

Ending
the
CONSORTIUM
of
MADNESS
and
REASON:

An Audience to the Infinite

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Dedicated to the artists who remain fresh upon their course for unknown knowledge. May you always remain young of mind and heart, eternally seeking the infinite.



This book aims to consider three theatrical performances of the past, one which has yet to be performed, and the ideas behind their purpose—what links them as iterations in a similar dialogue of discovery. All of the performances aimed, and will continue to aim, to destroy the consortium of madness and reason by the attentive action of the eternal present—outside of time, ideology, and existential duality.

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“I would go so far as to say that the natural, proper, fitting shape of the novel might be that of a sack or bag. A book holds words. Words hold things. They bear meanings.”

- Ursula K. Le Guin

“Man is the symbol using, making and mis-using animal, inventor of the negative, separated from his natural condition by instruments of his own making, goaded by the spirit of hierarchy, and rotten with perfection.”

- Kenneth Burke

“...it's (the theatre) not produced, it's a ceremony, it's a ritual, it is something which is very important for your mental strength, and you should go out of the theatre stronger and more human than when you went in.”

- Ariane Mnouchkine

“If the doors of perception were cleansed every thing would appear to man as it is, infinite.”

- William Blake

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It is not
that ambition solely resides
in a system of risk and reward
but most potently when one's imagination
knows no bounds.

It is here
where something truly great is born
from the breast of one's desire
to at once know and become
all that is infinite.

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By considering ways to destroy the illusory consortium of madness and reason I arrived at the process of negation- a property of the infinite and eternal present. The process of negation necessitates the imperative of constant failure as an implication of its success. The precise destruction of the failure/success binary, can only be achieved by the perpetual attention toward the eternal and infinite moment in which everything has always been, and always will be. It is the action or performance in the negation of nothing and everything; the eternal moment, which has become the purpose of my life's efforts to explore.

Through the act of painting, I first understood the choices of color and form, context and philosophy, all the same as the choices by which one lives a life. When understanding the choices in making a painting and making a life, as having no end and no beginning, the end itself becomes the constant failure

to find such an end. We are pressed by the desire to see that our labor to build is in our control but we constantly experience it all as if we are guided by another's hand. The true end to this failure in finding control is thus achieved when the notion of failure is destroyed along with its opposite. This is the only property of the infinite eternal moment by which our ideologies and illusions based in imagined time dissolve.

With the performance of life; art, we express our desire to understand ourselves and our place within the infinite. Not by controlling, holding down, or measuring it, but by finding our subjective perception, our failure to understand the infinite, as proof we are but only a piece in the puzzle.

The nature of the infinite and its negation of human idealistic duality could also be read as the paradoxically infinite equal presence of a dualism's parts. A subject upholding the illusion of hierarchy and order seeks to elicit the perception of fear as a tactic for control and manipulation while hiding the always equal amount of chaos made by order's over-identification. The pendulum swings. No subject is safe from the chaos that will come.

Many have been made to believe that they will be saved from the blow of this destructive force yet

it is not true. Everyone will face the wrath of chaos, no matter where you believe to stand on the illusory hierarchy of society. For the ensuing chaos proves such hierarchy's illusory quality. The continued effort towards a stronger illusory perception of meaning, order, and hierarchy has, and will, lead to an ultimate expression of chaos.

The ultimate nature of the spiritual union of art, life, and the infinite is to destroy the perception of duality; to destroy antagonism. By at once destroying the perception of order, so too might our perception of chaos be destroyed. Yet, the destruction of such order must be true. For one must understand how the business of the law can only exist with its opposition. It is in the law's favor to have those that endeavor to transgress it so that the law will seem to remain necessary. It is here that we realize the necessary destruction of the consortium held by what we believe to be opposing entities.

As observed by the Philosopher Emmanuel Kant, an arrow shot from a bow toward a target always only exists in one place, never two at the same time. The instant at which the arrow exists only ever exists in the one seemingly singular location when observed. Yet, it is this singular location that can be infinitely distilled. It's here that the observation of the eternal moment presents us with the nature of the infinite. Where the two perceptual binaries seemingly exist at once. Leading us to be unsure if they ever existed at all.

No matter our capacity for mathematical and metaphysical reasoning, we can never understand this paradox through the system by which we reason, where reason implies the opposition of madness.

Salvation is the total and infinite declaration of everything and nothing. As for Sisyphus, salvation was the destruction of the illusionistic binary of damnation and salvation. It is only right now, in this instant, that we all live as witness to the perfection which is only

now and never was or will be.

Much like the dogmatic agnosticism illustrated by the metaphysical interpretation of quantum relativity, art and chaos do not entail a binary; do not entail an illustration of quantified hierarchical value. Yet, unlike chaos, art, as the infinite dissolution of the universe, resides where the binary no longer exists. It is the true nature of art to realize the destruction, or total union, of the opposing illusions in the eternal moment.

Without the infinite potential art proposes and the perceptual possibility to destroy time and ideology by the attentive focus on the eternal moment, the cycle from neutrality to order to chaos and then back to neutrality is set to go on ad infinitum. One must remember that this cycle is not an objective occurrence but created by our subjective imagination. Yet perhaps, like the cyclic universe theory proposes, that's how it's supposed to go.

Art-making, and the creative actions of the present moment, orchestrate a digression from global understanding, a denouncement of cosmic and scientific inquiry, and an inward labor that sets out to facilitate the latent primordial knowing of such abstractions without the need to conquer and control them. A knowing that the universe is perfect, that the cosmos look through our eyes, and that our effort does not make us owners or proprietors of such a domain. The relentless push for knowledge to produce capital only affirms the ideological understanding of ourselves as separate and isolated from the infinite. So long as we are guided by such illusions we will be made as a species to leap from an obvious cliff.

Many claiming to make art today have confused what they are doing with business and capital. Even artworks that once valiantly slayed previous rigid ideological beliefs in the eternal moment of the past

have been made to become complicit with new rigid ideological beliefs of the future. It is those artwork's object form, where the idealized notion of antagonistic subjectivity is believed to be captured and distilled, that is a mirror to the illusion of ourselves as objects. It is the art-object as subject which is a mirror to the illusion of ourselves as subjects.

Like order, our false perception of time, the past, and the future, destroy our ability to experience the eternal present, to experience art. To share the consideration of the infinite nature of life in the eternal present must only entail the significance of the infinite eternal present, not an object which is fetishized to represent it as ideology. What you are about to read, and have read, the consideration of artworks of the past, carries no element, nature, or object of what was the artwork of the past, but only considers the artwork of the past in literary form, to create an artwork of the eternal moment, now.

The age of the water made no difference to the sky.
It entered, dispersed its excellent aura
into fragmentary particles
suspended by their own weightlessness. The trees
hunched over toward the silver crystalline substance,
their leaves ever so gently pierced the surface
drawing blood.

 The sky shown deep blue,
but only in the morning.
In the afternoon the sky melted into a soft green,
then deep purple.

 What's lost when one is to recover
their imagination, on the grounds of reason's
treacherous, unscalable walls,
is a righteous fortitude
which forgoes the undifferentiated skies.

 No land is unlike the other.
For even below the water's surface,
at its deepest and hollowed corners, is more land.

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The border between one's fingers,
from their tip
to the stolid wind, dissolves into one congruent mass,
taken up then devoured
by the souls that grow fat off of trepidation. Yet soon,
such souls will eat all that there is.
Their massive forms will groan
as they decay back into sedimentary derision.
All that is seen marks the parameters
of our vicissitude,
but one should not become restless
in their mind's misfortune.

Our bodies revel into the cool, pliant fog.
Our bodies are carried aimlessly across the singular,
yet infinite universe; across nothing at all.

The title of this book, while not directly in reference to, is situated within a literary dialogue that uses the union of paradox as the praxis for formulation. William Blake's illuminated manuscript *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* was my first and earliest reference. From this I have gleaned great insight, as well as concur with similar speculation on the spiritual perfection of the eternal. The second reference, with which I share a similar accord for psychological research and discovery, is Kenneth Burke's *Permanence and Change: An Anatomy of Purpose*.

While each insinuates the negated effect of two polar symbols union, by a similar design I intend to destroy the notion of duality, as well as, confirm this destruction by the transparent understanding that both opposing sides insinuate the common need for each other's antagonism. That it is not just a union of opposites which destroys their antagonistic power but the precise destruction of such union in the business

of antagonism itself.

In the instance of Blake, the union of Heaven and Hell results in the construction of a striking moral ground. For Burke, a similar illustration plays to the reader's interest in irony as a starting point to probe the methods by which we construct meaning. It is on the grounds that both authors have laid that I intend to move the symbolic representation of duality toward what those previous works have prepared the audience for. The time wherein there is no longer a symbol that is to be negated but only the hazy memory of a rigid past as potential for the now.

What Blake and Burke aim to achieve through their dense literary expositions of the mind and our construction of meaning is the true infinite nature by which we see dualistic symbols. A truth which precisely by our process of meaning-making destroys the meaning that we afford the truth. In earnest, one cannot speak of an objective reason or meaning and must decipher what motives and rationalizations lead one to see what is nothing or the same; the infinite potential, as polar opposites. It is by this effort with which one can find and undo the strains by which we orchestrate the society we believe to know with the society that is infinitely possible. Taking our hardwired attachment to truth and meaning to be transformed

into what power meaning might have to offer us as a whole. It's these symbolic formulations with which the requiem for the self is replaced with the eternal. Where our act of performing symbolic meaning does not insist upon meaning as a construction of the self but a construction of the ever-present infinite.

To understand the illusion of subjectivity is to consider the non-empirical reality where one continually fabricates the notion of subjective duality in the context of an imagined self at any point in time other than the present moment. Yet, the empirical reality of the present moment is fundamentally the only position in which subjectivity and objectivity could theoretically exist. Thus, the infinite and vacant void of the eternal present does not constitute the empirical subject in an objective world, but a vacuous paradox of everything and nothing; that of the non-dual Brahman illustrated by the spiritual teachings of Advaita Vedanta. The metaphysical concept is extensively considered in the ancient Sanskrit text called the Vedas, a foundational text of Hinduism written in ancient India. Brahman is the infinite eternal substance from which all things including duality are derived.

The first theatrical performance of consideration in this book was titled *Virgin Eye* and performed on November 11th, 2021 in Philadelphia, PA at a gallery called Peep Projects run by Libby Rosa. The work was performed the night of the exhibition opening, as well as subsequently performed by appointment to the gallery until December 23rd, 2021.

The space in which the work was performed was a long narrow corridor, about 20 feet by 10 feet. The entrance to the room was at one end with a window at the other. The space was bisected by a painted wall. On the wall was painted the image of Christ being crucified from the story in the Christian bible, with the addition of a dog looking up at the figure. Hung on the sides of the wall, alluding to a theatrical stage, were red velvet curtains. The wall was approximately 8 feet tall and did not touch the high lofted ceiling, revealing the subtle view that there was a space on the other side. Two holes were drilled through the wall, one hole

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aligned to the painted image of Christ's eye and the other aligned to the painted image of the dog's eye. For the performance, on all occasions except one, where a replacement stood in for me, I stood behind the wall looking through the hole aligned with Christ's eye creating the illusion that my eye was that of the painted figure's eye. The hole placed at the dog's eye was left empty, where the audience could then look through and see the window on the other side of the space, as well as glimpse my feet and legs which stood atop a stool to reach Christ's eye hole.

Your teachers, your parents, those that have lived days
but do not see how it is all but one day, will require
your static adherence to history's relics
which they have so falsely inherited.

Our bones become brittle,
are shaken, preserved
in the most wicked of pools,
and watched over by the rotting flesh of the dead.

Below our skin resides a temple,
of which conceals a symbol
so fortuitous that its form has been tried
at the risk of all shadow.

One symbol alone can carry such wisdom.
By which all symbols retain,
in their most naked stature, the treasure
which time so greatly seeks.
God has issued fury
at the failure to know such a symbol.
The total and undeniable failure

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of the infinite made holy.

No cushions remain on which one is to rest,
for all softness is turned into stone.

Through us, the symbol speaks; questions, answers,
praise, and critique.

But never does the sword's edge puncture the curtain,
made midnight into dawn, turned yellow
then a brutish black.

No matter the days
one thinks they have traveled,
what their eyes have said to behold,
a mirror is but a reflection of the wind.

The second theatrical performance was titled *136 Theatrical Gunshots*. The work was performed at the Ukrainian Club in Philadelphia, PA on May 20, 2022. On the small stage in the back of the long underground club was a large white free-standing frame where a blue velvet curtain hung at the opening in the center. The audience arrived and sat in seats positioned before the illuminated curtain.

When the moment was ready, I, from behind the curtain, pulled each side open and greeted the audience. In my hand, I held a book on engineering techniques of the theatre from the 1800s while wearing a sports jacket and a white button-up shirt. I then began to recite my song, *It Could Be Anything*, fluctuating between the intonation of a lecture and a song. When the song was finished, I closed the curtains.

After a few brief moments of silence, I returned to open the curtain once again, now wearing a white tank top, as well joined by another performer,

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who was wearing nearly the same outfit as mine. Once the curtains were opened we took our places, I on the left and he on the right. In my fellow performer's hand was a carved wooden gun which he raised to my head facing toward me. In my hands, I held a wooden slapstick at waist level facing the audience staring off into a large mirror permanently hung on the other end of the room.

