

For the sake of my own health, and due to our accelerating nature, I am doing what is best, and others did before me: abandoning this text - this pathetic monster. But not before sharing some of it with anyone who wants to read it. After the transcription, I am leaving it where I found it.

The “authors’s” note to the “reader”: I found this text abandoned on a park bench. Having no more words to add, and having difficulty to make sense of it all - at least the “kid”’s theoretical part and the “dad”’s weird proesy - I decided to use it as exercise - as hobby - when out of work (freelance), and made a playlist, a simple mix I imagine as close to what the kid was listening. It ended up that their writing rubbed off on me, as you can - or will shortly - see. Since I first read this, my nose has grown to twice its original size, and some say my head is curiously smaller - and still shrinking!

And it itches for me to make a concept album inspired on the dad’s own playlist thingy, especially his “IDM old vinyl”. I would probably just riddle some lo-fi production with memorable Bill Hicks bits, though.

If it teached me anything is that to conflate *things* with *texts* was a 20th century mistake. *Things* are *things*, each its own, even humans, and texts are... well, this could be seen as a loose demonstration of what happens when someone takes Derridean metaphors seriously while taking upon the task of laughing at it from inside its bowels, feeding them to self-explode - or implode, accordingly.

Note 0: I first thought of writing a whole elaborated prologue with a full interpretation of the text, but since that would compose a double prologue I decided to scatter some observations as recurring notes. These may appear as footnotes, endnotes, or local commentaries.

Hidden note: I admit to inserting some things of mine in the text, beyond annotations. I corrected some typos, I better structured some things here and there, if I understood it well enough. I even tried my hand at some guerrilla rhetorics. Naturally, none of what was laid by my hand will be directly revealed; that might allure the disposition for enigmas of some readers, and it certainly protects my reputation, for I am certain to have strongly de-improved the already almost incoherent text, as well as missed some jokes that fell short of my non-native reading level. That is the main reason the font style and typographical aspects are neutralized and homogenized: *erasure*. And, in that, I believe to be in accordance with the original spirit of the text, and with its authors - if there really is more than one, or any at all.

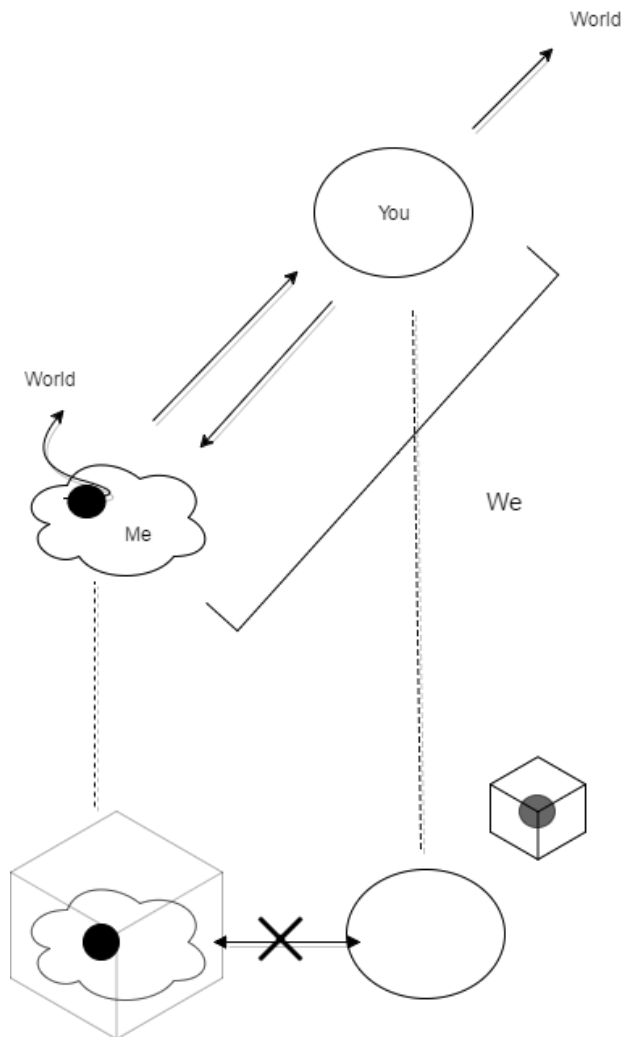
Addendum - on the structure of the text: Each page, the whole thing, is written in one side by the “kid”, and the other by the “dad”. They seem to compliment each other, and one is seemingly trying to not look like it is answering the other. That is why I call them kid and dad - a grumpy young guy and a hippie old dude. For whatever reason, the dad part passes, at least to me, a feel of masculinity, as if I am reading the mind of a rapidly aging, desperate, emasculated man. The kid’s part, however, gives away a still not totally individuated person, undecided between the masculine and feminine. Something tells me it could be a curious teen thinking they are a boy, or should be one. They do not even need to be family, or human, or *be* at all. Yet, like family, they are always arguing while talking past each other.

Note 3: There were more pages and much more poorly edited text, but I could not make sense of it all. And page 2(VII), as well as some others, is missing.

and Note 4: what brought my attention was the fact that this was clearly personal (private) while written in English (I am from, and found this in, Brazil), and, even though it was somewhat rambly, it clearly had an internal rigor. And, even though it was personal, it was all digitalized, possibly so as to erase any semblance of a writing hand - or any well-defined authorial voice; the kid mimics the dad, but that may be for reasons other than what I have isolated. In the spirit of the text, I homogenized my notes, perhaps wanting to be part of it somehow, of this ephemeral family project.

Prologue 0'. : A Theoretical Experiment

In one of those boring nights where the internet cuts and hours pass without nothing more than music and ~~your~~ projects: a 100k words-something novel, some 25k word-bunch of short stories to organize in a collection or include in the novel, a poetry chapbook composed by heteronyms that are the characters of the proesy, many unfinished reads from scientific papers to Ulysses and Finnegans Wake, that I, as crazy



as one can get, invented to tackle as day and night of the same universe, simultaneously. So I do what any other normal human being of damaged attention span would do in this situation: fake reading to myself while checking the internet connection every few seconds or so – but, some minutes in and it is time to give up (due to the aforementioned damaged attention span). Not one hour later, listening to some hauntological music, itching to at least put credit on the cell phone to speak with my travelling girlfriend, rain starts to pour out of the room. Too lazy and comfortable to get up and see – from a privileged location – the city bathing itself; tears also begin to pour out of my eyes as ecstasy of influence makes my body blindly imitate the landscape which it inhabits. Something surprising jumped from my special anniversary box: a diagram explaining the importance of our coupling:

The playlist is changed to some angelical ‘new sincerity’ album, Frank Ocean’s Blonde, and I cry myself to sleep after closing the door and letting the windows open.

One long night of yearning and strange dreams after, still feeling back pain from poor positioning, I get up to brush my teeth while checking the internet connection. Almost forget to wash my mouth as the computer starts and the icon reveals an ‘x’, my anger admixtures with the bubbly aspect of my face, like in the last stages of rabies: The internet hasn’t returned. The rain, however, did not stop for a moment. So I try to calm myself “it’s not so bad... remember the times of energy shortcuts and breakouts?” And indeed, a salvaging of memories torrent my mind – nothing like nostalgia to cure

Digression/Introduction: This is the anatomy of the unwritten letters to my unborn child, that, in a Borgesian fashion, I annotate, and, annotating, I then annotate more over these annotations, and so on. It works as an infinitely folding origami. However, differently from Borges, my metaphysical attraction is not merely to the infinitely large, for the remotely ancient and eternal, for a new mode of ontology hidden in time and static syntheses, but for the general in the particular and how it relates to the singular in this same particular and in the *corpus* which supersedes it. My annotations, my imaginations, are not grounded on an intricate chain of famous names, of intellectuals and conquerors, of their dreams and last moments, since I prefer a different type of symbiosis, not even with the poor and forgotten, the ones who died anonymously, but the ones who never even became recognizable by a proper pronoun, a “who”, and so my protagonists tend to be non-human – and not non-human in the sense of stripped of humanity as in the case of drastic metamorphoses and transformations, but in the sense of never even in the same affective field as humanity. Think of things, beasts, incarnate and abstract, numbers, forms, beings in-between, like lichen. Like the Borgesian spirit, I tend to converge worlds, realities, into a One, the mind which contemplates, the writer, that dissolves when the story ends, or rather ends when the story dissolves, but, unlike him, my plots are mediated upon the irreducibility of an *other* to the mind of a dreamer, and thus they rest on an eternal frustration, or relief – but not a Kantian one, for I am no Lovecraft either. By scarcity of space, a short illustration makes itself needed: The central – or beginning point – or character of these investigations is nothing other than a naturally occurring structure, a non-organ of a living being that is fungoid: the mycelium. I am fascinated by it as some mathematicians were by sacred patterns throughout history. Still, beyond my fascination with these little alien-like things, my deeper interest lies in their metaphysical *form*, the result when something is stripped of all function, expurgating it from micropyles until only emptiness and a thin sheet of skin subside. Imagine it as a drawing only composed by diagrammation, the tracing of empty blank space devoid of color or any insides, nothing touching except the delineation all around. As machines rather than organisms. And not as mechanical machines, mechanisms, but as conceptual machines, that nevertheless proliferate everywhere – like tardigrades, or spores – that they can grow. They constitute an irreducible ‘mask’, a limit that escapes the fungi kingdom and even our rudimentary conceptions of life, of *alive* and *material*. Not ideal, not platonic forms, but something much more complex, cruder, synthetic, symbiotic, participatory: myself as instrument to contact these aliens that are so close. But something so beyond Goethe’s widest natural imagination or participatory method of inquisition. In saying it like this I almost feel like cutting myself short of the mission statement, that grew so out of proportion as to seem pathetic and unattainable, but this I do knowingly as laughter in the face of not everything and nothing, but everything of *this* and everything of *that*. It is commonly joked about how you can, when imminent failure approaches, disregard something as parody, as satire. It thus constitutes the most ambitious genre there is. My Luperclia.

morning anxiety by adding more yearning to the dizzy longing. But it is when I open my movies folder that ideas start to spurt out of nowhere: James and the Giant Peach (1996), one of my favorite childhood movies, besides the original Disney's Alice in Wonderland; another favorite. Ok, nothing to do, let's watch, and, at it, to feel less guilty, take random notes.

20 minutes in and, among pillages of fragmented texts, I have the following:

“Apply James and the Giant Peach as metaphor for the concept of crawling inside Hole to find micro-realities and entities there. It being one of the favorite movies of the author has significance as a coupling with the author and his narrative - a symbiosis. With this movie itself being a symbiotic reiteration of Alice (Lewis Carroll) [and a little Moby Dick] that later became a symbiosis with the author.

(This is a defying of the tree-like structure).

