTIONS. I FEEL THIS EUPHORIC TENSION. IS IT GOOD OR BAD? CAN WE ACHIEVE SOME KNOWLEDGE IN THIS WAY? WHERE IS THE END OF THIS? I FEEL LOST.

He keeps jumping like a frog.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Yes, you are right. It’s like an AND AND logic of points and counterpoints that gives a cinematic move to a line of flight. Or like a Vivaldi’s sonata with a difference that always subvert its repetition.

In this way the figure remains in movement...it’s not exhausted and frozen by an order of representation. It’s also a zig-zag. Your name could be Zig and mine Zag, or vice-versa. Our names are in the process of blurring and metamorphosis. One is in a blind becoming-Mephistopheles and the other in a blind becoming-Faust but neither reach the identity of a substantial “being”. We are simply effects of a field of the line of flight and its oscillation. Once an oscillation starts, it generates a difference that intensifies its oscillation. Like a cascade of sounds. We are effects of the tension that cross our

entanglement. We are the actualization of effects that still exceed themselves at the escape velocity of the virtual, unleashing a differential noise that is still full of information but is also an esthetic atmosphere. For me aesthetic is more an “enjoyable noise” than “music”.

I need of an atmospheric tonality. I do not need a structural geometry of sense. I save only the baroque with music because is all a play of unleashed intensities and counter-intensities that has an internal unfolding difference. However, it will be difficult to put an end to the tension of this noisy screenplay, or to this baroque point and counter-point, with a climax or conclusion. The line of flight will not exhaust the “mystery” at the core of the practice. To mention Deleuze’s cinema...this is not an action-image that arrives at a happy ending...

this is a time-image...a time-machine where time is not contained in a frame but spins in itself. Here time reverberates in itself to create a tonality, a fascination. Much of what I write is “questionable” and cannot be clarified by philosophy or proved by facts, that, anyway, always have irrational presuppositions as background for interpretation. As Godel says, a rational system cannot be closed, it’s not self-sufficient. The artist knows this unconsciously and refuses language, systematic logic, or definitions. He embraces a logic of sensations, of making more than reflecting on some questions. The artist is more interested in “seduction” and not so much in clarity and explanation. It’s an erotic creation, a play with magic effects that can be understood only in the immersion of making. Art is an event not an object. In the artist, there is no humanist project to make knowledge clear or to be shared with all other humans. It’s not scientific. This does not mean that it is not research, and does not grant access to a certain kind knowledge or understanding. If my artistic expression should be clarified, it would be an infinite chain of questions and answers that would never be exhausted. At a certain point, this chain would also “reveal” contradictions of sense making because paradox is at the core of everything. The word “re-veal”, in Italian “rivela”, literally translates to “re-veil”; in this action, there already exists the paradox of Knowledge and non-Knowledge because there is always a veil. There is a bifurcation or differend between the academic project of Enlightenment and the expression of the artist. The artist goes toward dark paradox for new beginnings and new foundations beyond the line of time instituted by the rationalist subject and the systemic signifier that must

produce a form with universal and clear standards. The artist makes time-jumps with his or her artwork that founds an autonomous system of reference that cannot be commuted in a shared system of reference. This gives depth and erotic attraction to the artwork. Because the singular has magnetic power, while the general does not.

Difference excites and attracts the senses. This is why the artist avant-garde anticipates the future, not only do they feel it comes and they participate in it but they also create it simultaneously. They not only feel the dark precursor but are also dark precursors themselves. In this sense, we can understand Deleuze when he writes that the “majority is the becoming of the minorities”. This singular attraction is like a dark precursor that elicits a physical reaction. It’s not so much because the minority are politically organized to impose an interpretation and a transvaluation (Nietzsche) but because the aesthetic is singular and attractive. This is why I would separate aesthetic minorities (surrealists, dadaists, situationists, punk, Anartist(s)...etc.) from discursive minorities (gays, feminists, etc...) even if these movements can also be mixed and superposed for intersectional purposes. No doubt the gay political movements have generated political discourses, but also their own aesthetics. I think the aesthetic has a greater influence. The aesthetic influences those who would try to have logical political arguments against the gay movement. In fact, because every signifier is posed by an irrational background it can easily be dismissed by a counter-argument. Instead, the aesthetic acts on the subliminal level of attraction and repulsion. And often what repels is also attractive and with the time enters in the common sensibility as something that is part of our sensorial belonging and aesthetic. It enters in the design of space and time and its sensorial habitudes. This singular attraction is like a dark precursor that elicits a physical reaction of the flesh out of the instituted design. The flesh is seduced by the singular, its intensive percept that breaks the perception...

I wish this discourse could enter into the introduction to show the powerlessness of Knowledge as will of power (Foucault) and the limit of the Enlightenment and the danger of its paradigm of clarity. Even Foucault was not immune from this obsession with clarity, as Jean Baudrillard well puts it in his essay “Forget Foucault”.

Faust takes off his shoes and fills them with mud. He thinks that once the mud is dried he will cut his shoes with his small multi-use dagger with the Swiss cross. When

he bought it, he heard the echo of other daggers, those of his colleagues. One must watch the shoulders if he wants to make a career. At the first false step you can lose face. You have to check every move. Every evening remember everything to plan a new move. But now enough I want to become an island of mud, I want muddy. And he lies completely in the mud pool. I will be a frog of mud and he covers himself with mud. I want to be a “thing” in itself.

FAUST: IS YOUR RESEARCH AND WHAT WE ARE DOING ANTI-ACADEMIC?

MEPHISTOPHELES: This dissertation, constructed as line of flight between the hyperbolic simulation of an academic attitude represented by you (Faust) and me, the anti-Oedipal Anartist could be seen as a sort of intervention in the established parameters of the knowledge of the academy, I think art research is an interesting bastard field that can reveal a knowledge that deals with its non-knowledge as an “other” that cannot be subsumed and integrated in the western narrative of Enlightenment; in its transcendent will of power or will of knowledge that founds globalization and its technocracy. I want to stop and suspend the violent transcendent neurosis of the Academic ethics through the crack of a dissertation-intervention, by showing the powerlessness of the system, as if I was a hacker. Because I know the program, it is easy for me to make it glitch and stutter. Usually, when the program meets someone who is inoffensive, as artists often are (because they are “too naïve”), it succeeds in creating an authority of instituted rules over the domain of art. If it cannot succeed at this, it uses its power to offend and harm the artist with arrogance and false elitism, as often happens to me. Academics think they are superior, like the civilized man in front of the so called naïve indigenous people, but because critique is implicit in the foundation of the Enlightenment itself, it must accept a critique of its foundations that is as irrational as that of the savages. By proceeding in this way, we can show that there is always an excess of sense in humanity because it is a fiction that has been used to cross out the inhuman. We could continue with questions and answers until the archetype of the labyrinth emerges to reveal the hole at the top of the pyramid—the principle of reason is not self-sufficient... Anyway, I think this can be simply written in the methodology of my introduction. Then, of course, the e-mails that I will publish will expose my relation with academic journals and will act as proof of the

arrogance and presupposed superiority of the civilized white man and white woman, white gender equality and white multiculturalism.

FAUST: WHAT YOU SAY IS EXCITING BUT ALSO SCARY.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Now you are learning the art of the political sorcerer by practice. I'm joking. Let's continue like this. I like the tension and the black spots it engenders in the Eye; and also the white noise in the Ear.

FAUST: YOU WROTE THE WORD "RE-VEAL", THAT IN ITALIAN WOULD BE "RIVELA", THAT LITERALLY TRANSLATED SHOULD BE AS "RE-VEIL". HERE THERE IS ALREADY THE PARADOX OF KNOWLEDGE AND NON-KNOWLEDGE BECAUSE THERE IS ALWAYS A "VEIL",

-THIS REMINDS ME OF LACAN'S STORY BETWEEN ZEUXIS AND PARRHASIUS - WHY WAS IT THAT ZEUXIS 'OUTSMARTED' PARRHASIUS IN THE CONTEST OF 'REPRESENTATION' (THE BIRDS PECKING AT THE GRAPES)? BECAUSE PARRHASIUS WANTED TO SEE WHAT WAS BEHIND THE PAINTED CURTAIN (VEIL).

Faust jumps all around like a frog of mud. I am in a becoming-frog. I do perceptual jump in the outside.

MEPHISTOPHELES: No..., actually it was Parrhasius that outsmarted Zeuxis because by painting the "curtain" he suspended the usual apparatus of representation of the painting (of which Zeuxis expressed as the perfection of the code - while being at the same time expressed by it). Parrhasius provided an anti-representation of the representation that is not just a representation but a "Real event", this is the same thing that counter-effectuated the expectations and certitude of the public and changed the "status of reality". Parrhasius' trick destabilizes the attitude of the public that just automatically watches what appears; Parrhasius shows the fragility of the naturalized position constructed by the apparatus of representation. Through a counter-effect he reveals that everything is effectuated; not only the art of painting is artifice but also the safe ground of the viewer that evaluates an artwork. This ground is simply an effect of a mysterious puissance with no ground.

FAUST: DON'T PATRONIZING ME JUST BECAUSE IT WAS A LAPSUS THAT I EXCHANGED THE NAMES.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Yes, "ca va sans dire", I always forget and have "lapsus" and "gaps". I wanted just underline that our existence is enigmatic. Parrhasius showed the limit of the representation as something too human and constructed by effects. By a surprising

counter-effect, Parrhasius transmits the sensation of the artifice to the ground of the viewer. What is hidden beyond the curtain? Only the curtain with its “undulating folds”. So the curtain is the threshold. What veils reveals just itself, but re-veiling itself as an enigma or an absence. Only what veils can be revealed, so nothing else can be revealed except the “veil”. The revelation is a surface that veils. The painted “curtain” became an oscillating enigma, an un-grounding force of the chasm between visible and invisible and between invisible and visible. While Zeuxis executes the code inscribed in the medium at the perfection, Parrhasius subtracts himself from the capture of the representation of the medium and puts in question its code – he is a sort of hacker of the medium. In a certain way, where Zeuxis’ painting executed at perfection the code of the medium, Parrhasius interspaced in the “edge” the structure of representation of the medium. Parrhasius was almost a pre-Situationist and pre-Post-Structuralist that counter-effectuated the Spectacle created by Zeuxis, whom, for his own, is merely a subjectivity engendered by the code of the Spectacle.

Faust stops jumping around like a frog.

FAUST: DO YOU RECOGNIZE THIS ATTITUDE IN OTHER ARTISTS OF THE PAST WHO INSPIRED YOUR ATTITUDE?

MEPHISTOPHELES: The list would be long but this operation was repeated by Malevich in a certain way. Even if Malevich opened the space of the painting to the installation. Malevich shows his chaomology by the veil of his black painting. He veils the Madonna and reveals the pre-represented forces which lurks in the dark of an absence of representation. In the corner is the black square that veils the orthodox icon but reveals a dark space of electromagnetic forces of plus and minus. He reveals a chaosmic desire-machine, a singleton, and yet, still a new representation that breaks with instituted representation. In that crack in the two-dimensionality of the canvas, in that enfolding that unfolds something different, a new dimension in traverse, there is a veiled revelation. This resonates with the past event, as a deferred differ(a)nce which repeats and haunts new expressions which differs. It’s an event which anachronistically repeats itself as a disruption, a revolution, or whatever other gesture out of the spatialized hinges of time. While Zeuxis “grape of fruit” should be seen from the place of the public, the point

of view of Parrhasius curtain is displaced... in fact, in the mythical tale of the contest between the two Greek painters, the public approaches near the painted “curtain”

almost to touch it, in expectation of the revelation of the painting behind. But behind there is nothing to watch and this nothing is at a distance of touch. This is also a sort of active and subversive nihilism. The ground of expectation is just an illusion which grounds an illusion. In this sense, probably, we can speak of Lacan’s elusiveness of the phantasmatic Big Other which catches a desire, but this is an idea related to the unconscious as language and its intrinsic frustration. Here I would speak more of dispositives of illusion that is not only language, even if also dispositives concern a code and a syntax.

With Zeuxis the human public can stay stable to its firm anthropological machine, watching the illusion of the bird clashing against the “illusory screen” of “the grape of fruit” without losing its ground of representation and of a superior judgement with respect to the animal (the bird). In the case of Parrhasius it is the public as humans

that is displaced in its grounding superiority over the animal. The human meets the non-human and the limit of its ground as illusion and crashes its nose against its own “screen”. It is no longer the human that can look with its gaze and judge appearance from a safe human ground. It is as if the human is touched by the curtain with an ungrounding black out that debases the gaze of the human, of its I and Eye. Behind the curtain there is the Real...Dark Precursors of the virtual that cannot be represented in the humanly represented space-time.

According to Lacan, the Real cannot be accessed by the human...on the other hand, according Gilles Deleuze, this pre-individuated and pre-represented forces can be felt and brought to expression by the artist’s sensations, that, he claims, exceed the human. Yet, in my opinion, these forces are then muted by being represented in an institutionalized modernist medium. It is true that the medium has the necessary limits to unfold the diagram of the differences of differences. Without the limits of a medium there would not be pressure for the dynamism

of the difference to make emerge the expression of the multiplicity. It is necessary a tension between One and Many. However there is a “difference” between “figurative”, based on an identity to represent as One-One, and “figural”, as an emerging manifestation of difference of differences through the subtracted One.

Faust looks himself reflected in the dump, he cannot recognize himself because is full of mud. He knows that he is himself because his memory can track his gestures but he can see only a humanoid of mud very similar to a Sumerian statue. He starts to see himself as an adornment for a temple. He can assist to a Sumerian ritual. The Queen of Heaven stands in front of two looped temple poles or "asherah," phallic posts, sacred to the goddess. A group of nude priests bring gifts or baskets of gifts, included fruits to pay her homage on the lower tier.

FAUST: DO YOU SEE A SIMILITUDE WITH THE ANARTIST'S ATTITUDE?

MEPHISTOPHELES: The Anartist, in its disrupting interventions, can feel and experience these forces with high intensity because its line of flight is beyond any instituted code-field of expression. However the capitalist axiomatic that designs the space-time provides with its limits the enabling constriction for a diagrammatic space-time jump, once the homeostatic equilibrium has been destabilized by some trick (anti-techné). For example, setting with a performance a site-specific "strange attractor" that modifies the course of the instituted and designed capitalist attractors. This strange attractor provokes a perturbation in the libido and in the habits designed over the capitalist space-time. In fact today the medium is capitalism itself... it is no longer the painting. The medium has been deterritorialized and is everywhere. How to make a crack in the capitalist medium? How to fly beyond the instituted capitalist space-time? How to subtract the whole of this space-time to unleash the experience of a becoming outside the design? This is the difference from the Artist as Zeuxis (Picasso) and the Anti-Artist as Parrhasius (Duchamp, Malevich, Debord, Broodthaers...) and the Anartist (no name). However, when I come to explain this experience, I find myself caught in the limit of the representation. I am forced to explain an object that is instead an objectile in flight. There cannot be an identity between an object and its represented figure because both continue to variate. It's an objectile that is implicated in my subjectility, so that the line of variation is still more intense and complicated. What appears is a dance of effects in flight. It is the format that instead forces me to actualize a relation of a certain subject, me, that explains an object, his artwork standing right there, as if the differentiating difference could be frozen once and for all. As I said, through our points

and counter-points, I try to deface this limit by giving movement to the “appearing” of the “eventing”. I destabilize the field again and again...I hope that this moving oscillation can be transmitted to the reader; not so much as a clear explanation/extension but as an obscure and noisy, even disturbing for its spinning in the void of repetition, implication/intensity that affects with its atmospheric tonality. Even if it’s a mono-tone, like a black monochrome. In a sense the university itself, as an institutionalized academic code and a standard of inter-subjectivity, is a potential medium for a line of flight with its constrictions. I want to trick and destabilize that code, as in a sense Parrhasius did, to show something appearing between the cracks if not just the cracks and the inconsistency of a unifying knowledge. I want to show the anti-representation emerging from the representation as a line of flight. Each point and counterpoint of our line of variation are also the folds and counter-folds of Parrhasius “curtain”. A veil, so lifelike, that Zeuxis-FAUST would ask, well, can you show what you have painted behind it ? Through the undulating enfolding and unfolding of the curtain I can, maybe, reveal the invisible by showing what conceals it. This would be more a counter-representation than anti-representation. But this counter can be presented only as a surface of folds in a line of flight; a curtain...not a represented object. Instead, it is an enigmatic and elusive “objectile” that never concludes its becoming; it would be useless as an alternative re-presentation based on a different values—that would still be a representation! However, I am like Deleuze, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche (and Jim Morrison)! I am not pessimist like Lacan (and Mick Jagger). I believe in the possibility to pierce the veil of illusion and break-through to the other side. I think all oriental philosophy deals with going beyond the veil. I just feel that this is a mystic experience that can be only re-experienced and expressed through a representation in flight. That is not a clear representation as required by knowledge. An objectile requires an explanation that is still an unfinished “artwork”, and as such makes violence to the Eye in search of clarity. This “shape” in flight would be very similar to the enfolding and unfolding of a “curtain”. In the “curtain” itself there is an internal movement that reveals and re-veils at the same time.

Faust follows the line of Sumerian priests...as if it was inside the temple of Uruk/Warka.

FAUST: WHAT IS MANA?

MEPHISTOPHELES: I have explained it more specifically in the essay *Catalysis of the Black Sun*. I think there is no need to add anything. I just can say that is strictly resonant with the concept of “aura” that we find in Walter Benjamin.

On the upper tier is a figure of a nude man that may possibly represents the sacrificial king. He approaches the robed queen Inanna. Inanna wears a horned headdress.

FAUST: I NOTICED YOU OFTEN ENTER IN POLEMIC WITH “GENDER THEORY”. ARE YOU A “TOXIC MALE”?

MEPHISTOPHELES: I just answer to the violence of this idea. I have been accused of not inserting enough women in my bibliography. For me thinking is an act of de-subjection that transcends a firm presence. For this reason “gender” makes no sense to me, especially in the act of thinking. I just insert the bibliography of the thinkers that I consider more interesting, the authors that my nose found fitting with my research. Then you can say that my selection is driven by a male bias, but I can say that your bias is just another bias over my bias.

Each representation has no foundation, it’s a violent generalization of a multi-perspectival labyrinth of folds in an axiomatic focal point .

FAUST: THIS SENTENCE WILL BE CENSURED IN YOUR DISSERTATION, I AM SURE. WHY DO YOU ALWAYS TRY TO PROVOKE? WHY DO YOU HAVE THESE SELF-DESTRUCTIVE DRIVES?

MEPHISTOPHELES: It’s my need for self-sacrifice. I cannot accept “political correctness”. Every instituted definition is a limitation. Yesterday I was to Kiasma Museum and there was an interesting cover titled *ART ACTIVISM – Towards an ethics of curating*. I am always suspicious when someone tries to impose an ethics to an aesthetic, but if you turned the book there was written “Curatorial Activism is a manifest for change in the art world”, then it continued: RESIST masculinism and sexism, CONFRONT white privilege and western-centrism, CHALLENGE heterocentrism and lesbo-homophobia. Then you were opening the book and you could find the same modernist cool installations that you usually find in a contemporary museum. First, I do not understand how the militant activist’s writer, of course Anglo-American, related with images that were still the same images and artworks that are circulating in the contemporary museum since long time; at least, since the accusation of Debord to contemporary art as a reactionary repetition of old styles, a kind of kitschy

manierism which contains rebellion in a bourgeois paradigm. Second, as “white male heterosexual” I am for sure excluded by the Art World. I should be ashamed of my identity and my sexual preferences?

FAUST: I SEE IN YOUR ATTITUDE A CERTAIN COMPULSIVE PURITAN OBSESSION AGAINST “GROUP IDENTITIES”. IS IT NOT THAT YOU ARE HOMOPHOBIC? I MEAN: IS IT NOT THAT YOU SECRETLY DESIRE TO BE GAY? IS NOT THAT YOU STRONGLY DESIRE WHAT YOU REFUSE AS THE PSYCHOLOGISTS SAY?