On cue, we began to perform in unison. While I swung the slapstick, creating a loud popping sound, my fellow performer moved the wooden gun in his hand as if it were shooting. We continued this action until we had performed it 136 times. I then closed the curtains, ending the performance.

While much of performance art history was established outside of the normative theatrical environment, I feel that the theatre, a presupposed place of dramatic observation defined by certain physical properties, elicits the audience's habitual suspension of disbelief with a clear contract of participation. While it could be argued the latent agreement of public space is equally participatory, I feel the theatre remains more conducive to the audience's willingness to be involved. Such autonomous participation by the audience allows for the opportunity to immediately confront the habits of those acting as the audience in the performance of the theatre even when those habits go unconsidered.

The theatre, to most audience goers, is often distinctly different from the concept of "real-life" performance, but the distinctions make clear what is, perhaps, unclear between the two. While I stand wholly behind the efforts of the performance of life as the ultimate performance of theatre, of art, it is with the

physical ideology of the theatre space that one who does not observe similar efforts of dramatic spiritual action in “real-life” might be persuaded into such observations. By activating the theatre space beyond its physical and libidinal expectations, the audience finds themselves presented with the opportunity for renewal and retreat both within what is considered to be an empirical reality, as well as seemingly outside of it.

Many observe their action in the audience at the theatre to be passive or nonexistent. Yet, It is the theatre that calls the existent audience to actively participate as witness and creator, even though such action has come to be associated with leisure and inaction. It is this notion of passivity which has culled the audience into paying for an experience in which their labor is necessary for the product. Because of this common misconception, or unexamined psychological action, the theatre remains a highly salient space to dissect the most peculiar performance of our lives.

Where ideology exists as a part of the phenomenology of the theatre, as it does wherever the antagonism of subjectivity is present, it is in the theatre that the audience confronts and aids in the creation of said ideology directly within the eternal moment. It is this participation in ideology’s construction that sepa-

rates the theatre from all other art forms. Most other art forms, where ideology is created through a performance in the past, present an object once endowed by the action of its creator to the audience. When the theatre is profound, the audience confronts ideology from a perspective unlike any previous encounter with an art-object, as not just the receiver of the ideological message but as a co-creator.

The American psychologist John Watson arrived at the conclusion of a psychological process which leads a subject to create and associate meaning. He called this process transference and it was described by the ways in which a subject who is repeatedly shown a frightful action such as the striking of a hot iron, as well as a stuffed animal bunny, will begin to associate and experience the fear of the striking in the isolated experience of the stuffed bunny.

As a subject's notion of selfhood, as well as their performance of self, is often constructed by the complex process of ideological transference, it is this process, in the theatre, which has the power to reveal and create new associations and understandings. It is that the experiment of the hot iron and bunny is itself theatre. One must understand that if we are to stand before ideology in the theatre and share in its creation, we as well have the power to share in its destruction. To become active as witness to the theatrical perfor-

mance of ideology is to insist on its final form, to guide the hand which wields the brush, to sweat equally upon the stone as it is carved. Yet, in order to sweat, one must become aware of the action that is witnessing, must understand the power of their experience, or better yet the powerlessness of it all.

With the theatre, one experiences a sliver of life where salvation is illuminated before their eyes, where hierarchy and reason dissolve into shadow, where chaos becomes a toy to be played with. In the theatre everything and nothing is real, everyone is infinitely who they are, can, and never will be at once.

Excerpt from Theodor Adorno's *Minima Moralia*
1951

“*How sickly seem all growing things*’. – Dialectical thought opposes reification in the further sense that it refuses to affirm individual things in their isolation and separateness: it designates isolation as precisely a product of the universal. Thus it acts as a corrective both to manic fixity and to the unresisting and empty drift of the paranoid mind, which pays for its absolute judgments by loss of the experience of the matter judged. But the dialectic is not for this reason what it became in the English Hegelian school and, still more completely, in Dewey’s strenuous pragmatism: a sense of proportion, a way of putting things in their correct perspective, plain but obdurate common sense. If Hegel seemed himself, in his conversation with Goethe, to come close to such a view, when he defended his philosophy against Goethe’s platonism on the grounds that

is was 'basically no more than the spirit of opposition innate in each human being, regulated and methodically developed, a gift which proves its worth in distinguishing truth from falsehood', the veiled meaning of his formulation mischievously includes in the praise of what is 'innate in each human being' a denunciation of common sense, since man's innermost characteristic is defined as precisely a refusal to be guided by common sense, indeed, as opposition to it. Common sense, the correct assessment of situations, the worldly eye schooled by the market, shares with the dialectic a freedom from dogma, narrow-mindedness and prejudice. Its sobriety undeniably constitutes a moment of critical thinking. But its lack of passionate commitment makes it, all the same, the sworn enemy of such thinking. For opinion in its generality, accepted directly as that of society as it is, necessarily has agreement as its concrete content. It is no coincidence that in the nineteenth century it was stale dogmatism, given a bad conscience by the Enlightenment, that appealed to common sense, so that an arch positivist like Mill had to inveigh against the latter. The sense of proportion entails a total obligation to think in terms of the established measures and values. One need only have once heard a die-hard representative of a ruling clique say: 'That is of no consequence', or note at what time the

bourgeois talk of exaggeration, hysteria, folly, to know that the appeal to reason invariably occurs most prominently in apologies for unreason. Hegel stressed the healthy spirit of contradiction with the obstinacy of the peasant who has learned over the centuries to endure the hunts and ground-rent of mighty feudal lords. It is the concern of dialectics to cock a snook at the sound views held by later powers-that-be on the immutability of the course of the world, and to decipher in their 'proportions' the faithful and reduced mirror-image of inordinately enlarged dispositions. Dialectical reason is, when set against the dominant mode of reason, unreason: only in encompassing and canceling this mode does it become itself reasonable. Was it not bigoted and talmudic to insist, in the midst of the exchange economy, on the difference between the labour-time expended by the worker and that needed for the reproduction of his life? Did not Nietzsche put the cart before all the horses on which he rode his charges? Did not Karl Kraus, Kafka, even Proust prejudice and falsify the image of the world in order to shake off falsehood and prejudice? The dialectic cannot stop short before the concepts of health and sickness, nor indeed before their siblings reason and unreason. Once it has recognized the ruling universal order and its proportions as sick - and marked in the most literal

sense with paranoia, with ‘pathic projection’ – then it can see as healing cells only what appears, by the standards of that order, as itself sick, eccentric, paranoia – indeed ‘mad’; and it is true today as in the Middle Ages that only fools tell their masters the truth. The dialectician’s duty is thus to help this fool’s truth to attain its own reasons, without which it will certainly succumb to the abyss of the sickness implacably dictated by the healthy common sense of the rest.”

The third theatrical performance was titled *Invisible World* and performed on September 17th, 2022 at 2223 E. Dauphin St. in Philadelphia, PA.

In a modest but profound community theatre space, a simple three-walled set was placed and illuminated on a stage. Glued to the set walls was a yellow floral wallpaper surrounding a wooden chair made in the early 20th century. Members of a barbershop quartet wore blue polo shirts and were seated in the middle row of the audience chairs.

Members of the audience were greeted before entering the theatre space by my mother and handed one US dollar bill. Once the audience had arrived and everyone was seated I approached the stage and thanked them all for coming while wearing my normal everyday costume. I then sat in the chair positioned in the middle of the set on the stage and looked out at the audience.

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After about a minute the quartet stood from their seats in the audience and began to sing ten songs. The songs were chosen by the quartet. The singing went on for approximately 20 minutes. Once the quartet finished singing I stood from my chair and clapped to the audience. I then exited the theatre. The quartet came to the front of the stage, faced the audience, and sang one last song before exiting the theatre, ending the performance.

If I have smelled, and you have heard
the calling, the humming sweet from some lips far
yet close enough to bend the hairs before thine eyes,
we'll hide in sheath and wait until the sky made black
to trap our neighbor's glory as a feast.

Between salty and sour, our tongues
will become swollen.

Such are reason's intoxicating embers.
Stoked by the innocent
and divine child, made violent by the poison
of God's throne.

If God's form does not bequeath you,
take the image of a turnip,
the fiery eyes of man made wicked
by the protruding of callused stumps.
If one can hold down the head for long enough,
strike a blade to the porous fibers,
pull back swiftly without wound, the precious shell

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filled with the pleasure of our flowing circuit
will make the night turned fire by the sun.

Bankers lay with limbs turned blue and died.
Lawyers become drunk on the most potent of spirits,
taking to the streets to exonerate

those below the earth's surface.

Most important perhaps, is the King's disguise,
a robe, and a mask

to shield his reputation. Yet his steps,
on walking, look far too restrained,
that the dogs eat all but his nose.

From the King's castle, in the tower beyond the hill,
his son sees the scene, smelling the tormented scent
of burnt tissue.

For the fires of the night consume the earth
without etiquette or order. The wise have given up
their stations to be amongst the fleeting stars;
to shine brightly then explode,
ravaging all that is around them.

The fourth theatrical performance has yet to be performed on the publication of this book but is where the impetus and delivery of such material manifests. The written contents of the fourth performance here are tentative.

The fourth theatrical performance is titled *A Light-Washed Shadow* and will be performed June 5th, 2023 at the South Philadelphia Bok Building theatre. The Bok Building is an old school, built in 1936, turned to mixed-use studio spaces around 2014. Because the building was a school it includes a larger auditorium theatre. The theatre seats around 600 people, but for the purposes of my production, it will seat around 40.

Contextually the performance, *A Light-Washed Shadow*, may read as a direct second iteration of the ideas considered in the performance *Invisible World*. Taking the same crux of physical hierarchical displacement, the audience will enter from behind the stage

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where they will then be seated in chairs on the stage facing what is the traditional theatrical house. I will be the only one seated in the house audience. As considered by Jerzy Grotowski in his book, *Towards a Poor Theatre*, the show's dramatic action will be stripped to its most bare essentials. Only the body and voice will illuminate a tragic end to a love affair made distant through a narrow imagination and death.

While I have written more extensively on the performance of *Virgin Eye* in the eponymous catalog published in March of this year, I will consider it further in accordance with the aims of this publication.

What drove the inception of *Virgin Eye* was at once an effort to illustrate the active performance of a stagnant painting as well as the audience's confrontation with the way they have come to develop a habit of observation in relation to paintings/art-objects.

It is often that the dramatic art action of importance in a painting is something of the past; the action that the painting is believed to document and retain, the thousands of swift movements of the wrist, recorded creating the guided illusion of the viewer's imagination. The audience then looks upon a painting as if they are looking upon a record of a performance that was once an artist clawing their way through the potentiality of the infinite. But it is only the viewer who

acts when confronting a painting as a “finished” work. As the painting stands before a crowd of viewers it fails to represent even a fragment of the infinite potential it beheld while the artist acted upon its surface. It is here before a “finished painting” that the audience does not experience the profundity of our universe’s infinite nature but in fact quite the opposite. What a bore, and a perfect illustration of our idealization of finite non-human objects as representing the limitless possibility of our conscious imagination within the infinite natural world.

Why then does the painter, who furiously ventures to explore the infinite through paint and surface, stop the exploration altogether? To explore the infinite is to find everything and nothing at all. For it is the painter that knows the only profound power in a painting is the act of painting itself. A “finished” painting’s only power is to inspire one to make a painting, to similarly enter in on the exploration of the infinite. This dismissal and return from one’s exploration of the infinite by the notion of finality can only illustrate to the viewer what is necessary for themselves to encounter the infinite, for what they see before them is the failure to continue such exploration. Yet the viewer must learn to not make the same mistake as the painter previously, childishly coming home empty-handed in

search of some reward. Sure we all die, where then the painting's finality comes from our finality of this form, but to die before we are dead, to galavant a "finished" exploration of the infinite before a crowd while still alive... Those painters are lucky they aren't laughed into total exile.

Sure the finite painting might seem nice; nice color, cool form, and wow it really looks like a boat! But nothing is finite except the infinite. The painting will change, deteriorate, discolor, yet it has become an emblem by which we attempt to observe the ways that we wish to think our subjectivity is infinite. Besides, such observations of a painting are, in fact, not considerations of the performance that once was the painter making the painting, they are the consideration of a performance right now! One in which the audience is the lead role and the so-called painter is out sick or all but a figment of the viewers imagination. And in this dramatic act I am always disturbed to find that the audience, the lead role, thinks the artwork they are experiencing is the painting and not the entirety of the moment they are in.

The audience looks at a painting, squint, talk, feel emotions, and then move on with their lives. They encounter a failure to valiantly witness the infinite in that the painting claims to have succeeded in bringing

a piece home. To observe a painting is to be reminded that to truly succeed one must never find anything at all. To understand the infinite one must never understand anything.

Opening receptions, or parties, for painting shows invite even more habitual and unwritten performance guidelines for the audience. The people come, they do all the things one does when looking at a painting, they sip some wine, and they network. To be out at the opening night of an art show is to look at the artworks second and to see who one might meet first. In this sense, the audience knows it's all about them, but the delusion of a quantified hierarchical value is still given to the objects they believe to only be passively observing. This cognitive dissonance shields the way in which we actually quantify each other. To look at art, to be at an opening, is to see and be seen. And I'll tell ya, everyone at the *Virgin Eye* opening was seen!