Even before the first meta-coupling, construct an argument, probably even linear about the application of the Constructal law on a virtual reality (a system like a narrative). Develop the concept of Constructal Law in simple terms, using examples before jumping to the propositions of the meta-text coupled with the text. Then, the elaboration of one last example is the proposition for the text (the meta-coupling and the coupling) as a new kind of branching instead of the tree-like (and that's why it's not linear - because levels of complexity arise to permit a better flow).”

The rain stops, I open my mouth – thunder strikes from both ends. I've been doing the endless reiteration, just sorting, unconsciously – or subconsciously –, the core principles, the vague, easily translatable ones, and re-applying them.

So, as I want to jump the window to escape, my hand graphs, with somewhat of a precision, the first ecosystem (Ecosystem 01), just so I can prove a point by escaping inwards the paper, prove a point even if only to myself.

In summa for what is to come here, my point is, of course, irreducible. But, if I'm to try and develop an also irreducible short passage, I would say: *The problem is not with the Newtonian view that the world is a machine, but with the worldview that a machine must be non-natural – in fact, the problem is with the concept of natural and nature itself. Hopefully, soon we'll all agree on this: that there is no such thing as nature, therefore, no such thing as 'natural'.*

0.

- **Important concepts:**

1. *'Architectures'* are centers of integration from one layer to the other. For example, to apply my Eco-logics (Layer 3) into a specific Layer 2 theory, we need an Architecture to develop, to construct that application. Another example would be between a Layer 2

For some time now, I need to filter the contents of my mind through a medium, any medium I can learn how to use properly. I have mental incontinence. You see, I cannot hold it inside. What can't I

material Every day his inside skin hardened, now as a Komodo dragon, his every so softer Hold in-
things. counterpart pended over the ground as the biggest and fatter of sea lords and sea lions. side? My
My From his foggy cerebral lips he contorted a sense of passing time, of unsteady hour and thoughts,
brain, general dissatisfaction: For the King to hatch One must hold no latch Give no attach, they say.
for - not a snatch Instead, potlatch For the nuthatch shell mismatch that of The Phoenix's egg But late-
sake; my Which One might never catch For the King to hatch Behold the ashes, clutch them Care ly I have
phlegm, and patch Reattach the pieces together Because One may, with luck, rematch The begun to
my Phoenix King's Egg. The chant was forgotten with a glimpse of the clock. uncon-
saliva, So much so that I began to question what even is thought. So one must be excused when tain other
my -- . . . incapable of expressing oneself succinctly - or just so in succinct a manner as to things,

. It is all
leak- There sitting bored, even though under bright warm orange lights, close to the
ing and always so springful square, her skin glowed gradient to the lamps, and it was so that I seen
bursting almost expected the confused insects to fly to her, that ported a crown which would like
out of me spurt envious thoughts in the closeby Mary statue. There sat a kind of future, and she de-
circling hasn't seen me yet when I feel that pulsating glow irrupt in my heart; and, as pleonasm scrib-
around to of heart, there were: me, her and our contingent possible aligned as vector summation in ing
no end. that unforgettable artificial rain forest. I get warm chills every time, especially on the each
and
together leaving dust of both, but that of this dust remain what I am now. And cold every
fever threatens to enter the equation when I try to imagine what has become of the other com-
remaining cloud, now so distant traveling at speeds alien to mine. There sat my past monest
collision when I get off the bus, there sat the previous rock-solid impenetrable piece of thing;
work, now sublimated in something that I don't know, something that has a compound things
of mine, and that I may never know again. Another glimpse. our
body

But again, I can't think, not internally. You see, I think as I do. I think with my hands, with my bow-
els - I quite literally think with my . . . do not worry, it does not work very well nowadays - I would
guess because it became my head, or a head. ig-
nores,
does
not
even
need to
realize
any-
more.

Closing in, it's 21:30. At long last, keys between fingers, Heaven's Doors to be
opened. The front of my building is decrepit, little pieces falling apart, colors bleached
out. Inside, though, everything changes. I rotate, calm and paced the chunk of metal that
penetrated the set of gears. A sweet click... the path of least action, no resistance; it's
open. Onward, to the upper world. Trash talk about morality has no meaning there. 'The
Black and White Lodge' as I usually called it in younger days of mine. Well, ok, it's just
a common loft, not even big (It took me over a decade to perceive this simple fact). The
corridor, sooty, dust on the walls. Not a lot of residents live here, not after the rat
infestation two years back. The ones who remained are pretty much like me: crackers,
outcasts, dying folks. More forward is a staircase... I don't enjoy elevators. And, simple
as that, everything above vanishes from his memory.

I am quite headless, not literally, nor metaphorically either, somewhere in-between. So, again, one
can be excused for describing each tiny thing - I - or what is left of an I - will try to proesicise it
enough to be digestible; what may be an euphemism to my generative heavy-handed stream of
consciousness.

I should go visit my girlfriend while it's still time... It slowly creeps me out, it creeps
over my skin inside my mouth, each hole of my body, each pore. It bursts circling out of
me as well. I'm something without her, without the sun, a mutant of

To catalog, or catapult - I need velocity - I need to think fast - I may even need to accelerate - and to think,
I need to do, so I do fast. For the sake of - that is, the magical word to save us from our distress - call me
impressionist. A very baked, very psychedelic-drenched impressionist rather than surrealist. My reality is
already too surreal, and I would rather not be reminded of it more.

and Layer 1 text: For example, the Literary Theory (Layer 2) based on Eco-logics (Layer 3) needs an Architecture to be applied into a specific Layer 1 text.

It goes as follows: There is the meta-theory Eco-logics being re-territorialized through the medium of a construct (Architecture) into a specific theory (let's say Literary Theory). Then, this 'Literary Theory' re-territorializes through a medium, being applied to a specific work of fiction.

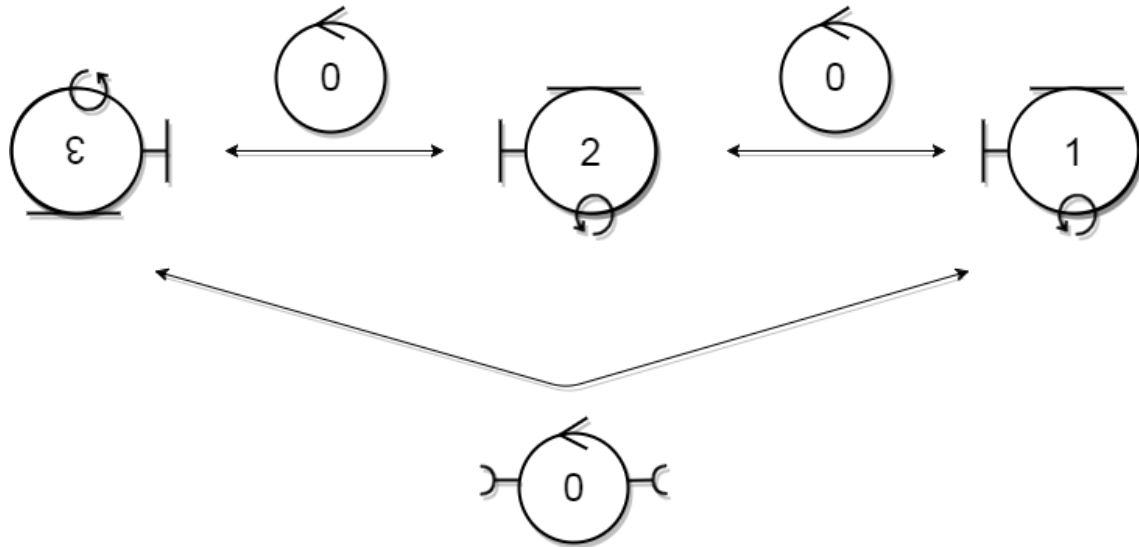


diagram a

An Architecture comprising the developments between Layer 3 and 1 is possible, but not without interfaces.

* Inside all this suppurating irony, the sincere thoughts begin to spurt here and there - I can't control it. They make me want to admit to myself: unlike so many movies I grew up watching, my supposed father didn't leave me a map to some fantasy place or great adventure, or scheme, or plot - I am the map, and he left me.

** (II) Not only that, but as he left me, he left me as a code to be navigated by something, or somewhere-as-thing -- I don't even know anymore . . . I should be working. This should be called *a piece of procrastination*.

** After the anger, from the said sincerity, assents, I think I understand more: he left me something and he left me somewhere, he left me a code to crack the map to create myself - and I do laugh here: he left me the instructions to build a navigation system by trying to negate what really was left.

*** But I, like any other kid, would much have preferred a telescope.

human and fungus, a becoming-hole. Without the whole, the sun cries over my skin but doesn't bathe it anymore. Is this how death-like?

It is almost as if everything is being reduced to a general notion, a common denominator, a structure much like a diagram - everything colorless but the black edges.

Everything is, well, like always. I follow the usual path, one foot at a time. Each step makes me feel heavier. I mentioned to be entering the true... what was it..., but the stairway seems to be, in some strange way, holding me. The faint illumination of the corridor becomes more and more distant until no light at all can reach my eyes. Supporting my hands on the handrail almost feels like they're melting; as my feet, that now cling to the wood. It's a battle of will, I must face it once more (my home, I mean). In three large strides, the cold hug awaits me. My pupils, now, are like two supermassive black holes and sweating a lot, every pore of my body cries, my butt cheeks are soaked. I hate the sensation. My thoughts run lightspeed, I remember some silly and vague Sartrean concepts with a smile of despair; perhaps I'm experiencing objects becoming alive? This staircase begs me to stay. Sorry, stairs, I must proceed.

Yes, however by location I refer, too, to something that got my attention: The window, massive, aligned in perfection with the full moon. A big portion of the city can be seen as well, including the beach and its lighthouse. How I love the lighthouse... yet never had the disposition to visit it. I'm inside now. Flashes of light, in constant intervals, are the only illumination the place has for the moment.

I wonder if mycelium could grow on - or under - the moon, too; given the favorable conditions, of course. It already grows in my ear, inside my head, in thought form they consume me by making me still alive . . . ?