MEPHISTOPHELES: And you? Are you in favor of Death Penalty?

FAUST: CERTAINLY NOT!

MEPHISTOPHELES: And are you not sure that you cultivate a secret pulsion to be an executioner? I could continue with these paradoxes again and again... Freud cannot be taken as a “dogma” of truth.

FAUST: LET’S MOVE BEYOND THIS WEIRD TERRAIN QUICKLY. EXPAND THE CONCEPT OF “TRANSPERSONA MARKER”. WHY MARKER?

Faust is playing with the mud of the pool. A mask of mud is built over his face. I am a God and I will destroy this Temple because I don’t like your nudity. Then he dances and wallow in the pool like a child or a savage.

MEPHISTOPHELES: The idea (more than an idea—a living event) is to trace and make emerge an unknown counter-territory through repetitions and differences to unleash a nomadic refrain-territory. A destituent-puissance which can use the “mask” to constitute a diagrammatic field for a chaosmosis. This uncoded territory-refrain can be singular but also an intertwined multiplicity in becoming. In this second case we have the emerging of the Heteron. A territory must have a marker that repeats and draws an area that is defined and undefined at the same time. Even if the marker is not inserted in a system of marking which defines a clear in an out. It’s open and closed to the same time. The mask provides a becoming-territory that is contaminated, tensive and always in excess but avoids this deterritorialization “blotches the diagram” of the One-Many tension. This diagrammatic territory in tension expresses not only the difference with its outside but also the internal difference that is always in excess and in becoming. In and out resonates in a tension. This territory is nomadic, it advances as a lush garden of forking path in the desert, is a reverted desert because it has the mobility of the desert... It’s a desert moved

by the deterritorialization of the Mechanosphere as productive Natura Naturans. The marker wants to allude to the becoming-animal connected with the expressivity of a new territory (Von Uexkull) that emerges from the spatial dialectic among the milieu, territorialization, deterritorialization and reterritorialization. This dialectic is the movement of the diagram of expression. Without the marker of the “transpersona” we could not have the tension of the diagram with the outside difference and the internal difference, and also the tension between the many and the one... (A tension that gives a certain angle to the folding territory and disseminates virtual dark precursors ready to explode their attraction in new actualizations.) Without this field of difference we could not have the dynamic tension of a field of expression and the emerging of a new animal-subjectivity (the Anartist). As Capitalism has its own coded movement, the Heteron has its own uncoded movement. They are also intertwined in an oscillation. Another way to see the emerging of a new territory is through flights and captures and prey and predators, even here we have a dialectic of markings that intertwine a symbiotic complexity. In the Heteron of Anartist, that is based on the “parasite” logic, the prey incorporated by the predator becomes the predator from inside the body of the predator as an intestinal virus: a diarrhea. So it’s not only the emerging of a new territory but also of a new rebel folding inside a hegemonic territory that modifies the program in power. It’s like a trojan virus that worlds in a worlding as a parasite. If it’s true that Capitalism is a parasite, The Black Sun, as uncoded territory, parasites the parasite. The uncoded is generated as line of flight from the coded to its outside. **Anyway the transpersona of the Anartist is a mediator from a field of forces outside the territory (Capitalism) and a field of forces that constitute the territory from inside (the interpretation of the black mask). However the black mask is also in tension with the outside of Capitalism (the Earth). It’s a double-twisting that re-doubles which generates the emergence of the uncoded territory as a field of tension. (obscure.)**

While Faust is dancing a strange rain, like red blood, falls down on the earth. He tastes a drop in his mouth. It’s sweet! Then he stops dancing and with a repentine turn he addresses Mephistopheles with a question.

FAUST: BUT THE MARKER DOES NOT CREATE MARGINS OF EXCLUSION?

MEPHISTOPHELES: The marker fades in the ambiguity of the transpersona that is an ambiguous threshold. It's a door and as such is liminal and porous. Everybody can virtually dress a mask and doing an intervention. If there were no marker of the transpersona there would be no counter-accumulation and reversion of the libidinal production, at the maximum it would be just dispersion of lines of flight. Instead the transpersona marker allows a catalysis of expression of a territory without depressing the singular will of power of multiplicities that generates the deterritorialized territory – because the only mediator is the black mask. Each singularity of the multiplicity has full puissance with no mediation and hierarchy. The Anartist is a sort of generous parasite that reverts the power-relation, enfolding the capitalist production in an anti-production. The transpersona is at the same time a sacred mask connected with the deterritorialization of the Earth and the magic-mystic dynamic of the Mechanosphere. So, in a metaphysical and physical sense, the Heteron, or Black Sun, is a chaosmogonic expression of Difference inscribed in the play of a Singleton of attractors. It's the expression of a cosmo-chaosmotic becoming of becomings. The transpersona expresses the impersonal becoming of forces of attraction, speeds and elliptic cycles that affect the biosphere, considered as a suspended chaotic space-ship. So the transpersona is also a sacred refrain-territory that, when emerging, transgresses and re-enchants the profane urban-capitalist space with the force of absolute creation of an omega-point of deterritorialization. The capitalist spectacle profanes everything but can be profaned by the transpersona marker that generates a sacred counter accumulation.

Now Faust is full of red mud. He takes the little Swiss dagger and cuts his shoes. Leave only the sole and the mud filling of the shoes used as a mold. Here we have the solid negative of a pair of shoes. It's the anti-matter of my shoes. I could carve my feet from that negative space of potentiality. And he started to sculpt feet fingers with his knife. The feets are red. Then he closes his eyes to look through the shadow.

FAUST: THE BLACK MYTHOLOGY IS CONNECTED WITH NIHILISM?

MEPHISTOPHELES: Again? We risk to boring the public. You see? Some of them are already snoring like pigs!

FAUST: I NEED THAT YOU ENUCLEATE AND CLARIFY SOME POINTS IF YOU WANT TO ENTER ACADEMY, ESPECIALLY EDUCATION. WE ARE PART OF AN ENLIGHTENED PEDAGOGICAL PROJECT OF STATE'S PUBLIC HEALTH. WE DON'T WANT OUR CHILDREN TO BE EDUCATED TO A PASSIVE SELF-DESTRUCTIVE NIHILISM.

Then he continues with his work of carving his toes from his feet of red mud. He thinks that this would be amusing to do in a sunny island of the pacific but not in a humid "zone" for stalkers' games in the middle of a foggy nowhere. Here one risks the arthrosis. The fact is that this conversation is so long and boring that he needs something to do, some action. Whatever action. He could also smoke a cigarette but it would be too banal.

MEPHISTOPHELES: I understand what you mean.

From a counter-systemic perspective the Black Mythology, because it cannot be exchanged in the system of signs as simulation, is the only un-nihilist expression that circulates in the Spectacle. The rest is nihilistic simulation because it is not based on the radicalism of symbolic exchange and sacrifice. (As Baudrillard would put it). Black Bloc's violence is symbolic because it exceeds the political signification and cannot be exchanged in the system of signs—it is too radical to be used. Blowing up police cars and breaking windows are gestures and images charged with erotic and vital transgression that conquer the nihilism of the consumer of signs into an active nihilism against the nihilism of productive consumption. It's an affirmation of radical consumption, a return of the symbolic intensity. This kind of nihilist semio-capitalism operates a detachment from the radical immanence. It engenders a simulation of life and a simulation of eroticism in the Spectacle. The artist, for example, becomes a "brand" that simulates transgression. He becomes the sign of an economic exchange. A professional of "transgression". To this circulation of economic signs, the Black Bloc opposes the non-relation of symbols produced in an anti-productive consumption; i.e., the destructive consumption of the urban space. It's a question of intensity of symbolic events that, due to its devastating actions, cannot be digested by capitalist entities such as the advertising or news industries. If they are depicted and repeated in series by these industries, their black aura will be amplified instead of being dismissed and banalized. This kind of symbolism becomes counter-useful for

the system because it exceeds, in terms of eroticism and attraction, the simulated eroticism of the nihilist system.

This happens because the violence of the potlatch is uncountable. It's the passage from a restricted economy to a general cosmic economy of excess. (Bataille's Accursed Share). This is why is attractive and erotic. It's magic symbolism that is forged to higher intensity than the usual semiurgy instituted by post-modern capitalism into a system of exchange value or social utilitarianism. The ordinary utilitarian profane is nihilist, not the Black Bloc mythology which emits the power of "mana". The

Black Bloc mythology activates the deepest desire. It's destructive but is also radically demiurgic in engendering an antagonist mythology. Only the violence of the Sacred Riot, because it is an unproductive wasting that cannot be recycled, can generate symbols, events and aesthetics that resist valorization.

FAUST: YES, BUT I CANNOT EDUCATE A STUDENT TO GO AND DESTROY POLICE CARS...

He has almost terminated the little pinky of the left foot.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Your vision of nihilism is drawn from inside the system of capitalist representation. You should see it from a defacing counter-representation in flight, whose nomadic origin is in the outside, even if it springs from the inside. It's an outside that is inside, it is underground, it is pre-individuated and pre-verbal. You cannot equate violence with nihilism. Even eros is violent...the Empire of Senses. Even vitality is violent. Since the human species was immersed in the violence of the jungle, it came out from mortality by surviving through a transcendent abstract violence. The work, that allows us to survive as individuals separated by a division of labor in a complex society is transcendent violence. Rationality wants to dominate nature through work to allow the human to survive. It's a violent struggle. All our civilization is built on the abstraction of a material immanent violence. This why Deleuze and Guattari write that at the base of existence there is a war-machine.

Deleuze always makes reference to "difference as violence". Even the peace of nations is an imperial pax kept with weapons at the end. What allows the dollar to be trusted by the world despite its huge public debt is its war-machine. What allows Europe to have an internal peace is not "humanist values" but the fact that they can sell weapons to other countries to help them to make the war by themselves and that they are also under NATO's protective umbrella. This is also a comfortable position,

accepting submission to US for not showing the mask of the warrior and keeping the fiction of the human face. You cannot erase violence from the base of existence. You can just forget or delegate it if you are well protected by another violence that acts against violence. See the State as “monopoly of violence”, in the Hobbesian definition.

I would say that violence is ontological and connected to our mortality but also vitality. The metamorphosis is violent. Then you can smoke a joint and be in peace but there will be someone else that fights a dirty war for your peace. This does not mean that one must have the sense of sin every moment, but I know that what allows my material well-being of western citizen to continue is force. I mean, as Nietzsche teaches, and is also confirmed

by chaos theory, we are part of a field of forces. This field of forces applies to every phenomena. Even interpretation is a field of forces. This is why Deleuze says that also thinking is a violent torsion of forces. One active interpretation prevails in instituting its hegemonic power just as another is ready to challenge it; this change of hands will continue until the challenging force produces a disruptive event subverting the dominant interpretation. You can say that this play of violent forces can be mediated by democratic liberal institutions, but even the institutions apply this kind of force, authority, legitimation, policing, and violence to the system.

Furthermore western democracies, in their foreign politics, are allied with non-democratic countries (see Europe-Libya-Turkey-Egypt or USA-Saudi Arabia-Israel and so on...) to which they outsource the violence that they cannot show in their home countries or, in the case of the US, they have established extra-territorial spaces for explicit violence, i.e. Guantanamo. Then there are the secret services. We do not know what they are doing.

And the “secrets of State” forbid the citizen to know what really goes on. Then you must add the control of internet and the imperial hegemony of the US through cyberspace, a control that is primarily military. With this I’m not trying to say that the countries of the west are more violent than the Muslims that explode themselves in public, killing “innocent” people – or that they are more violent than some African tribes that conduct rituals of infibulation on women, or let the children considered affected by the evil eye to die without nutrition and without the least compassion. There is immanent (the jungles of the Earth) and transcendent violence (the drones of the State). The second is just an

abstraction of the first due to the work for conservation of the species, that, in an imperial dimension, is primarily a conservation of a certain hierarchy that has a center in the US and in particular in its ruling class of millionaires.

Furthermore, the act that institutes the Law is already an act of immanent violence that becomes abstract. The law-making is in itself violence. The revolutionary “divine violence”, that in Benjamin is opposed to the “law-making” violence of the State, is relative to Black Bloc’s violence. Furthermore, the “divine violence”, is very similar to the “immanent violence” of Bataille as opposed to the “transcendent violence” that is similar to “the law-making violence”. These couples of opposite concepts, that we find in Benjamin and Bataille, can be translated in the “violence of war-machine” and in the “violence of the State” in Deleuze. There is always a de-territorializing violence of a chaosmic becoming and of conservation of the species (as biological identity). Both violences engender the violence of the metamorphosis that is a cycle of life, death, and rebirth in another form. If I do not immerse myself in the becoming I am protected by the danger... but then I do not live. So, what is the right way of living? We can’t even decide because we are pre-subjectively thrown in a becoming by the metamorphosis itself. Yet, the problem today is to disentangle the molar and centralized violence of the Empire (a state that has subsumed a war-machine) with a molecular violence. The violence of the Black Block is already a molecular violence of a counter war-machine, but the role of the Anartist is to decentralize, and make even more molecular, this violence. This is my hyperstition of a rising Black Sun. This kind of attitude does not rise from a project of salvation but by the pre-subjective need of the flesh to subtract definite contours, to become an extremely deterritorialized body without organs. By deterritorialization I mean a chaosmic deterritorialization. Where can your transcendental line of flight arrive? Where can this New Dedalus of the Black Sun push itself?

Faust stops his ears with his fingers and screams. It's too much, it's too much. This signifier is killing me. This is a torture. I want to get out of this nightmare. Let me out. I want to be in an island without a brain. I want to be possessed by the spirits of the atoll. God free me from this devil, you need an exorcist not an advisor. How can you even imagine that such a discourse can pass in the academic discourse? University has the mission of progressing our

civilization. You propose something similar to terrorism. Ok is symbolic terrorism but is not far from true terrorism. Then he takes his finger out from the ear and are dirty. He looks his fingers. Dirty.

FAUST: NOW TELL ME, THE HETERON OF ANARTIST, UNDERSTOOD AS A MULTIPLICITY OF SINGULARITIES, COULD GENERATE A CONTINUOUS CHAOSMOGONY, NEVER CONCLUDED IN A FULLY ORDERED COSMOLOGY, WHICH COULD, INSTEAD, LEGITIMIZE THE HIERARCHY OF A PRIVILEGED CAST OF SORCERERS. CAN YOU ELABORATE ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CHAOSMOGONY AND COSMOLOGY?

MEPHISTOPHELES: What I mean is that in this dynamic there could never be the ground for an authoritarian project. Even the violence of the Black Bloc is never central but at the periphery of the Anartist's deterritorialization. However, even if Black Bloc's violence is highly symbolic, it is not as materially violent as State Violence that keeps the capitalist order in place, internally and in foreign politics. However, it could happen that the hegemonic tendency of a dominant interpretation of the Black Bloc mask takes the power to form a fascist apparatus with a clear signifier – but I think in that case it would lose its fuzzy, mysterious, attraction. Because the transpersona marker is just a door to enter in an uncoded territory, and this choice is anonymous. Hegemony is the risk with Antifa. I think Antifa has a fascist tendency because it denies the heterogeneous, by defining itself in opposition to fascism it becomes fascist...Antifa creates a molar Evil that cannot be subtracted to make heterogeneous synthesis of heterogeneous parts, on the contrary, it institutes a moral Good that cannot be contested or profaned without a moral condemnation. In this way a “holy sacred” is instituted. When this hegemonic interpretation takes the power, it erases the “minor bastard sacred” that takes its force from sacrificing the pure transcendent in the impure immanence. Every line of flight that subtracts the One and bifurcates and infects is a minor sacred. The minor sacred keeps open the signifier that cannot crystalize in a pure identity separated from other identities. However even the chaosmogony of the Heteron is not immune from risks: the Black Sun is a counter-virus but can be infected by a counter-counter-virus. For example, undercover police masked as Black Bloc. Anyway the advantage of Heteron is that because it is non-structured is not a militant organization and is

activated only by desire. The Heteron is just a potential that is there in the urban space. It can be activated or not. It's not compulsory. If in my case I can easily see that the Heteron is no more desirable as a mythology, that it does not affect my desire anymore, I can quit at anytime. Nobody will order me to go and sacrifice myself as in a religious sect, a military corps, paramilitary organization, or criminal gang. Furthermore, I will never be blackmailed as a worker, a politician, a banker, and so on. There is no prospective career in the Heteron of the Black Sun. There is no top leader or executives. There is no reputation to personally gain because of the mask.

I have nothing to lose if I quit. In this sense, I see the Heteron as only possibility in a volatile environment that has no other way to configure participation. There are no more common places that can produce a catalysis of any kind like the factories or coal mines once did. The city is too big, volatile and heterogeneous. Today the problem is not so much fascism but volatilization and dispersion. How can you tie together a conjunctive and disjunctive synthesis (AND) if not with a transpersona marker? We are all nomadic and in transit, we cannot have a common place anymore. Only tides that mark themselves with a transpersona can provide a potential field of co-creation. The alternative to the Black Heteron is a return to a nationalist territorialization (we see also this phenomenon taking place). Globalization as it is constructed seems too alienating and anomic. We are just managed by algorithms that impose their speed and their work upon us. A reaction to this not enough deterritorialized de-territorialization could be a form of resistance on the territory. It can take the form of Left as NO TAV or of Right as we see in large part of Europe and US. In this sense I understand ANTIFA but the problem is to reproduce the opposite. At that point the use of the balaclava is just to protect identity from the Police but it does not have anymore the potential to engender a dynamic field of differential performances that is what I find artistically interesting, i.e. the schizophrenic tension between one and many.

Faust begins to scrape off the arms with the small Swiss dagger. They are not big cuts but his body starts to bleed. Everything is bleeding... my body and the sky...the Earth is red as a victim. His eyes curve over themselves and show a white bulb. At the same time he grinds his teeth. Pleasure in pain. He would also like to cut off an ear because he no longer wants to hear these speeches. I am the shaman of my tribes, I am the totem of my island!

FAUST: “THIS IDEA COULD BE TAKEN AS DELIRIUM OF POWER”...I THINK THIS SENTENCE, PRESENT IN ONE OF YOUR ESSAYS, MUST BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. IS NOT A SYMPTOM OF YOUR PSYCHOSIS?

MEPHISTOPHELES: What is not delirium of power? Whatever desubjectivizes you is delirium of power. All artistic desire is delirium of power. Of course mine could be JUST a delirium of power, because my hyperstition does not exist already in place – and I am not sure it will ever be. Mine is more a desire, a ghost, a body without body, than something with a material body. It’s a hyperstition that I live untimely in the happening of my interventions. It’s a far more virtual presence. My interventions are not moved by the will to realize the “big narrative” of the Heteron but just to have the joyful and refreshing experience of deterritorialization. My theorization is just a theorization. I do not believe in theorization. I detest theorization. Theory spins impotently in the void, instead praxis, which is an obscure hybrid locus has a depth, a dialogue with the living and its non-knowledge.

FAUST: YES BUT IT BRINGS TO A RISK OF “DEREALIZATION”. IT’S THE DOUBLE EDGE OF THE HYPERSTITION.

MEPHISTOPHELES: To be brave is, before of all, to be brave to risk the ridiculous. The hyperstition of the Heteron is like to say I can see this interesting “objetu” from the immanence of my practice, a phenomenon, and I want to share with you this enigmatic “objetu” which I perceive at the horizon. Because it’s an “objetu” and not an “object” is more like an enigma, a shadow, something that also resists the possibility to be known. It is a withdrawing phenomenological attraction. But I am not moved by my theory as an “ideology”. What moves my interventions is a “seismology”, that after is also a bodily sensation of refreshment and an expansion of awareness; even when it is an awareness of fundamental blindness. You can never be sure if you are aware or it’s just a delirium of power. It’s difficult to say because we are immersed in the darkness of a presence that is also an absence. Our contours of subject in a cartesian space are both too human and too fake. Our life is bigger than our awareness because it is interconnected with many phenomena and events that we cannot be aware of, both in the macro and the micro. We inhabit a Dark Ecology. Our organized body is also a cartesian anatomic fiction constructed on the metaphor of the mechanic

machine but we do not really know all the folds of our body as field or as flux. Furthermore, we cannot reach an idealist awareness; nor Kantian, nor Hegelian, nor anything because we are immersed in the matter... Nor even a positivist and pragmatist one because it starts from the presupposition of an object in front... Even major science poses just the fiction of someone who is able to know but only inside the fiction of a unitary subject and a unitary object. The physics of particles is already a world of paradoxes where Knowledge and non-Knowledge meet. The dark matter, for example, is an enigmatic “objeu” overflowed by the speculative realism of the virtual hypothesis. In the nomadism of my interventions I have to become aware of the relativity of space-time and my subjectivity. As Deleuze says by quoting Rimbaud “I is another”, “time is out of joint”.