In *Virgin Eye's* hyperbolic displacement of the audience's lurid gaze, it was not only that the viewers' looking was confronted by a mysterious and anonymous eye looking back at them, but the illusion that it was none other than Christ the son of God himself looking down on them from his agonizing pose. The

almighty son of God who died for their sins before them and the audience is drinking wine and having superfluous conversation. How magnificently absurd!

The performances of *Virgin Eye* by appointment, after the opening, as well revealed a similar yet unique air. While a few friends made appointments, some guests were strangers to me. It seemed that many came to facilitate a relationship with the gallery and its director in a more personal and intimate setting, a relationship which implied the furthering of their artistic career. I know because I have been in the same position and have fallen to the same sword. No matter how much sincerity one wants to claim towards seeing art shows, in these settings of small independent and accessible galleries, aside from the friends present in purely social support, many people have ulterior motives to further their own career. Of course these motives do not facilitate any blatantly harmful effects but continue to bloat a culture functioning upon the adherence to an illusory power structure.

We are made to believe we can be saved from the wicked ways of capitalism and its ideology by upholding the illusion of hierarchy, furtively cutting down everyone else around us so we can reach the top. But what they don't tell you is that you won't be saved, only afflicted to tell yourself what is true when you know

that it's a lie. The only satisfaction at the illusory top is by convincing others that the shameless lie is true. Upholding the illusion, while one's soul deteriorates into a tool at the will of someone else's control.

On entering *Virgin Eye* alone, or accompanied by a friend or partner, the viewer who made the appointment would make small talk with the gallery director and begin to look up and down the painted wall bisecting the brightly lit white room. In an often surprising instant, without the empowering support of a crowd, the viewer would realize the eye and the vision it expressed.

People would look into my eye, and I into theirs, but the sustained eye contact continued to feel taboo as it often does in public. Sometimes someone would try and look into my eye for a prolonged period, but no matter how long it always ended, returning to the haphazard jumping the eye often does in the presence of other eyes. I was just as anxious as the viewer when confronted with the emotions one feels when they make eye contact with someone and no verbal communication is initiated. For myself, it was difficult to remember that what the spectator was seeing was not me or my body or face, but a painting of Christ being crucified and my eye.

The tension was thick in the space when visitors were present with the performance. They were confronted by the witnessing of someone else to the performance of their own. The exact opposite of what many expect in such environments. Some attempted to ease their discomfort and continued conversation with the gallery director, wholly turning their attention away. Some just looked around in silence and smiled. All of them didn't stay for long or opted to continue the conversation outside of the gallery in the hallway. After the show had ended and appointments were no longer being accepted, I began to reflect on the ways in which the performance of the audience could be more fully probed to reveal their often unknown or latent habitual expectations and actions. The kind of performance that is often overlooked, unacknowledged, and misunderstood in the theatre.

A Denouncement of Video - Second edition

There is a fundamental difference between the way that an audience watches a video, to the way they watch the performance of an action happening in the eternal moment physically in front of them. The looking done by viewers onto a screen, showing a film or video, is a violent looking. It is a kind of watching where one has no shame for seeing without pause, no reciprocity for their participation as a viewer, and no consequence for the knives that they throw with their eyes.

When someone sees a theatrical action or an action in public, they are looking intently as their eyes have seemingly been invited—but it is their participation in the eternal present that comes with the exhilaration in knowing that they too are being watched. For the many eyes of the crowd are matched by the eyes of those on the stage; by those subjects who exist in the same moment and space as ourselves.

In the eternal present, outside of the conception of time and the ideology it facilitates, the viewer is held accountable for what they see. Their eyes, once again, become a perceptual tool for action. As video continues to oppress our knowledge of the eternal moment and our sense of participation in the infinite, we must actively seek to understand the limitless possibilities of performance outside of video; outside of imagined time.

The 1758 philosopher and dramatist Denis Diderot observed a theatrical phenomenon that he called the 4th wall- a concept illustrating the phenomenon in which the audience suspends disbelief when participating as viewers in the performance of a fictional drama. He called it the 4th wall because of its relationship to the common three-wall theatrical set of the time. The 4th wall is the imaginary wall that would reside at the opening. While the idea of the wall in theatre exists more as a metaphor to the psychological habits of those that perform as the audience, the 4th wall that finds itself present in video becomes something much more concrete.

The idea of such a “wall” in the theatre became something for early 20th-century experimental playwrights to contend with. The evolution of this conten-

tion was ultimately the understanding of the theatre's limitless observation into the performance of everyday life. As for the 4th wall in video, the contention often called the breaking of the 4th wall, asserts but another wall of which video distinctly enacts that performance in the eternal present does not. The product of this, let's say, 5th wall to the audience's participation with the action presented through video, is perhaps most closely related to the concept of the 4th dimension in the study of Physics.

The idea of the 4th dimension in the context of Physics, to put it simply, is when the continuity of time seems to dissolve from what we often consider to be linear. The 5th wall in video acts less like a wall and more like a window, a window in which time is concurrently presented non-linearly as any moment in time that has experienced the presence of the video camera's eye. But this concept of the infinite in video is but only a refashioning of the singular and limited.

What makes the breaking of the 4th wall in the context of video so disturbing is the isolated awareness of the 5th. While an audience member suspends their disbelief of the dramatic action's fiction in the theatre, the audience to video additionally suspends their disbelief of non-linear time. Although the eternal present reflects a similar notion of a non-linear con-

cept of time, it is with the present that we understand ourselves outside of the conception of the time paradigm entirely.

Video's nonlinearity is presented through the disjointed images of past presence. The suspension of this disbelief to times nonlinearity while watching a video asserts the cognitive inability to participate in the eternal moment by falsely fulfilling our desire to do so as a voyeur to the infinite rather than as an integral and undifferentiated part. It is only in the eternal present, outside of time, that ideology cannot exist. Ideology that is synonymous with the illusion of hierarchy, of power, that structures society today. Because video falsely fulfills the viewer's urge to experience time's dissolution by the orchestrated fabrication of an infinite access to the past's presence, the viewer becomes fully consumed by antagonistic ideology. The addiction to this passive fulfillment of our desire to escape time, ideology, and the antagonism of subjectivity causes us to continue to go back to video for the high once it is over and wears off. Making us perfectly subservient to video and the ideologies which service the world they create.

It's with the preservation of time outside of the eternal moment in video, that time is understood so

acutely as to debilitate those who believe to live within it. Yet, we do not exist in time but only in the eternal present.

Video and film have come to dominate nearly all aspects of our lives. We look, in our violent way, at the objects that display video, for hours every day. We look without shame, without truly perceiving what is going on around us. It is only in the constant present, that looking illuminates the dilemma of inescapable action. Yet, video has conditioned us to hide and act out of fear.

If one is to see a subject on the street pull a gun on another subject in front of them, they will be forced to act, where even an inaction is a form of action. If someone watches a video on TV or on a phone of a subject pulling a gun on another subject, they will do nothing. They will always act by inaction, inching closer to the screen perversely waiting to see what happens next.

Today, our identities are constructed primarily by the kind of looking or observation of non-action, action that the contemporary theorist Slavoj Žižek calls Pseudo-action, the kind of action used to watch videos. People look upon endless fictions in the silent privacy of their minds where they look in a way that destroys the privacy of those on the screen.

Performers for video perform before an eye that does not look with human perversity but captures the action to be replayed infinitely for perverse eyes. This has allowed the performer to act and believe they are not being watched in the way that they soon will. A distortion to the perception of their action in the eternal moment, making the conscious understanding of their action entirely detached from the moment itself. Detached by both the action's preservation as a video within ideological time, as well as the false perception of the infinite audience of the future.

By presenting an action to be experienced in the universal, infinite, and eternal present, whether in a theatre or on the street, an audience or viewer is forced to confront the reality of the moment and their habit of looking formed by video. To be aware of this presentation, and consider one's action in the universal moment, is to be aware of one's self as a physical interloper in space, while also understanding our succinct union with the infinite.

Most often today when a scene unfolds in public that calls for action, people watch as they normally would a video. They sometimes even attempt to see the moment as a video by filming and looking through the lens of a camera. Yet, their watching is

still confronted—by the watching of someone else, and the realized consequence of what they might see. The camera cannot protect you from the eternal moment. Looking through the lens of a camera is but only an expensive piece of glass in the infinite present.

Without consequence to the perception of seeing there is no chance for real reward. For the empty looking upon a screen playing a video offers only the impression of a voyeuristic image without the wisdom of a confronted experience. To see life as a performance is to live in an environment where the audience perceives the illusionistic construction of the world through their senses in a way that those who control society attempt to limit. To perform is to cultivate community by our shared inability to experience the eternal moment without illusion, without a mask. But to embrace our failure; to reach toward the infinite, may manifest the power to dismantle the unjust fetishization of illusions such as hierarchy.

There is always a reality or moment to the illusion of time that a video captures, the audience is just not able to exist in that present. It is, though, the influential nature of seeing that causes us to feel and think in ways as if we have experienced the past in the

present moment we might be watching a video. For it is not by chance that video has so greatly grown to poison our perception of the present, but by the design of those who ultimately wield its power. With the perceptive potential to manipulation wielded by video, one can alter the public's awareness, supplementing experience with the passive impression of images. The impression one gains with video is weak compared to the participatory presence of perceptive possibility.

To destroy the power expressed upon the public by the illusory hierarchies which we are made to perceive must entail the destruction of video. We must seek the kind of looking that frightens us, makes us vulnerable, and challenges us to experience the infinite present together. Not the continued adherence to antagonistic ideology in isolation. When one performs for the camera alone, another watches the playback alone. Even if one is to watch a video with others they are all able to watch and act passively in the privacy of their minds alone. We believe to understand the idea of a global community, yet have no tangible experience of our next-door neighbors. The world and the people which inhabit it are more isolated than ever before because of video. When people are isolated, they are less dangerous. When the people of this world come together, and our power is collectivized,

the global ruling-class would be no match. They know this to be true, which is why they have employed video.

Since the inception of film technologies based on the successive observation of photographs taken at close durational intervals, its co-option by the ruling-class to control the ideals and perception of reality held by the masses can be observed.

In 1915 the earliest American film of huge commercial success, *The Birth of a Nation*, was released. The movie depicted the violent white supremacist group, the Klu Klux Klan, as the saviors of the American government from communities of Black Americans. The atrocities depicted in the film encouraged more race-related violence and prejudice across the country. The white American audience who watched the film and experienced the intoxicating effect of passive ideology consumption for the first time left the theatre enthralled by the violent inhumane ideals that the country's leaders, who had influenced the production of the film, hoped to fortify. The film's investors made enormous profits and it is still one of the most financially successful films of all time. This was only the beginning of the sinister life that video was about to take on.

Movies feed every human desire, most harmfully, people's desire for justice. As movies of racist ideological warfare against the public continued others attempted to attack the unjust violence. The passive nature that the audience became more and more accustomed to exhibiting while watching a video, made even the proximity to radical actions of justice as easy as sitting in a chair and watching a video. These attempts at using video to permeate radical justice against injustice failed to understand that it is video's fundamental perceptual quality of inaction, outside of the eternal present, that supports the violence of ideology based on antagonism, hatred, and fear. The violent ideologies presented through video could never be countered by more passive video consumption, rather it galvanized video as the perfect tool of deceptive control.

Without standing before injustice ready to fight to destroy injustice there can be no justice. For injustice thrives on passivity and inaction, and justice thrives on the opposition of injustice.

This consortium of justice and injustice gave the movie industry all the power in the world, the power to enthrall and mollify its audience in whichever way it desired, and its desires were always the protection and success of themselves and their hierarchical status.

Movies and video soon entered the home. By the mid-1980s nearly every household in America had a TV and video camcorder. The presence of the TV in the home created an even further sinking of videos controlling teeth manipulating the public's perception of themselves and their power. Having already been conditioned by movies and TV to crave the passive looking performed while watching a video created by someone else, made the idea of passively consuming one's own life through video a profound possibility. For it was with home video-making that people had the chance to either break through the screen and become the performer that acts for the uninhibited perversity of the audience's eyes or to go behind the eye of the camera dictating what was to be passively consumed.

Anyone who experienced a family member who filmed everything during this time knows the feeling of the eye of the camera creating a deep sense of isolation. In this early period of accessible video-making technologies, the discomfort felt when the eye of the camera was glued to one's candid action completely changed the ease with which one would normally perform. Although for some, the camera caused them to become possessed, performing like never before, as if no one was watching. It was then that one could

understand how the action they might be performing was to be violently shredded of the privacy of real-time in the eternal moment. The action was then carved in stone to be looked at brazenly forever. Transforming one's self and performance of the eternal moment into a symbol of ideological meaning rather than ideological potential.

Being behind the camera offered the intoxicating power to create ideology comparable to that of movies and TV. To create a document of the present that could be consumed without consequence for eternity. If you've watched old family videos from this period you probably are familiar with the nostalgia that is associated with not only the content but the overzealous ways in which the camera was used to film everything, even the most monotonous of events. As video technologies became more accessible and less novel, the whole "film everything frenzy" ended, but only to return again with greater force.

The increase to video's threshold of creative ease made for a realization of our existential incompatibility with the ideologies we were made to consume in movies and TV. It was as if what was most ideologically present in home videos was the reflection of ideology prescribed by the ruling-class fed to us in movies and TV. Everyone's home videos were only important

to themselves and failed to deliver the broad ideological dictation that many sought to mimic.