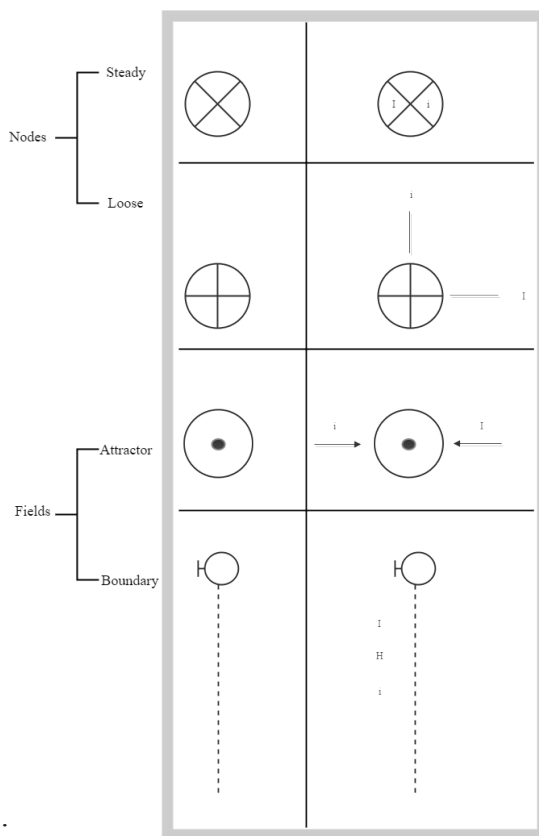
"Flick", my finger presses the button and a Bill Hicks show starts. Going to the fridge the way is illuminated by the TV, the glorious moon, sometimes the lighthouse and, of course, Bill's dark jokes. He is making one of his 'pro-pot' arguments; oh, magic mushrooms entered the speech as well. Inside the fridge oozes an almost-unbearable smell of spoiled milk and rotten eggs. I deliver a spasmodic expression of disgust, grabbing one of the amusements of the night.

I have no mirrors and that's a long story that I'll be sparing you off. I can't say I remember why. Though before the real fun starts, I have to complete a vow, which part of it consists in shaving all the hair on my body. As a minor preparation, a warm-up if you'd like to call it, I'll swallow these frozen ~~Brazilian~~ magical truffles. Tastes as bad as always. Won't take long to take effect, my stomach is empty. I put some IDM old vinyl to play, maximum volume to reach me in the bath.

I think to myself.
~~Pathetic, I say, out loud.~~ My voice deepens. I'm looking at my reflex on the shower box. My hands and feet pulsate as of growing out of nowhere; my image is curved; Quasimodo-like. A night lamp started automatically, soft light; never should have bought it. The reflection twists itself until it's seemingly normal again. I'm thin, somewhat muscular for the age, not for so long though, can feel the changes already.

But it impelled me.

Note: As the dad tried to demonstrate his ‘inner’ experience as to how his conditions made he perceive given things, physical things (like the mycelium structure) as more, as metaphysical, naked, the kid wants to, in a



way, go further. He wants to pick a given abstract process, or dive into the abstract of a apparently simpler given process, or even into the process underlying the composition of a thing, atom, or individual, and generalize it not metaphysically but somewhat aesthetically, even mystically, to demonstrate that it is in fact almost magical (about “everything and nothing, but not anymore - in the now, about a very specific thing.”)

2. Table of operators:

diagram b with examples

1. The Virtual

The Constructal Law was discovered in the 90s and given its name in 1996. It is, in principle, not something as flashy as Relativity Theory, in the way that ‘common folk’ outside the fields of hard sciences or academia in general would be able to partially grasp its core with relative ease. In fact, many people were intuiting this law – or aspects of it, or the need for it – long before its formal introduction i.e. Bergson’s idea of Multiplicity that was re-brought to the spotlight by the work of Deleuze, that, in his deep comparative studies, merged Bergson’s and Riemann’s concepts of Multiplicity, creating an entirely new possibility for metaphysics; which arguably dethrones Kant’s ‘a priori’ and ‘a posteriori’ concepts on the grounds they were proposed, trading them for the Virtual and the Actual and eliminating the ‘need’ for a type of transcendentals. But, back at the topic, the Constructal Law is defined as follows:

“For a finite-size flow system to persist in time (to live), its configuration must evolve in such a way that provides greater and greater access to the currents that flow through it.”¹

Using, hopefully, easier terms: “According to the Constructal Law, a ~~live~~ system is one that has two universal characteristics: It flows (i.e., it is a nonequilibrium system in

This is a big leap, since I did not find professional comparative studies of these concepts.

¹J. Appl. Phys. 113, 151301 (2013); doi 10. 1063 /1.4798429

My hair, which I don't trim for many years now, exceeded its growth cycle, hitting my forearm in length. The times where I would be proud of this caramel colored mane and beard, as well, is long past. Cancer grows more and more every day, I can feel it inside my brain (not much is left, anyway); one thing is for sure, I won't wait to see them falling apart. Nonetheless, the way in which I'll die is for me to choose. Today I laugh of time and fate, those serpents won't touch me. You must excuse my language, the psilocybin is striking hard. See? My jaw is dropping and feeling funny already. It whitens, looking more like the mycelial fur - the shiro . . .

A noise is heard, I hear a noise. Buzzing... constant, deep, charming, gentle. My ears can hear my thoughts, so as my eyes can see them, they take shape in the middle of the empty space in the room. The night lamp, it's speaking to me; the (heat sensation) is its idiomatic expression. No, you're too alien for me, sorry, my eyes can't stand the image you produce of my body ~~either~~. I must end your bright. But I understood you; ~~I say~~, flicking a button. Everything is dark again, ~~with exception of~~ the flashes from the lighthouse. Warm water fills the bathtub, slowly (delicious ~~experience~~ that I didn't permit myself to enjoy in a while). A beast protuberates from my head, in disjointed strands of hair, it glows electrical, varying in pink ~~tonalities~~. Since when you're alien bubblegum, hair? I ask, out loud (or was it a thought?). But yeah, I'm like an octopus-head right now, talking to light, my own thoughts and the sound of water(?); my scalp tingles with the ~~particular~~ sounds of the vinyl, plastic noises. I stretch out my hands to pick shaving foam and a razor, the latter shines with the pink gleam and flashes of light, forming a visually pleasant pattern on the walls. The foam tube, cold on my hand, wriggle as of alive.

My inner voice does not speak, but I hear it louder now: I must end your bright.

"Baby, hold me tighter!" Gushingly ~~ly~~ viscous fluid as I squeeze it.

"Hell no!" I say/think, throwing it on the floor. I'm calm and my response is retarded... weird.

"Comme're, don't you want some more of this cream, big boy?" It continues crumpled; seems to like it, making strange hubbub. Perv.

While the creature contorts itself in enjoyment, on my other hand the razor starts "Why don't you make me kiss your neck goodbye? What are you waiting for?" Sounding like a sexy woman.

I ignore, passing it against my leg, careful, where a multitude of fur scream in complete desperate agony.

Note: Syntax disintegrates by the sentence, and my English is mediocre enough for me to not be able to deal with everything here.

But the thermodynamics), and it morphs freely toward configurations that allow all its currents to flow more easily over time. Life and evolution are a physics phenomenon, and they belong in all life, physics.”²

crossing

every - Now, a little over its 20th anniversary, the Constructal Law has expanded, with success, to many fields, among them: Compact Heat and Mass transfer, Vascular Design, Flow derives of stresses, Animal design and Sports evolution, Geophysics, Economics, Governmental from life, studies, Critical Theory, among others – and these being just very specific branch-even life examples.³ This law is about my age, I wonder if he is too. and live.

He cross- So, what does this has to do with an ontological source of concepts by some French old es the dudes? For this we need to dive a little deeper into their concepts, more specifically words, two: Deleuze’s two forms of space, Striated and Smooth, from his book in collaboration but does with Félix Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus, and DeLanda’s three modes of thought, not erase which he brilliantly cracked from Deleuze’s obscure oeuvre and developed to its full t h e m . extent (up until now).⁵ in 2. L a t e r

it is at- Striated and Smooth spaces work co-recursively, as a symbiosis, and, in very simple tempted terms, Smooth is the “~~natural~~” space, the continuum sheet, the unexplored sea. Whereas to loosely Striated is the discrete, the categorized, the subdued shame of city sprawling. Looking at demon- a dotted Cartesian graph would be comparable to a look at a striated space, whereas the s t r a t e smooth view would be comparable to an atmospheric sheet, a differential topology is a su- distribution – things that, in summation, work with potentialities instead of numerical perflu- values.

ous - and even pre- DeLanda’s modes of thought borrow from this way in which Deleuze did research, by tentious - employing extensively many aspects of many different fields and translating the integral concept, parts intensively as local entities that move around a space of ~~potentials~~ ^{virtuals}, interacting w h i c h with one another, changing one another. The three modes are Topological thinking, is then Populational thinking, and Intensive thinking. called a

n o t i o n The studies on Constructal Law do not reduce the structures of flow to tree-like instead. structures:

The con-
structural
law itself
could as
easily
be meta-
physi-
cal, and
beyond
that:
aesthetic.

“The Constructal law statement is general. It does not use words such as tree, complex versus simple, or natural versus engineered. There are several classes of flow configurations in nature, and each class can be derived from the Constructal law in several ways: analytically or numerically, approximately or more accurately, blindly (random search) or using strategy (shortcuts), and so on. Classes that our group treated in detail, and by several methods, are the cross-sectional shapes of ducts, the cross-sectional shapes of rivers, internal spacings, and tree-shaped architectures.”⁴

² Ibid.
³ Ibid.
⁴ Ibid.

furiously

There is indication he meant to erase this passage. "Genocidal!" My beard shouts, furious. "You grow us all for so many years... I was there with you when you picked up that awful lot of women... and some men, if it wasn't for me you would still be a virgin now. Yet you're doing this... I don't understand. Why? Why, man??" Bubbling like a little bitch. It's ironic how something that should be manly is actually this whiny.

"You're up next," I reply. It's enough to make it shut up, with exception of my belly's fur and the bottle of foam. The razor joins the mob, laughing hysterically; seems to enjoy the slaughter. Time to enter the bathtub. Thousands of little hair detach from my skin, floating on the surface of the water, can't see them, but the smell is of rotten flesh. I sink, in slow motion, inside the warm hug...mmmm, so good. Metallic taste in my mouth... funky.

"You monster!" Yells the bunch of one of my armpits as I raise my arm. Doesn't last long. The other one prays some awkward chant.

"Hey, beard," I say. "How are you made of so many little hairs and still you're like one entity? Do you get me? It's the same as my, now dead, armpit's bushes. Do you become some sort of hive mind or something?" I can hear the words but my mouth doesn't seem to be moving.

"....."

"Ok, then," I say. Pretty disappointing, if you ask me.

"I'm prepared, kill me. Just get it over with." It says, out of nowhere. The razor busts a gut. A collection of synthetic noises, rubbing against each other, howls in crescendos; dying thereafter. They're all alive; I can touch them and even taste their flavor from here. The atmosphere condenses, my uncontrollable mane (if I can still call it hair) dances accordingly; blasting the walls and roof in plasma-like rays. My head is as a Tesla coil and the bathroom's box is the Faraday's cage.

"Things change, old friend." I think to my beard. "You'll forever be remembered. I'm transcending time today, a shame you can't come with me. It's a one-way trip, only for one. We'll always have those boogie nights spent together with college youngsters." Before I can perceive it, I'm calling it a he. A he that does not

Errors: that which has the most capacity.

Nevertheless, there does seem to be an unhealthy amount of formal applications using tree-like structures even when, in the specific scientific fields, things need not be formalized this way i.e. neural networks.