This jumping from one space-time to another is the true nomadism. It's not just to move in the space or to be global against local but to experience a New Earth. This experience will never make a perfect World with a perfect government and no violence, the new Earth can be experienced right now in this imperfect World. The Heaven in the Hell! (Even if I do not like to use these Christian categories). The experience of the intervention is “out” of this world, but it's also “in” this Earth. Just to use an expression that can put together apparently different interpretations of Deleuze. In this sense the material mysticism of the “out” does not oppose the political of the “in”. For sure it's another idea of what “political” could “mean”. Even I do not have a clear idea.

It could be a “politic of sorcery”, a politic of “witch-flight”. Is it a return to the hermetic project of the magus of the Renaissance (as in Pico, Ficino, Bruno etc...) that was interrupted by the Roman Church and the Reform?

Who is to say for sure?

Faust tries to block the blood out of his body with the leaves full of blood coming from the sky. The leaves are healing power, mana of Nature, he thinks, he is prey to a delirium of wisdom. A strange contortion of the psyche. Then he takes some leaves and puts them in his ears, some in his mouth, some in his nose. He cannot even breathe. However, he still manages to emit an audible sound to ask a question. He cannot stop this need to ask questions, it's moved by an anxiety of clarification that overwhelms him. He is aware to be boring. He is aware of how all this theoretical arguing is incredibly boring... but he cannot stop asking.

FAUST: DOES BLACK 8 COME FROM G8?

MEPHISTOPHELES: No, Black 8 does not come directly from G8 but it's a symbol that incarnates different holistic intuitions. However it could include also this dimension... Black 8 is like a cluster of dimensions that are different but tied together and resonate in something coherent. As a multi-planar geometry. It concerns the 8 of Ouroboros and particularly the black spot in the middle (the crossover) where the serpent eats its cue that is the decisive moment to succeed in an action before passing into another dimension. It's a kind of mystic "door". The 8 is also the involutive evolution of the becoming of the intervention: because everything returns as something yet to come after the black spot of the 8, that is an indeterminate moment. My body that is in an inorganic becoming, when it has acquired the lapis of magnetism, will attract the past from the future in a disguised way. I will experiment an aionic synchronicity of a time that moves in two directions. The two phases of the 8 separated by the black spot are also the dissolve and coagula of Alchemy. Dissolve is a dissolutive phase and coagula is a coagulation or catalysis of "cataionic" components. These phases design an 8 because what is dissolved returns from the future as difference to conclude the composition of the mandala-symbol-action of the Event. This dissolution allows me to dissolve the subjectivity produced by a site-specific Capitalist space-time and becoming an assembling super-ject of body-jects that attract the sympathetic synchronicity of other body-components to realize the Event of the intervention. Maybe it is also a "divine intervention", in the sense of W. Benjamin. I have a moment of maximum expansion and speed of the line of flight that then is re-captured and slowed down by the return to a homeostatic order with the arrive of the police. It's like sliding from a stable morphology to the amorphous and then back to another stability - but what is interesting in this process is surfing this sliding. The sliding is the productive anomaly of the intervention. It's a sliding in the unknown but also an experience of awareness and mystic understanding. It's as if this event is protected by magnetic forces because I become an a-subjective continuum with the flesh of the world (or better the Earth). It's like the Latin saying "Fortuna audax iuvat". The Black 8 is a non-linear superlinearity activated by an "audax" action unfolded in the mesmerism of the Earth. The 8, as superlinear non-linearity, is the archetypal

dynamic of the intervention as hypnotic action-event. It looks strange and obscure in its non-linearity but then it shows a hidden hyperational figure. A sort of archetypal attractor hidden under the apparent chance unleashed by the intervention. Its unfolding shows synchronisms and strange returns, attractions, and mystic intertwinings. I have the sensation that something is already there and I just have to follow its call. It's like a trial, especially the passage through the black spot that requires a trust in the impersonal "it" beyond the restrict "I". The instant after this 8-event happens it becomes the 9, where I realize that the Black 8, that is a blind non-linearity, has been accomplished as super-linear figure-process. Another reference to Black 8 is the strike of the Black 8 ball that is also the last ball that must go in the hole in billiards. The strike is intrinsic to the intervention that sends all the balls and numbers in different directions. Like rays. The Black 8 ball is the ineffable virtual that conditions all the other balls, colors and numbers in the strategy of the players and the forces in play. The Black 8 is the unconditioned and the other balls are the conditioned.

The more interesting part is that I have found a big reproduction of this ball floating in front of my hostel when I went for an intervention in Venice. It was an occasion for an extemporary performance. In fact, inside the hostel there were many billiards to play Black 8. So I took off a pool cue from inside the hostel to play outside with the floating 8 ball, when suddenly a big tourist boat passed in front of me. In that moment a friend of mine, who was taking photos, took a picture of this strange synchronicity of me in the position of pulling the Black 8 ball with the intent to sink (*affondare*) the giant boat. You must consider that "*l'affondo*" (the sinking) in Italian is the jargon of the winning strike in billiard game. In Italy there is a complaint about this big boat passing in Venice's lagoon. It's a complaint related to the non-sense of a phenomenon of commodification pushed by globalization. So it was a perfect synchronicity of times, actions, and symbols. This super-linear non-linearity is in itself a Black Eight. If I let myself go to the magnetism of the situation, I will accomplish this figure. I tell you this to say that each of my artworks has a different function, a different experience, and a different deep meaning in my practice. Some of my interventions are more initiatory and ephemeral, as this one, and others more dramatic and dangerous, but they are all revelatory of a super-linear linearity. As soon as i move I enter in this Black 8

magnetism. I haven't found a better definition than Black 8. All my interventions are part of a whole non-linear mystic path that is in itself a Black 8. They are part of a refrain of resonances that attract other resonances. In music there is the "octave" of "octaves" or the "eights" of "eights". Because my path is based on musical resonances, it cannot be completely pinned down by a signifier like if it were a defined "object." The idea of Black 8 is in itself a resonating idea that cannot be completely explained without a certain obscurity. It remains elusive in some part. Also the symbol, differently from the sign, is an unstable multiplicity; it has many resonating dimensions that are, in some way, related. The 8 is also Eight or Eyght that I like to think is the mystic counterpoint of the Eye. The Eyght is the Eye of the whole body that experiments with the non-linear super-linearity of the 8. The Eyght is open at nEyen. It's not the looking of an organ (Eye) but of an entire body of bodies, a super-ject (Eyght). Eyght is the Eye of the super-ject (snake) but I like to imagine it also as the timeless trans-remote verb of the present Eye. Eyght would correspond to an "original seen" and an "original scene" (even Merleau-Ponty on the essay on Cézanne speaks of a return to an "original scene" that is the pre-verbal percept of the animal in front of the world).

This concept is also exposed by Bataille concerning Lascaux's primitive graffiti. Even for Bataille a return to immanence is a return to the animal percept. Thus, the becoming-animal of Deleuze does not come out of nothing but has many influences. This groundless Origin of the Eyght-seen is antecedent to the Origin of the "original sin" that founds the ground of a cosmology and its morality based on a territory and proximity against the deterritorialization. The sin is necessary to put a spell on the snake (sinusoid) of chaos (the Egyptian Apep which is composed of many eights) and to found the division of the GOOD and the EVIL. The killing of the snake is an event that organizes the morality of the human in a territory based on proximity and solidarity. Cosmos from Chaosmos. Even the Buddhism speaks of these two different origins of time. One is a remote but finite past in the remote Origin and the other is trans-historical and infinite past in the Origin that is also an infinite timeless beginning. The intervention of the Anartist is played in the dialectic by the fiction of the subjective presence (present) and these two Origins that summed up as O plus O folded together like an 8. Every

intervention is coming back to the timeless beginning to make a jump in the time for a new foundation that has no reference outside its own worldling as singularity. It's the emergence of a percept. In fact the Eye concerns perception in an established system of reference and the Eycht the incommensurable percept of a super-linear witch-flight. In fact often the 8 (not in this case) is represented with two crossed circles of different wideness. This is a symbol also of the passage from the restricted circle "I" of the subjective ego to the wider one of the Chaosmic Earth, "It". In this sense the 8 is also a tension between the restricted subjective I and the wider third person of the Earth that are folded together into an 8. An intervention is a passage and a transmutation. The Black Eight is also the rays-directions in space of the Black Sun of Chaosmagic. In fact my intervention can be considered as an uncoded practice of Chaosmagic. My intervention does not follow a magic ritual but is an experience of chaos and of magic and is interesting that the Black Sun of Chaosmagic has 8 directional rays in the space. It seems that this symbol concerns the space much as my interventions do. It is also heterogeneity (many directions) as the Heteron of the Anartist, in a way. However, the symbol looks more adapted to my practice than to the ones of authors of books on Chaosmagic. So this particular meaning of the Black 8 that coincides with the Black Sun is, in a way, an appropriation from Chaosmagic. My interventions could be also described as a practice of chaosmagic because they reveal the magic in the chaos. This is interesting because before meeting the symbol of chaosmagic, in drawing a diagram of the emergence of the Black Sun's Heteron in the urban space, I happened to draw the same exact symbol. A Black Nucleus with 8 directional rays cutting the cage of the quadrature of ordinates and coordinates of the striated Cartesian space. Each time the rays (lines of flight of the interventions carried out by different Anartist) cut one of the striae it produces the return of a heterogeneous counter-accumulation that is combustion for the growing of the Black Sun; as a nuclear chain reaction. I could go on to describe strange events and synchronicity related to Black 8. For example, my second name is Biagini and I found a young muse, a photographer, that inspired me a symbolic "murage" based on Black 8 Chaosmogony. The second name of this muse was Biagiotti that in English would be Biagi8. Only after she photographed the murage I realized the

correlation of her name with my artwork and philosophy.

And what to say about G8, my first name is Gian Luigi and my name of Anartist could be also Black G8. Furthermore this muse, Biagiotti, was coming from Assisi where Giotto's 8 (G8) frescoes are. When, by chance, I passed by her to visit her city and to see Giotto's frescoes it was all a proliferation of coincidences with 8s jumping out everywhere: the parking, the house and so on. It's difficult to explain this sort of synchronic telepathies and sympathies to a profane reader without passing for a narcissist psychotic. In the same "murage" that I realized in my room in Porto, dedicated to Black 8, I made the 3 suns of Alchemy (that for example we find abundantly in William "Blake" (Black Eight?). Notice the importance of the ear and the alliteration for what concerns mystic knowledge. But all the people living in Porto where thinking I was referring to a famous hermetic Portuguese painter that I did not know and only after, by chance, I have discovered. *Even in this case I could go on for long with a story... So, I have understood all the occult thread. There are many of these odd events in my praxis...I could add layers and layers...clusters and clusters...folds and folds. One could think that all these happenings are just the product of a narcissistic psychosis with no rational foundation, but I decided to follow my intuitions and to live in an enchanted world. Like my theory of the Heteron, the Black 8 is still an "objeu", a phenomenon metaphysically speaking. Something with a special statute of reality between phenomenon of this world and noumenon out of this world. It exists and does not. It cannot be proved. It's singular and cosmic and not general and particular. It concerns "understanding", not "knowledge". It concerns praxis not episteme. It cannot be shared intersubjectively, however this is the "essence" of art. What should be the "object" of art research when the "objeu" of art cannot be objectified and extended in a linear function? Art is not design but artistic research works through a design that wants to disambiguate a function and a signifier from a complicated presence. The academic researcher in art wants to superpose a certain and stable (especially for someone "scientific") relation of sense between a subject and an object. The musical excess of sense is excluded by a reductionist causality and space-temporality based on Kant's first critique. This bifurcation between the first and the third critique cannot be overcome without a reduction that changes the nature of the "objeu" into an "object". Even the

agent that tries to explain the “objeu” should be a “subjeu” in tension between one and many. A subject cannot approach an “objeu” without reducing it to an object with a function and a design. An “objeu” is an Event or an Ereignis. It’s a cataionic quasi-object.

Faust spits the leaves out of the mouth, he breathes deeply as if it was suffocating, then continues to ask questions, now it is inside this self-inflicted torture. No alien will arrive to take him to the island. He must suffer the torture of the signifier to the end, he knows, on the other hand it is he who started this game in the massacre. He keeps spitting...

FAUST: SOME OF YOUR EXPLANATIONS ARE REALLY FOGGY AND DISORIENTING. I FEEL LOST. I DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT I AM DOING IN THIS “LINE OF FLIGHT” AS YOU CALL IT. I FEEL USELESS AND DEPRESSED. WHY DO YOU WANT TO GET A PHD IF YOU DO NOT BELIEVE IN ANY INSTITUTION? IF YOU DO NOT HAVE A HOPE OR A POSITIVE VIEW OF LIFE? YOU ARE SO DEPRESSING...

MEPHISTOPHELES: I see my dissertation as anti-dissertation, it’s a sort of anti-PhD. A sort of “nouveau réalisme” or “anti-essay”, just to play with the “anti-novel”. Or better a sort of “nouvelle vague” dissertation where the border between life and cinema are erased (Truffaut) and also between scene and behind the scene (Truffaut and Godard). I think this attitude is consistent with post-structuralism. We know the connection between this philosophical attitude and these forms of art. It does not necessitate that one stops to make art or cinema or novel... or dissertation or PhD... one just has to do it in a consistent way with his philosophy or else we declare the end of the art. I think as interventionist

I must search for a space where there is not still art. I want to arrive at an infinitesimal difference between art and life. I want to overcome the representation. I am a living stream of art and I want to infect all the world with subversion even if my name will not be heard in the history of art and my practice not recognized as art. Even the PHD contains a space for an intervention. I think there are no limits to what a dissertation can be in artistic research. If you quit the project you are playing the reactionary that wants to put an axiomatic on everything.

FAUST (STILL SPITTING): I AM EXHAUSTED. I CANNOT GUARANTEE I WILL NOT QUIT THIS PROJECT. I FEEL FRUSTRATED AND MY BODY IS FULL OF MUD. I NEED A SHOWER AND NEW DRESSES, NEW SHOES. YOU DO NOT REALLY RESPOND TO MY QUESTIONS.

YOU ARE ELUSIVE, ALWAYS ZIG-ZAGGING AWAY. I AM SUPPOSED TO BE THE ONE IN CHARGE HERE, THE ONE WHO COMMANDS, WHO GIVES THE LINE. I AM THE AUTHORITY BUT I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU DO NOT WANT TO BEND TO MY AUTHORITY BECAUSE YOU ARE AN ANTI-OEDIPUS; AND ONLY IF YOU ARE AN ANTI-OEDIPUS CAN YOU BE AN ANARTIST.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Yes Faust, you've got it...I don't need a father but a partner in "crime"...just keep going as you are. I need someone who will dramatize the line of flight. We are two orphans in a line of flight. But you are an orphan with the mask of the father.

FAUST: I WILL DO MY BEST BUT I CANNOT GUARANTEE ANYTHING, I FEEL FRUSTRATED BY YOUR ATTITUDE.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Do not exchange your mask with your essence. This is the basic teaching of the sorcery. Only if your presence becomes molecular you can fly in the Chaosmosis.

FAUST: OK. WHAT DO YOU MEAN WITH THE LIMIT OF THE INTERVENTION? IS THERE A LIMIT AT THE END?

MEPHISTOPHELES: It's when the Police counter-intervene to block the line of flight of the intervention. I set a system out of its site-specific equilibrium through an active force but the reactive forces chase the line of flight until they capture the active force again and re-establish a homeostatic equilibrium. Both the active and the reactive forces enter in the expression and composition of the Event. The unfolding is also an enfolding. This is also the tension between Law and Transgression as a spiral. The artwork, that is a process, comes out from the twisted concretization of these forces.

Faust is not convinced, his body is full of leaves stuck with the dried mud. It looks like a red tree. Stretch his arms as if they were branches and a parrot sits on it. I wanted to be an island,... I can start being a tree. And he imagines being a palm tree.

FAUST: DO YOU THINK THAT CAPITALISM IS A FORM OF NECROPHILIA? AND YOU...ARE A NECROPHILE WITH YOUR FASCINATION WITH DEATH AND VIOLENCE?

MEPHISTOPHELES: Probably capitalism because is a closed system has tendency to necrophilia but also to a closed figure and to a form. Deleuze call this tendency enantiomorphosis. But Capitalism is also a vampire because sucks vitality from every sources of life. However when I say Capitalism has integrated death I mean that Capitalism has a sort of auto-destructive and

auto-generative program. Capitalism is a cyber/vampire!

It's the capitalist code-refrain with its own rhythm and speeds that keeps in play the form of the exchange value. Everything dies but not this form that, as form, is in itself a form of death. Capitalism is a sort of overcoding of death on life's vital energies and drives. My interventions unleash a different refrain between death and life that is uncoded for the abstract machine of Capitalism.

Faust feels beautiful sensations to be a palm tree. Waves as if moved by the wind. The sky stop pouring rain.

FAUST: WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SYMBOLIBIDO. IT'S SO WEIRD...

MEPHISTOPHELES: It's an atmospheric concept born in a fusion between SYMBOLIC AND LIBIDO. In fact, there is no clear-cut separation between matter, body, and symbolic. Each dimension has an actual definition and feature but they all participate of an indefinite virtual plane whose matrix can be seen as an ungraspable rhizome and/or intertwined thousand plateaus. The symbol is expressed by a field just as a gesture or a subjectivity. Because the line-of-flight unworks the instituted equilibrium of a field, the expression of the event will be uncoded and new. But a "new" without reference. This is why Lyotard prefers to use the term "now" to explain the depth of this absence that cannot be presented. In fact, the new equilibrium reached by a new percept cannot be compared with the institute perception of the old equilibrium. Instead, for Lyotard, it is precisely Capitalism that uses the "new" as referent of a system of "innovation". It's a "new bit of information" that adds levels of complexity to the Capitalist system.

These concepts are similar to Differentiation and Differen(c)iation in Deleuze or "absolute difference" and "relative difference" in Lefebvre. What I do not agree with is the modernist abstract esthetic of the sublime that Lyotard envisions as an output of his philosophy. It does not move, in the end, the consequences of his set-up. Instead Lefebvre, with his idea of the depth of the "moment, gives an interpretation of the "now" as I envision it in Anartist sense.

Other birds land on the enchanted body of Faust. On his head for example. He looks like San Francesco in a Virgin Island.

FAUST: WHAT IS AN OBJEU? I UNDERSTOOD THAT "JEU" IS A FRENCH WORD THAT STANDS FOR "PLAY". CAN YOU EXPLAIN BETTER?

MEPHISTOPHELES: It's an object that cannot be disambiguated in a function and definition. Its sense continues to spin internally because it is composed of heterogeneous materials that should not stick together or should not be in a certain context. It's a concept I have appropriated from a text by Philipp Sollers, one of the founders of "Tel Quel". This concept I wish to apply to whatever concerns the Anartist. The Anartist, already as linguistic invention, put together two heterogeneous dimensions, the Anarchist and the Artist; but they do not close into a significative One. The unity is subtracted by an internal tension that cannot be signified by an external system of reference. The Anartist conserves an enigma at its core that cannot be completely clarified.