After the realization that the filming and watching of your family on video did not compare to the fulfillment of desire expedited by big video corporations, the impetus to document dwindled. But it wasn't to remain dormant forever, for as new technological platforms were to arise so was the broad access to the public's view into passive ideological consumption of one's self and one's neighbor as well as the ruling-classes knowledge of how to use this phenomenon to their own ends.

The broad accessibility of video technologies led to its uses in what we now consider to be video art. As the new art medium grew, entering the hands of the public, we saw experimental and alternative ways of understanding and presenting video. These early experiments did have radical importance historically for their disruption of the ideological power structures within the economy of art and the world of the time, but would ultimately show to fail in any radicalized actuality in the future. I used the word disruption rather than destruction previously because the term reflects the shifting or replacing of power within the same structure, where the unjust hierarchical system still re-

mains. Video art replaced the previous ideology with another new ideology within the same structure of antagonism.

Video and its function as an artwork, in its earliest form, was so new that no one had any idea what to do with it. Rich people didn't know how to sell it, or how to buy it. The ruling-class didn't know what power it had, if they should be concerned about its influence, and if they could use its influence to their own ends. Video art, in its earliest forms, instilled a new imagined landscape of what art could be. Yet, it presented all of these profound ideas to an audience who continued to look without any real association to the radical action or the consequences actual radical action in the eternal moment entails.

Video art presented radical ideology that challenged the framework of American plutocracy, as little candies you could eat, enjoy the radical flavor of, and then go on about your day as normal. The historical success of video art served to be a mechanism for selling that same historical success. Radical video art was radical art history made to be consumed with the same passive, guilt-free gaze the public and the ruling-class were used to with previous art objects. Thus, creating an influx of financial art institutions and museums costuming as cultural leaders, where their commercial

interests were successfully masked and promoted by their alignment to the docile cultural and historical achievement of video. In the end, video art was to be traded commercially all the same as any other art object. It was this failure of video that illustrated to those artists who believed in the spiritual potential of art, the imperative to abandon the art object altogether, to facilitate a truly anti-capitalist artwork of the eternal and infinite moment.

As the process of capturing and performing for video has become even more ubiquitous in the 21st century, so has the ruling-class resolved to compromise the potential for that ubiquity to threaten the structures which give them power. Many early video-sharing platforms on the internet created a new-found frontier for public media creation and consumption outside of the normative media power structures like cable TV and its corporate makeup. The home video had returned, but now the audience had access to a larger library. Yet, our desire to make and watch videos is inseparable from the inclusion of an insidious power structure that capitalizes off of the passive state in which video is consumed.

As more and more people participated with these platforms their perceptions of the world and

subjective identity were further controlled and established by the ideologies presented in video. The influx of video content from the user base meant free material for those in power to manipulate and re-present to the public while never having to participate in the act of video production itself. They figured out how to create a free labor pool, where ideology was presented even more clearly through the homogenous and familiar relationships of its users. What these platforms did, and continue to do so well, is make their users believe that they are uninhibitedly interacting with a “global” community. As these platforms and their ownership evolved and became more powerful, so did the techniques by which content was filtered, organized, and shared with each audience member. The presentation of which services the social condition that best serves the ruling-class. What was once considered to be an anti-hierarchical, “Do It Yourself” space, became completely dominated by a plutocratic rule wearing a mask of democracy.

Where home video once seemed harmless, hidden away in your grandparent’s closet- any video made using the most common filming device today is immediately part of an infinite archive in the technological cloud. The platforms by which we might watch, store and edit video stand to archive that video for as

long as that technology exists. Those who control that technology will do everything in their power to protect its existence because it keeps them in power. Where the perceived infinite audience of your grandfather's home videos was just a theoretical perception, the infinite audience of a video made today is inseparable from its creation and our understanding of ourselves.

Those early home videos and early examples of radical perceptual propositions in video art will remain important historical moments as once radical, but now outdated efforts toward a sort of egalitarianism. It was the disruption of previous ideologies that served to challenge the current framework of order, but video would only supplement old ideologies with new antagonistic ideology. As history continues, we see how short-lived those radical artworks were. The world's ruling-class constricted their grip by facilitating and wielding the power of video, the single most manipulative tool for control to ever exist. A tool that the world's people rely heavily upon in the knowledge of themselves and those around them. A knowledge that only inhibits our ultimate knowledge as one with the infinite, making us perfectly subservient pets to capital and those that control it.

Ending the Consortium

“When those possessed by envy... let their glance fall upon a person, their eyes, which are close to the soul, and draw from it the evil influence of the passion, those glances fall upon that person like poisoned arrows.”

- Plutarch, *Moralia* 4.7.3

Although I did not consider this information while researching prior to the performance of *Virgin Eye*, I do find it necessary to confront and reflect upon here. That information is the multi-cultural phenomenon of the ancient world known as the evil eye complex.

The complex proposes a mythological system of belief that seemingly traversed all ancient cultures; that of one's power to express, or the misfortune of being afflicted, by the evil eye. This expression, which was inflicted by the instinct of the beholder, was known to curse a subject who was the object of envy or jealousy.

The believers of the past and today feel that if one is to look upon them with an evil eye their relationships, business, family, and spiritual well-being could be at risk. The belief developed to include the use of images or amulets where a representation of the evil eye is drawn or inscribed in an effort to protect oneself from such affliction.

It's important to consider that in much of the ancient world, the act of seeing was thought to be an outward expression of the eye, rather than the inward observation of light translated to information we understand today. The figure of speech, "knives being thrown with one's eyes", was in fact understood much more literally in the ancient world. To examine what effect this belief had on individuals and cultures of the past, its presence in some cultures today, beyond just the carrying of amulets, allows us to arrive at some conclusion as to why such a belief was formed and persisted.

The fear of someone's jealousy-driven evil eye inflicting harm led individuals of the ancient world with great social or economic success to combat their hierarchical positions by way of generosity, charity, or the masquerading of the like. The Arabic phrase common to Muslims, *Inshallah*, which translates to, "If Allah (God) wills it", quite succinctly illustrates how one expresses good fortune as a gift of God, and not by any doing of their own, in order to avoid persecution by the felt envy of others to their success. This subtle displacement of the self as but only a conductor of God's will can be seen as a way to avoid the evil eye's curse. But the notion continues to bleed into modernity with

beliefs like Manifest Destiny- a 19th century concept that Europeans used to justify the genocide and colonization of the Americas as religious predestination.

While the Western world today understands the notion of jealousy or envy as a curse that might harm the one who wields it, it's rare that we consider the accursed effect it might as well have on the one who is the object of such envy. Although we have a different understanding of the scientific processes by which we see, I believe that the evil eye still wreaks havoc upon those who stand before its gaze. The transmutation of such gaze to the infinite gaze of the video camera's eye must as well be acknowledged to hold such a curse as the evil eye. Perhaps, this is why video has come to reign so supremely in the realm of facilitating authority and control. The evil that the ancients of the past most keenly prophesied was that of the infinite all-seeing evil eye, the eye of the surveillance state.

In the early stages of *Virgin Eye's* development, I recall a moment when I considered the effect of the camera's eye if it were to replace or accompany my eye. The two together might illustrate the way the camera's eye has hoarded a capacity for evil far beyond what the human eye alone is capable of. For the audi-

ence, I wonder which gaze would they find to be more violent? more inviting? It is through the eye of the camera that one can transmute their own expression of the evil eye, toward the infinitely singular expression of video.

In the eternal moment, the camera's eye only holds potential. Sure, for good or evil, but in the eternal moment, outside of time, it's just potential. In time, the video simultaneously embodies both, not as a negation as is understood in the eternal moment, but as the simultaneous fetishization of the polarities against each other.

The expression of both good and evil transmuted through video should only be understood as evil, on the grounds that evil persists on good's passivity and inaction. For when good remains passive evil can find expression while maintaining the status of good as a still potentiality because evil needs good in order to exist. Passivity or inaction here should as well be understood as Pseudo-activity or Pseudo-action. Pseudo-activity is fundamentally an action but it is an action that is done knowing that one should be performing a different activity. Like when you go for a walk but know you have to do your taxes, or scroll on your phone when you know you have to review some spreadsheet, or when you wake up and put on clothes

to go to your office job where you do nothing all day instead of collectively organizing by a principle of each according to their abilities to each according to their needs.

When one watches a video they are experiencing the total state of Pseudo-activity. The video spoon feeds emotion, information, and experience. Experiences that did exist as actions of the eternal moment once when it was filmed, but when consumed as video, leave one to experience the eternal moment they are in for what it is not. Where the activity of consuming video can become a direct action of the moment is when one begins to think critically about what they are seeing. Rather than thinking you are sitting on the couch watching someone tell a joke to you, you think how you are sitting on a couch in a specific part of the world, as a specific physical being with specific characteristics, watching a collection of pixels flashing images rapidly from a rectangular object in your hand that makes you laugh. The active experience of watching a video though often ruins the fun. So to think this way while watching a video is rarely done.

This critical thinking constitutes an action of the moment on the grounds that it fundamentally understands the distance of the moments which the video presents from the one you are in. If one is to

be swayed by the contents of a video without the necessary consideration of the video's fiction they have fallen into Pseudo-activity, of which the most harmful is perhaps where a video sways a viewer towards sentiments of good/justice or its necessity. The Pseudo-active performance of justice/good, or its insistence, through video gives evil uncontested domination over the domain of the eternal moment.

I will reiterate that my use of the terms good and evil here should be understood as such: Contrary to Western or Christian ideals of good and evil, it is my belief that good or justice is not at war with evil to win and reign supreme, but endeavors to destroy the illusion of the binary itself. Good then fights for the good of all, including those that are evil. Evil conversely fights with good but needs the opposition of good to continue to exist. Evil then wages against good, but never fully destroys good, continually upholding the idea as to protect the illusion of hierarchy and power which evil facilitates. To fight for good on the singular notion of opposing evil is itself an act of evil.

What the ancient rulers understood about the evil eye is that the only way to combat it was to make one's audience view one's self with a good eye, but it was the good eye which insisted upon the evil one. Perhaps, it was this belief that led hierarchical leaders

to start the sleight-of-hand performance of evil behind closed doors, behind smoke and mirrors of good. Where their gestures of charity and goodness are just elaborate ways to maintain evil while seeming to evade the accountability of the people's evil eyes. Those false philanthropists would only ever put a bandaid on a problem because to fix the problem would strip them of their power and not require such philanthropy.

A resulting phenomenon of our modern world, by the process of the evil eye's transmutation through video, is one's inability to perceive its affliction, or the misunderstanding of the affliction entirely. Not only can one believe to transmute their gaze to the eye of the camera, as well one can perceive a false sense of dismissal to the eyes which confront the video to which they perform. Not only does the eye of the camera facilitate eyes to shamelessly gaze upon a video for as long as the technology exists, it specifically facilitates a sense of the eternal present that is not negated by the illusion of a video's infinite digital nature but uses the false conception of the infinite to fetishize the notion of the present in video outside of the actual eternal present that we exist in. Nostalgia, experienced by the observance of video or the eternal presence of the past, has come to trap many to the point where

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they can no longer appreciate the moment until it is gone. We hold regard for the moment only once it can be replayed infinitely at our perverse will. Such displacement further increases the odds that such watching eyes upon a video will be evil.

“The Spectacle is not a collection of images; it is a social relation between people that is mediated by images.”

“In societies where modern conditions of production prevail, life is presented as an immense accumulation of spectacles.”

- Guy Debord

“In wrestling. As on the stage in antiquity, one is not ashamed of one’s suffering, one knows how to cry, one has a liking for tears.”

“There is no more a problem of truth in wrestling than in the theatre.”

- Roland Barthes, *The World of Wrestling*, 1972

My most formative experience with the illusion of hierarchy came from my competing as a wrestler in my youth. Wrestling, as a sport, most succinctly represents what many idealize in the conception of an objective hierarchy. Where winning is synonymous with survival and losing is death; the illusion of an objective system for quantifying value. Those that believe in hierarchy believe in objectivity and employ hierarchy as its proof.

What firstly, and always, strikes me as the most absurd in this belief is the reality that everyone will die; everyone will lose. If winning is a metaphor for escaping death, such avoidance can only go on for so long, until finally, one falls into the grasp of the reaper. The wish to see the hierarchy as defined objectively most clearly illustrates how the construction of hierarchy itself is both founded and facilitates the lie that one can find salvation through over-identification with subjectivity; that one's subjectivity can be saved

beyond death.

As a young man, I trained and dedicated nearly all of my time and energy to the sport of wrestling. I found myself at the top of the illusory hierarchy sometimes, as well as its illusory bottom. What is always lost in the romanticized ideal of an objective hierarchy is the subjective reality that such illusion never includes the full experience of perceiving in the eternal moment.

Although one can compete at an event that claims to be a world championship, one must be unwise to believe that there was not someone out there, at that moment, who could beat them. Yet often it is this ignorance that is necessary to win a world championship. The position on top is as infinitely fleeting as the eternal moment. As soon as one has won, they have simultaneously been sent back down to the bottom. There is only the infinite and eternal truth of potential. To believe in the illusion of objectivity defined by the illusion of hierarchy is to fetishize the singular and isolated with an infinite landscape.

The perpetual inability to win, intentional antagonism towards those seen as a threat, and the repeated attempt to climb a summit which cannot be reached, are defining characteristics of one who believes to stand atop the podium of objectivity.