Continuing with a more careful examination of the previous quote, a hidden analogous He later definition of virtual can be noted, more on this later. As I said about Bergson, his views formal- on intuition and how people intuited this law long before its formal introduction are izes what represented here. This paper, along with other theorists, seem to be intuitioning the he means concept of virtual and actual, mainly because of the divide between major fields, with by anal- many advances in philosophical inquiry being insular to scientific ones and vice-versa. ogous here. It

(???)

Hegel's synthesis enters this schematic. As it is said **Error! Bookmark not defined.**, is not the 'paper' is as important as the 'drawing'. This theory is essentially non-dual. There is analogy, no thesis nor antithesis, therefore no synthesis. What there is are only relational since that processes over an infinite intensive 'sheet'. This sheet, I believe, relates to what he would run con- trary to his virtu- ality and actuality, and the Intensive. calls *surfaces*.

"The two modes of flowing with imperfection (irreversibility), the interstices and the links, must be balanced so that together they ease the global flow. The flow architecture is the graphical expression of the balance between channels and their interstices. The deduced architecture (tree, duct shape, spacing, etc.) is the distribution of imperfection over the available flow space. It is the architecture for access into and out of the flow space, which is finite. Those who model natural trees and then draw them as black lines on white paper (while not struggling to discover the layout of every black line on its allocated white patch) miss half of the drawing. The white is as important as the black."⁵

Which is important not just as simplifier and point of emphasis, but because it gives the apparent discontinuity of a system an extra-layer *"that in this continuum monadic sheet, the imperfections of the system are distributed."* This opens space for criticism, for example, of postmodernism as antithesis to the thesis that was modernism and their interaction to form an expected synthesis, some new better movement to save us all. If we can perceive postmodernism as nothing but the readjusting flows stemming not from the crackles of modernism but from the continuum of human cultural progress, we can drastically change our view of cultural emergence and current historical understanding of ~~epochs~~. Thus, this expands to each period being not a response to a prior period but the readjusting of flows, or even the communication between two different currents stemming from the same original source. It is as stated⁵, we have to study the interstices between trees or we are to fall on striated spaces. Modernism and Postmodernism, for example, are these striations that do not consider the sheet itself. A solution would be to view these as ~~virtual sets (historical errors and dated interpretations)~~ and our own virtual sets as actual certainties liable (or rather doomed to become virtual sets (~~historical errors~~) in the future.

He changed his mind, later talking of the "ahistoricality of time" and of another "always-now".

⁵ Ibid.

Categories, since category theory offers a better tool to investigate intensity.

At times like this he loses the cutesy impression of a symbiont and puts on a confusing parasitic aura. This feels like an ironic appeal to authority.

He will attest: interpretation is irrelevant.

scream when the blade rips his vital parts off; manly till the end, I was wrong about him. To the water you go, say hello to Tiamat for me. Who's this Tiamat anyway?

My fingers pass through the dual existence that my hair has become: pure unstable plasma and, at the same time, fluid; like water. It communicates with me, changing colors as well as varying the heat intensity and flux between him and my hands and scalp. I try to pacify him. The first strand transmutes from a deep lilac tone to a crimson red one; knows its fate. This isn't a job for the razor, that lunatic, nor for the foam, disgusting thing still making sounds in the corner. This will be the last time, I promise. I say, directly to his consciousness by some kind of non-verbal non-external form of expression. There's a silver scissor by my side; strange is the story of how I acquired it... I'll tell you later. Ready? It's my last line to him: its appearance changes to completely fluid, serene. Each strand is like a river, flowing in random directions; as of someone who accepted their fate. When disconnected, detached from my head, it loses its color, bright, movement and ~~life~~, falling on the surface of the warm water as normal hair that, instead of floating, sinks. How dense you're, old friend. It takes a total of thirty long and horrible minutes, done; time for the razor to skive the dead remainings. Finishing touches. I've affirmed not to care about my mane anymore... I lied. When out of nowhere, It leered me. It looked at me with those almond eyes like a puppy in need of affection from an owner who had gone puff, just like that. And returned with an even bigger puff in a bigger out of nowhere, and just like that, It crept over my bottom, never to take those hypnotic bulbs out of my sight. Whispering, as if out of terms with the yearning - the longing for the abuse that had become tender in previous epochs It ghosted its way into my current home, not as a vampire like it once was, but as a specter of a possible future, and, before it could be meditated, It was staring at my 'what-have-I-done' face with a double-edged smirk in satisfaction and fake surprise. Among the blood, It smiled. It, among the cloth, cried in pain moments before going puff again. Just like that, along with all the blood, cloth and tears.

Pronouns abounding, it is when things most obviously destabilize. Hair goes from *it* to *him* to *them*, among other subtleties.

I'm naked, like a newborn again, watching, perplexed, the drain sucking away countless years of my life; gullet down. Flashes still permeate the bathroom and the moments in which I can see, even that for a fraction of second, the little hole gobbling --ugh! I puke on it; don't love the lighthouse no more. What a joke. Of destiny, or Hicks'?

Hick's destiny as a joke, perhaps.

Restoring my composure, let's check the steps. ~~Mary Jane~~: check. ~~LSD~~: check. ~~Psilocybin~~: check. ~~mush~~: check. It's almost time for the main attraction. There's no water or hair; not even vomit inside the bathtub anymore. Just me in fetal position crying (like a piece of shit) and simultaneously laughing. The music, at the 'living room', is reaching its end; I can say; twists and bends very much in the same way as the tube of foam. Two things that popped into existence, one from my altered mental state and the other by whatever state was the creator of the album. Both seem to be ~~living~~ creatures. But there's a key difference between them: one mutates, contorts trying to understand itself. The other just is, doesn't even care about why it ~~behaviors~~ like a perv. Yet both will fade, in no time... so, does anything even matter at all? To your knowledge, I'm in between these

There is, again, Hegel's assumption here. He is that guy who would get everything right was not for his ~~sources and period~~ orientation. And indeed, he got – for his ~~epoch~~ tragicomedy

of the ~~Figure 3~~ shows how clear it is that less striation (in the form of constraints\intervention) helps the system develop better. The whole implication here is that 'progress' is not only essential but a ~~natural~~ law – and this includes the Multiplicity of human development. It isn't because the Earth needs us to make new materials to it or because there are aliens directing our lives. I don't quite like the Occam's razor, but sometimes simple is better – and it does not get simpler than a law of ~~physics~~.

Some notes contemplate using the term *naturalize*.

*"Design occurs in nature not only in fluid flow systems such as river basins and human lungs but also in solid structures such as animal skeletons, vegetation, and bodies of vehicles."*⁶

Let us neutralize "human affairs", collapse it into a keyword: *given*.

Here this travel-ling to a simpler, purer, ground is the "stripping naked." It could as well be equat-ing the notion of evolution to an aesthetic notion - effort that humbles human affairs while elevating the me-ta-notion of the aesthetic itself.

Which opens space to something obvious to the reader by this point: that our understanding of evolution came from insights on biological processes, then chemical and now physical. It is ever more reductive, bordering on metaphysics, going inward to a theory of everything such as String Theory. The law of Evolution may be something normal that daily cross the mind of our most inquisitives, but it could be safe, at this point, to induce that there exists a mathematical level to this law and, maybe, even a logical one? One could argue that evolution is, up until now, a ~~physical property~~ observable in ~~nature~~ – but what about abstract counterparts? For this, we need to construct a virtual ontology on actual currents – a post-pragmatic ontology to 'categorize' what is logic and mathematics without striating neither. But isn't this suggestion also reductive?

The Constructal Law fits DeLanda's three modes of thought as there is account for Intensive thinking, Topological thinking and Populational thinking. This quote leaves it obvious:

*"When stresses flow from one end to the other of a structural member without obstacles (strangulations, stress concentrations), the member carries the imposed load with minimum material. The easiest flow of stresses means the lightest and strongest member, and the most efficient animal or vehicle that uses that member as support structure. At bottom, the constructal design of the flow of stresses in solids is a manifestation of the grand constructal design of the flow of mass on the globe."*⁷

And:

*"The flow of stresses as a morphing flow system was proposed in order to predict the entire architecture of vegetation, from roots to trunks, canopies, and the floor of the forest."*⁸

But how is it obvious?

⁶ Ibid.

⁷ Ibid.

⁸ Ibid.

This Constructal law, indeed, looks like an attempt to naturalize - as he would say - cybernetics. And he slowly notices that, coming to reject nature altogether - as well as this supposed natural cybernetics. And if he does that is because he thought inevitable such a construct emerging.

two states; I just popped into existence, my ~~life~~ lifespan just happens to be a little longer.

I rise up, tranquil, checking my skin with the tip of my twenty fingers. My dilated pores combined with the absence of hair made me more sensitive to touch (even my own!); the crazy mixture of drugs is, probably, related. The towel brings an ecstatic sensation. All the creatures, objects and alien noises are, now, familiar, I ignore everyone, picking and dressing the first bathrobe that enters my sight range. In the way out of the bathroom, I grip a nail scissor feeling... stoic.

Things slowly fade into the background to a play of *ones*, *others* and *individuals*. Is this what dying feels like? Is this why the kid rejected life but not death?

"Ouch!" Shouts my hand while fingernails fly, randomly hitting the walls of the corridor. It continues "So you used me to murder all of your hair and now uses me and my sister against each other?!" Fascinating, I think, cutting the pinky's nail; how does it work, could the nails be alive too or just the hand? What about the fingers?

How is murder a reality for things - or individuals - outside of life? How could someone kill a nail? To generalize better: am I - is one - ever even alive?

"Tell me, right hand, how does it work? How each part of my body or attribute which makes me human is, per se, an entity/species of its own?" I ask, somewhat amused. Soft smile on my face, naked, feeling breeze where stood the brave beard (first time in many years). Without even realizing, I'm in the living room again. Nails ricochet everywhere. Another way of asking this question could be: what is humanity and where - or when - does it begin, being made of non-human parts, thus we refer to human as *it*, and not a he or she or they.

"This fucking hurts, man! Why do you think I know about this type of shit? Same with your hair. Let me be clear: I don't fucking know or care. Ask the brain or something... just stop the-- ouch! My sister, she..."

"She's next," I reply, letting out a little laugh. I lean on one of the bookshelves, Mr. Hicks still on TV; relentless flow. Funny, this tape has an absurd duration, about five hours, I think; it's a collection, really... did I spent too much time on the bath? It's reaching the end of the video.

"She's shy and has low self-esteem, bro! You can't do this to her!" Somebody's gotten angry...

"Calm down" I answer. "I probably won't be capable of cutting her fingernails, you know how bad I am at this when using my right -- I mean, you. No motor skills. Besides, can't you fight? Toss the scissor or something?" I say, pulling an old armchair; better enjoy the rest of the show.