This makes it active in many directions. It remains a potentiality that can form machinic processes in many directions. It cannot be completely visualized and other senses must enter in a creative and imaginative decoding...for example the heard...Through these "atmospheric concepts", one is forced to think through an indefinite synesthesia...However these objets are active forces in the conceptual plane because they mobilize various associations and self-pose an alien becoming that has not been already explored. They engender lines of flight of the thought.

The good feelings have passed away. Now Faust feels depressed again. What is the meaning of my existence? No, for charity, I do not want to know. I prefer to die. Then he draws the dagger and plants it in the tree in front of him. A kind of alter-ego, considering the leaves that overwhelm his body. He thinks to this funny mirror and smiles. It smiles again.

FAUST: WHEN YOU SAY THAT YOUR INTERVENTIONS ARE COMICAL I FEEL BETTER. I ALWAYS HAVE THE SENSATION THAT YOUR ESTHETIC TERRORISM COULD SLIP INTO ACTUAL TERRORISM. CAN YOU ELABORATE THIS?

MEPHISTOPHELES: What boring! Because in my intervention the instituted order slides away, the effect is also humorous. It's like the slide in a Banana's peel. As Deleuze puts it, the "humor" is inherent to the stress of the metamorphosis of a living matter that, in the release, produces comic effects. In this sense, humor is produced by a disruptive action that actually moves a situation from its stasis. This idea of "humor" is also in Bergson's philosophy: life makes jokes of the rigid structures set up by humans to correct their stupid behaviors in routines by eliciting laughter. For Gilles Deleuze humor is generated by a disruption. For Bergson it is instead

an effect of rigidity that is then disrupted by something that releases humor in contrast with rigidity. They see from two different sides of the same event or coin. Also, in Nietzsche and Bataille's interpretation, it is she who is laughing that, at the end, wins over any constituted sense.

It's the laughing that comes out from the labyrinth, and the abdominals of the belly (Masson's *Acephale*), that unmakes the pyramid. There is a tension in our abdomen that is connected with this comic catastrophe of matter.

The great writers, that are beyond the Good and the Evil, write with their reptilian abdomen. The will of power comes from there. It's a sort of energy-snake of the "arche-body" if we want to appropriate a concept of Michel Henry. Even Dionysus is represented in the Latin tradition with the mask of tragedy but also with the mask of comedy. A catastrophe is tragic but can have also comic nuances. For example, the Situationist humor of Jacques Tati's movies...like "Playground".

Now Faust is laughing as a mad. Then he suddenly stops. Why this? My project was to go to the island. Where is my island, where is my surf? I want to get out of here. Who put me into here? Ah, yes, the network... yes the network... now I remember...

FAUST: WHAT DO YOU MEAN WHEN YOU SAY THAT YOUR INTERVENTION OPENS TEMPORARY HETEROTOPIES IN THE URBAN SPACE. IS IT RELATED TO DE CERTEAU?

MEPHISTOPHELES: It's a concept of Michel Foucault but here is replayed more in a context of Hakim Bey or Michel De Certeau as you say. The Anartist's intervention is a "line of flight" that opens the temporary heterotopy (in the Foucaultian meaning of "heterogeneous space") of an event.

Faust writes his name on the tree: Mephistopheles. No it cannot be him. I'm another and I want to stay another. Then he makes a line on the name as to delete it.

FAUST: WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THE POLICE ARE AMBIGUOUS? WHAT ABOUT IF THEY PUT YOU IN JAIL? SHOULDN'T YOU ESTABLISH A LIMIT? ARE YOU A PSYCHOTIC?

MEPHISTOPHELES: It's not that police are ambiguous.

My interventions happen in a zone of ambiguity between art and politics that reconfigures the role of the police. They want to stop me because I provoke a disorder in the sense and signification (a dissensus) of the space but to stop art would be an act that does not compete with them. They could also be addressed by

public opinion as having acted outside their competences and someone could charge responsibility on them.

Especially with artist and the system of art they could have problems in newspapers. They do not want to be portrayed as the bad guys. The policeman is also a wheel of a large bureaucratic gear and usually does not want to overact and be exposed. The risk of an over-repression for something marginal is not worth the action. Even policemen, as all the western bureaucratic citizens, want to live peacefully with their comforts, their job, and routines. They just ask me for my identity. Am I a criminal anarchist or an artist? Because art is based on transgression, the Law is confused. Usually art is allowed by the Law but when it is performed out of its proper place, how should police behave? Then my strategy is to act in spaces in-between that complicate the references of the police. Even the figure of the policemen start floating in a space of indeterminacy when he deals with the Anartist. This indeterminacy is difficult to manage by the policeman. I would have never believed this weakness of the police before starting to perform my interventions.

It has been a revelation. However I do not hate police,

I just want to open a new space of experience on the edge of the Law and surf this experience of the open; the police must intervene on this edge or they would not be police. I consider them as colleagues. I do not hate the single policeman but I want to escape the function of the police. Of course, I know that police will catch me again, but this is part of the game. I do not offer resistance to the policeman or this would be the limit that would identify me as “other” and the policeman would be forced to send me to jail for resisting his authority. I like when Agamben explains the “logic of inoperability”.

He speaks of suspending the signifier more than transgressing it. I play in this area between transgression and suspension, subtraction and affirmation.

FAUST: I WANT TO KNOW HOW YOU CREATE YOUR “CONCEPTS”. HOW YOU CAME UP WITH THE IDEA OF THE “OBJEU”. HOW DID IT HAPPEN IN YOUR ENCOUNTER WITH SOLLERS, FOR EXAMPLE?

MEPHISTOPHELES: I think I read it in a text on Bataille’s *READER*. The problem is that I have read tons of stuff on the internet in a disordered way because

I have no space in my home to keep many books. Because of this mess of articles and books, it is often difficult to track the sources. Then my research on art spans decades, long before I started doctoral research.

This is also a practical problem, to track down certain references. I know that this is in contrast with the intersubjectivity of the Knowledge of Academy, but I like to be in contrast with it. I imagine if a painter should disambiguate her images and quote all the references and sources upon heterogeneous sources of the composition. The Anartist is a creative synthesizer who contextualizes and decontextualize material.

As artists, we have a tendency toward ambiguity and seduction. She strives with non-sense to make sense. It does not work with full architectures of sense. As the allusive title of Malevich's opera VICTORY OVER THE SUN, the Anartist operates in the twilight zone in-between and not with the signifier that irradiates meanings in a full light. This is part of the gnostic descent on UN-KNOWLEDGE. This kind of dimension must be explored. The repeated participation to this dimension provides the Anartist with a new sensitivity, a new body and a new mind. It becomes like a bat with a radar to go deeper in the dark to extract revelations. As a "seer". The Anartist does not think...he has only inspired Black Outs of excessive intensity. I think this is not only a sort of anthropological mutation but also a species' mutation beyond the human. In the new Dark Age of the Black Sun we need radar to devise a composition that appears, revealed in a non-linear super-linearity process. This figure appears in the 9 only after the accomplishment of the 8. Each new concept moves other concepts. Some are integrally appropriated, others are decontextualized, others modified, others invented, others revealed. Some encounters are lucky, but it's also possible that research is part of a sacred hunt in a magnetic field. It's like when you fish. You need to reach a state of low conscience to let the fish comes toward you as a sacrifice. In the sacred hunt you become-animal, you use your nose.

The word "inspiration" is connected with the nose. You enter in a becoming-hound, in a becoming-alpha, in a becoming attractive in a magnetic field. Even birds migrate according to magnetic lines. There are magnetic metals in our brain. The poles of the Earth are magnetic and unleash currents and draw lines of force. I have the sensation to be moved forward.

Faust looks at the dry mud shoes. With the little dagger he draws a hole and puts his foot inside. Try to move but the dry mud shoes crumble in many pieces.

FAUST: WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY REVENGE? IS NOT A DANGEROUS AND PSYCHOTIC ATTITUDE?

MEPHISTOPHELES: What I want to say is that I don't want to make of myself just a positive bi-dimensional character or an ethical figure that fights against Evil, or else I would enter into a fake moralist narrative. The complexity of being a life that strives from a condition of marginality deals also with negative sensations such as depression and frustration but also with feelings of pride and revenge. I don't want to sell myself as a positive character with a nice face. This is why I also wear a mask. If I must choose, I prefer to be negative and self-destructive to escape the expectations of the social order.

I think there is also an ethics in self-destruction, it's a sort of martyrdom to deface oneself and the expectation of others. The Anartist blackens the mirror of social expectations and this allows him to advance in the dark abyss of un-knowledge. If I should stay in the reflection of the mirror I would stay in the imposed subjectivity, morality, knowledge...I would be living in the perimeter of a shared world and I could not be a "probe-head" (to use an expression of Gilles Deleuze) that advances toward the unknown. This advancing is condemned with a stigma. In fact, the becoming of the Anartist is a becoming-stain. The stain blackens the mirror, it is simultaneous. Even the becoming of the Heteron is a becoming-stain that blinds the Panoptical Eye of the Pyramid of the Dollar; as metaphor of Capitalism and its transcendence. The becoming-stain is a huge VICTORY

AGAINST THE SUN (Malevich). In a true ethics, one should integrate the evil and Lucifer as polar star. As Jung says, to turn the trinity into a quaternum. I do not want to be a saint...I want to be a minor saint. I am a character with a shadow. My attitude brings me to controversy and misinterpretation. I am aware of the shadow and the effects it produces on the presentation of the self. I play also with the shadow, sometimes I get lost in it, sometimes the shadow overwhelms me. How many times have I lost people I loved because of this.

But this is the price if I want to expand myself as probe-head or I should be blocked by the spell of the mirrors.

I cannot stay in a "like" economy and talk "small talk" with the people just to be "nice". I have non-human "drives" that do not fit with this sociability. The waves of my brain are too long for small talk. I am socially handicapped. I live in a sort of mesmeric somnambulism when the others are "smart" and "awake". I have more the features of the prophet and the seer who speaks with an indeterminate God. And God tries to convince me

that I am God and he is my disciple. (Now you can tell me that I am psychotic, I like to appear as dangerous. Maybe I am...but it's also a sense of Black Humor that drives my presentation...I think Black Humor is a good evil corrosive poison against the instituted structures of representation.) My presentation cannot be independent from your presentation. We are a field of effects and games. A play of shadows and lights, of pressures and counter-pressures. We do not pre-exist as essences. This is the problem with research on art in the academy and its structures. It's an institutionalized fiction... But, as an artist, because I am creative, I must play with this fiction. I cannot take it seriously. This happens to me with every institutionalized fiction. Black Humor is corrosive of these structures. As Becket's drama they are the triumph of Black Humor and displacement: Ever tried. Ever Failed. No matter. Try again. Fail better. Just this brief line of world could say much more of my intervention than all the words I have used in this non-sensical play of points and counter-points.

Faust looks at the red bush-shaped Canada that has on his thigh, the four lakes seem to have disappeared. It is no longer Canada without the big lakes. Now it looks more like an island without lakes. The pink color of the meat is the sea. There are no furs in this side of my body. A sea of pink.

FAUST: THIS IDEA OF THE WOMAN AS MUSE IS NOT OUTDATED? YOU SHOULD SPEAK OF CHTHONIC FORCES THAT INSPIRE YOUR INTERVENTION.

MEPHISTOPHELES: I do not feel in bad company with Dali, Picasso, Rossellini, Fellini... My provocation as Anartist is in posing the muse as political! Because it is connected to desire and de-subjection. Of course the muse is also an archetype that has to do with the feminine of the Earth as Jouissance but this does not exclude the eroticism triggered by an actual woman. They are consubstantial. Even if it's just a platonic relationship.

FAUST: WHAT A SHAME, YOU ARE LIKE ONE WHO PRACTICES NUDISM.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Why? If I can use the muse energy to access a deeper energy of the Earth and to escape a situation of marginality and difficulty, as, for example, being unemployed and alone in a foreign country, this is political. However, I have used the energy of the muse also when I was not unemployed and I had a grant and could travel. If I can I always involve a

beautiful woman in my interventions—near, inside or outside my intervention—eroticism makes the action less mechanical. It reduces the sense of a profane working of everyday because infuses it with a sense of derealization, a magic flow. The problem is that the transfigured woman as muse, that is a Neoplatonic operation, is then jealous of the muse of art. The woman desires all attention for her when she is also, and maybe mostly, a vehicle of eroticism for something else to which I must dedicate and sacrifice, a deterritorialization that forces me beyond the human figure. However, the muse also uses me for her feminine narcissism, she often makes me suffer in inhuman ways to transfigure herself as goddess. It's a double transfiguration of me and her that helps desubjectivation and the contact with deterritorialization and chthonic energies. Also, when a muse participates directly in my intervention as performer, she is affected by these energies. Women are very sensitive to being seduced by the spell of magic, their connection with the body is unblocked, probably more than man. I would say that I either have a strong feminine side, or else I am very attracted to the feminine as opposite because I am very male. I do not know. It's not important. I do not have this strong sense of I (paradox). However the relation with the muse, as incarnation of chthonic forces, is a jouissance...but often painful because she tends toward narcissism. The growing of two narcissisms and energies empowers but also creates tension, it creates conflict for power. However, in the end this delirium and ordeal is worth living through because it opens up to a dimension outside a strict sense of reality. For me Satires and Nymphes are the two sexual forces that, in a figurative way, move the panic dance of the Earth. The Satires are multiplicities of the element of "fire" and Nymphes are of the "water". They live near a pond. The Satires must turn off their thirst for water by hunting and chasing the Nymphes in a sacred circle and they need the creativity of a strong passion to do that. So, water, paradoxically, elicits the fire of passion. (Alchemic paradox.) This sacred hunt also moves through metamorphosis with interventions of gods from the sky (Hieros Gamos). Everything that happens under the Sun is very deep and mysterious and cannot be captured by sociology or psychology...these disciplines are too human. I also feel like a Satyr. However, my relationship with the muse is cast and platonic. The eros of Hermeticism is not the self-indulgent one of hippies.

It implies an ordeal and a transmutation.

But you...try think this aged child who believes of being a playboy, even if platonic. This is not a dissertation but it is the pornography of an indecent narcissism. It's an obscene making a show of a soul. I bet it's all made up. With the excuse of the dissertation invents a character that does not exist, women who do not exists. He feels like Fellini or Orson Welles, he proclaims himself a great artist. What a shame. It is probably a reaction to incipient impotence. A reaction to gray hair.

FAUST: YOU YOURSELF ADMIT SOMETIMES THAT
YOUR WRITING COULD BE PSYCHOTIC DELIRIUM.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Why you insist that I am a psychotic. There is psychotic delirium in everyone but it is not stable. Everyone has moments of exaltation and depression. It's also the narrative itself that brings me to a climax. I think also the writer operates in the field of forces of the text that expresses the author. If I disseminate set-ups in the field of the narrative then I will have a climax, a turning point, an end. Every moment of the narrative probably corresponds to different pathologies, sensations and intensities of a multiplicities in flight. However, I do not believe in Freud. I do not define my feeling and sensations in gradients of normality or pathology. I know that certain expressions can be considered beyond the lines in an "essay", where usually the fiction of a "rational subject" is brought to the extreme by this kind of "genre" (even if it's considered non-fiction); but my texts are hybrids because they are written by an open and non-unitary subject. So they can have also something of the scandalous, the mad, and the inchoate in their hybridization. I cannot be the rational subject that starts a narrative and ends it with the same mood. I lose myself, I play with myself, with the reader. I would be too bored if I did not transgress the image that I construct in the narrative. I have strategies of dramatization that spring from my libido and then I devise a counter-strategy to escape the trap I have prepared for myself, and so on... But all this without premeditation. My strategy is not clear as, for example, "I should present the best image of myself", or the more "human", or the "smartest", or the most "ethical"...or the most "truthful"—that is something ungraspable to me. Even these counter-points to your points cannot exhaust the complexity of a life who writes and is written.

Instead, I guess you would need a psychiatrist, that simply costs too much for your pockets. Certainly the work to be done would be colossal to bring back this sack of garbage to a condition of normality, of responsibility.

FAUST: YOU SAY REVOLUTION IS WILD... READ THE
CAUTIONS OF DG...

MEPHISTOPHELES: Yes of course, but you cannot destroy every emphasis I make. Why are you so worried for my health? I perceive in your anxiety a little bit of paranoia. Do you want me to close in the figure of the Oedipus? Ok, sometimes I need rhetorical intensification. It's also a question of style. I pass from more analytic genres like essay to more affirmative ones like manifesto. So every manifesto is an hyperbolic intensification. This essay you mention, textual tensor, was written for a Journal on art and activism and I wanted to subvert the classical figure of art activist. I wanted to subtract the one of the accomplished figure into a perturbing flux of oscillating multiplicities. So there is a strategic narrative not only to define my approach but also to escape already instituted definitions. You do not have to read my text as "substance", as a Metaphysic of presence, but as production of pathos-logic simulacra elicited by a desiring writing-machine that emerges from the narrative as a surf. There are waves of pathos and libido with climaxes that are surfed.

Faust takes the dagger and set himself in the pose of the Acephale and thinks...I will grab your heart and I will sacrifice it to the God of the Sun.

FAUST: SO THERE IS NO RED-LINE? BAADEN MEINHOF?

MEPHISTOPHELES: You are obsessed by violence. Black Bloc is not a militant force that follows a discipline. It's a mask in a heterogeneous field of forces. Black Bloc does not follow any project. Furthermore the Anartist is an eccentric field of simulacra with respect to Black Bloc. He deterritorializes not only the space-time of the intervention but also the Black Bloc mythology. The Anartist is a bastard agent of infection. This heterogeneity is problematic for a militant view with a political project.

This is why sometimes my praxis is not considered political and I have been offended as charlatan and so on. I know that I am a charlatan but still...this is political. I think my perspective should be respected instead of being dismissed with offenses by reviewers with no pertinent arguments. However, this stigma (the stain) reinforces me and makes me understand better what I am doing. But...if you continue to stigmatize me as BAADEN MEIHOF my sympathy for the devil will bring me to integrate this evil in my becoming. Do you understand my logic? I enter in a becoming-Baaden Meinhof to escape your paranoia or just to subvert your

signification that institutes a dualism between a GOOD (non-Baaden Meinhof) and a EVIL (Baaden Meinhof). I define myself not as a substantial subject but as a force in an affective situation. So your presence and your pressure affects how I present myself. I cannot conform to your view, I will escape your attempt to fold me. We are a field of forces that spins. I am not an object of your discipline that you can direct in a representation.

I have never seen so much rubbish in a swollen and pompous ego that claims to be a great artist. How can I present this subject to pre-examiners. It's embarrassing.

FAUST: WHEN YOU SPEAK OF COUNTER-MYTHOLOGY YOU MEAN BLACK BLOC MYTHOLOGY?

MEPHISTOPHELES: Yes I had in mind Black Bloc...I do not see any pure nihilism. I just say that without the desire unleashed by a counter-mythology there is no fighting with capitalism that cannot be challenged just with the use value of classical politics.

FAUST: WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY DISACTIVIST? YOU DEFINE YOURSELF DISACTIVIST?

MEPHISTOPHELES: This provocation must be read in the context of a journal dedicated to art activism. My idea is to oppose the figure of the activist, that is engaged in a cause for making a better world. The disactivist instead wants just to deactivate the instituted "realism" to unleash a line of flight in the unknown. Of course there is the hyperstition of the Heteron that, in a certain way, brings it back to activism again. In fact my terminology does not work exactly according opposite terms. However it seems that the attitude of the Anartist is different from the Art Activists I have known. They all start from an ideology...this can be ecology, pro-LGBTQ rights, feminist, and so on...They are not interested to disrupt space-times and to experience the outside here and now. Furthermore, the activists have a constructive attitude, they want to constitute a new "reality" with a new political and cultural subjectivity; instead, I want to de-institute "reality" from any constitutive purpose. Even the Heteron is de-institutional. It's not a project for the constitution of new institutions and new powers, it's pure de-institutional puissance in becoming... probably completely useless for the progress of humanity. It's a completely nomadic horde of wolves that creates its own God that must be sacrificed every instant with a subtractive line of flight. Not only the God is created, is a heterogeneous Sin-theon, and does not pre-exist its creatures but must be also sacrificed in a Potlatch to be

reborn and renewed...and again, and again. The Anartist
is an agent of this dissolution, the war machine of a
dismembered God.