Where wrestling made clear to me the illusory qualities of an ideology or illusion of hierarchy, it also showed me that failure is the only outcome that offers real fulfillment. To achieve salvation one must not seek the illusion of salvation but realize that salvation can only be found in the searching itself.

While everyone has to walk away from the sport of wrestling at some point, whether to pursue other opportunities, retirement, or death, they will reach that ultimate failure. No matter how many world championships one has won in the past, it is not the glorified theatre of hierarchy that has the biggest impact, but having learned the insistent pride in one's own constant efforts.

Art is the constant attempt to understand the infinite; the inevitable failure to do so. An understanding that can never be attained. Yet, through such failure and joyful effort one might realize the infinite not as separate from their being, but as a part of it.

I began thinking and writing on the philosophy of Collage as it pertains to the context of nearly all contemporary art, as well as the subsequent contemporary phenomena of perceived time and/or history. As our conception of history has delineated due to the growing multitudes of perceptual mechanisms in the industrialized world, our linear and clear recognition of time has been dismantled revealing the nonlinearity of the infinite. Although, we don't take this expression of nonlinearity for its infinite potential, but fetishize the potential infinite singular, only continuing hierarchy's insidious reign.

Our notion of nonlinearity is understood by the process of living in controlled infinite time; ideology. Where we are made to understand the infinite nature of ideology in order to hide and protect the underlying Capitalist ideology which sustains society's hierarchical rule. Our understanding of nonlinearity through things like the internet and video has com-

pelled us to see the world and ourselves through the process of fetishizing the singular as having an infinite determination but still retaining the illusion where an individual is quantified against the rest. It is here, with the philosophy of Collage, that I have come to realize the dangers of what seems to be a modern or contemporary phenomenological habit.

Collage, like all forms of art-making, came originally from the desire to understand our experience of the infinite universe through our ability to alter it. In Collage's earliest forms, practiced primarily by those either uneducated in formal art and its histories or for purely their own enjoyment, material from anywhere and everywhere could be used to create a Frankenstein's monster of their own. Although the term Collage most notably references the cutting and pasting of paper, the philosophy fairly quickly evolved to encompass much more.

After the cyclical collapse of an illusory hierarchy post World War II, the European avant-garde proposed Collage as a radical constituent for the new world's rulers and riches. Though most of the avant-garde works of Collage at this time were of the traditional cut paper or found objects, it wasn't long before the notion of performance and ideology in time

and space itself could be considered as material for alteration, and ultimately claimed authority over.

As the post-war world continued to become more connected and perceptually smaller through the advent of industry and technology, much of the world's population became more aware of the world's diverse ideological makeup and the subsequent complexities in communicating or performing such ideology. History itself began to increasingly exist in smaller and smaller pieces, even amidst efforts by the ruling powers to censor and control. The only possible solution to handle this material from the perspective of those wishing to retain their control was the welcoming of the ever-growing philosophy of Collage.

This newfound philosophy, which succinctly explained the ways in which a culture could evolve in the ever-growing modern world while still remaining under the ideology of oppression, allowed the ruling powers to champion a sense of diversity and multiplicity while never fearing the destruction of their rule. While the philosophy of Collage served to illustrate the deconstruction of history's linearity it was precisely by the nature of deconstruction that a new platform arose on which the modern world's rulers would find their throne. Collage, rather than destroying the fetishization of singular antagonistic ideology, allowed

for one to observe the immense web of ideology growing in the distance, which continues to be sewn by the industrial world today, while continuing to adhere to the illusion of ideological antagonism. By supplanting the notion of nonlinearity to the belief that any ideology could embody any other ideology, Collage seemingly destroyed authorship by allowing anyone to be the author of anything; the ultimate fetishization of authorship. This ideological web then, although seeming quite infinite and complex, is in fact not. Behind the performative gesturing toward the facilitation of a diverse ideological landscape are the deceptive structures that insist not on a global connectedness of community but a global connectedness of control.

This notion of a collaged ideological landscape would prove to greatly disorient our understanding and relationships to ideology leading us to, perhaps, what could be the most violent encounter with chaos humanity has yet seen. Today we are experiencing the totalizing effect of an ideological landscape where it is impossible to pin down any ideological belief outside of all the others, or rather an ideology can be fashioned to mean even its opposite. The vehicles by which ideology is created and disseminated have always been capable of this paradoxical embodiment of opposites by the nature of their illusory quality and

the nature of the infinite, yet now the infinite nature is being used to protect the subservience to ideology.

Collage falsely insists on the destruction of authorship or authority by simultaneously aggrandizing such singularity by way of fetishizing the process of selecting any determinant author as the author of anything. The reality behind this still illusion is that the notion of the author still remains a tactile imperative to the end result. In order for the infinite to be enacted in accordance with its nature, no singular thing can be determined or fetishized as an authority. Everyone is the author of everything and nothing in the eternal moment.

Why subjects wishing to fortify and continue ideologies of hierarchy and control use Collage is due in part to Collage's well-fitting parameters of championing subjectivity as represented by an antagonistic object or ideology in which one is believed to have captured a remnant of the essence of subjectivity in time. Such an illusion of capturing acts as a transference both to the subject as object as well as object as subject. The fetishization of the object or subject's illusory success contends to determine and source the illusion of quantified value within a hierarchical system.

A system that necessitates the illusion of subjectivity in place of the infinite.

Although ideologies of hierarchy and antagonism initially served as the ideological web of today's structure, how we have come to relate to those ideologies is radically different from their original form. If one were to cut out a photo of a model from a magazine and paste it on a piece of paper next to a picture of a dog, the picture may seem to remain an image of the same person that was in the magazine, but what that picture communicated ideologically has been altered and transformed into something else entirely. Because the original image maintains no concrete ideological meaning, but only the infinite potential, this ideological evolution is possible, yet only when the subject who adheres to such ideology does not understand the nature of the infinite. A performance of inclusion, solidarity, or justice of the past re-performed today does not carry the same ideological meaning. Yet, this very lack of awareness of the differences is what the ruling-class abuses in order to protect their power.

Like a spider's web, even if a few of the strings are cut, the structure largely stays intact. The only way to destroy the web is to sever all the strings that hold it up.

In the early period of ancient Rome's rise to power, what separated them from other groups was their insistence on absorbing conquered groups into their own, recognizing that the strongest form of domination is through the false pretense of inclusion or community to strengthen and continually build hierarchical rule. Such things as the nuclear family, sports team fandom, or any bureaucratic system of communion, isolates our desire to understand ourselves as one with the infinite to falsely fulfill such desire as a way to increase their power and control.

To truly understand one's self in communion with the infinite, the individual must retain their deep infinite individuality. This notion of being infinitely different from everything else creates the vulnerability necessary for one to seek community earnestly. True community must only be formed by the precise defiance of its members to fall into the trap of rigid ideological adherence as well as the synchronization with

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others of the group out of fear and to source power. It's here, where although everyone finds infinite differences with everyone and everything else, each participant puts their differences aside because they desire the benefits of union, but what creates the universal connection of the community is that everyone embodies an infinite difference creating the singular shared union by each member of infinite difference.

“True generosity exists precisely in fighting to destroy the causes which nourish false charity. False charity constrains the fearful and subdued, the ‘rejects of life’, to extend their trembling hands. True generosity lies in striving so that these hands—whether of individuals or entire peoples—need be extended less and less in supplication, so that more and more they become human hands which work and, working, transform the world.”

- Paulo Freire, *Pedagogy of the Oppressed* 1970

Whether it's by science, religion, or war we are proven to only exist in the strange and eternal moment. Behind our archetypal suffering, there is nothing. Just another archetype considering the nature by which we perceive the world *ad infinitum*. So what comes of such shuddering in the face of time's dissolution? Where do we resolve to end the cycle, or rather where do we find ourselves perpetually gratified in the infinite rise and fall? Perhaps one of history's most popular fables teaches us that divinity is not something to be found or understood but resides in our capacity for compassion in the infinite eternal moment, even amidst the most agonizing of falls. It's in the moment of total fear or pain that we have the power to see through the illusory binary of order and chaos by practicing total compassion for the infinite universe and our place within it for eternity.

What scares us most is the fact that there is really nothing to collage, nothing to remember ourselves

by, nothing to remember the ones we have loved, no time, no space, no subjective self. But deep down that fear comes from the inability to face our knowing that we will at once remain always and forever in the infinite universe where such desires themselves are only but passing illusions of the minds we carry temporarily.

People are most susceptible to antagonistic ideology when they are pacified by the illusory act of compassion unto them, but it's only through our own learning to practice the expression of total compassion to others that we find salvation from within.

Excerpt from Jean-Paul Sartre's
Being and Nothingness 1943

“What are we then if we have the constant obligation to make ourselves what we are if our mode of being is having the obligation to be what we are? Let us consider this waiter in the cafe. His movement is quick and forward, a little too precise, a little too rapid. He bends forward a little too eagerly; his voice, his eyes express an interest a little too solicitous for the order of the customer. Finally there he returns, trying to imitate in his walk the inflexible stiffness of some kind of automaton while carrying his tray with the recklessness of a tight-rope-walker by putting it in a perpetually unstable, perpetually broken equilibrium which he perpetually re-establishes by a light movement of the arm and hand. All this behavior seems to us a game. He applies himself to changing his movements as if they were mechanisms, the one regulating the other; his

gestures and even his voice seems to be mechanisms; he gives himself the quickness and pitiless rapidity of things. He is playing, he is amusing himself. But what is he playing? We need not watch long before we can explain it: he is playing at *being* a waiter in a cafe. There is nothing there to surprise us.”

While on a winter trip to Maine in 2022, with my girlfriend Maggie, to visit a friend who was house-sitting for another friend, I came up with the idea to perform *136 Theatrical Gunshots*.

While reading a variety of books, of which I cannot exactly recall, I came to consider my experience as an audience-performer in theatrical events of the past. Although I did not frequent the theatre as a child my mother did take me to see a few musicals and ballets. The most notable memory of the outings was my intense fear of loud and shocking noises. I am not exactly sure where or when this fear was instilled but I have one clear memory of this fear and the disturbance my anticipation caused me.

At an amateur high school performance of the musical *West Side Story*, sometime before the play began, I must have inquired to my mother furiously about the potential of a loud noise. So much so that she was able to confirm that there would be a sound

and at which time it was to be set off. On cue, before the theatrical gunshot was performed, my mother took me out of the theatre into the hall, where we remained until the noise had passed.

While considering this memory I came to the conclusion that I might ritualistically perform a theatrical representation of the gunshots, of which I was so greatly afraid to experience, as the total dramatic action of a performance.

I began to consider the details of such a theatrical action in the coming months. I decided upon the specifics of actors, a carved wooden dummy handgun for the shooter, and a small wooden slapstick to create the popping sound. My decision to use only the material of wood was to insistently define the action's theatricality.

Not long before I conceived this work I had read of a grave event occurring on a Hollywood movie set where a performer fired a blank from a gun which then sent a fragment of the blank to take someone else's life. In the instance of this movie, and the theatrical performance of this gunshot, it was imperative that the mind of the audience be unaware of the actions' theatricality. The cast and crew of such folly paid the ultimate price for such insincerity.

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“To lie sincerely is the euphoria of *the art of the theatre.*” Says the playwright and critic Howard Baker.

For myself, the theatricality of the action is just as important as the real-world counterpart of which the theatrical action liberates.

I arrived to determine the parameters of the space in which the performance was to be held, erecting a large wall with an opening where a curtain could be opened and closed. One performer to theatrically shoot the gun, and the other, myself, to enact the slapstick in unison.

A very precise decision came at the orchestration of the two in the physical relationship with each other as well as the audience. I felt it unwise for the wooden gun to at any point be directed at the audience or any unclear yet metaphorical target. The wooden gun was then set to be pointed at my head from close range perpendicular to the audience. Whereas I, holding the slapstick, faced the audience looking off into the distance toward a large mirror which was positioned permanently on the opposing wall of the club.

When reflecting on the performance after the fact, I came to bear the connections with what were recent considerations to the nature of mantra or a sort

of holy repetition. For some time before the performance, I had been practicing the recitation of songs that were often in the fashion of repetition or mantra. The cycle of the gunshots thus proposes a metaphor for the cycles which seemingly govern the universe. Where the binary is often misrepresented in all things, leaving out the third force which catalyzes the change between the two; from birth to death to rebirth.

Such an effect, in regards to the theatrical performance of repetitive gunshots, illustrates what is counterintuitive to much ideological understanding of death as the end, as the opposite of life, to be feared and avoided at all costs. But, none of us will find a way to avoid it, yet the infinite eternal part of ourselves will. For, no matter one's subjective efforts to evade the boney grips of death, it will find us all in some moment, a moment quite like this one we are in now. For the audience to witness a dramatic action in repetition referencing such a metaphor as eternal infinite life, not only constitutes the great presence of the eternal moment but the infinite nature of such a moment even beyond death. For only in time does death occur, and time is only an illusory idea created by our minds' imagination.

Upon the performance of each pop of the

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slapstick the shock and disturbance of the popping onto the audience becomes less and less, until the noise rings calmly in one's mind like a continual flow of water. The fear, which my young self could not face, is repeated until it dissolves.

A tree knows the light
but does not need to see.
Its roots dig into darkness,
yet knows it's for its leaves.

Despite the difference in its parts
the difference makes the tree.
The tree does not express itself
different than the sea.