On the term “Eco-logic(s)”: He later begins to slowly reject it. It sounds “too Hegelian” with the “logic”, and “too Schillian” with the “Eco” - a paradox, naturalized logic, something developed as an enemy, a golem.

And:

“The Constructal law and the global design of ~~nature~~ constitute a unified view of evolution. This theoretical view predicts evolution in all the diverse domains in which evolutionary phenomena are observed, recorded, and studied scientifically: animal design, river basins, turbulent flow, animal movement, athletics, technology evolution, and global design”⁹

He observes some accelerationist nuances in this so-called law, which at first scares him.

There are also hints for the ontological grounds of the virtual and actual movements:

“How these changes are happening represents mechanisms, and mechanisms should not be confused with principle—the Constructal law.”¹⁰

Another weird jump.

With the virtual corresponding to the principle and the actual to the mechanism, ~~or vice-versa~~. Not clear why this is crossed.

“In the evolution of biological design, the mechanism is mutations, biological selection, and survival. In geophysical design, the mechanism is soil erosion, rock dynamics, water-vegetation interaction, and wind drag. In sports evolution, the mechanism is training, recruitment, mentoring, selection, and rewards. In technology evolution, the mechanism is freedom to question, innovation, education, trade, theft, and emigration.”¹¹

The original author of this Constructal law paper sounds more and more like an absolutist “unifier”, as he later calls. The text becomes more and more ridiculously ambitious. And in Eco-logic, the mechanism is a multiplicity factor merging all these actualities into virtualities, thus Eco-logics is a meta-theoretical approach. It re-territorializes the actual as virtual in a constructed environment.

“What flows through a design that evolves is not nearly as special in ~~physics~~ as how the flow system generates its configuration in time. The “how” is the ~~physics~~ principle—the Constructal law. The “what” are the mechanisms, and they are as diverse as the flow systems themselves. The “what” are many and the “how” is one.”¹²

Conversely, Eco-logics re-territorializes the ‘how’ as ‘what’. What does this even mean, and how does it add to anything?

⁹ Ibid.

¹⁰ Ibid.

¹¹ Ibid.

¹² Ibid.

Then I, the I, disintegrate - or rather evolve, to keep the spirit alive - into many indeterminates.

"Well... I guess so..." He replies.

"In this case, your sister is a sadistic little prick, because she's not struggling in the slightest while I cut your nails down." Oh, the family drama. Love it... here it comes.

What I cannot let happen is hope and desire of life rise inside of me again, not at this conclusive, utterly important moment. These drugs... they put me in a positive mood, especially after the 'newborn' thingy. I'm confident that, when the time comes, prostrated below the moon's eye, any chance of reconciliation will go to waste.

"Sis, talk to me. Why aren't you fighting back? He's hurting me!" Poor little thing. My left hand seems to be the only part of my body that didn't change nor gained life. Strange. And the last nail hits the television screen, wow that one jumped far —

My right hand is sweating a lot now, guess he/it is crying(?); some weird noises here and there as of moaning.

"Sis... why... uh, why..." Is what I think it's saying, putting my head close to it. Ow. It hit me, slapped my face, weak, passionless. I leave it alone, pressing the remote control's button several times to maximize the volume. The remote groans softly. Ew, I let it fall to the ground. Why so many objects are pervs? Are they built like this? Anyway, Bill's killing in the end: talking about a stupid boy who used LSD and thought that could fly. Jumped off a building. And here is where things get even weirder... I'm laughing; a lot. Spanking my hand against the knee and all (the right hand that moaned for his sister now screams in pain). Ow! I hit my head. A book falls on top of my lap. Here we go again... Let's take a look; the show is over, so I switch to... let's see... hmm... Documentary Channel (forgot the name). Will do.

My first suspicion about the word begins here: *perv* is code for something. Its repetition is not meaningless, but perhaps accidental, in a sense.

Sphongos and Omphalos Sagas. Is what is printed on the cover, cacophonous playful letters (somewhat colorful, I can't say...); deep black hardcover with a central white image, branching out to the sides. A net or sphere of little interconnected fibers, filaments. I myself made this art, which is obviously inspired by fungal mycelium... obvious. But this book is girthy! Didn't remember it being like this, more than three hundred pages long... hmmm. What the hell. My collection of failed short ~~stories~~, must contain a novelette here and there too. A movement to open it and I feel as... being transported to the past again; was wrong about that nostalgia thing. Page twelve, 'The Fairy Ring' is the title. There's an illustration below. I remember it now! It's ~~a story~~ about some young people that--

I am unsure whether the diagrams are uneven (asymmetrical) intentionally or not. Later the kid states meaning itself to be pre-personal. This might mean the intentionality is there, even in error, there is no lack of technique, but a technique too meaningless to the human eye, too non-human for it to notice and care. To diagrammatize, if to represent something somewhat tridimensional or by fully unconscious aesthetic instinct, makes no difference.

“The diagram is like a tattoo that carves itself not in the skin, but over any surface.”
Written somewhere unused.

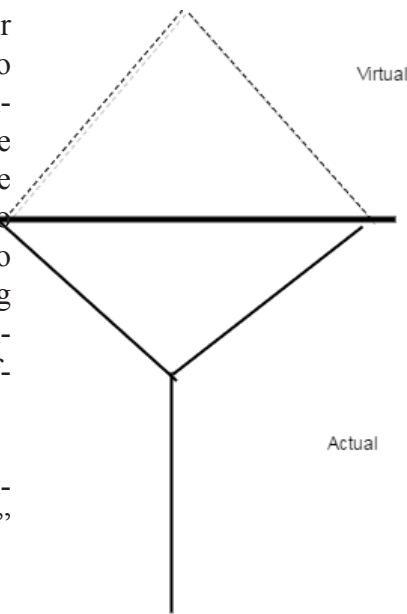


diagram c

Through action of the phenomenon of convergence and the Divide, the Constructal law assumes a wider speculative character and leaves the realm of physics, entering a pervasive aesthetic one. The Divide is missing, it used to be a draft for another short piece, or part , with this, of a larger project. There is Convergence, but it was separated

Imagine that, instead of being trapped with flow analysis from observation, we could from this construct our own flow spaces from a symbiosis actual \leftrightarrow virtual.) An example would be the morphogenetic study of an animal species by evo-devo: We have strong evidence that cetacea (whales, dolphins and porpoises) evolved from land mammals and these indicators are possible through the study in morphogenetic qualities. That is, the tree-like structure of moving generations of individuals adapting to the re-territorialized world-map land \leftrightarrow sea. With the diagram below representing the multiplicity:

Parentheses mean he isolated the passage, or “construct”, to change it and develop more. Some scribbles suggest he would have made a quadripartite model of actual/virtual $\langle \text{---} \rangle$ real/possible.

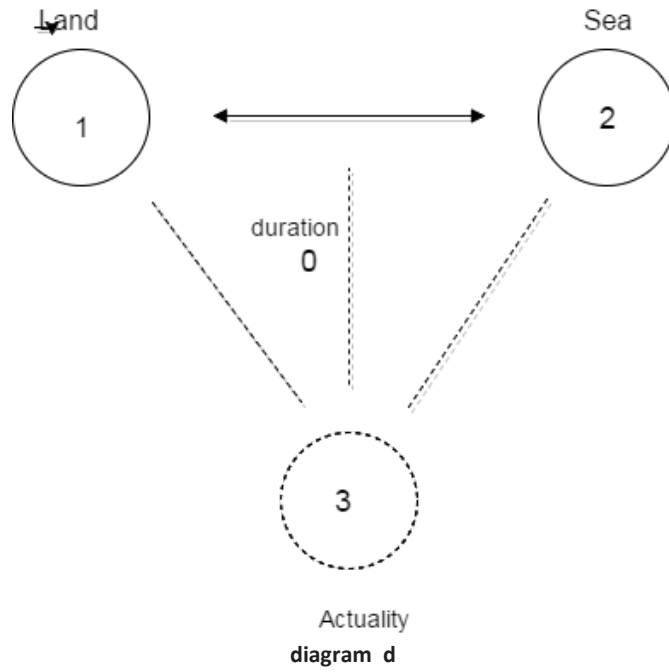
"Is this the largest organism in the world? This 2,400-acre site in eastern Oregon had a contiguous growth of mycelium before logging roads cut through it. Estimated at 1,665 football fields in size and 2,200 years old, this one fungus has killed the forest above it several times over, and in so doing has built deeper soil layers that allow the growth of ever-larger stands of trees. Mushroom-forming forest fungi are unique in that their mycelial mats can achieve such massive proportions. Says mycologist Paul Stamets." Gaps in consciousness, but the documentary is *written* as in perceived. By what?

Oh, I didn't know that... well, you won't be interested in this ~~story~~ anyway, it's a cliché. Funny how this cover image resembles my tomography exam's results. Heterogeneously ring-enhanced mass, a primary glioblastoma starting at the pineal. In other words: A humongous tumor that grows from ~~my fucking third eye~~, branching out to the rest of my brain and spinal cord. The abnormal production of mutated cells, in some way, enhanced aspects of my thinking and creative processes in the initial and mid phases. Now I'm left with rotten tissues everywhere. Won't take long, I have, maybe, months... can feel it eating--

"During their life cycle fungi depend on other living beings, which must be exploited to different degrees for their feeding. Fungi can develop from the hyphae, the more or less root-shaped specialized structures that allow the penetration of the host. The shape of a fungus is never defined; it is imposed by the environment in which the fungus develops. Fungi are capable of implementing a vast number of modifications to their own metabolism in order to overcome the defense mechanisms of the host. These modifications are implemented through plasmatic and biochemical actions as well as by a volumetric and numerical increase of the cells that have been attacked."

Oh, it must have happened again. The lapses and absences, I mean. They are more and more frequent these days, especially when I'm tired. Perhaps I spent too much time and the night is almost over? I should get going... but something feels wrong... yeah, definitely. The book... it is strange... the way how it's calm and quiet, didn't show sign of life. The TV I understand, but--

"Mycelium is the vegetative part of a fungus, consisting of a mass of branching, thread-like hyphae. The mass of hyphae is sometimes called shiro, especially within the fairy ring fungi. Fungal colonies composed of mycelium are found in and on soil and many other substrates. A typical single spore germinates into a homokaryotic mycelium, which cannot reproduce sexually; when two compatible homokaryotic mycelia join and form a dikaryotic mycelium; that mycelium may form fruiting bodies such as mushrooms. A mycelium may be minute, forming a colony that is too small to see, or it may be extensive." Forming a colony too large to be perceived. It is both-ways invisible.