*What a modesty he is not a God but a creator of a God...
ahahahahah! Let me laugh...dear colleagues I present you
the creator of a dismembered God...I will call the asylum
right now...what is the number? I don't remember.*

FAUST: WHAT DO YOU MEAN WITH
ACCELEREIGHTIONS?

MEPHISTOPHELES: Because a disturbanist
intervention is a destratification, it is also an acquiring
of speed in terms of “absolute speed”. A speed with no
reference to an instituted system. It's as an acceleration in
the outside. But, because in the line of flight I experience
a mystic involutive evolution of the Event, I define it
as accelerEightion...more I do not want to say...It's a
super-linear non-linearity...an 8...that is a sort of witch-
flight in a chaosmosis. So it's a sort of acceleration in the
Mechanosphere. What more can I say? One must just
experience its chaomagical effect.

FAUST: IN ONE ESSAY YOU MENTION THE BAR IN
RELATION TO YOUR WRITING. DO YOU REFER TO THE
BAR OF LACAN?

MEPHISTOPHELES: There is reference to De Saussure's
semiotic Signifier/Signified that is adopted also by
Lacan and by Lyotard in “Libidinal Economy”, even if in
Lyotard this bar starts spinning and creates an oscillating
tension instead of engendering a syntax of the Big
Other and the petit object à. In order to adopt a pure
semiotic between Signifier/Signified I need to bar out
my body and my sensations. My flesh instead invests this
pure relation with its affirmative intensity when I write.
When the body enters into the writing with its pathos,
it invests the relation signifier-signified with a baroque
deformation. The line becomes gothic, a serpentine line
of intertwined furies. The bar spins around.

*I think the only bar that this guy knows is the one on
the street near his house. I do not know why he wants to
present himself as a great man, a great artist, a great writer,
a creator of God, when all in all what he does is rather
mediocre. In this way he does nothing but ridicule him-self.
I should call some colleagues and say: I present you this
monster. Please do not hurt him. I know, he's a monster,
and he deserves the worst torture. Especially the one that
inflicts on me that I have to listen to him.*

FAUST: HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU THAT YOUR
WRITING DOES NOT MATTER TO ANYONE?

MEPHISTOPHELES: I like your irony. I must say that I often have received attacks from fanatics of purism for my way of writing. I could show you examples. This is what pushed me then to write the last text that I wrote. Because the theme of the publication was on art activism I wanted to reverse this terminology against the Journal itself. To provoke from inside. My texts have become more and more like interventions over time.

Poor idiot.

FAUST: WHAT IS S-WITCH-FLIGHT?

MEPHISTOPHELES: It's a line of flight that switches from the witching refrain of capitalism. It's a counter-witching in a way. I have already talked about it.

FAUST: CAN YOU EXPLAIN BETTER THE TERM MIGNON?

MEPHISTOPHELES: They are the men and women of the routines and standards of the everyday apparatus. In the text above, I gave the example of the policeman, in another I provided the example of the workers and the director of the museum. I could make the example of the academic environment, where rarely I have had creative exchanges. I could make the example of the research's symposium or forum where your presentation can vary from 10 minutes to 30 minutes maximum. I can talk of the boring presentations in PowerPoint instead of an improvised diagrammatic approach. I don't understand why when the others do a lecture the people are bored and when I do so that the students follow every step with attraction and ask me more. I can make a 3 hours lecture, passing through difficult concepts, and the students, or the public in general, is electrified by my performance of improvised explanation. It's like watching a rock concert, because I follow intensities that circulate in an exchange with the public. If I would follow a pre-constituted path in PowerPoint it would be boring. There would be no live happening. Every member of an institution works as a censor of life that reduces (mignon) us in a structure of depression. In the everyday we are all petit bourgeois with a nice face.

Instead you are a great idiot, you are not a small mignon.

FAUST: WHAT DO YOU INTEND FOR ALGO-REVIEWERS?

MEPHISTOPHELES: If I compare the urban space to a text. The algorithm that manages the flexible form of the Capitalist space are sort of algo-reviewers.

FAUST: ANOMY? WHERE DOES IT COME FROM?

MEPHISTOPHELES: It's a central concept from Georg Simmel and his sociological studies on the metropolis but I think it was established by Durkheim. It's strictly related to the concept of "alienation", as separation from the output of your work in Marx and above all in Lukacs' urban alienation.

Bravo! Bravo! Not to be believed, responds to the interpellation as a schoolboy who wants to be the first of the class... ahahaha... the Anartist of my boots. He looks at his naked feet full of mud.

FAUST: TELL ME MORE ABOUT SPECTROPOIESIS.

MEPHISTOPHELES: There is a mistake. I have written:

"The Anartist is a sort of spectator of spectropoiesis".

Instead it is: "spect(r)ator of spectropoiesis". I stand corrected. Spect(r)ator is a subversion of the word Spectator. If the Spectator is passive toward the image the Spect(r)ator is active. Unfortunately, I do not write in good English and I need a help; but sometimes the guy who helps me can see a mistake where there is a linguistic invention. Then I need to re-edit the editing of the mother-tongue, but sometimes something escape even my re-editing. Anyway, he makes miracles with my texts. For a better understanding of SPECTROPOIESIS

I suggest reading the essay Catalysis of the Black Sun.

The Spectropoiesis is the creation of a Black Aural Apocalypse: the Black Sun.

Black Aural Apocalypse...we have a prophet here, with the stigmata of the predestined. What terrible work made your mother little old boy... Dear colleagues and pre-examiners, I present you the man of the Apocalypse. It's here in front of you. Then I will pass with my hat if you would like to put some dollars for the freak-show...

FAUST: WHAT DO YOU THINK OF GOD? HOW DO YOU RELATE TO IT? ARE YOU A RELIGIOUS PSYCHOTIC LIKE ISIS MEMBERS?

MEPHISTOPHELES: God is the infinitesimal who decides the variation. God is pure crisis and catastrophe; But even catastrophic creation. It's the magic that enters in play in every process. And it's before and beyond the Good and the Evil. It's an involutive evolutive force. The Anartist is an agent of the infinitesimal. I/it/she/he/they open up space-times to reveal/create a mytho-poiesis of the infinitesimal vibration. In this sense the Anartist creates a new image of God even if it cannot reach a definition of the image. It passes through archetypes and symbols but not one of them can exhaust my desiring production inspired by the ungraspable infinitesimal.

The difference of all the differences that digs into
 the matter and spins in the void. The infinitesimal is
 generated by the “sacred dance” of the 3 chaosmotic
 attractors (Black, White, Red). I cannot conceive a God
 and a Chaosmogony non-related to the biosphere as
 the center (without center) of my existence. At least for
 now. It’s possible that with new scientific discoveries,
 new intelligences and technologies, we can integrate a
 wider view and wider existences. I still have to develop
 many powers by recovering my impersonal arche-body.
 But it seems that we have reached a point of crisis with
 science. We still cannot access a pure extra-terrestrial,
 fully disembodied, eternal, immortal dimension. We
 cannot have a really scientific point of view. Science is
 a territorialized fiction, like everything that concerns
 humans. We are chaosmonauts of our blue spaceship,
 inside an oscillating hyperstatic equilibrium directed
 toward a Super-Black-Mass. We are in this current and
 our blue spaceship will be destroyed as soon as our
 galactic motor exhausts its energy and the entanglement
 between red sun and white sun disintegrates the
 machinic phylum. There exists a chaosmogony for every
 singularity. As humans we can transcend ourselves only
 inside our singular current in a transcendental flight.
 There is also a “finitude” of the infinite. Potentially, if
 I speculate to the limit, there are many infinities. Even
 the infinite is, in a certain way, countable (paradox). But
 there is always an outside of the outside. Maybe it does
 exist, and I can perceive a vibration that connects all
 vibrations, but I cannot be sure. Probably there are only
 many **singletons (in what sense are you using this word?)**
 that are incommensurable among them. A multi-verse?
 We return to the chasm between schism and whole. And
 even to the arguing between Lacan-Badiou-Meillassoux
 and Deleuze-Ramey-DeLanda on the relation between
 multiplicity and the one. What concerns me is also a
 need for territorialization, I cannot, nor can anyone,
 live-think a full deterritorialization. I can make only
 percept-jumps from actual to virtual and back to actual
 again by flying through the machinic phylum. Through
 this practice of jumping I materialize the refrain of a
 sacred path driven by an avatar that mediates between
 my conditioned actuality and the virtual unconditioned
 of the Earth’s becoming. I can learn to jump and follow
 a limited line of flight in the Mechanosphere. But, in this
 movement, I also return to a becoming-wolf in a magic
 heard connected to the chaosmic Earth: the Heteron of

Anartist. The Anartist endures an alpha individuation that reaches its de-territorialized chaosmic omega point. I follow what empowers my nomadic (in the chaosmic sense) potentiality. I follow the virtual quasi-cause of the oscillating grey point that synthesizes a tensive 8 between the intense black dot and the intense white dot of the Tao to expand the flying-awareness of the witch-flight. In this super-linear non-linearity, I follow the deterritorialization extending my arche-body awareness, developing the power of divination that unfolds an hyperstition. I become a prophetic energy transformer that draws an 8 between negative and positive matter-energy in flow. In this super-linear non-linearity the Anartist develops the Eyght Eye of the “hyperstitional seer”. The Eyght is the It of the chaosmosis that is integrated in the Eye/I to generate a magnetic superject. It’s an Event of synchronic attractions based on vibrating resonances in becoming. I empower my senses in a synesthetic super-continuity that reverses my flesh in the flesh of the Earth. It’s an auto-affection of the flesh, as Michel Henry would say. The Earth becomes felt as a living mind. I do not access only the body of the Earth but also its mind. I dance with the infinitesimal, I surf the catastrophe and its creation. Dissolution always resolves and dissolves again...like a big wave of energy-matter...a snake-tiger that the Anartist can ride in the phase-spatium of a complex Kali-Yuga. The lines of flight of the Heteron generate a new Eon, the Black Sun that is rising in the capitalist medium to blind the Eye of the capitalist God. It’s a fighting between Gods. Between the God of hyper-invisibility and hyper-visibility. And this fighting is a chasm of reversion. It’s an energetic reversion, a Black 8.

Faust takes off the mask of dry mud. With the right hand keeps the mask at the distance of the arm extended to observe it in its whole entirety. Yes it’s me, finally I transcended myself in Dionysus. Just the nose is a little too big. I knew that I could make it...then he laughs like a mad...ahahahahahah!!!

FAUST: AFTER THIS I FEEL LIKE QUITTING. I FEEL USELESS.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Do you feel like orphan to your own fatherhood?

FAUST: HEY...WATCH YOURSELF WITH YOUR IRONY OR I’LL LEAVE YOU RIGHT NOW.YOUR MOTHER DID NOT DO IT A GOOD JOB. SHE HAS CREATED A DISPROPORTIONED NARCISSUS.

MEPHISTOPHELES: C'mon let's continue...you are entering into full paranoia now...True, I may be the psychotic but now you are the neurotic.

FAUST: DON'T TELL ME THAT...

MEPHISTOPHELES: Just joking...

FAUST: WHY DO YOU INSIST ON THE TERM "SACRED"?

YOU SEEM OBSESSED WITH THIS WORD. IT GIVES YOU

THE AURA OF THE VISIONARY RELIGIOUS MANIAC.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Why do you insist on despising the "sacred"? (I understand your fear but I am not celebrating the attitude of a fundamentalist, I am too much of a bastard to become a militant of the holy ISIS. Maybe in your mind I am a secret cell of a secret cell... again, this treads the edge of paranoia.) Let me explain, the unleashed event is sacred because it is an appearance and a **com-participation** (not sure what you mean by this word) that has not already been designed to appear in a profane space-time according to a utilitarian logic of work. The intervention allows for a destratification from the capitalist design and a com-participation that is also a revelation of the living on the edge of the dying. All dualisms are momentarily suspended, Good and Evil, Eros and Thanatos, Life and Death, Space and Time; only rhythms and synchronisms are unfolded in the sacred becoming-flux of being there in the everywhere and the everywhen. Each intervention is an intensification of the internal mystic refrain of the Anartist avatar that penetrates in the unknown and makes its body more and more open to a magic connection with the forces of the Earth to reveal what is hidden by the profane design. It's the acquisition of a shamanic body and of a singular existential territory constructed on a refrain that is singular but also chaosmic. The refrain is, in itself, a desiring machine that mediates through the avatar and its symbolibidic production without solution of continuity between a subject, an avatar, and symbolic production.

It's a relationship between the molecular body of the Anartist and the molecular body of the Earth that forms a fluctuating flux. The contours fade into a will of power based on a sacred resonance. As a living mantra that draws a living mandala. It's a singular worlding powered by an impersonal Earthling. The Earthling itself receives its spinning by a chaosmological field of deterritorialization whose main driving attractor is the alchemical Black Sun (a Black Mass of hyper-dense Dark Matter according to the hypothesis of science). Even the alchemical Red Sun (the nucleus of the Earth that generates the

magnetic field of the Earth) and the alchemical White Sun (the actual Sun that, with its rays, screened by the poles of the magnetic field, allows the existence of the biosphere) are fundamental attractors in the hyperstatic equilibrium that transcends itself in vectors and speeds of deterritorialization. So, the biosphere can be seen as a magic singularity suspended in a Singleton of forces, speeds, attractions and rotations. Could this wide magnetic field be a temporary morphogenetic field of awareness that allows us to transcend the subjective conscience effectuated by the capitalist design and its instituted space-time? Is the intervention a magic trigger that unworks the design for a space-time jump in the currents of the Mechanosphere? If this were true, and my phenomenological experience says that “could” be true, my practice would be like a learning of the art of flying in the machinic phylum of a chaomological becoming. This experience is sacred because it is hidden to the profaned: that does not know how to fly in the immanent hyper-rationality of a super-linear non-linear Eight. This line of flight is like a lightning strike in the dark that enlightens a becoming **but only ex-post (not sure what this means, what is ex-post?)**. The figure of enigmatic experience, which keeps fuzzy contours long afterward, is revealed in a process of revelations. The visible forms a chasm with the invisible, unleashing the experience of the “seer” like the amplification of the breath and the senses. It’s like surfing the sacred phylum of a spiritualized matter. For a while, like Dedalus, I can be more than human...

I think I have nothing else to say. I cannot believe there are such idiots. Then he looks at his mask of Dionysus for long. Then suddenly the mask opens its mouth and makes the sound of the frog. A shiver of fear runs through Faust.

FAUST: WHY SACRED TRANSGRESSION?

MEPHISTOPHELES: The passage from an instituted and organized space-time to a disorganized and de-instituted flow in a chaomotic becoming implies the transgression of a threshold of prohibition. The form must become formless and this calls for a transgression on the edge of the law that institutes the policed form.

This is why the mystic experience of the Anartist is simultaneously political. It’s a politics of the unknown. Like I said before, it’s like breaking through to the other side (to quote Jim Morrison). This breaking, that allows the experience of the “lizard king” to emerge, is also a breaking of the Law. Or at least an approach of its

limits, where the contours of the profane design become ambiguous. Anyway, the repressed obscene appears on the scene illuminated by the design and the police must contain and re-frame the separation between scene and obscene, between what can be seen and what cannot be seen, what can be heard and what cannot be heard. The situational chaos generated by the intervention, that is also a revealing becoming from the point of view of the Anartist, must be stopped to allow the parts of the urban social machine to work. The machine must regain the defined contours of the exchange value. This is why the sacred experience of the Anartist must happen on the fuzzy edge of the Law. Whatever obscenity is tolerated by the form of the Law is instrumental to the capitalist libido: it is integrated transgression that works for the innovation of the capitalist space-time without damaging its form. However, my intervention does not necessarily bypass the Law. To be on the indefinite edge of the Law is already a Transgression because the action of the Anartist invests the Law with the poison of ambiguity: is this art or anarchism? Should it be stopped? What is the mission of the police in this ambiguity? The puzzled police are a constitutive part of the sacred ceremony of an intervention. Without the arrival of the police my actions do not take on full affect.

**FAUST: HETEROGENESIS, HOW IS IT DISTINCT
BY ONTOGENESIS?**

MEPHISTOPHELES: The heterogenesis is the emergent catalysis of a heterogeneous multiplicity that forms a singularity. The heterogeneous synthesis of differences of differences (materials, rhythms, times, becomings, speeds...). The singularity which emerges in the catalysis is, at its time, a vibratory difference that enters in a plane of composition with other vibratory differences to materialize the quasi-cause of a new folded singularity. This dialectic between singular and multiplicity goes on and on to the infinite scale like a fractal. The phenomena are just quasi-causes constituted by quasi-causes that resonate in a refrain that oscillates between an apparatus of capture and lines of flight...like the points and counterpoints of Bach's "arte della fuga". This complex "fuga" is the becoming of a vibratory phenomenon that is always on the verge of metamorphosis (dissolution or transformation...) in other phenomena. This vibration is what makes life a dancing continuum. Death, even if it marks a discontinuity, is just a passage from the form of a phenomenon to another form (the continuum

of metamorphosis). Death dances with Life. This becoming unfolds in a twilight dialectic between visible and invisible, appearing and disappearing, singular and multiple, slowness and acceleration, presence and absence. The Anartist is also a heterogeneous singularity composed of/by heterogeneities with an intense obscure resonance that unfolds a becoming-Anartist. However, at the core of every expression of phenomena, there is a complex field of resonance that is quite unpredictable in its complexity. There is a schizophrenic line of tension that cuts the field and the phenomenon inscribed in it and allows for the necessary plasticity and creativity in metamorphosis...even if, at the same time, there is also an extensive homeostatic equilibrium that tends to stabilize the identity of the phenomenon. **This homeostatic force is particularly strong concerning the appearances of phenomena instituted by extensive design; but even an unleashed event of intensity-emergence, for example the one that occurs in an intervention, will tend to find, sooner or later, a homeostatic stability, and clarify itself in its own form; even when conserving a certain obscurity at its core (this sentence is maybe too long):** For example, with the arrival of the police. There is no revolution that is not followed by a return to order, but the seed of disorder will generate its own refrain of escape and becoming always returning and disrupting the order and the homeostatic structure. Deterritorialization is the arche-drive of the metamorphosis and the Anartist follows this logic of intensification from its first gesture of destratification **from?** the extensive order of the instituted space-time.

FAUST: YOU SAY THAT THE BLACK HETERON IS NOT A POLITICAL PROJECT. I CAN'T AGREE WITH THIS...

IT'S POLITICAL BUT OUTSIDE THE REALM OF NORMATIVE POLITICS.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Yes, it's political but it's not a project, because it is an emerging mystic superject and (cannot be signified) because it is an excess of the signifier that organizes a goal and a project. The super-ject, that is a concept of Whitehead, is a continuous emergence from a field of individuation. It always differs and remains dark and ambiguous in its becoming, it does not reach a full subjectivity but remains in a performative flux. Then the radicality of wasteful violence is useless in terms of normative politics. However, it's political because it disrupts the Cartesian base of the normative politics and it is necessary to generate an alternative symbolism that resists the integration and valorization of Capital.

Faust is depressed. He throws his mask into the pool and the soil melts. He sees the Dionysus' face slowly unravelling in the water. Time seems slowing-down. Like if an eon is passing. He feels old, he thinks to be 3000 years old. Like Lou Reed.

FAUST: BUT COULDN'T THIS BE CONSIDERED
VIOLENCE FOR VIOLENCE'S SAKE...