Our leaves which wish to know the light
have led us to be sick.
But when we die within the earth
the light shine strong and thick.

No empire of our sickly ways
has perished, become stone,
yet turned stone into weapons
of which no darkness can be known.

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For violence heeds the bath of light
to make believe its fear,
but fear has made to turn the knife
upon one's gentle ear.

Slowly as the sense is cut
what's left is just one's sight,
and when the eyes are severed from
the mind forgets the light.

Our gnashing eyes, our hearts the song,
we make believe the truth.
No longer can we hear the sounds
once heard within our youth.

For eyes do see the rhythmic twitch,
yet only as its shadow.
When light has smoldered from the stick
our movement can't be followed.

We wish to see as wielding, wise,
as flames which we have made
but cannot see where we have burned
directions for the way.

On this path we think we know
we venture from the dark
but in the dark our soul is quenched
misguidance finds the mark.

I was moved to consider the beginning framework of the performance *Invisible World* while attending a musical performance by my friend Eli Sheppard. The musical performance took place in the space where I would later perform *Invisible World*. The space was a modest, yet cavernous community performance space attached to the Summerfield Methodist Church in Philadelphia, PA. The building, built in the mid 19th-century, contains beautiful stonework with a fragrant presence of the past. In the theatre area is loose chair seating, an upper balcony, and a small raised wooden stage. I sat in awe while in attendance to Eli's wonderful performance and knew that I must orchestrate a performance for the space of my own.

After much deliberation and research, I became interested in collaborating with a Barbershop quartet called ResoNation. Given my long-held interest in the writing and singing of Acapella songs,

it seemed only fitting that I work with a group who shared in that similar passion. Given the nature of such a collaboration, I felt that it was important for the quartet to pick and perform songs that pertained to their interests and faculties. After considering the audience's participation in *136 Theatrical Gunshots* by the aforementioned infinite and eternal moment, where repetition becomes stillness, I was drawn to present an action as to invert what is the often habitual expectation of the audience by transforming stillness itself into action.

It is at once that the audience to both the theatre and art-objects seeks to witness and consume a fetishized illusory representation of objective-subjectivity, so as to confirm their own antagonistic illusion of subjectivity. An art-object, such as a painting or sculpture, presents subjectivity to the audience as successfully aligned to our habitual illusion; as a fetishized illusion of subjectivity captured and retained in an object. As ideology can be understood as corresponding directly to the illusory construction of subjectivity, so too does the audience construct the grounds for ideological transference by their participation as subjective witness.

In the theatre, this process occurs with the added element where the vessel which communicates

or delivers ideological meaning, is experienced by the psychological pretense of the suspending of disbelief to the dramatic action's fiction. The phenomena of this suspension seems to be enacted by not only the response to the physical setting of theatrical circumstance but by what action is subsequently observed in such a theatrical setting. Where the audience comes prepared to exhibit such psychological processes, the dramatic action they bear witness to must call upon or draw out such a process as to reach its most potent expression.

As a teenager, and still to this day, when I go to see the more traditional presentations of the theatre, I experience the deep desire to witness one of the actors mess up a line, fall down, or for some set piece to malfunction. It's as though this desire comes from the theatre's successful drawing out of my suspension of disbelief, but such a suspension seems to always be teetering on the edge of combustion.

I began to consider how similarly strange it might be if this pretense was never drawn out where it is unconsciously prepared for. While one's own understanding of antagonistic subjectivity might work on a similar process of suspending disbelief to the antagonism itself, why does one so smoothly transition from the theatrical suspension, ostensibly a negation of the

processes rendering one unaware of objective union, to the continued habit of subjectivity?

On the *Invisible World* stage was a small three-walled set which measured approximately, 10 feet by 8 feet by 3 feet. I sat in a chair in a costume that I wear regularly; a pair of jeans and a T-shirt. Prior to the audience's entry, I had instructed the quartet, four men aged approximately 50 to 65 each wearing a blue polo, on what would be the vision for the show. Explaining to them was, perhaps, the best exercise in translating my previous thoughts with concision and directness. By positioning the quartet in the audience, as if members of the audience, the physical disruption of attention and spectacle would make more clear what is often not. As for myself on the stage, I was to sit and perform as one does habitually in the audience.

After the audience received a single dollar bill upon entry and found their seats, I addressed and thanked them for coming. I sat down and acted in silence and subtle stillness while looking out across the faces of those who had come to perform as the audience. After sitting and looking, I upon the audience and them upon me, for approximately 30 to 60 seconds, the quartet stood and began to sing. While the audience, in these early moments, found themselves

deeply attentive to the magnificent song emanating from the quartet, they as well had to confront my performance on the stage where their habit of attention was directed.

By asking the audience to prepare to undergo the process of negating their suspension of disbelief to their union with the infinite, then denying the traditional initiations of the process, an environment was created where the audience and myself experienced an uncanny feeling of intimacy yet total isolation. As soon as some sort of respite was felt by the consolation of the quartet, as an accepted action of observation, the physical and ideological/hierarchical disruption brought malaise. This discomfort was primarily embodied in the strange dance of our eyes. The forced retraction of guilt by which one looks upon something too strongly that they were not invited.

Similar to the tension which enacts my often-felt desire to witness the sudden unexpected or unplanned failure on the theatre stage, by never attempting to draw out the process of negation in the theatrical setting, by failing to do it, the audience confronts what would be the latent expectations which initiate the psychological process. By foiling the process one does not negate the suspension of disbelief in objective union but experiences their isolated desire to do so often ful-

filled by the theatre.

While in the instance of *Invisible World*, we, as participants, didn't understand ourselves in objective union with the infinite universe, but were presented with a strange moment where our awareness of the often unconscious process is displayed before us. I say 'we' because, although I was on stage, I was similarly confronted with the redacted ideology of the theatre, as well as the redacted psychological process of performing as the theatrical objective-subject by performing instead as the subjective observer, equally experiencing the uneasiness of the disruption and confrontation with the habitual expectation.

“Dualism of visible and invisible. This turning in of the Puritan on himself, this humiliation and self-examination, had its opposite momentum toward contemplation and peace. In the Valley of the Shadow of Death I may see the irrational beauty of life.”

- Susan Howe, excerpt from *My Emily Dickinson*,
1985

After I had previously supplanted myself to the action of the audience in *Invisible World*, I began to consider how, in an almost direct reversal, drawing the audience to witness my actions, what is traditionally their own, may further illustrate their habitual psychological action as exemplified by the theatre's theatricality. *A Light-Washed Shadow* manifests a second, more refined, iteration of the ideas leading toward *Invisible World*, yet its gesture may call for a wholly different response.

By allowing the audience to enter from backstage, to then be seated on the stage amidst a more traditional theatrical stage set, as well as in a much more traditional theatre, the initial disruption of the audience's witnessing role is dispelled into the foreign and novel right away. While I, the only person present in the audience house seats before the stage, look upon the audience in a similar way to that of *Invisible World* while going on to employ exaggerated actions of the

audience's most varied and emotive practices. It is the audience on the stage that perhaps sees me, prior to any divested action, as that of the audience, but must confront what were their own expectations for psychological action before arrival.

For the audience to immediately enter into the physical reverse of their habitual expectation, so too is reversed their unconscious preparation to suspend disbelief in the dramatic action's fiction. Yet, in this environment, the unconscious is dispelled further, drawn out by my pantomime performance while constantly returning to the dissolution of their expectations. Where in *Invisible World* the audience slowly unspooled certain expectations, *A Light-Washed Shadow* emphatically squashes them right away, only to then slowly tease back what they know. My hope is that it isn't exactly what they thought they knew that returns but a reframing and transforming of the knowledge by a manipulation of the psychological processes habitually performed.

By defiling the expectation of the theatre's physical hierarchy right away the audience might be able to set aside expectations immediately, as to see a more traditional theatrical action with a much clearer unencumbered conscience. Thus, the liminal distinction between the theatre and life is revealed as more

illusory than one often believes.

If it's wings you want, steal a bird.
Do with the wings what you desire.
Spend endless hours on the science of attaching them
to your back.

Once it is done you will feel the same
and wonder what it would be like to breathe under-
water.

Fashion the wings to someone else,
and you might fly as far as you'd like,
never feeling the pain of attachment.

Beware of those
who try to help suture wings on your back
only so that they may fly by you without repercussion.

Beware the salesman's honey
who has retained the color of his nose.

Excerpt from *The Theater of Cruelty* (First Manifesto)
by Antonin Artaud 1958

“We cannot go on prostituting the idea of theater whose only value is in its excruciating, magical relation to reality and danger.

Put in this way, the question of the theater ought to arouse general attention, the implication being that theater, through its physical aspect, since it requires expression in space (the only real expression, in fact), allows the magical means of art and speech to be exercised organically and altogether, like renewed exorcisms. The upshot of all this is that theater will not be given its specific powers of action until it is given its language.

That is to say: instead of continuing to rely upon texts considered definitive and sacred, it is essential to put an end to the subjugation of the theater to the text, and to recover the notion of a kind of unique

language half-way between gesture and thought.

This language cannot be defined except by its possibilities for dynamic expression in space as opposed to the expressive possibilities of spoken dialogue. And what the theater can still take over from speech are its possibilities for extension beyond words, for development in space, for the dissociative and vibratory action upon the sensibility. This is the hour of intonations, of a word's particular pronunciation. Here too intervenes (besides the auditory language of sounds) the visual language of objects, movements, attitudes, and gestures, but on condition that their meanings, their physiognomies, their combinations be carried to the point of becoming signs, making a kind of alphabet out of these signs. Once aware of this language in space, language sounds, cries, lights, onomatopoeia, the theater must organize it into veritable hieroglyphs, with the help of characters and objects. And make use of their symbolism and interconnections in relation to all organs and on all levels.

The question, then, for the theater, is to create a metaphysics of speech, gesture and expression, in order to rescue it from its servitude to psychology and "human interest." But all this can be no use unless behind such an effort there is some kind of real metaphysical inclination, an appeal to certain unhabitual

ideas, which by their very nature cannot be limited or even formally depicted. These ideas which touch on Creation, Becoming, and Chaos, are all of a cosmic order and furnish a primary notion of a domain from which the theater is now entirely alien. They are able to create a kind of passionate equation between Man(-Woman), Society, Nature, and Objects.

It is not, moreover, a question of bringing metaphysical ideas directly onto the stage, but of creating what you might call temptations, indraughts of air around these ideas. And humor with its anarchy, poetry with its symbolism and its images, furnish a basic notion of ways to channel the temptation of these ideas.

We must speak now about the uniquely material side of this language—that is, about all the ways and means it has of acting upon the sensibility.

It would be meaningless to say that it includes music, dance, pantomime, or mimicry. Obviously it uses movement harmonies, rhythms, but only to the point that they can concur in a sort of central expression without advantage for any one particular art. This does not at all mean that it does not use ordinary actions, ordinary passions, but like a springboard uses them in the same way that *Humor as Destruction* can serve to reconcile the corrosive nature of laughter to

the habits of reason.

By an altogether Oriental means of expression, this objective and concrete language of the theater can fascinate and ensnare the organs. It flows into the sensibility. Abandoning Occidental usages of speech, it turns words into incantations. It extends the voice. It utilizes the vibrations and qualities of the voice. It wildly tramples rhythms underfoot. It pile-drives sounds. It seeks to exalt, to benumb, to charm, to arrest the sensibility. It liberates a new lyricism of gesture which, by its precipitation or its amplitude in the air, ends by surpassing the lyricism of words. It ultimately breaks away from the intellectual subjugation of the language, by conveying the sense of a new and deeper intellectuality which hides itself beneath the gestures and signs, raised to the dignity of particular exorcisms.

For all this magnetism, all this poetry, and all these direct means of spellbinding would be nothing if they were not used to put the spirit physically on the track of something else, if the true theater could not give us the sense of creation of which we possess only one face, but which is completed on other levels.

And it is of little importance whether these other levels are really conquered by the mind or not, i.e., by the intelligence; it would diminish them, and that has neither interest nor sense. What is import-

ant is that, by positive means, the sensitivity is put in a state of deepened and keener perception. And this is the very object of the magic and the rites of which the theater is only a reflection.”

“Buster plainly is a man inclined towards a belief in nothing but mathematics and absurdity... like a number that has always been searching for the right equation. Look at his face—as beautiful but as inhuman as a butterfly—and you see that utter failure to identify sentiment.”

- Film critic David Thomson on Buster Keaton's style of comedy.

Our performance of self is so fragile to assume even the slightest continuity within the day-to-day. The author and mystic, Robert Anton Wilson, in his book *Quantum Psychology*, posits that there are as many as four separate personalities or information systems with which most individuals can find themselves returning to at any given moment in time.

The first system is the Oral Bio-Survival system. This system reflects the process by which infants and toddlers begin to explore and understand their surroundings by placing things in their mouths, touching things, and testing things like weight and gravitational force by picking things up and throwing them. A person's relationship to this stage and the subsequent desire to move beyond this stage, or to retract out of comfort, has shown surprising correlations to ideological association as an adult.

The second system is the Anal Territorial System. This process of worldly understanding regards

the synergetic imprint developed by toilet training and what Freud calls “anality” or sadomasochism. Such imprints can relatively determine one’s perceptual understanding of an illusory paradigm of dominant or submissive. When this imprint or system is activated later in life the illusion of a psychological binary can be observed. This mammalian inclination to perceive this power binary is often used to influence the masses by political or social rulers to illustrate their power or social prowess.