Now, by(re-territorializing the actual as virtual)we have:
 Actual

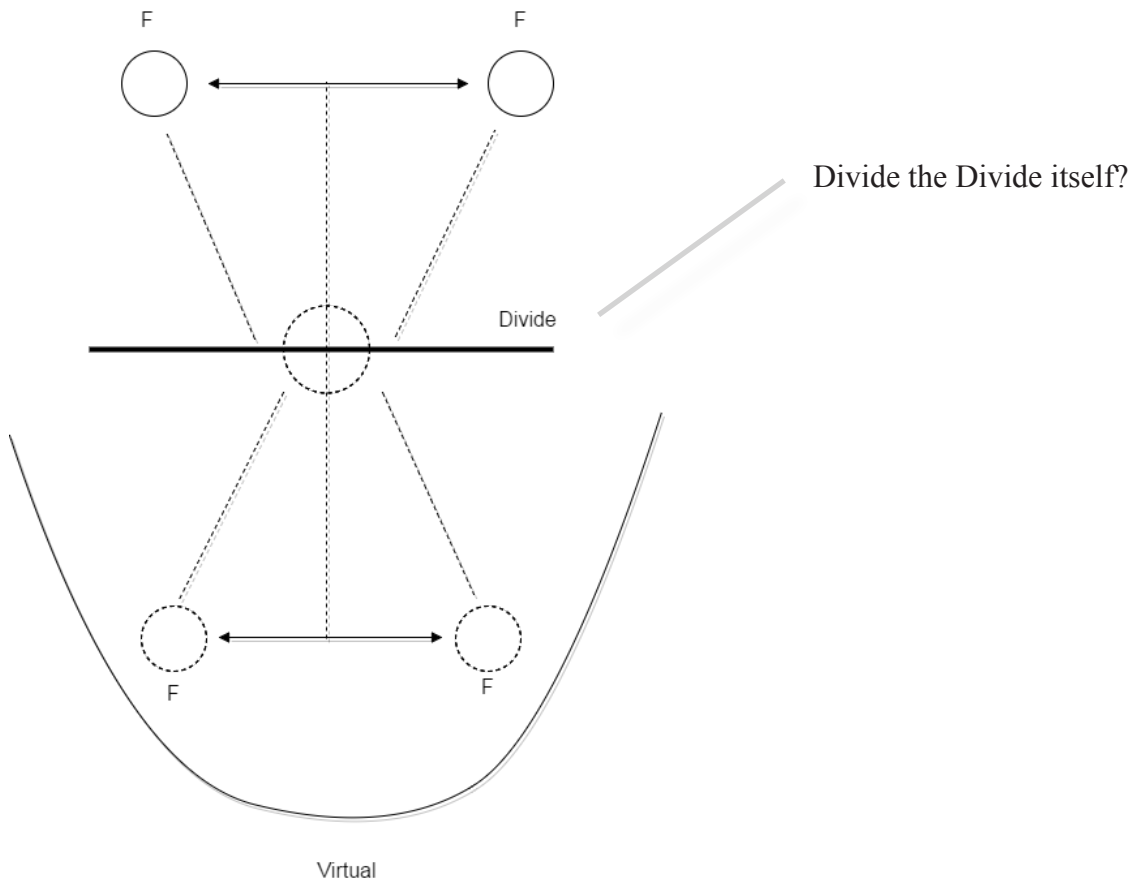


diagram e

A symmetry similar to a light cone, where the(actual re-territorializes by a Divide to a new possibility state (virtual) Our previous (actual, now virtual, becomes point of symmetry in a system of fuzzy variables)– being all speculative independent of the

"Again! I just... wait, what is this?" I say, out loud, or think or whatever. The book is on the floor, open; from its illustration of the fairy ring, a white hair-like bunch of rubbery strings reaches out. I can tell my absence didn't last long because the same documentary is airing on television. I cannot move, the mycelium entangled around my arms and legs (probably while I was 'out'). It doesn't stop there... continues, following to my chest area. This wasn't the way I was expecting to die tonight, yet there's no horror on my mind; I'm okay with it, I guess... won't struggle. That stoic kind of feeling only grows. Up to my neck, almost completely covered; it's warm, peaceful. As it slowly covers my head, for a crucial moment, I can see something strange. It's like... letters, poems. This is beautiful. Maybe it... will do. A shame, really, I forgot to tell about the scissors.

"Although viruses and bacteria receive more attention, fungi are thought to be the planet's biggest killers. Of all the pathogens being retroactively studied, fungi have caused more than 70% of the recorded global and regional extinctions, and now threaten common species like frogs, salamanders, bats, and bees."

Visions of a flea's ghost dancing around a stage beneath preternatural stars, bloodsucking the insides of my brain like a parasite. Seldom repugnance of my tainted soul for I am as much a ghost -- though of a human. And even though I may try to run and fight in these woods, it won't last. It will eventually catch me. Engulfing itself on my sour spelt blood, drinking till the last drop with avid, stained paws with fingers that, long as they are, defies sane passage of time; possessing no earthly growth and the shine of a thousand and one.

Don't struggle, dear.

It's here. It said it won't hurt -- that I might even enjoy it.

Lies.

The shadows flee away from me, hiding below rocks and trees. They are tired of my lurking in their bodies, through them. It's over. A parasitic intent once and damned to hell I am. Forever doomed, like the small flea I am.

"Wake up, Pumpkin."

My widest imagination could not dream where this voice comes from, or who or what is its owner. Not even as disembodied voice could it be isolated. Maybe that is the point.

?:??. A mellow voice reaches me as I dubiously open my eyes; rheuming, light hurts, even the little that enters the loft. Where... what happened? My body doesn't sting anymore. Heaviness is no more, too. Who turned off the TV? I stand up, confused... why are the curtains shut? Walking now, naked; my bathrobe disappeared, it seems. The book is on the floor, still open at the same page, but there's no illustration... nor words. Void pages. There was something... something that I should have done. What was it? Right now the feeling that creeps the hell out of me is of being watched; up-close, I dare

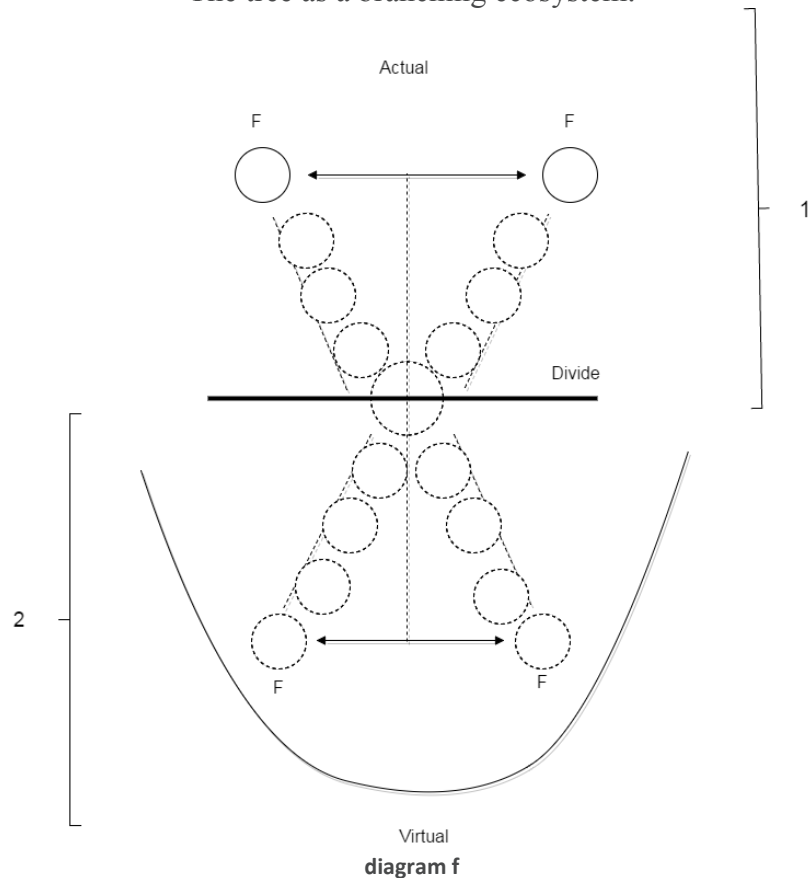
Why not say rejection?

scientific support or non-support. What is right is not only what has evidence but what can be useful, even if not to the particular logical system that produced the concept (post-pragmatic) and viable by the current knowledge (post-epistemic).

Later he posits the meaning of a non-utilitary usefulness as that which ports capacity.

From this, the tree-like structure must be challenged as central point of studies, instead being heavily complemented by rhizomatic multiplicity – a field of potentialities that can pluralize more and more. And that is where DeLanda's three modes of thought enter the scene.

The tree as a branching ecosystem:



If the diagram is to be correctly understood, there is:

1 - In this first quadrant, before the divide, the tree is actual, and this is the mechanism of flow of a determined system.

2 – After the divide, the tree re-territorializes as the virtual principle of a set universe. But it is limited to indefinitely flow its course as a giant snake swimming through a sea of darkness or void, and this contradicts the principle of its actuality itself. There is no tree, it is not possible to isolate a tree structure of flow in a virtual space, for they would be as lines on an inexistent paper. The virtual space stemming from the tree, thus, is a rhizome, an interconnected bundle of branching flows – and that is where DeLanda's modes of thought enter.

to think. Yet no one is here besides me, I checked so many times... didn't I? That voice a while ago... I recognize it.

The moon! I need the moon! Trying to run, I fall; my legs are weak somehow. I'll crawl, then. Towards the big window; my body does not hurt but perhaps because it's asleep, only my left arm functions properly. Memory flood, I'm remembering. Almost there... just... what?? My hand, something is sprouting. It's like a mushroom, coming from the palm of my left hand. My dead unconscious hand; Each push I manage to conquer, a fingertip is tainted with life, sprouting more fruiting bodies out of fruiting bodies.