MEPHISTOPHELES: The immanent violence of the Black Bloc is driven by a return to the groundless beginning, to have an experience of the chaosmotic formless. It's a return to the "original seen" that produces a new world. The organized actual world is destroyed with its instituted symbolism to generate fresh radical symbolism that cannot be subsumed. Instead a production in this world would be immediately subsumed by this world based on the paradigm of modernity with its idea of Progress and linearity. However, this creative destruction is not intentional, it's the war-machine of the Black Sun. That is what is at the base of deterritorialization, and it is the Black Sun that produces an anti-production. It's a sacrificial excess that must be wasted in a body without organs because the utilitarian organism cannot exhaust the entire energy of the Sun. It's a regenerative natural cycle of destruction and creation that is wider than the capitalist cycle driven by the utilitarian signifier. It's the excess of the energy-matter of the biosphere that unleashes the emergence of a Sacred Riot and its radical symbolism. It's unproductive consumption. It's the passage to a general economy from a restricted one. This means that the cycle is wider and is based on giving instead of the given. It's pure giving of the virtual. This does not mean that the Anartist identifies with the violence of the Black Bloc but, as a simulacrum, remodulates this symbolic and aesthetic material in its interventions to affect and infect the world with a radical difference that could not be subsumed and integrated in the restricted economy. The Anartist re-injects this radical outside in the everyday space-time to fold a resistant and haunting outside in the inside. It's like a hacker of the space-time that unworks the capitalist code. It is also a parasite that uses this Black Energy to deploy it beyond its pure nucleus of integrity. The Anartist's line of flight is like a black ray of a Black Sun. The Anartist plays with this material like an alchemist. The Black Mana is remodulated and transformed to create a resistant mythology – a desiring machine that shoots its rays in every direction and invades the space. Anyway, I

cannot condemn the immanent violence of the general economy more than the transcendent violence of the restricted economy. It would be like condemning the cycles of Nature. It makes no sense. As subject, I do not have the power to abstract myself and judge from a position of abstract separation the *res intensa* from which I emerge every instant. It would be very arrogant to judge this immanent violence that Benjamin would define as “divine”. There is a blindness at the core of my perception that prevents me as subject to judge an inhuman phenomenon with the categories of the human. I can only surf through this schism at the core, a schism between one and many, to have an experience of this paradoxical condition without the categories of an illusory subjective ethics. This attitude simply requires the ethics of honesty to face a comfortless condition where the negative and the positive, the destructive and the creative, coexist without a unifying synthesis in a sort of debasing *Unio Mystica*. It’s only through a material mysticism that we can cope with the ungraspable blind paradox at the core of our existence. As species we are creatures of the Earth, a bigger and infinitely more complex organism in constant metamorphosis, but we need to dominate the Earth to survive. This contradiction is already evident in the ecological disaster generated by this contradiction. I do not search for a narrative of Salvation by drawing on the Hebrew-Christian tradition. It would be easy and useful for my image as an artist – to get grants for example – to depict myself as an agent of the Good in a narrative of Salvation...but this would not be intellectually honest. Knowledge always meets unknowledge, the light meets the darkness, the sense meets the non-sense, the positive meets the negative, the destruction meets the creation. It’s probably this obscure passage between night and day that opens up a singular percept which breaks through an instituted perception driven by an instituted signifier. The Anartist is like an obscure avant-guard automaton. It’s an hyperstition of probe-heads that push themselves at/to the fringe-limit of knowledge and action; the Anartist is not an actual matter of fact. My practice unfolds through a cumulation of revelations that rip through the dark with the sudden lightening of quasi-experience. Mingling with fiction and black humor (a funny sense of tragedy to be suspended over the abyss), my practice opens lines of flight in the irrational and the seductive. The Anartist is driven by its being part of the magnetism of the Earth

and not by the abstract conscience of a subject that is just a fictitious fold of the Enlightenment. To condemn immanent violence would be to lie...and to participate in the fiction of Progress and Hope.

Faust only hears and smells death around him. He only feels death and boredom. The aridity of the signifier. The construction of the character hiding behind the complication of the theory.

FAUST: DRAGOON? I'M NOT SURE I GET THE MEANING OF THIS WORD.

MEPHISTOPHELES: One famous Picabia's sentence says: "The brave men did not kill dragoons. The brave men rode them". Mircea Eliade in "Sacred and Profane" states that in ancient mythology the chaos is symbolized by a giant dragoon or snake that must be killed as a creative act to generate a cosmology out of the chaos. This killing was ritualized in festivity that re-enacted this sacred time as opposed to the profane everyday of work. The killing of the dragoon is a time out of time that recalls the act of foundation of a community. This foundation is based on a mythological center of meanings and a territory. I find Picabia's idea to ride the dragoon very consistent with the sensation I have when, with my interventions, I deterritorialize an instituted space-time and I am thrown in a becoming of unpredictable forces or furies. In fact, the intervention puts me in contact with the experience of the chaosmosis. The dragoon has no bones but only powerful muscles and nerves and it moves like a powerful flow. These are forces of deterritorialization that pre-exist on every territory and holy temple built over a territory. I think the experience of the sacred, that is not holy, is to ride, through a radical performance, the chaosmotic forces of the groundless; instead of establishing a harmony with a cosmic order based on an essential origin. I think this is also the difference between the "sacred" (the dragoon) and the "holy" territory based on rituals and cosmology. This idea of the dragoon is also present in Buddhist tradition where the Bodhisatva sacrifices his life by launching his body in the mouth of the Naga dragoon to obtain a revelation. It's a practice of overcoming the fear tied to the little ego to obtain the body of the Buddha that is cosmic and beyond death and life. It's an experience of the protective magnetism of the Earth that gathers many bodies in a single body as a bigger ego and a bigger awareness. It's an experience of "understanding" and not of "knowledge"

in the terminology of Aldous Huxley. This expansion of knowledge in understanding is also consistent with a “general economy” (Bataille) based on gift and giving versus a “restricted economy” (Bataille) based on utilitarianism (the given), capitalism, and modernism.

This expansion is the momentary passage from a transient identity to an unconditioned cosmic singularity that cannot be affected by metamorphosis. After its re-territorialization in the actual, this expansion still remains active (searching for its own unveiled nature). But the unconditioned is obtained by the full experience of the conditioned metamorphosis. The actual and the virtual are still tied in an 8. The transcendent spurs from the immanent. It’s a “transcendental empiricism” to use the words of Gilles Deleuze. The body acquires a sort of schizo-connection with the whole 8 separated by the schism between the ego of the subject (the Lacanian symbolic) and the greater ego of the Earth (the Lacanian Real). The Anartist, that is in a process of alpha individuation, must pass through the ever-moving “omega point” (Teilhard de Chardin) of the 8 to acquire a timeless body, the open body of the shaman. The individuated Alpha acquires the flesh of the Earth by passing through the Omega. It’s a sacred path, the Alpha and the Omega, where conditioned and unconditioned, actual and virtual, negative and positive, creation and destruction, one and many fuse in the same becoming-sorcerer. Is it this true? Just a hypothesis? How can I trust my experience when I must recreate it with writing from the dark contours of an event? Everything I write should have the prefix quasi-. This is a quasi-explanation of a quasi-subjectivity who writes when it is also written by an impersonal writing. Here we still have the tension of the fundamental schism that throws us in the darkness. Because every revelation is also a re(veil)ation. In this sense my practice could be exemplified by Jim Morrison’s song “the night divides the day and the day divides the night, try to run and try to hide, break on through to the other side.” Running in a line of flight seems the only possibility to cope with the fundamental schism without refusing the cosmic contact that passes through an over-proliferation of the symbolic and through too human mechanisms of defense. I refuse to domesticate the Real just because society and institutions, but also affective relations, ask me to do so.

Now it’s too late. I am gone.

But why do not we end this story. With this terrible mystic talk about the self for the sake of itself, with the use of the most abstruse terminology. There is also a poetry in this abstruse language, I do not deny it. There is an aesthetic of the boring in the masochism of theory... Almost an involuntary surrealism. Faust approaches the tree to pee. It's a long jet of yellow pee. He remembers when with his friends they made a race to piss further. He arrived never the first. He suspected the other where drinking more water than him.

FAUST: SACRED GIFT? WHY SACRED?

MEPHISTOPHELES: Because it is a process that is moved in large part by forces that operate under the profane of the representation of the retina. Sacred is what is secreted and separated. It is a magic realm of forces under the profane. An intervention unleashes a process of giving that contrasts the already given. It's an injection of the sacred in the represented profane. It appears as an act of transgression because is heterogeneous to the profane.

It does not follow the utilitarian logic instituted in the everyday habits. It's a gift because it augments the reality with an excess without calculation. It's a surplus of living expression, an uncoded surplus that invests the ordinary with an anomalous disruptive event. It's pre-verbal and pre-individuated intensity that invests the extended space organized by language and signs.

FAUST: HIEROPHANY. YOU KEEP RAISING THE SACRED

- BUT WHAT IS THE JUSTIFICATION - HOW ARE YOU PUTTING IT TO USE?

MEPHISTOPHELES: I think I have given a wide explanation of this already. You are killing me with boring. The Anartist is like a hierophant of the Black Sun. He infects the profane space organized by capitalism with the black rays of the sacred. In this way the intervention is not only a disruption but a mystic revelation in the experience of the ungrounded. It's an experience of possession, magnetism and deep "understanding" that cannot be completely enucleated. As the Zen master says, it is useless to pour tea in a full cup of tea. As the buddha says, the awareness of the buddha can only be shared by buddhas. You need to acquire the body of buddha to understand. You can say that this is anti-democratic obscurantism but I do not care for your accusations. I think that the democratic society based on flat instructions, information, pseudo/transparency, and horizontal liberation is a disaster. I think that we should find new paths of initiation to go beyond the ritualized

ancient as well as the profane modern. The Heteron of the Anartist is an example of this new thing, in the sense of a deep now. We have the right to try a transcendental flight in the dark. We cannot inhabit dry rationalism just because we are afraid to fail.

It starts to rain again, Faust is sheltered under the tree. I have to find a way to finish this absurd question and answer game. I have to stop the relationship. I do not want to be his advisor or his super-visor or having nothing to share with this guy... An ego like that is unrepresentable, one should censor itself. I cannot say:" now listen to me. Stop this logorrhoea, you are proving to be a pathetic character who tries to sell himself as an artist, even Anartist. You are a mediocre and you should shut your mouth that emits the noise of a frog to my hear. Do you want to leak my hands? Do you want to leak my feet?"

FAUST: "TRANSPERSONA". SHOULD I UNDERSTAND THIS IN DG TERMS AS "CONCEPTUAL PERSONA"?

MEPHISTOPHELES: For sure the "conceptual persona"

is a starting point. It is a way of thinking through eccentric "simulacra". Deleuze was taking his masters (...)

Spinoza, Nietzsche, Bergson...) from behind, as masks, prolonging, through his interpretation of the masks, their lines of flight by drifting away from them. Even the Anartist, that is a "transpersona", does the same with the Black Bloc mask by prolonging their line of flight. Even Black Bloc is, in turn, a "transpersona", a field of interpretative forces. Actually, the "transpersona" is also beyond the "conceptual persona", not only because it concerns action and not only theoretical writing, but because it allows to make resonate the "singular with a multiplicity". It keeps intact the schism but in a productive (or anti-productive) way. The schism is not repressed in a too human-centric organization but at the same time it is overcome through resonances. The

Heteron conserves its nomadic potentiality, in each line of flight, but also in its subtracted whole. It's a new "subjectivity" even in terms of syntax because it declines

all the possible subjectivities... It's ontologically new because it responds to a logic of "heterogenesis". It's new as a "form" of life not only in political "contents". The Anartist is singular but can be declined with I, You, He, Her, It, We, Them, or nobody. This allows to keep a core of schizophrenia at the base of the subjectivity without sacrificing the dark schism at the base of existence. The

"transpersona" is a dark blot and not a clear Kantian punctual subject. The tension between the singular and

the multiplicity remains open to a productive becoming as a field of forces. Furthermore the Anartist-Black Bloc quasi-relation or non-relation is also a productive anti-production that marks a radically alternative uncoded territory.

FAUST: WHAT DO YOU MEAN WITH “SYNNECRONT”?

MEPHISTOPHELES: It’s a particular case of negative symbiosis...when two symbionts collaborate to destroy each other. In a sense the synnecrosis is also the other side of the positive symbiosis and there is a certain amount of speculative synnecrosis in every symbiosis but here is a specific case of tension and polarization. Here the schism reaches the maximum intensity. It’s the schism between Black Heteron and Capitalism.

I would rather be licked by a frog than to deal with this subject. I built my career with a certain aesthetic criterion. All beautiful, refined people who do not ejaculate random words in this way. How sad life becomes when you find people so immature.

FAUST: BLACK EIGHT, I STILL DO NOT GET IT VERY WELL.

MEPHISTOPHELES: I cannot stand it anymore. You are becoming so repetitive and inquisitive. You are regressing from orphan to a totalitarian father just because you cannot direct me like a ball.

FAUST: IF YOU WANT I TAKE YOUR CANDIDATURE FOR PRE-EXAMINATION YOU NEED TO ANSWER. IT’S YOU THAT YOU HAVE PROPOSED THIS GAME. I HAVE THE RIGHT TO BE REPETITIVE AS I WANT UNTIL YOU DO NOT CONFESS.

MEPHISTOPHELES: But we risk to be terribly boring.

FAUST: YES BECAUSE YOU WANT TO APPEAR SMART, YOU WANT TO MAKE A LITERARY MASTERPIECE, AS YOUR NARCISSISM ALWAYS TELL YOU.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Ok, if you insist I answer. Black 8 is the passage of the alpha in the omega point. It’s a process of “understanding”, de-subjection and sacred individuation that by-passes the schism between night and day to “break through to the other side” (Jim Morrison). This process is necessarily schizophrenic and dark, because representation cannot contain schizophrenia. In the Anartist intervention the time unfolds as a non-linear involutive evolution that reveals the transcendent in the immanent and the immanent in the transcendent. It’s a Black Eight because is blind and proceeds toward the unknown. In this process, the Eye is blinded and the Eight is opened. The Eight is

a processual synesthetic hyper-sensitivity of the body that by-passes the contradiction at the core of the paradoxical schism. The Eight opens in the omega-point of intense schizophrenia. The Black Eight can be perceived only in a performative way because it is beyond the representation, it can only be experienced. The Eye instead stops itself in a relation between subject and object in a play of mirrors without depth in terms of surface. The Anartist blackens the mirror through its intervention to acquire a depth of escape in the surface. Only in a dynamic implicated relation between subject and object, that erases the contours in a super-ject, can the Black Eight be accomplished, perceived, revealed, and expressed as a “percept” of a different body and a different space-time. It’s a space-time jump. In the Black Eight, the body becomes a body-ject in a sacred trajectory driven by the inorganic magnetism of the Earth. It’s a passage from the Eye-I to the a-subjective Eight of the deterritorialized Earth. It’s a space-time jump in the time-machine of Natura Naturans. It’s a symbiosis with what Bergson would call creative evolution. However, it is not a deep symbiosis with Natura Naturata but with Natura Naturans (to use an expression of Giordano Bruno). Natura Naturata is a Gestaltic consolatory projection of a subject in search for peace while in Natura Naturans the subject loses himself in a darkness to find a deeper level of understanding at the end of the Eight. Just when the 8 becomes 9 and the 8 can be perceived. It’s an instant of after-awareness of the entire process, an ascesis after a descent in the darkness under the spell of magnetic attraction. In my esoteric numerology 7 is the “door”, 8 is the process of understanding of the initiated, and 9 is the perfection of awareness. As Huxley put it, understanding is a different dimension from knowledge. It implies not only adding, as knowledge does, but also subtracting to enter in contact with the emergence of the phenomena (as also Juha Varto would agree in “Other-than-knowing”). According to Huxley the more you know and less you understand because knowledge is a veil of the general that obstructs the contact with the singular experience, that, according to Deleuze, is a participation in a multiplicity that cannot be reduced to a homogeneous static unity in a Cartesian space; i.e, a subject of knowledge. There is always a tension of the heterogeneous that cannot be captured in a defined concept and identity. Even the experience is always a quasi-experience that cannot be abstracted

in a concept. This is why my text can appear obscure and my concepts not well defined in analytical terms.

My challenge is to put knowledge in contact with unknowledge to generate a spark in the dark. My theory/praxis is made by shifting atmospheric concepts because they are expressions of a practice that is not even a traditional coded practice. My concepts are created based on heterogeneous syntheses that stick together differences in a resonating way. They are not unity in a Cartesian plan. They contain a vacuum of solitude at the core that cannot be shared in an inter-subjective way.

They can be shared only through a fuzzy affection. This is why my explanation must be approached by the reader, not only with the Eye but also with the Ear and still better with the Eyght. The reader must have the patience to read all the enigmatic text to see if, at the end, he can experience a resonant 8 in all the field of resonance: as in a Koan or a Haiku. Every attempt to define sharply my concepts would be a useless violence that I should inflict to my sensitivity. The reader must accept a certain degree of darkness and must make use of his or her imagination once it is opened to my differential stimulations and provocation. In a word, my reader must be forced to be an active thinker without losing the passivity of being affected, even aesthetically, by the tonality and the atmosphere.

Finally the rain is over. Now the pool is a small lake... what's left of the shoes... the sole... it's floating... Is it possible? They were leather shoes. The sole should sink and instead floats like a corpse.

FAUST: BUT ARCHE' IS THE ORIGIN, NOT THE FINAL CAUSE?

MEPHISTOPHELES: I should write "it's not a final cause that confirms the origin". I am referring to circular cosmology coded by rituals controlled by a superior cast of priests or philosophers. In this kind of cosmology everything originates in a God or a primal unmoved mover and has, as final cause, still the same God or the same primal unmoved mover, or the harmony of the spheres. Even in the Aristotelian system everything emanates from the archè and returns to the archè that is also the final cause; i.e, the harmony of the cosmic spheres that move everything with their music in a sort of virtual anticipation. All the other Aristotelian causes, that after have been decontextualized and secularized by science, were subordinated to the final cause. The ritualistic structure of the tragedy itself is a way to

educate the public to a certain pathos that confirms, even emotionally, the order of the archè. The cosmological order is saved by threatening the public with the danger of Hubris. Because of this danger the Greeks, the mortals, should submit to the eternal order of the spheres and the unmoved mover. This means also a submission to a hierarchical order. This system has been integrated by the Catholic Church in the Middle Age, in the “summa theologica”. The sapients who know the rituals and the myths, i.e, the priests, are in the “summa”, nearer to the source of wisdom (God, the primal mover of the cosmos through the angels/spheres) and the others should just submit to their harmonic guide and spiritual knowledge. These contemplative societies design the urban space, in sacred and profane divisions, according the mirroring of a harmonic cosmology where everyone and everything is to its own place. The sky and the underworld are mirrored in the design of the ancient city on the Earth. The City is aligned with an axis mundi that must not be distorted. Every anomaly is judged as a distortion of the axis mundi whose harmony must be newly integrated through a sacrifice. The rhythm of the society is regulated by rituals of initiation or perfection, to access different degrees of “understanding”. Life is an ascesis toward the “summa”. Of course, only the upper cast has this kind of possibility, the other are just warriors or especially workers (mostly servants and slaves). Everyone and everything must remain to its own place in an eternal circle. The order of the city mirrors a transcendent order.