The third system is the Semantic Time-Binding System. This system represents the imprint on an individual as they become aware of social symbols and methods of communication representing both physical and metaphysical ideas. This system of imprinting continues long into one’s life. It is the most influential system revealing the complicated effects symbols have on directing our self-identification.

The fourth system is the Socio-Sexual System. This system represents the imprint of the biological process developed in puberty and the individual’s subsequent relationship to such a process.

All of these systems of imprinting or conditioning together create an array of personality possibilities in any given individual performance at any time.

In one instance someone may be triggered to respond as the Oral Submissive self, and in another instance, act upon the Semantic/rational self. As Wilson states succinctly, “Quantum Mechanics says an electron has a different ‘essence’ every time we measure it.” So might we then see our own identities as the same?

What makes for a congruent performance of self through self-observation is the observance of one’s conditioned imprints fluctuating seamlessly. The congruence ends when the ideological self of one performance finds itself in another where it is not typically found or performed. What the actor or actress of the theatre practices is the conjuring of such selves at any given moment without the critical self-restriction of having to act in accord with what is habitually proper.

What limits the effects of this disruption for the actor or actress beyond the theatre is the psychological notion of the theatre itself. It is the psychological space of the theatre that would have, say, the friend of some actress in a show, not totally disturbed by witnessing her friend who she believes to know, acting as someone totally different on the stage. While the fictitious necessity of the theatre, in order to act out of accord with one’s congruent presentation of self, is not necessary for the cognitive dissonance with which one

needs in order to act out of accord with their identified self, it is with the theatre that a level of experimentation can be achieved without societies consequences of such performative disorganization.

The incongruent presentations of selfhood in the 21st century have become a part of the Semantic imprint system. The age of the Internet and Social media performance has made anti-self selfhood a fashion by which ideological enterprise has fixed to evolve and control.

Like the notion of the ideological web, the web of self-hood that seeks the harmony of non-essence or infinite-essence can be falsely fulfilled through the sleight-of-hand illusion created by the ideological fetishization of an infinite singular ideology. The self then, while not adhering to the understanding of total self-hood outside of an ideological self, finds total self-hood as an infinite closet with which to try on an infinite amount of selves. What then becomes of all ideological selves is akin to a cloak. The infinite ideological self forms to the imprinted ideological disposition presenting a surface expression of any ideological self while continuing to be a result of the original ideological imprint. This Semantic imprinting evolution will fulfill what is perhaps the end of Semantic

imprinting altogether. Perhaps the end of ideological control by its own self-destruction. For it is the infinite ideological ideology outside of the theatre which creates the ultimate army subservient to ideology where ideology's only natural imperative is to remain in opposition to some apparition of itself. When all ideology can be perceived as any ideology, all that it is left to oppose is itself.

Like the author and social theorist, Vivek Chibber, proposes, it is not that ideology remains a result or proponent of Capitalism and class hierarchy but a uniquely singular and fetishized representation of our desire to know the unknown. Where any assertion of knowing, even if it is unknown knowing, results in the dysfunction of community. It is only in the total knowing, or the not-knowing, that some sort of coalescence with the infinite becomes a beacon by which to live and organize.

“The world never really emerged,
nor will it undergo dissolution.

There’s really no one who’s bound,
no one seeking enlightenment,
And no one who becomes enlightened.

This is the highest truth.”

- Gaudapada’s Karika
on the Mandukya Upanishad 2-32

On the day a boy named Rumi was born, his father, the King, was off embracing a fierce battle with a neighboring kingdom. Many of King Raghava's followers believe that right at the exact moment Rumi was born the King slit the throat of their most hated enemy's leader, ending one of the greatest wars of their time.

On returning home, the King felt empty. After all of his conquests, he felt an infinite longing and did not allow anyone to speak to him. As he stepped into the room of which bore his wife and first son, the King proceeded into his large closet without even a glance at his newly born son. The Queen's nurses and midwives looked to her disturbed by the King's blatant disinterest. After a few moments, the King returned from the closet and approached the small infant. He looked onto the head but for a few moments then exited the room saying nothing to the Queen or anyone else. While the Queen knew of the King's temperament after long excursions of battle she had hoped that the

birth of their first son would impose a small amount of joy in the King's disposition.

As the years went on the King became more and more concerned with the attack of neighboring armies, spending nearly all of his time training and organizing his men. On the celebrations of Rumi's birthday, the King would sit far at the other end of the table speaking to his most respected generals about plans for defense and attack. This drove the Queen to feel disdain for the King but because of his absence, she could not even express to him her frustration.

One afternoon when Rumi was about five years old he woke from his room where he was to be taking a nap and ventured out into the hall of the great castle. While walking he found no one around except for a soft whispering through the hall in the distance. Rumi walked to where the sound was coming, and from the doorway to a leisure chamber, saw the King looking into a mirror repeating something softly to himself. The King, on noticing Rumi, became upset, screaming and marching furiously toward the young boy nearly chasing him all the way back to his room.

That evening when the Queen came to find her son shaken and disturbed in his bed she asked what was wrong. Rumi explained the frightful experi-

ence and questioned his mother as to the nature of such an awful man. The Queen felt restraint in telling Rumi that the man was his father, but proceeded to explain his relation out of fear for herself being punished by the King's brutality.

Rumi went on with his childhood quite separate from that of the King until Rumi was around ten years old. Part of Rumi's daily activity at this time was to practice his combat techniques with some of the other boys of the royal court. Rumi was not the most physically inclined and word got out to the King that his only son was not a fit warrior.

Rumi noticed one day while practicing swordsmanship in the courtyard that his father, the King, was in attendance. He became nervous and failed to express even a slight understanding of the activities. The King shouted in a commanding voice stopping all movement. The King slowly walked over to Rumi and knocked him to the ground with a swift lunging of his palm. Rumi lay on the ground below the King, which he did not feel was his father, and began to cry. The King standing over Rumi proclaimed, If you are truly my son you will rise before me and try with all your might to kill me right here and now. Rumi continued to lie on the ground while tears fell from his cheeks. After a moment Rumi rose but only to run in the op-

posite direction towards the castle and the chamber of his mother.

Rumi never found consolation in his mother by way of advice because his mother, the Queen, was afraid to say something to Rumi about the King that would threaten them further. All Rumi's mother would do was hold him in her arms and softly sing songs that her mother once sang to her.

Rumi went on with the same training and education as all the other boys of the royal court and his father, the King, would occasionally find him and criticize something he was doing. Rumi grew to not only despise his father but ignore his very presence.

One evening when Rumi was about 16 he walked from the dining hall to a chamber where he often read. On entering the chamber Rumi noticed his father, the King, lying on the sofa reading a book. Rumi tried to turn and leave the chamber before his father noticed him but as he turned his father exclaimed in a soft calming voice for Rumi to come to him.

Rumi turned slowly and did as the King wished but his heart was racing in anticipation of what ridicule he might receive. The King asked Rumi to sit on the floor in a gentle voice and affirmed that he should not be afraid. Rumi sat on the rug on the floor

next to the sofa on which his father lay avoiding his father's eyes. His father, the King, softly reached out his hand to pet his son's hair startling Rumi. The King then whispered, be not afraid my son, my love for you runs wide like the river's belly on which one day my soul may float into the heavens.

Rumi could not believe the way in which the King, his father, was speaking to him now. He spoke in a way that Rumi had never heard him speak before. Rumi looked into the face of his father and saw things he had never seen. He noticed all of the hairs and creases in his skin, the scars of gentle pink from battles of the past. He saw his own face, yet, punished by the harsh hands of time. Rumi had not said a single word to his father in such a long time but he felt that he might in this moment. Why have you made me feel I am not your son, Rumi asked. His father smiled with his hand propping up his head while fully reclined on the sofa. It is important that you know you are much more than my son, this you must know first, the King replied. Rumi looked confused and gave way to many more questions. All of which his father answered until at last his father shut his eyes, proclaiming that Rumi should go back to his room so that he may sleep.

The next morning Rumi had hoped to find his mother and explain what a wonderful evening he had

with his father, the King. While searching through the castle for her he heard the loud crashing of porcelain and fierce roars. In the tea chamber, Rumi saw his mother crying with her hands to her face, his father, the King, standing in the corner wielding his bare chest panting with anger in his eyes. Rumi looked upon his father pleading as if to find the man he had encountered the night before. The King turned to Rumi and asked in a tormented rage why he was here standing before him now. Rumi could not speak. The King asked him again, this time marching toward Rumi. He shouted for Rumi to answer him as he prepared to swing his fist up over Rumi's head, but Rumi was able to run down through the hall, to the stairs, before the King could reach him.

Rumi became so disturbed as to lock himself in the instrument closet all day. He began to believe that what he had experienced of his father the night before was a dream and that he should not believe it was real. Finally, late into the night, when most sounds had stopped, Rumi left the closet and ventured back to his room where he lay all night staring at the ceiling afraid of his own dreaming imagination.

On the next morning, Rumi proceeded to leave his room as the sounds of the birds became overbearing. As he crept down the hall to the kitchen

he noticed a figure in the tea chamber laying on the sofa which faced the window. Rumi approached the doorway quietly so as to not announce his presence but to get a closer look at who it was. As Rumi's head slowly peered around the corner of the door, the figure on the couch reached up their hand and motioned for Rumi to come in. Rumi flung back, having been surprised by the figures noticing what he thought was an unobservable movement. Then, from the room, Rumi heard the voice of his father calmly inviting him to come and sit. Rumi began to pinch his arm, unable to believe that he was in a dream like he thought he had been the night prior. Yet, nothing he did made him relieved of the situation. His father pleaded again from the sofa in the chamber for Rumi to come and sit with him. Rumi became more afraid of the effect of his disobedience so did as his father asked and went to sit at the foot of the sofa before his father who looked deeply out of the window.

For a few moments, the King said nothing. He just smiled a soft smile while looking out onto the gardens. This began to anger Rumi, who then burst out in frustration. Why must you be so cruel, Rumi asked his father nearly in tears. His father turned to him with the same soft smile, gently proclaiming, I am like all the others of this world and of this kingdom, for my

cruelty is but only a mark of my fear. For one day I will be punished as deeply as I have been cruel. Rumi understood what his father said but it prompted him to ask why he would carry on with such actions even when he knows they are wrong. His father, the King, took a deep breath and looked out again through the window. Like all the birds which fly about, and sing songs which we do not know, I wake every day and feel as if I am not in control, said the King. But you are in control, Rumi cried, you are the King. As you did not decide this life, I did not decide my ruling, as you will one day not decide your own, answered the King. Rumi, although only slightly, saw his father, the King, in this moment as a weak old man. The sun illuminated the shadowed age on his face, the white hairs on his chin. Rumi felt compelled to ask his father if he was afraid to die. The King turned to Rumi and returned a question, were you afraid to be born? Rumi did not answer his father's question but sat silent for a while thinking, not wanting to leave and again return to find his father at another time as the cruel and brutal tyrant. The two looked out onto the gardens in peace.

Rumi soon awoke from the floor of the tea chamber and noticed that his father was no longer on the couch. Rumi became frustrated and again made himself believe that what he had remembered was a

dream. Yet, Rumi recalled having pressed thoroughly into the reality of the dream and found that it could not have been more real. This confusion left Rumi in a trance and he was unaware that he had been missing from his obligations for the past two days.

While wandering around the castle Rumi came across one of his mother's maids organizing a collection of trinkets. Rumi asked the maid if she had seen his mother. Oh, yes she went out to the stable to check on the horses, the maid replied. Rumi ventured out toward the stables to try and find his mother and explain to her what he had experienced recently, and perhaps, she would have a good explanation.

As Rumi approached the stable he noticed his mother riding around majestically on her favorite horse. Seeing his mother with such joy made Rumi happy. He watched from the fence until she noticed he was there, and then rode up to where he was standing.

The Queen dismounted the horse and greeted her son. She then asked him why he was not at school with the other boys. Rumi began to explain what he had experienced with his father in the last few days. His mother listened sharply but did not leave any expression which could be interpreted. After Rumi's

mother heard what he had to say she thought intensely for a moment and then spoke, your father is like the flowers of the garden over the fence, in fact so are you and I, no one flower makes the rest anymore beautiful than the others and no one flower has the power to make all the others look unpleasant, yet, a gardener comes by every once in a while and cuts the flowers that are the most beautiful to be brought inside, and cuts the ones which are the least pleasant and throws them in the woods to die. She continued, whether we are ugly or beautiful in our hearts, our worldly nature is to separate such moments and see them in such a unique way when in fact their uniqueness cannot be seen from the whole, sometimes when we look at our life we focus on the ugly parts, the beautiful parts, and forget that when all the parts are together they are all only beautifully sublime. Rumi watched his mother get back on her horse and continue riding around the pasture in the afternoon light thinking about what she had said.

Rumi went to meet up with all the other boys of the court in the activities that they were practicing for the day. Rumi noticed that although he was gone no one seemed to be disturbed or surprised by his return. After the activities of the afternoon, Rumi was

released back to his chambers to prepare for dinner. That night the King's court was to participate in a large feast on the occasion of the Spring solstice.