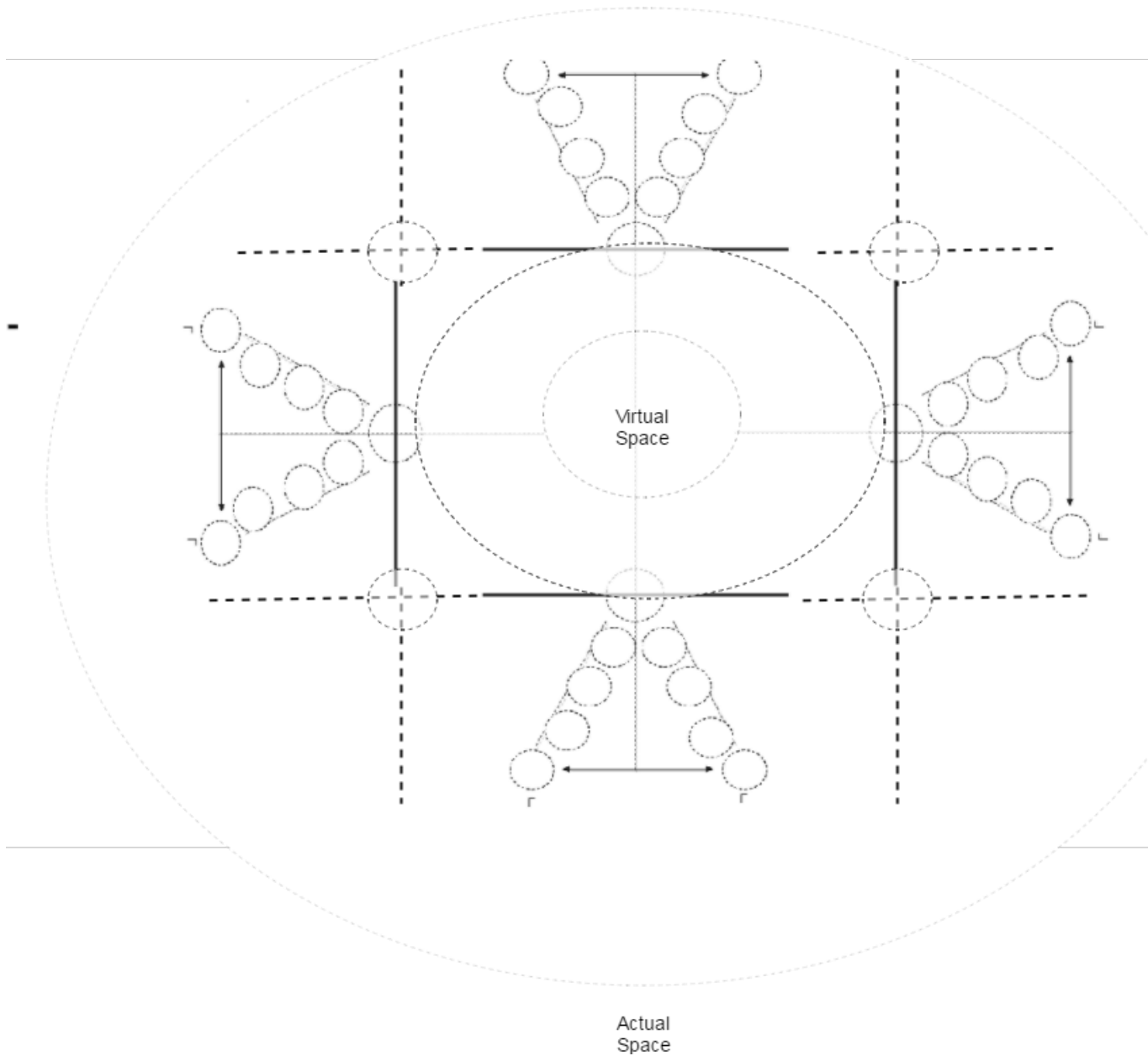
Must hurry, lost too much time. The moon is the hope.

"Got it!" Grabbing the side of one curtain and putting it down with all my forces.

Rays of light pervade the entire place, blasting me entirely. It's the sun... not what I was hoping for, fuck! Countless quantities of toadstools, mushrooms, stinkhorns and all kinds of fungous fruiting bodies grow over my body; not even a single corner of it is spared. As I become unrecognizable, I stretch my arm to pick the ~~gun~~. Good enough that, at least, I left it by the window. And, as my skin softens spasmodic, I hear a whisper. Then it slips, my hands collapse before my face meets the ground, until another moon rises up in the sky. The sound of the ~~bullet~~ hitting a random wall outside, down below, is the last thing I hear, for now.

"Now, for the slumber."

Is this the same voice? Perhaps it resists imagination because it is not a voice at all. Or is it his voice? Whatever "he" is now.



The virtual space as an environment for populations, in the sense that actual \leftrightarrow virtual flows encounter to 'reproduce', 'mutate' and 'hybridize'. The topological mode comes from the space configuration and the Intensive comes from the movement configuration. The populational is obvious.

Mycelium,
a diary of a diary of a diary; or, where syntax breaks.

As Eco-logics form a choreography, Mycelium is a dance. The rest is convulsion, only beautiful to the ones suffering it.

Thesis: The Constructal Law is aesthetic, as any other law (Evolutive law, Gravitation, etc.) – and it is not metaphysical as in supervening quality, or order of generality, but is primarily aesthetic, the metaphysical dimension is just another of its modes (as is the biological, physical, etc.).

Is the kid another heteronym? Is the dad?

Some say a child learns by imitation. I can only imitate my supposed father by trying to think like him, and annotating things.

Could it be that I have been poisoning myself unknowingly? (He thinks he might have been poisoned by the mycelium and spores and mushrooms)

A piece of advice: if you cannot finish anything you start, find something you need not finish. You will probably need to abandon it someday, but doing it will teach you, in time, to let go . . . when you have changed too much to continue. That way, you can trust your instinct to begin something at any time and let it go when your curiosity and intuition loses interest in that. You will not be negatively affected because your main thing, the thing that matters, is there to be expanded by the experience. However, it is very common that the leisure gobbles the work, and this little detour becomes more important than the main thing. It is also possible that the main thing may always need little detours as snacks or fuel. It is important that you establish a game with yourself, and make your own rules. Do not even listen to me, who am I?

2. The Actual

or, where one disintegrate for the other to re-integrate. Where I turn invisible.

Note: The dad's side was mostly lost in a flood, only fragments, gapped sentences, and the short introduction, remain.

Naked Lunch for a Naked Man: Evermore derivative

As I read someone say that Plato said how writing deconstructs experience, this is exactly what I'm trying to do: undress my experience with a movie that is an adaptation of a book that was the undressing of the author, a junky(ie). And as soon as the horrible sounding jazz - due to my poor audio quality computer - enters with many names against a black background with travelling colored panels... I get dizzy reminded of Ideasthesia and the never-ending combat between reducible and irreducible physicalism. What this has to do with stripping my experience naked you tell me, for I am without a mirror and you fit the description. And as soon as Burroughs's name enter the black background, between two colorful spaces, one red and one green, I choke on spit in dilating esophagus movements - almost to vomit like I also almost did while reading the book. Meaning comes in waves.

Now, after establishing the basic concepts of Virtual, we need to exemplify it and explain for what it may be useful and, then, enter the concept of actual again – this time assuming a new character.

Follow two quotes:

"Nothing is true; everything is permitted"

and

"Hustlers of the world, there is one Mark you cannot beat:

The Mark inside...

Actuality is made by the re-territorialization of the virtual back in actuality. It can be seen as either an actual new set of mechanisms forming inside the virtual layer of principles or as a feedback with the previous layer that generated the virtual (more on this in Convergence).

I believe it was already observed that in the same measure you do anything, something else is done as if by a shadow, that nevertheless seems weirdly entangled to your doing so as to almost, if not completely, constitute an apparent cause and effect relation. Synchronicity, perhaps? And whenever new fungus - supposedly - is discovered, its parasite, or symbiont, it is not always clear, is also found. Yes, I talk of myself, but not only myself; some strange little insects appeared, apparently searching for a residue either secreted by or related to the fungus. I cannot identify the species, but they look like smaller, quieter . . . , and they are quite inoffensive, sometimes even charming and cutesy. They could be one of those species that are fatally attracted to the lights - the residue, in this case, being more attractive, for whatever reason. They could also just be a nocturnal scavenger species, but a scene the other day convinced me of the former possibility. And thus, with one thing, I got another thing, from 1,2. Life is always giving alchemical lessons. I will try to speculate more on the mushrooms and spores and other structures - if only I had a microscope! - but some space will be saved to brief observations on the little ones, especially their behavior around the fungus-related stuff. And to hell with seeing good, I can throw away my glasses - then thought opens itself to my muddled eyes. Who needs clear vision, anyways?

Most of the pages were bruised, dripping with dirt and corrective, even some glue here and there. It all forms an elliptical little tome, or condense as a challenge to the form, full of complex digressions, a kind of syzygy, and a weird form of chiasmus that destroys its own continuity, paying heed to the vacuous trail it leaves behind. It works as an unfolding object of an unknown number of dimensions, as if someone wrote all over the walls, ceiling and crevices of a room, and then cut the lights - as you walk along with a candle, the flame slowly illuminates portions of the place, but never the whole thing. It is convulsive as if this same room is not illuminated by a candle, but by the droll flashing of the repeatedly-mentioned lighthouse in his view - but a broken and abandoned structure, slowly crumbling its way into the beach, a curved and strained spine that barely holds its weight for the light to relentlessly rotate, as the sun day-by-day corrodes its moss-covered skin and melts away its fortitude until it either breaks apart in two or disappears entirely. Each sentence threatens complete darkness, each page a sentence-less light.

One hour in and I'm still in the 2 minutes mark, researching Alamut (and reading it). The room is 42 and the exterminator arrived. Reeks of postmodern influence. And then, in a restaurant, the perfect metaphor is happening: two random guys talking about rewriting. One says that to rewrite is to sin, then establishing an ethical viewpoint, while the other doesn't accept the 'catholic interpretation' of rewriting and finds that guilt is the sin, not the act of rewriting, but the act of feeling guilt for cheating the deconstructed experience, of not expanding it, perfecting it to its fullest. Possible analogy to the liminal space of the author's time? The theme, then, is conveyed clearly: is rewriting really censorship? To which our William Lee responds: Exterminate all rational thought. Then they begin to talk about Lee's missing roach powder and possibility of collaboration in more commercial writing (weekly pornography). All to which Lee proclaims to have given up on writing since he was 10. Is it clear that this is about a conversation between - but not reducible to - 3 of the author's fragmented voices? Of course. But to what extent are these his personalities?

Let's turn back to Hegelian dialectics for a moment and misread Hegel on purpose when he talks about the triadic structure (thesis, antithesis, and synthesis). What Hegel himself meant by that was the understanding of the movement of the Spirit, and he warned against implying other interpretations on this or deturping the framework's meaning just because it serves as logical formal modifier so well; and misread, and misapply, was exactly what we did, with various major epistemic concepts built up on this notion. This concept of logical opposition is, it appears, embedded in our cultural mind since before proto-manicheistic times. The notion that black and white is how everything was painted is practically the basis for philosophical methodologies: movement and stasis, male and female, light and dark, god and the devil, evil and good, and the list goes on forever. This is dialectics, but, nevertheless, Deleuze apparently succumbed to the same view – not when he created “oppositions” such as Smooth and Striated, since these are not real oppositions, and rest on a differential rather than on negative terms –, but when he saw a kind of performative dialectics as inevitable. A “structure” (modes) that he almost doesn't mention. I heard it is more like a pedagogic tool popularized by his followers. Whose fault is that?

Note: First I did conversations in my head to flesh out my rather fast way of thinking. Now I do four-fold conversations with my characters on paper to flesh out both my ideas and what I want to do with them. Next is a sixteen-fold orgy fest of I-don't-know-yet personal technology.

Note: A never written dribble.

All drawing, illustration, diagrams, writing, and even writer, all sharing the same status: *demonstration of a flat ontology.*

This is somewhat tied with Shaviro's chapter 10 and 11 of DOOM PATROLS, respectively on Burroughs and Cronenberg. What am I different from his methodology?