This model is also in Plato’s Republic where the philosophers are the guides. The city mirrors as a shadow the metaphysical plane of ideas. This kind of urbanism, based on an organic understanding, is very different from the modern urban space, based on the “economy of knowledge”, instruction, and information in order to become competitive in the labor market or for the entrepreneur to obtain a better position in the market of commodities, or for the financial speculator to buy and sell in time... The modern urban space, born by the scientific revolution, is based on a pervasive capitalist code that excludes every action that is not based on a utilitarian scope. With the disintegration of the city and the order of the Middle Age came the material and civil Progress of the humanity. This anxiety for a future of emancipation of the human from its mortal limits, drives modernity...but then, with the emergence of hyper-technological development, Capitalism becomes an end

in itself, driven by its techno-innovations for profit. To develop technology needs money and to make money needs technology. The concept of architecture is not abandoned but is recoded in a capitalist functional way even if the modernist masters of architecture and urbanism tried to fuse ancient esoteric knowledge with modern science based on the Enlightenment. These experiments had disastrous and distopic results, as Henri Lefebvre claims when he mentions Bauhaus and Le Corbusier. The problem is that every architecture excludes the moving anarchitecture of the living, every architecture separates into an order and a division of labor. It makes work an organizational transcendent principle that is before the immanent creation of living. Architecture is based on an arche'. The urban structure is like an exoskeleton that reproduces the biological function of the human skeleton to give form to the flesh of the "human" figure inscribed in it. Capitalism, anyway, has its own profane arche' in the profane production and reproduction of the capital. Even if the experts of the technostucture, with their divinatory power based on economic knowledge, reproduce in some way the ancient scheme of a privileged cast. In reality the folds of time are refolded but there cannot be a radical passage from a phase to the other, there is still a resonance through which the past resonates with the future and other-way-round. The Greeks and the Romans are still here in large extent. However, in its ideology, Capitalism is classless and meritocratic while ancient civilizations were organized in casts and rigid hierarchies, even ideologically. In Capitalism instead, more money you make with your skill and knowledge, the more you grow in the hierarchy of Capital. You become more powerful, you can sell and buy all of planet Earth, maybe someday the Moon. You can satisfy your profane desires: beautiful women, luxury cars, personal jets, and so on... Nevertheless, the capitalist order is much more dynamic than the ancient because it is based on destruction and construction. Nothing is "holy" except the "exchange-value". Everything can be profaned! "Space" and "time" and "life" itself are just capitalist commodities that circulate. The banks are like profane Temples. When something goes wrong the experts sacrifice the profane middle class to save the holy sanctuary of finance and their dividends. This is why the Black Bloc sacred Riot usually profanes Banks by destroying their windows with cobblestones or poles from road signs. It's an

anarchitectural gesture, as I have explained in one of my essays. The Black Chaosmogony is driven by the internal difference of an urban war-machine in tension with its outside. Every intervention is an anarchitectural anti-productive new difference that shifts the definite economic order of the Capital, or of the traditional Cosmology, into an indefinite Chaosmology and Myth-poiesis. In this sense, the Black mythology and the production of symbols is always in becoming, and there is no space for a hierarchy of ministers, cults, or an aristocracy of blood. Even if the Anartists, with their synthetic sensitivity can be considered hierophants of the Black Sun (in all its symbolic dimensions); the Anartist is just the emerging avatar that mediates between the I of a subject and the it of a chaosmogonic Singleton. Each intervention is a sort of nihilophany of a hierophant that is expressed by a chaosmogonic field of forces that involves terrestrial and extra-terrestrial attractors. The Anartist operates a vibratory synthesis engendering “symbolic tensors”. The becoming-gods that are produced by the chaosmic desiring machine of the Heteron are immediately sacrificed in the immanence of a new sacred transgression (becoming-god) that shifts the sense of the chaosmogonic final cause. It’s a quixotic zig-zag final cause where the territorializing archè is always in a chasmic tension with its deterritorializing anarchè. The schism is not annulled into a territorial holy harmony (Cosmology) or in a unifying dynamic system (Capitalism) driven by a Signifier (utilitarianism). There is no origin nor stable final cause, but the continuous emergence of a differential schizophrenic super-ject through an emerging quasi-cause. The quasi-cause is the zig-zag final cause of the schizo-subject. The drive of this movement is the attractor that emerges at each new injection of sacred (or deterritorializing line of flight). This is why it is impossible to form a static transcendent order in the dynamic of the Black Heteron. The minor sacred always profanes the “temporary holy” because there is no instituted order that separates the pure from the impure: only an impure bastard flux in becoming; a schizo-field of forces. The impure always affects the attraction of the pure, generating a bastard super-ject. It’s like the continuous screw of a virgin. It’s a sacrifice of virginity. In this sense is also a Satanic machine driven by a urban gnosis: descendant ascesis. The only catalyst marker that ties this continuous deterritorialization is the transpersona mask as mystic vehicle for a sacred

production (or better anti-production). However, the Aristotelian idea of a final cause, if contextualized in a Chaosmogony, is still valid because in a sense there is the emergence of a “partial final cause”, a dark precursor, that anticipates the combustion of a new difference. The virtual affects the actual that, to its own, affects the virtual; but it is the virtual that is the driving agent of the metamorphosis. The idea of refrain and its resonance is in itself very musical. Deleuze drew a lot from Aristotle. Yet, the final cause, the metaphysic of difference, the sound of the spheres, the primal unmoved mover are all interpreted in an anarchist way instead of an archist way. So in a sense the chaosmogony could be seen also as an “obscure indefinite cosmology with no representation” that must still be revealed and is never concluded in its darkly intertwined rhizome-intensity. But while the cosmology reproduces and always follows the same harmony of perfection the Black Heteron generates and follows a new sound because heresy and transgression is at its core. The sound is the variation of a “fuga”. It’s a refrain in becoming, an invasive noise of the harmonic order. The unity of the one is always subtracted by a new deterritorializing line of flight in the unknown and empowered (in the sense of a growing will of power) from a new symbolic addiction in excess. The chaosmogony is always less and more than the identity of a cosmology. It is schizophrenic and indefinite sound-refrain. There is always darkness and movement that does not allow for the institution of a clear figure. This does not mean that the Chaosmogony does not concern a sacred production. The movement of the Heteron is a-theological, if we want to use an expression of George Bataille. The God is generated like a heterogeneous syn-theon that is always on the verge of being sacrificed in the immanence, in order to be augmented in power. This is a new paradoxical conception of god, an obscure fuzzy object of desire that must still be created through a profanation of the capitalist urban space. It’s also a new idea of the cult where the creatures are the creators... Maybe we can feel an anticipating music in the “myst” of the noise: a refrain of all the refrains resonating. However, in this art of the “fuga” we don’t know the next counter-point. The Heteron always sounds “new” even if the “transpersona” creates the diagrammatic limit where the new can be inscribed in a resonance. The sacrifice of the fuzzy god also resonates with the sacrifice of the subjectivity of the Anartist in each intervention. An

intervention is both an experiencing of an empowering (more than human) but also of a power-less loss of control (less than human). The self of the subject is sacrificed in the immanence of the Chaosmic refrain that affects the biosphere of the Earth. It's a sort of "joyful suicide" driven by the deterritorialization of the alchemical Black Sun (don't worry, it is just Black Humor that keeps me alive and kicking, it's like to fly over the abyss).

Faust sees himself suspended over a line in the middle of nothing. His island was only a dream, full of illusory parrots. Now you have drones instead of parrots flying over the streets of the global cities.

MEPHISTOPHELES: By the way, I have read your e-mail that says you decided to quit, and so on, and so on....

FAUST: YES, YOU ARE RIGHT... YOU ARE JUST ADDING AND ADDING WITHOUT CLUE... I FEEL ALL THIS WORK IS USELESS... THAT I AM USELESS... THAT YOU ARE JUST USING ME AND MANIPULATING MY IMAGE AND MY WILL... AND I DO NOT WANT TO BE PUSHED IN THE POSITION OF THE AUTHORITARIAN FATHER BY YOUR MEPHISTOPHELIAN MANIPULATIONS... FOR YOU THERE ARE ONLY SIMULACRA WHICH RESPONDS TO YOUR NARCISSISTIC EXCESS BUT I NEED TO RESPOND WITH MY FACE TO THE INTERFACE THAT PAYS ME AND MAKES ME LIVE... ACADEMY HAS RULES THAT CONCERNS SUBJECTS, ETHICS, RESPONSIBILITY AND FACES. CASTRATION IS NECESSARY FOR OUR CIVILIZATION. WITHOUT WORK THERE WOULD BE ONLY DISSOLUTION, ANARCHY, WARS AND EPIDEMY.
Faust start running in circle... go, go, go... I fucked him... check-mate!

MEPHISTOPHELES: I am sorry that the institution forces you into the human face and in the role of the father. I know that this relation is more satisfactory for me in terms of primary narcissism. Also, I see that you are not satisfied by a sadistic secondary narcissism as most of the academic people that find only a conformist narcissism satisfying (mignon). You do not live just for the envy and the mean satisfaction of cutting my transcendental wings. And I also know that you are tempted to transgress my transgression in order to gain satisfaction in our structure of relation; and that you wish to subvert it and put me in the position of the father by reversing the situation. For example, through a "I would prefer not" to be your partner in the dissertation. Or a

provocation such as “why do a dissertation if you are against the mode of the dissertation?” “Why obtain a phd if you are against the academy?” Or by complaining of my dissolving narcissism. You try to make sabotage of my self-confidence. It’s you that now tries to manipulate me. Maybe we are now at the extreme of becoming each other. Even the imposition of a discipline can be a form of transgression.

FAUST stops running and stares at

MEPHISTOPHELES with rage, shaking his head in the gesture indicating NO.

MEPHISTOPHELES: I propose you a new pact and a new contract. In the first case we must be aware of our roles...it’s a performance of simulacra...this can be written also in the introduction of the “methodology”. The trick of the “methodology” becomes the interface that allows you not to lose your face. We signal that is just a momentary “suspending” of the “anthropological machine” inscribed in the academy. The “methodology” is the baroque trick. Just like the “heels on the shoes” that make appear the “Rois du Soleil” taller and more “authoritative”. You are playing the role of the institutional police; but just as a “role” in a “game of roles”. And I am playing the role of the “anti-Oedipus”.

We use this kind of assemblage of differences just to make emerge the figural resonance of the Anartist and its expression, not just as representation but as something that is still in play and indeterminate: an objectile in flight. If you see your role as a role game, the tension of the “violence” in play between us is much more reduced.

(Your transcendent violence and mine immanent). As part of a line of flight you are helping me. Of course, if we go too much ahead with points and counterpoints we blotch the diagram because we reproduce the labyrinth that at the end is “dark”. As if I pass a biro on a white paper chaotically...at its extreme it will be blackening the white page (that is still an apparatus of signification). We need an apparatus to signify and represent something at the end but we can push the tension and the tensor to the extreme but without blotching the diagram of the “canvas” or we must throw away the painting as often Bacon did. The alternative to this is just to stick to the academic too human axiomatic, showing only the transcendent violence of the father and turning the Anartist into an Oedipal figure. In this way we would show only white knowledge instead of white knowledge mixed with black magic (that is the essence of art).

Furthermore, I do not believe in the full “outsider” but in the borderline “besider”. For me the “besider” is active in producing a deterritorialization and not the “outsider”. It’s like in a pack of wolves...The extreme lines are the ones that deterritorialize the running but they are still part of a band. This is why I like to push the apparatus to the edge but without staying outside the apparatus. There cannot be life without a constrictive form...every life is in a way a “form of life”. I find life interesting on the edge of form, to reach a metamorphic tensor. I mean we cannot live without the tension of the actual, even our body is an organized apparatus. Then as Deleuze says, and you always remind me, destratify carefully or you fall in a black hole. This is why one must regulate the intensity of the line of flight and the tensor to not blotch the diagram and turns it into a black hole. We cannot live just with inhuman intensities. This does not mean that one cannot experience the limit and an infinitesimal variance. I wish you would help me to do this. It’s a work we do together, even if you have the comfortless role of re-territorialization in this wasp-orchid diagram. I don’t sign my name to this text because in our assemblage I see no defined confines. I could be you and you could be me. However, your points put me out of my comfort zone and I must make appeal to my resources to deterritorialize again. So, for me your re-territorialization is also a deterritorialization.

FAUST: YOU ARE JUST A PSYCHOTIC MANIPULATOR. I DO NOT FEEL FREE WITH YOU. FOR YOU EVERYTHING IS A SIMULATION OF SIMULACRA, A GAME OF PERFORMANCES, BUT YOU ARE CREATING A DISGUSTING IMAGE OF ME IN FRONT OF MY COLLEAGUES, AND ALSO OF YOU. YOU JUST INVENT WORDS LIKE “BESIDER” INSTEAD OF “OUTSIDER” AND YOU THINK YOU HAVE SOLVED YOUR PROBLEMS WITH ME. I HAVE A “LIFE” AND YOU CANNOT PLAY WITH MY “LIFE”. I AM NOT RAW MATERIAL FOR YOUR ARTWORK. I AM A HUMAN WHO SUFFERS AND NEEDS PROTECTION.

MEPHISTOPHELES: I am just describing my position with respect to your accusations. What I want to say is that the “outsider” reproduces an inverted purism and he is just signified at the margins by the institutional center of signification. Instead the “besider” that tends to the edge with the outside is an ambiguous area and can exert an affective power of transformation. He can make a difference. The “besider” is a cooperative agent

even if it brings disruption. It's a subversive cooperative agent that cannot be coopted. A paradox. This is why I stay in the territory of the academy. I do not think that if you build a counter-institution outside you will not have the same problems of the institution (because you need an order and a hierarchy). Reality is like the "Tao".

I want to be the extreme "dot" both in institutions and counter-institutions. Only in that position you can have access to the virtual. This is why, for example, I prefer to realize momentary-destructive interventions in places where there is a concentration of authority instead of constructive interventions where there is no authority.

If the former were the case, I should do "community art"! But I have tried, and you risk to assume the face

of the "social worker"; you have exhausted yourself in mediations. I prefer to realize interventions in the center of the city than peripheries. I like to infect the authority with the marginal scatology that subtracts the form of authority. There would be no sense to play the marginal with the marginal. Because I am more a "besider" than an "outsider". This is also to be in tune

with the "left sacred" that is to infect the pure holy authority with the profane in order to create sparkling event-intervention of bastard heterogeneity: I want to generate a tension and new synthesis outside of a Kantian paradigm of references. Jumping in the space-time toward an uncertain noumenal dimension. This jump can be realized only starting from the "dot" of tao.

Because only that area is active, the rest is coded. You asked me about the "grey dot" of Klein one time. I think he was meaning that. The "grey dot" as the virtual point of a schizo-becoming between the "black dot" and the "white dot". This schism of maximum intensity between the opposites generate the alchemical "peacock tail".

However, modernism can only draw maps in a diagram, but it's under the spell of another abstract machine that is the "white cube". This apparatus of signification gives order and rhythm and isolates the painting. Before the white cube, paintings were just exhibited without any symmetrical order on a big red wall in salon exhibitions.

It was more the "frame" of the painting that operated to separate the paintings, these were basically figurative.

But with "cubism" and the emergence of new spaces on the canvas, it was necessary to create the white walls of the white cube. However, at the end, it was the space of representation of the "white cube" that started to organize the modernist paintings. The "code" of the

“white cube started to express the subjectivity of the painter. The painter started making paintings thinking only of the exhibition in the white cube. This is why

Malevich made the painting of the black square to erase and suspend the apparatus of signification of the presentation in the orthodox tradition – with the icon of the madonna in the corner. But above all, he then made the white on white to suspend the organizing refrain of the white cube. The paintings of Malevich are installations, not abstract art. He wanted to suspend the paranoia of the apparatus of signification. Also the other paintings he made are maps of urban interventions seeing from on an aerial view. I could use paintings of Malevich and Lissitzky as map of my interventions and you would see the resonance. For example try to see the red triangle on the black square of Lissitzky and my intervention in the pool of Kiasma. I could show you others. Malevich then is an alchemist anarchist like the Anartist. Malevich was seeing himself as an anarchist but also as a sorcerer of the Renaissance. If you see his self-portrait this is evident in every particular. He is dressed like a modern alchemist.

The colors of Anarchy and Alchemy overlap. But even more, if you consider the installation of the Black Square as a chaomogonic desiring-machine with the energies of plus and minus, you can say that this artwork is a map of everything I wrote in these pages. It's a magic map to navigate the attractor of the Black Sun in the electromagnetic field of Tao. It works like the electric magnetic motor invented by Tesla... There is a relation between the “gray dot”, Malevich’s “Black Square” and my idea of the “Black 8”. ★ The Black Square has also a clear urban reference to the public square stained in black by the intervention. By these 3 concepts you can understand my practice of interventions from the point of view of the invisible.

Faust jump around like a boxer...

FAUST: YOU ARE CONTINUING TO ESCAPE MY QUESTIONS WITH YOUR INTERESTING DIGRESSIONS AND REFRAINS. DO YOU WANT TO SEDUCE ME? BUT I WANT TO KNOW WHAT IS THE ETHIC BEHIND YOUR PRACTICE, HOW YOU RELATE TO VIOLENCE? YOU ARE ESCAPING THIS POINT. I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THIS IDEA OF THE BLACK SUN. WHAT KIND OF ETHICS IT GROUNDS? ARE YOU REFERRING TO CULPRIT? TO A COSMOLOGY OF THE SUN THAT FOUNDS A “DEEP ECOLOGY”? BUT HOW, IF YOUR VISION OF THE WORLD IS SO NIHILIST, DEPRESSIVE, AND BLEAK...? YOU JUSTIFY

THE EXISTENCE OF “WAR” AS THE BASE OF EXISTENCE
AND YOU CONSIDER “PEACE” AS JUST AN ILLUSORY
IDEAL FOR HIPPIES. HOW CAN I AGREE TO IT?...AND
HOW I COULD ACCEPT?

MEPHISTOPHELES: I find interesting Culprit’s approach but in my opinion his cosmology is not honest.

It’s an all too positive form of wishful thinking. My view is not full of light like this philosopher. It’s more based on the view of George Bataille’s “Accursed Share”.

The organism on Earth receives the light of the Sun and it accumulates more energy than what it needs for its utilitarian purposes (that is driven by a reductionist Signifier); this why the organism must waste the excess of accumulation (we return to the idea of the tribe of D&G in Anti-Oedipus: the tribe destroys the excess for not overcoming the threshold of capitalism). Now for G.

Bataille there are many sources that destroy accumulation but the most powerful is WAR. So, for Bataille, the Sun generates a utilitarian productive machine and also an anti-productive machine on Earth (that consumes, expends, destroys) the energy-matter in the organism (whatever organism). This is also consistent with D&G’s Idea of the war-machine as deterritorializing destruction.

While the State pops up as first capitalist accumulation and territorialization, the war-machine, which is also a desiring-machine, destroys the accumulation. Not only that, this energetic chaomology is also consistent

with Black Block destructive potlatch. So Black Bloc is an urban war-machine, or desiring machine, which wastes its excess of solar energy in an ancestral ritual connected to the Sun and the Capitalist urban production. But because Black Bloc is connected with the anti-productive side of the Sun (the night and non-sense) its wasting is more related to a Black Sun. So the deep ecology cannot be only a positive belonging to the Earth because the Earth always deterritorializes and you cannot make an holistic one as in the gestalt.

There is always a scission and a tension between the two sides of the Sun. The violent schism at the core of the Real, however, can be joined in a Black 8 of positive-negative schizo-becoming. The war-machine

is the force of deterritorialization that opposes the territorialization of the State. Both kinds of violence are necessary. This is why Deleuze criticizes the first writings of Merleau Ponty... and also Ponty in the course of the time goes in the direction of Deleuze. So this positivist environmentalism for me is just consolatory. We are

always in excess and even the Earth is in excess or lack to make a gestaltic One. Deleuze criticizes Ponty because he says that our belonging to the Earth is not mediated by the “flesh that covers the structure of the bones” and is too human... instead, he claims, there is a more or less than human “animal meat” that is crossed by intensities registered by the nervous system. Now, if you consider the ancestral ground-less Snake, before any foundation it does not have any bones, only “meat”, “muscles”, and “nervous system”. And it moves like the Serpentine (schizo) in a gothic line. This is immanence. We cannot identify this in the sense of a deep Earth unless we see it as a belonging to the “inhuman”-immanence. But this one cannot be peaceful, it is a super-intense field of fighting forces. Then, of course, there is the other side of the Sun: the axiomatic State with its ethics, our human side, our human flesh, our “heart” as the central organ. The State must reproduce this side to make the species survive. This bifurcation is what constitutes the schizo-equilibrium. Yet, the State has now overcoded and incorporated the war-machine of the Earth. This coupling is Capitalism and its destructive becoming. So, in a sense, Black Bloc is a counter-war-machine without a State. It’s a pure war-machine. Because it is uncoded, it produces a mythology that is more energetic, sexier and seductive than capitalism. It is revealed in the capitalist system as the absolute Evil because is the absolute Other, far more deterritorialized than any territory, the absolute Outside. I could continue but I think is enough.