Some fragments that survived: swarming as if they are the stripped form of the curious insects, the souls that continue flying after their bodies fall down.

1. Sincerity is as bare as any mask could be; it is revealing without manipulative intention, and, since manipulation is all there is behind every action, as its empty form, sincerity shocks, it seems unnatural, even though Nature dies not long after its creator. Knowing of its irony in itself, Sincerity unveils itself in what could only be tragicomic, tears of laughter, or an histrionic mixture of both. But there is no despair . . . no, despair is talk of existence, and here we talk reality, in all its forms . . .

~~2. I know of two great synthesizers: one of the negative, another of the positive, of the same and of difference. Which is . . . , the One or the many? The Neither and the Both are hidden. Quick! hide the dagger.~~

Moonlight is one of the most beautiful sounds of any language - it competes with the moonlight itself for the spotlight . . . this one, however, is a rather ugly sound.

3. I would sacrifice whatever this is that I do for the piano.

The life of a cell begins as an “actual” process following the principles of the “virtual” Constructal Law. It is, therefore, a Multiplicity, let us call of level 1 – an entity. It is when positioned in other entity (the body, level 2) that it needs something not to be an insular existence. What it needs is called actuality. The body, now englobing the cell, is not an ‘empty space’ anymore, and needs something, in this context, this something is virtuality. It could be the contrary, the body with actuality and the cell with virtuality, it doesn’t matter beyond the purpose of this example.

Actuality is the characteristic of something virtual in relation to something actual. Virtuality is the characteristic of something actual in relation to something virtual.

The levels of a Multiplicity are its symbiosis between Actualities and Virtualities. Let’s, then, continue with the example of the cell and the body:

The cell is an actual process flowing inside the body. The body contains the cell as sub-environment, thus it injects actuality into the cell. The cell, however, composes the body, thus it injects virtuality into it. It is an established communication or trade. The body, having the virtuality of the cell and the cell flowing the actuality of the body are a coupling, a multiplicity of level 2 in which they are entities in interaction and intra-action. But it gets more complicated than that as the body requests from its super-environment and the cell itself ‘becomes’ a super-environment.

Then we're to meet Lee's wife who is shooting up her veins his working tool: the roach powder. He uses to work, she uses to enjoy herself - they're mutually exclusive, since if she uses it, he can't work, and if he uses it at work, she can't enjoy herself with it or at all if this is happening for time long enough.

She begins to promote it as a Kafka high, ‘you feel like a bug’, and hands the insect-poison human-drug powder to Lee, who simply smiles replying ‘well, I don’t know’ before testing it anyways. Like a proto-postmodern Eve handing Adam the forbidden fruit. Only it is exterminating powder.

Open the Discord to a Nice conversation:

oceanbreeze - Hoje às 15:42

Is it okay to ask a reading comprehension question here?

1(II). In a room filled with strange insects cheerfully playing with an oozing smell all around . . . no artificial light, lest they all gather in one false center and over is . . . as light slowly fades from invisible, most colorful, to a disappearing blue turning darker and darker until the yellow rises . . . over and over again so . . . can no longer see, but not stop.

~~2(II). The hollowing is unlike drawing. To draw, one holds a pen, in any form, to a paper, a surface, and uses the material, transports it, to impose over another to impress over the surface. One commands, things are transfixed, passed on, transformed. There is no depiction of something in drawing, there is no representation, but quite literally creation, reproduction . . . only metaphormos--~~

I fail to accept the thinking of my hand; what it thinks I throw away - but I cannot yet throw away my hand.

3(II). Why don't I have a tail? I would much rather have one.

The Man Who Laughs - Hoje às 18:36

Sure.

oceanbreeze - Hoje às 21:56

He seldom talked, and when he did, it was usually to make some cynical remark — for instance, he would say that God had given him a tail to keep the flies off, but that he would sooner have had no tail and no flies

What does he mean by he would sooner have had no tail and no flies?

The Man Who Laughs - Hoje às 21:58

He means that yes, it is nice to have a tail to swat the flies, but he'd rather have no flies to swat in the first place.(editado)

oceanbreeze - Hoje às 22:02

Oh I see. Thanks @The Man Who Laughs :smiley:

The Man Who Laughs - Hoje às 22:02

Np.

AlienFetus - Hoje às 22:38

@oceanbreeze Even though I agree with @The Man Who Laughs, I think there is a deeper meaning in this, a 'vague' meaning that you can look at various different instances. For example, I think he may be talking about how the process of things might be too much to endure or not worth it. You can see it by some sort of evolutionary process: you 'grow' a tail to swat the flies. You become 'stronger' in order to adapt to things. This is not speaking biologically but politically or, in a common sense way, regarding day to day experiences. The flies and tail are vague metaphors that can be translated into everyday assumptions like losing someone you love then grieving until you become 'stronger' - it's like growing a tail

this fits with the "He seldom talked, and when he did, it was usually to make some cynical remark" because life made him cynical

it is his tail

The Man Who Laughs - Hoje às 22:43

Agreed.

oceanbreeze - Hoje às 23:05

So you would say his tail represents his cynicism?

The Man Who Laughs - Hoje às 23:07

I don't think so. I think it's more of his experience. Like Fetus said, he gets stronger in order to adapt.

oceanbreeze - Hoje às 23:10

He does not seem to admire his strength

The Man Who Laughs - Hoje às 23:11

The ass?

Or donkey?

Or mule?

oceanbreeze - Hoje às 23:11

Strength in the form of the tail

The Man Who Laughs - Hoje às 23:13

Ultimately, if he didn't have problems, he wouldn't have to get stronger. He's saying that he'd rather not have those problems in the first place.

oceanbreeze - Hoje às 23:13

Oh

The Man Who Laughs - Hoje às 23:14

At least, that's what I think.

@AlienFetus may have something else.

AlienFetus - Hoje às 23:15

yeah, like The Man said, flies are a necessary evil for the tail having some purpose

but they seem to never go away no matter what

and the process of becoming stronger and more adapted seems to have no goal

he mentions metaphors for suffering in pivotal points

cynicism began as a philosophical tradition of irony towards the neverending state of 'build-up' of philosophy and society in general

The Man Who Laughs - Hoje às 23:18

I wonder what other metaphors there are in the book. I actually didn't notice this one.

Not that I notice any, granted.

AlienFetus - Hoje às 23:19

it's like instead of using your tail, you let it atrophy while trying not to mind the flies and live with them, but at the same time you recognize that this attitude is a newer tail - but you live with it nevertheless, because there isn't a better option, there will not be one

oceanbreeze - Hoje às 23:20

Atrophy?

AlienFetus - Hoje às 23:20

but by being a newer tail, it brings newer 'flies'

like get rusty from not using it

oceanbreeze - Hoje às 23:22

Oh I see. The newer tail seems to me a form of apathy or optimistic

Optimism*

AlienFetus - Hoje às 23:22

yes, exactly

the cynic is not really pessimistic, he is just self-aware of both the tail and the flies

the pessimist mind the flies and give up using the tail, the optimistic never stops using the tail, he strives for winning someday

but the proper state is the one of self-awareness about how you escape not just the flies but your tail (that in this story has the purpose of fighting the flies)

The Man Who Laughs - Hoje às 23:25

All this talk of flies got me thinking about The Lord of the Flies.

AlienFetus - Hoje às 23:25

great book

NOVAS MENSAGENS

The Man Who Laughs - Hoje às 23:25

Indeed.

Freud is both tail and flies, you can see him as a tail that, in a restricted society, in a restricted way, abolishes it all. Or you could see him as the one to fuck up a very tightly organized party then go home. I just find that the answer is not to re-establish the restricted, nor to continue fucking it up. The proper, for me, is a cynic state of self-awareness. But maybe I'm just a dumb cynic, if only it was possible in the 21st century.

Then a quick bar conversation about how people, including the exterminators, have 'been breathing on the powder so much it just makes them laugh – just like the roaches'. It is all abruptly cut to investigators' office that is investigating (duh!) the yellow powder. Lee claims it to be bug poison from work, but "empirical evidence" that it kills bugs is needed: a giant fucking practical-effects beetle enters the scene to have it [the powder] tested on. It [the bug] begins to bathe in the powder before speaking to Lee as the real boss of the investigators; the one who organized this meeting. The bug is put in the position of case officer while it claims Lee to be his agent. This part makes me extremely uneasy. And it's all about the wife, that the bug claims not to be Lee's wife but an Interzone agent – and needs to be killed soon, this week to be more specific. Not forget to mention that it needs to be done "real tasty". Lee responds by doing the only logical thing: smashing the bug with his shoe. Strange, since he argued to simply exterminate all rational thought.

Back home Joan is acting like a full-fledged junkie.

Then Lee goes to rub some of the powder on her lips just as he did to the beetles' 'lips'. They kiss when the scene cuts to the metro. And I feel like trapped into translating the happenings of the movie into short sentences. What do I have to offer? 'The work, when you live it, is like a drug that corrupts your life', yeah but what could I contribute that anyone hasn't said in any way? Off to a specialist's help following clue from a companion, Lee receives advice to cure his wife addiction by inserting other powder drug, called simply 'black', into the yellow powder. Ironic.

1(III). Neo-medievalism approaches, but there never was a medievalism. There is only *Neo-* in constant renewal. If feudalism rose from the Romantic ruins, a newer very tacit - but much abstracter - type of isolationist instance is already present, always already so, from the bowels of our capta-- in! whole nations in one's room, and moss growing over the outside-skirts.

(III). . . . and yet, even if cut off, it might not just die out - instead, grow. How many abandoned things have found a home, even become homes themselves . . . no/thing dies alone, not really. Solitude is a lie -~~X~~but a beautiful one . . . ~~X~~And the concept of a seed is superfluous . . . is the meaning of divinity, which is real in the absence of the Divine.

~~absence~~: write a word, then cross it - that is not its negation, but its positive non-affirmation. The elusive meaning of Silence - that which is flooded by voice. The *x* is the mute scream.

I'm getting shaky just as if I myself took the powder.

That apple roaming antacids listening to ██████ new album, in and out DNA, through and around. Then I put the rest of the apple over the table to attract bugs – especially ██████, companions in the powder. Should I rewrite?

-

Between imaginary weed rolls I perceive how music truly forms my ██████. How ██████ will probably die from diff ██████ as represented in F█████.

Nothing comes over to eat the rotting apple. Like switching television channels.

Anyways, a black powder made of 'aquatic Brazilian centipede'. Truly outlandish material, from my homeland. And it smells like tainted cheese. The medic goes on to demonstrate how the black powder disappears in the yellow like an undercover agent.

To Convergence, for an Experimental Theory.

(IV). ~~One more time~~ . . . Once again!

Some rare people have an internal compass.
Others, rarer still, have an internal hole.