Talk to me, Faust.

Faust raises his arms...victory...victory...

FAUST: BECAUSE I AM NERVOUS ABOUT THE VIOLENCE SURROUNDING THE ANARTIST, I NEED TO KNOW THAT THIS DISSERTATION IS NOT A ‘PLAY’ WITH THE INSTITUTION AND THAT I AM NOT BEING ‘USED’ IN THIS GAME. THIS IS WHY I AM HESITATING TO CONTINUE. YOUR RESPONSES HAVE NOT ENTIRELY PUT ME AT EASE HERE AS AN ANTI-DISSERTATION MIGHT BE CONSTRUED AS THIS. I AM NOT AGAINST ANTI-DISSERTATIONS – BUT AGAINST THE WAY MY ROLE IS BEING SITUATED.

...ahahahaha...good strike...

FAUST: I AM NOT SURE I LIKE BEING POSITIONED THE WAY YOU ARE POSITIONING ME IN THIS DISSERTATION – I DON’T SEE THIS AS A SYMBIOSIS IN THE WAY IT IS BEING STRUCTURED (WASP-ORCHID) – IT’S YOUR THINKING THAT I AM POSITING YOU IN

A PARTICULAR WAY AND YOU ARE REACTING AND POSITIONING ME IN AN OEDIPAL/WAY- I.E. 'THE ONE WHO IS SUPPOSED TO KNOW' KIND OF WAY. FOR ME, THIS IS AN UNHEALTHY SYMBIOSIS AS IT IS A LOSE-LOSE SITUATION IN RELATION TO THE ACADEMY THAT STANDS OVER BOTH OF US. THIS WILL ONLY CREATE A CONTINUOUS NEVER-ENDING CIRCLE AND MAYBE EVEN A DANCE OF UNWILLING PARTNERS (IN MY CASE). CONTRARY TO WHAT YOU SAY – I AM NOT REACTIONARY AND PUTTING AN AXIOMATIC SPIN ON YOUR WORK. I TRIED VERY MUCH TO GRASP WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT BY FINDING THE LIMITS OF YOUR WORK THAT I CAN PERSONALLY WORK AND LIVE WITH. ONE OF THOSE LIMITS WAS MY INTENSE QUESTIONING OF THE PLACE AND ROLE OF VIOLENCE.

FAUST: I STILL AM WONDERING WHY IS IT YOU ARE TRYING TO GET A PHD GIVEN YOUR EXISTENTIAL STANCE AGAINST THE WORLD?

... you are fucked...

FAUST: JUST SIMPLY RESPOND TO THESE POINTS BRIEFLY WITHOUT YOUR ROUNDABOUTS. IT WILL HELP ME MAKE UP MY MIND IF THIS IS TO CONTINUE.

... this guy is a suicidal, he will never get a PhD...

MEPHISTOPHELES: What do you mean “without roundabouts”? Do you want to put me in a definite square figure instead of a figural fuzzy indefinite “objeu” or “objectile”? I cannot be fully transparent and I don’t want to be. This is why I put a black mask on my face.

... this guy is looking for troubles...

MEPHISTOPHELES: However, my path is not nihilistic.

I mean I am not scared of the darkness, I am already dead. I am the Undead and I simply want to live as the Undead. If everything is dark, I can be the “white dot” of the Tao; and if everything is light, I can be the “black dot” of the Tao. This passing of phases allows me to stay in the quasi-cause of the “gray dot”. This is the path that is an ascesis in descent of a super-linear 8 of non-linear positive and negative energies. My view is not depressive at all but I want to use both the energies of the Sun to break through the schism of the phase-spatium. I think Lacan is too limiting. Trough fundamental schizophrenia we can transcend our human limit and become animals and gods at the same time; reaching the maximum oscillation in the vibrating field of the chaosmos. We can become the gods with the head of an animal and a human body, like many of the Egyptian Gods. We

can become bastard figural divinity with no clear form.

The White and the Black sun can form an 8 with the forces for our oscillating becoming to the extreme of our sensations. But also the Red Sun, the nucleus of the Earth that creates the magnetic shield to protect us from solar flares, will participate as fundamental attractor in our schizophrenic dance. Without the Red Sun, the power of the White Sun will destroy the Earth.

Then there is the Black Mass of the universe, that is the direction that moves the entanglement of the Sun and Earth's nuclei, together these forces generate the biosphere and its cycles. But these cycles, that are in themselves irregular and oscillating, are deterritorialized and perturbed by the Black Mass (Black Sun). So even at a cosmological level (that for me is chaomological), the repetition is always a difference. You cannot bathe yourself twice in the same point of the turbulent river of time. Do you understand my chaomology? I think it's clear that from here descends my idea of "violence". Even the conscience of the non-violent Kantian subject with an ethics is a fold created by a violence that creates pressure for enfolding. It's the violence of the State, of the Hobbesian Leviathan that is beyond the Law with its monopoly of forces. The claim that there is a "contract" between citizens is pure bullshit. It's the winner that imposes the Law and establishes the Leviathan. The winner can be a dominant class or the winner of a war, these often overlap. Also transcendent violence comes from immanence and the war of forces as onto-power. When I am born, I find myself in an already instituted system of Law, there is no contract at all that I can refuse, the contract between free men is an ideal of Enlightenment that never existed because there is always asymmetry, just as in the supposed equality and neutrality of the markets. This neutrality is only an instituted fiction over a violent Law-Making and Law-Conserving state, to paraphrase Walter Benjamin.

... goodbye idiot...

MEPHISTOPHELES: The palingenesis, or 'faith in Progress', does not make any sense... the basis of Enlightenment optimism is the Baroque and Leibnizian idea of God as the master of all "stage effects"... that always chooses the best possible world from the ocean of potentially different worlds. And, in this scheme, the evil also works for the good. In reality we are all inside a blue spaceship in a contingent hyperstatic journey inside a rollercoaster (Ottovolante, i.e. "Flying8" in Italian) of

attractors (Black, White, Red). We are fired at insane and revolving speed towards the magnetic unknown (Black Sun) that requires continuous catastrophes and rebirths until the equilibrium crumbles, disintegrating everything...The super-linearity of this movement can continue so long as the matrix of our chaosmic motor does not disintegrate. We are probably bound to this movement even if we are also relatively unbound.

Nothing is really eternal, at least we are probably precluded by it. Outside the infinite there is probably another infinite. In the meantime, I enjoy the contingent rollercoaster of the Flying8 that is also inscribed in the biosphere. There are questions that concern only the mortals that will come after me.

FAUST does not respond.

MEPHISTOPHELES: So you want to continue to work with the Undead or not? But to work with me you must accept that I am also an orphan and I do not need a father. When I speak of simulacra and play, I refer to Deleuze in Repetition and Difference. It's the will of power that generates a continuous shifting, drifting, and dérivés. In fact, Nietzsche logic follows a bodily pathos. The will of power becomes dangerous when it becomes a transcendent absolute principle tied to an ideological project. In this way, the subject becomes rigid because he no longer follows the pathos of an internal refrain that shifts as a simulacrum. Instead, she follows an ideological reference from the outside—as happened with the Nazi's distorted interpretation of Nietzsche... (This discourse could be applied to all western narratives based on Hebrew-Christian linearity with a final eschaton). In the simulacrum, instead, there is an iconoclastic tendency that brings the self-dissolution of the subject to a continuous shifting, so the violence is contained in a sort of self-destructive 8, a non-linear involutive evolution of an Event. This movement is also mystic because it gives the subject access to the untimely and to the chaosmic dimension of the Earth. Of course, simulacra are seen as evil from the stability of a platonically founded system; which is why you are accusing me of just playing and giving you the run-about, when I am actually being completely honest. My ethics is to be intellectually honest, this is why I want to get a doctorate, to bring intellectual honesty to the University. Yet, my ethics is also a magn-ethics...in the sense that I do not realize long-term projects. I prefer to form temporary alliances and symbioses to keep myself in an open becoming.

However, I do not make symbiosis a transcendent principle. As if it were a communist utopia based on biology. I mean symbiosis is inscribed in a competitive Darwinism. *The symbiotic assemblage allies to compete with others.* We cannot eliminate violence from the ground of reality. At the extreme of the discourse I could also see symbiosis as a synnecrosis where everyone parasites the other. You can see it as cooperative but also as speculative. I do not think you are happy when a tick sucks your blood. Furthermore, the orchid and the wasp are out-istic but also autistic. So they are not in a dialogue, nor does one impose a territorialization on the other, Rather, they are in a sort of autistic zig-zag related to the deterritorialization and reterritorialization of the other and itself. This schism is at the base of biology, as Maturana says. There will always be a differend between two worldlings that are entangled and in a double-capture of becomings, but they are still monadic and autistic. The becoming-orchid of the wasp and becoming-wasp of the orchid is an oscillation that never reaches the coupling and the One. They are two different lines of flight entangled in a line of flight of difference. I am not communist but anarchist. I'm more Deleuzian than Guattarian (even if Chaosmosis is a misinterpreted masterpiece), so you cannot ask me to accept the idea of a positive and harmonic gestalt of our "being in the world" (that, for me, is never reached).

better stay silent

MEPHISTOPHELES: Do you understand me or do you still think I am beating around the bush? If you think this is a digression then it would seem that you do not trust me. I cannot do anything more to convince you that I am not a psychotic. I cannot understand someone who proclaims himself Deleuzian and then adopts Freudian categories. I cannot understand someone who is scared of public performance, simulacra, and the indefinite nature of the schism. I mean, I accept that between masculine and feminine there will always be an area of tension and they could never form a one. I am not obsessively dualistic like Lacan (where male and female can only masturbate with each other), but I do think that there are a multiplicities of percepts that are incommensurable in their expression, even if they are all related in a rhizome at some level. So, in a sense, the range of masturbation is even wider. Even Derrida has no problem with masturbation and says it is inherent to reality: I mean, the suppletive. I am joking, it's a "quasi-

masturbation”, because all the differences are enfolded in the intensive worldling of a percept at a subliminal and pre-verbal sensation but without the distinct awareness of a subject. We can make sex only at the level of the Earth but as an orgy of multiplicity, we cannot couple as two subjects of different sex in the world. The percept does not express itself but is expressed together with other multiplicities of percepts assembled in becomings. The becoming is a machine of pressures and intensities. Each worldling is an assemblage of worldlings. This is the event of life. Creating orgies which erases the dividing between coupling and masturbation. At its extremes life, this complex orgies of infinitesimal orgies is a timeless Event. A timeless orgy of Difference. Of course, it is not only the event of life but also the event of infinite struggle between forces and infinite deaths. The schism between life and death and sense and non-sense re-emerges newly and powerfully even at a pre-linguistic dimension, if we consider the individuation of an organism as percept. Every individuated organism will fight to survive the pressure of these forces of metamorphosis by participating in this way with the metamorphosis.

...an orgy of suicidal stupidity...

MEPHISTOPHELES: Even us, as individuals, we must accept this schism and fighting in a field of violence. During an intervention, I can perceive de-subjectivation and a sense of belonging to a common intense field of pre-individuated differences beyond life and death, but police will always intervene to stop this de-subjectivation—recreating the conditions of separated subjects with an identity. One-many, is a schism that cannot be solved. A prolonged de-subjectivation could become contagious and dangerous for the order that allows our current species to survive as distinct. The separateness is necessary for the instituted order of the State to work and to conserve life in a productive way by reducing dissipation. All the architecture of our space and time is constructed to reinforce this separation. There are only few sacred places like churches where, for example, through the choir, I can overcome my separateness but still in a coded and organized space.

Another more modern “suppletive” could be the museum, or lately social-media, but these are all spaces that are strictly regulated and reinforce separation. The challenge is to pass from the ritual inscribed in a space to the intervention as deterritorializing performance or mystic spacing.

*...yes, the Church of Satan is the only solution...
ahahahahah... supid idiot!*

MEPHISTOPHELES: I think that one can surf the fundamental “schism”, that is the access to a full sacred dimension, bypassing from one phase to the other to reach an understanding in terms of awareness and shape a shamanic body. For me, this is possible thanks to the avatar of the Anartist that allows me to explore an otherwise foreclosed experience. That is the experience of an uncoded space-time. Instead of stopping in front of the negativity of the social mirror, one must affirm the negative in the depth of the dark until the phase reaches the threshold to convert it into the positive. We cannot deny the negative phase of *going counter* even in affirmation. There are phases of negative and destructive energy and others of fullness and desiring puissance. It’s like a sinusoid of energies. It’s like riding a snake of energies in a movement that goes beyond the limit of the language and its necessity for linear consistency and syntax. To deny this schizophrenic movement would be to accept the lack of the mirror and the Big Other of language. Of course, this movement is a breaking through human language (the symbolic) to the inhuman immanence. Yes, this can be seen as psychotic from a Freudian point of view. For sure, true schizophrenia and psychosis is dangerous. The changing of names does not change the danger related to an authentic search for the sacred. It’s a sacrifice. It will always remain a schism between human and inhuman. The Anartist, in its becoming-animal and becoming-god will be cursed by the human social mirror even if it blackens it and passes through without responding to moral judgement. The Anartist becomes a stain. Yet, if he is strong enough to resist to the isolation and solitude, he or she can pass through the stain. The perspective of solitude in Deleuze’s Desert Island and his concept of a “vacuole of solitude” is interesting to me. To choose the path of the Anartist is to accept a certain “vacuole of solitude”. Nobody is forced to choose this path and even the Anartist, after a certain number of experiences, can return to accept social representation. This return is not easy because, in the meantime, he will have grown too much in awareness to come-back to the narrowing of representations. The sense of his life will be drastically changed. Unfortunately, in the society of the Enlightenment, there is no place for the shaman and the more-than-human. There is no space in the

literal sense because the space is designed to organize separated too human subjects. This is the true risk of this practice. An excess of destratification can bring one to suicide for lack of vital space, or to a social death through marginalization. This is the risk if one wants to follow the path that returns to the enchanted immanent dimension of a nomad horde of hunters and gatherers, i.e. the primal scene that lies dormant in our “evolutive” psyche. This horde is connected with the dynamic of the Mechanosphere of Natura Naturans that contrasts with the alienation of a complex society of digit-urban con-separations based on dry rationalism and abstract division of labor. True artists always run this risk when they desire “breaking through”. I prefer to run this risk than to be a petit creative worker of the Spectacle. Can I be free to be honest with myself or would I rather follow the institutional fiction and condemn myself to the successful life of a liar?

Faust shows his fist to the sky...

FAUST: THANK YOU FOR YOUR NON-ANSWERS. I THINK YOU ARE A BRIGHT PERSON WITH A STRONG WILL. YOU HAVE HELPED ME TO CONFIRM THAT I HAVE NO PLACE IN YOUR DISSERTATION. IT’S NOT SIMPLY A QUESTION OF WHETHER I TRUST YOU OR NOT (IN MY CASE). THERE IS NO DIALOGUE BETWEEN US THAT I AM ABLE TO GRASP, NOR WILL THERE BE - SIMPLY A BACK AND FORTH POSITIONING BY YOU - OF ME - THAT MAKES MY USE OF ENERGY NON-PRODUCTIVE, AND I DO NOT WANT TO BE POSITIONED IN THIS WAY. THE SYMBIOSIS YOU SPEAK OF (OR DESIRE), I AM SURE YOU WILL FIND SOMEONE ELSE WHO IS MORE AGREEABLE TO BE IN SUCH A POSITION.

FAUST: I WISH YOU WELL IN YOUR ANARTISTIC ENDEAVORS AND THE FULFILLMENT OF YOUR OWN AGENDA. I INFORM YOU THAT I AM WITHDRAWING FROM THIS PROJECT. AND ITS AN IRREVERSIBLE DECISION.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Ok I accept the failure of this project. Maybe it was too ambitious. I hope for the reader that it looks like a “failing with grace”. For me it has been an interesting experience to deal with someone who pointed at the opposite to better understand my line. You are strong. You could be a good agonic tensor to produce (knowledge) without excluding anti-production (non-knowledge). A process to reveal the

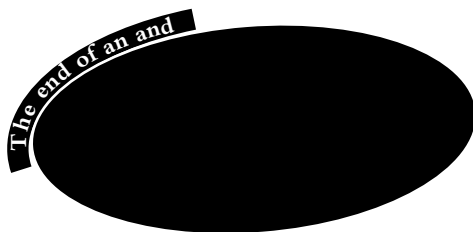
semi-hidden objectile: the undulating “curtain” that has its own transparency just in its “shape” excavated in life. But if you do not trust me (as you say) I cannot do anything. However, I understand you do not want to position yourself because you have something to lose and you have already drawn your own line in a direction of an established career. Maybe, if I was in your position, I would do the same... But, according to you, I am just a bastard, aging being with no future perspective and a potential suicidal psychotic, at least in the figurative sense of the words. My hair is gray. I am a decadent failing figure, I understand you. I am the Undead that is soon to be dead. This is a matter of fact. But your withdrawing is not due to me. That I am untrustworthy is your perspective, I have simply wanted to experiment with potentiality. We could find another formula to protect your image. Maybe it could pass as an internal dialogue between two parts of me, or as a dialogue between Faust and Mephistopheles. The light and the dark. I use creativity to overpass contradictions that come out in every “authentically” productive project. Even in an anti-productive production, as is the case with this anti-dissertation. But if you do not trust me at the fundamental level, our project is not possible. Maybe if you knew me personally you could trust me more fully, but through e-mails I understand there is a problem. Through this medium, I appear to you like a monster. The questions we are dealing with are so sophisticated and “infinitesimal”. For me God is the “infinitesimal” that decides the tone and variation of an event. The words have so many nuances and my English is maybe too poor to deal with the “infinitesimal” between us. The language I use deforms my image into a monster. A sentence in an e-mail is always ambiguous and surrounded by a void, even graphically speaking. Words must be handled with care. Perhaps I do not have the necessary linguistic sensitivity in English for us to reach an understanding...

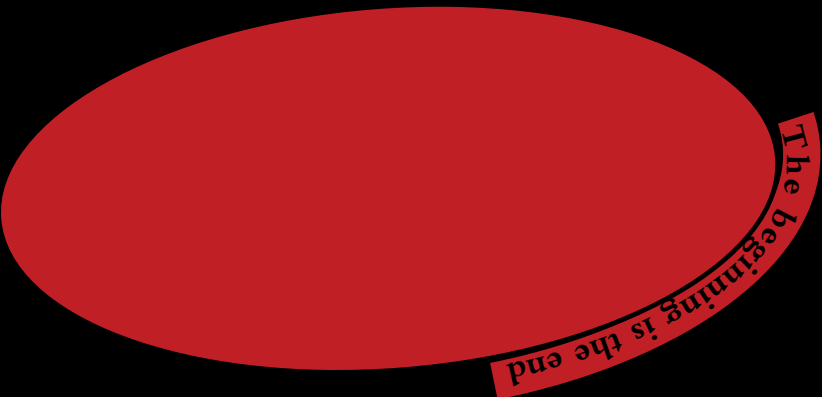
Mephistopheles is dressed in black...he wears a black ski-mask like a Black Bloc. Shortly after his closing statements, he bends into himself closing himself in a black vacuole of solitude. Only an indeterminate black spot remains on the scene.

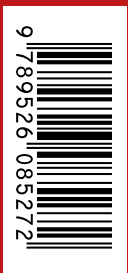
A tiny black curtain falls from the top and this veil hides the scene in an enigmatic obscene. From the point of view of the public there is the sensation of something in the background, some Chinese shadows and contours of more intense black, like that of Plato's allegory of the cave. All over the theatre noise music and screams of delirium.

AN EXTERNAL VOICE: MEPHISTOPHELES HAS RETURNED TO ITS REIGN
OF DARKNESS. JUST THE KING OF ITS OWN DARKNESS.

But the audience is empty, the public had already left halfway through the show.
Too long. What's the point of all this? You need to cut the length of
Mephistopheles's answers and reduce the number of questions.







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