Rumi entered the hall for the feast and prepared to take his seat amongst the other boys of the court at a table in the corner of the hall. On entering Rumi was redirected to the main table to be seated next to his father. While Rumi was one of the earliest to enter the room, he looked unto his father's empty chair and became both frightened and excited to be given such a close position to the King during a social celebration.

After quite some time, and the arrival of all the guests, silence came over everyone as the large doors were opened to acknowledge the King's arrival. Rumi turned in his seat to anxiously see which disposition his father might bestow upon him. The King was escorted to his seat next to Rumi and the Queen, he sat and proclaimed that the feast shall begin. Large amounts of food were passed around and the hall was filled with joyous laughter and conversation. All except by the King, who quietly ate his food and then proceeded to leave the hall.

Rumi couldn't get himself to say anything to his father out of fear that he would become angry. For it was with all the other times of his father's gentle

disposition that his father invited Rumi to join him in conversation. Rumi went on to finish his meal and was then escorted to bed by his mother.

While Rumi lay in his bed unable to sleep from the sounds and commotion coming from the hall he thought about his father lying on a sofa somewhere in the castle. He became so lost in his imagination that he decided to search the castle for his vision. After searching all the places Rumi had thought he would see his father he knew there was only one other place where he could be. Rumi had never stepped foot in his father's private closet chamber but the wish to see and speak to his father of such a compassionate disposition made Rumi unafraid of the consequences.

Rumi pressed his ear to his father's sleeping quarters door but could not hear a sound. He softly clasped the brass handle and slowly turned it to unlatched. While he gently pushed the door, a small squeaking turned into a loud hiss and Rumi stopped cold at the disturbance he may have caused. While frozen, Rumi waited for the bludgeoning sound of his father to appear and punish him for his behavior, but it never came. Rumi, hearing nothing from the room, decided to enter.

The room was dark, illuminated only by the

fires from outside the hall and the light of the moon. Yet, Rumi noticed the small closet door which was opened revealing a long corridor with a light lit at the end. Rumi entered the corridor, quietly stepping as to not create even a soft sound that would turn large from the echoing. As he approached the opening on the other side Rumi realized he was looking into what was perhaps a small private library of his fathers. The lit candles that could be seen in the opening at the end made Rumi believe his father must be present.

Once Rumi came out of the corridor into the opening he noticed a shadow cast on the wall of a figure's feet on the edge of a small sofa. Father, Rumi cried out softly. The figure did not answer, yet this worried Rumi to rush and see what could be wrong. Rumi then peered over the frail body of his father lying on the sofa. He reached out his hand to touch his father's frail head. The King's eyes softly opened, and with a strained breath called out, my son.

Rumi asked his father if he was sick and if he should go and get someone to help. His father answered, no. Rumi began to feel a rush of sadness at the gentle demeanor of his father in such a lifeless state. His father continued to strain to speak, I am not sick my son, but becoming healthy once again, becoming the earth of which so deep, that man does not know,

you must rest my son because the sickness soon will be within you, yet soon enough we will both find each other as one deep beneath the earth from which our garden grows. After this proclamation, the King closed his eyes and his breathing stopped.

Rumi sat with his father's body for a while trying to understand what he meant by what he said. As he was thinking, the sound of the celebration began to anger Rumi, for his sadness at the death of his father did not seem an appropriate time to celebrate. The anger in him grew so furious that Rumi marched out to the hall with such haste as to end the celebration in a brutal assertion of anger and power at the death of his father, the King. The members of the court looked on in fear, as did Rumi's mother. For at that moment, Rumi became King.

In ancient Rome, every year around the winter solstice members would gather to celebrate the god Saturn for a festival they called Saturnalia. One of the key and integral activities of this celebration was the upheaval of social and class hierarchy as a sort of game or theatre. Rulers would dress poor, the poor would dress like rulers, everyone addressed each other in a totally opposite fashion. Although this game didn't actually reverse the hierarchical order it just may have had a more positive effect on the preservation of hierarchy than a negative.

What one must be careful of even in the theatrical performance of ideology and its opposite is that oftentimes the performance of the opposite, even if theatrically, illustrates the necessity for the latter. Rather than destroying the paradigm, it fortifies it. The saying goes that only those who have been dominated seek domination. One must upend the consortium of antagonistic opposites to destroy the antagonism alto-

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gether and be wary of when the reversal of opposites is precisely the same as before.

Consider for a moment what ideological expressions and their understanding might differ between a group of strangers brought together for a dinner party, then again, that same group at a similar dinner party but all the lights are off.

Given that much of our perceptual observations and signifiers of a subjective self are by the process of self-observed congruence by way of visual information, to take such a process away almost relieves the necessity of congruence expected of ourselves. Specifically, in the previously given scenario of the dinner party, what becomes most profound is the fact that once the individuals participating in total darkness leave, given that none of them are blind or visually impaired, they will again be able to see. Because the visual perception of sight is, perhaps, one of the most ideologically informative senses in the illusory construction of the ideological society we live in, those who participate in the blind dinner party would feel a

sort of freedom from their own subjectivity. Without sight, the participants would be given the opportunity to not be held accountable as congruent subjects based on their visual perception and visual communication when once again out in the visual world. Surely, one could be recognized by their voice but such recognition does not hold the same immediate potency as the visual. The performance of the blind diner party as a playful activity liberating our need to appeal to a congruent self reveals the underlying visual antagonism behind a subject's performance of selfhood altogether. Our visual ideological adherences and communication create our illusion of self as well as the sense of selfhood in others.

Let us develop this metaphor further and propose that although it is totally dark at this dinner party of total strangers, they all still perform in accordance with the ideological selves which they have constructed by way of visual perception. Once such subjects cannot see at the blind dinner party they remain visual ideological witnesses, adherents, and communicators only to what they had last seen. What precisely stops at the moment that they perform subjectively without the perceptual tool of sight is the construction of subjectivity with the antagonistic relationship to the visual characteristics of ideology. While one might continue

to perform based on prior notions of visual material and the subsequent subjective association, they will only perform from the prior visual representations of ideology until they can see again. This removal of sight does not destroy ideology but changes it, leaving only the clear illusory nature of ideology as a whole.

Although many who can see find the ultimate subjective experience, and the communication of such experience, to be seeing; i.e. looking in a mirror or looking at another person, it could be helpful to understand the complex ways in which we create the illusion of ourselves separate from the objective world without sight. Whereas ideology by definition finds itself most crucially apparent in the mind of the subject, the language and symbols which communicate ideology, when examined, can reveal the extensive nature by which we both conceive and relate to the illusion of antagonism.

One can assume the antagonism present in the perceptual construction of selfhood even without the ability to see, but what is missing is the process by which many who can see experience visual antagonism as both the perception and communication of the construction of subjectivity.

One who cannot see may touch their arm and

feel a specific sensation and then touch a table and feel the lack of such sensation, what the lack of sensation proposes antagonistically is the subjective construction of self-determined by a perceptual binary. Although such subjectivity without vision then begins to presuppose the materiality and metaphysics of the external objects experienced, such understanding can only be communicated through a symbolic translation. In order to express one's understanding of subjectivity without sight one must somehow communicate through perceptual symbolization the directions by which an objective-subject without sight might perform a similar experiment to reach the same conclusion. Without one's ability to see this process of touching one's arm and then touching a table, the enterprise of translation must take on a complicated process involving other perceptual faculties such as sound or smell.

With the visual perception of ideology and materiality as antagonistic to the subject, not only does the binary construct the subjective self, it as well simultaneously communicates outwardly to the objective world the beholding of antagonism forcing the objective to become the objective-subject. Seeing at once illustrates the antagonism of subjectivity but as well communicates such subjectivity without having to employ any other perceptual communication. One sees

other things and understands that it is a thing in and of itself, but as well when other things see this seeing thing they too understand that they are a thing in and of itself.

When you look into the mirror, or any reflective surface, you see yourself, wearing, presenting, and communicating ideological symbols the same as everyone else. Even if one is in the nude the unique fashionings of our biological form become a demarcation of ideology and meaning to our identification with subjectivity. To see the world in which the subjective self exists is to see or experience ideology as communicated through the perceptual veil of our own antagonism to the infinite. We can never seem to truly see the infinite for what it is but only by our ideological lens of subjectivity.

The subtle misrecognition of the truth or reality becomes a closer encounter to reality as a universal infinite than those that believe to be encountering it as perceptual subjects. As many mystics describe the non-dual nature of the universe, outside of our empirical reality, as consciousness outside of our perceptual faculties, the closest we come to this understanding is when we are engaged in deep sleep. It is in deep sleep, where no dreams are projected, that our consciousness remains intact but does not employ our perceptual tools for constructing subjectivity. Perhaps this is the closest we come to experiencing union with the infinite non-dual, yet to encounter the infinite potential for ideology might elicit a similar experience.

It's as though part of the subjective determination we undergo as performers in the spectacle of society is the disavowed knowing that such a subject cannot exist; our suspension of disbelief. The dialectical antagonism of ideology thus becomes the form by which we suppress our knowing that nothing truly objectively occurs, as well as nothing truly subjective. The fetishization of ideology like the fetishization of commodities thus presents us with the ability to not only bestow subjectivity upon ourselves but as well give us the power to bestow subjectivity onto everything else externally as representations of our own illusion of finitude.

The manipulation of ideology like the manipulation or influence of commodity fetishism is thus the re-orchestration of external modes of subjective reflection by illustrating the subjective imperative in an object or idea that is paradoxically said to be objective. The object or empirical world as a commodity translates material into fashions of subjectivity by their

relationship to other subjects. While labor value can be observed as a correlative between a commodity and its value, so can such an object like a painting, which almost singularly represents the expression of the subject as is said to be captured in commodity form, be significantly more valuable at its highest levels than any other commodity by which the labor to produce is exceedingly more.

Ideology then, in specific contexts, speaks precisely to the antagonism that is most materially noted or experienced by the subjects who participate. One group of subjects who believe any given ideology which finds some symbolic material form in their environment, as well as illustrate and consume the antithesis ideology even when that antithesis might not exist. One could then suppose that it is not subjective constituents as ideology or commodity fetishism that is necessary but the ways by which we perceive them as paradoxically antagonistic to our own subjectivity. While our biological processes for perception are assumed to be limited, it is by our specific orchestration of such perceptions that we have created the understanding of our subjective selves in the empirical world. A world where the entirety of its infinite parts is our only author, thus negating the presence of an author, or any innate antagonism, entirely.

There are thus two fictional scenarios I would like to illustrate that perhaps represent the symbolic extreme encountered by visual ideological perception but should thus be considered, as represented by the subject of the scenario being blind. What is understood by the blind subject is understood as something similar, but altogether different, from what imagined images one who can see might endow emotions with.

The first scenario goes like this: A blind individual has taken a walk to a local big box grocery store, a walk that they have taken before and have plenty of experience navigating. On arriving at the store they enter and ask for assistance which they are provided. While shopping a loud gunshot is heard along with loud shrieking. In this moment the assistant to the blind individual acts out of shock and fear leaving their aid. Amidst the continued panic and soundings of gunshots, the blind individual is forced to crouch on the

floor hugging closely to a shelf. After a moment, the shots cease and the screaming and panic have come to a lull. The cries of wounded individuals, and those who knelt over their bodies, echo throughout the rafters in the ceiling. The commanding voice of what seems to be a state officer and their radio radiates through the cavernous store. Their successive footsteps in heavy boots are felt on the cold linoleum floor. They then arrive to approach the blind individual crouching in the aisle. The officer then notices the blind individual's white cane and asks if they are alright or if they have been hurt. The blind individual, quite in shock, is able to respond that they are alright, only exhibiting a soft trembling. This then prompts the officer to help the individual to their feet guiding them out of the store. On leaving the store the blind individual hears only a few sporadic weepings and pleadings amidst the booming sirens in the distance. The blind individual is then met by a paramedic that asks similar questions as to the individual's well-being and then asks if they can take a few tests of the individual's vitals. After confirming that the individual seemed okay the paramedic asked if the individual could call someone to come pick them up. On calling a friend the individual is then picked up and taken home.

The second scenario goes as this: An individual who was blind from birth was invited to a party by a coworker. The individual accepted the offer and made plans to attend the party. Once at the party the co-worker introduced the individual to some of their other friends and asked the individual if they would like a drink. After some time drinking and casually talking to the other people at the party the individual began to notice that the people at the party seemed much friendlier than most people they had been introduced to, often expressing affection through touch and sweet intonations. The individual, while surprised by this fact, was excited and accepting. Soon the individual realized the sound of conversation in the room had mostly stopped and turned to soft moaning and the sounds of wet lips smacking. While being the only one seemingly in conversation with two other individuals the blind individual slowly fell out of concentration in the conversation from the sounds. On stopping the conversation, the two individuals who were standing before the blind individual asked if it was okay to kiss them. The blind individual, although anxious at the foreign nature of the experience, did say yes and accepted the mouths of the strangers. The individual then felt the caress of hands on their groin and the fingers spilling over to pull off their pants. The indi-

vidual removed their shirt as the strangers both pulled them to the floor where they became lost in the heat of passion. The blind individual realized that more people began to join them, the changing of scents and textures, coming and going as they pleased. The pleasure overtook the blind individual and time seemed to melt into goo. The orgy lasted most of the evening but the pleasure faded. Many of the other individuals either had left or had fallen asleep. While it was extremely early in the morning, the blind individual did not want to sleep at their co-worker's house so dressed and called a taxi back to their apartment.

While of course to those that can see and read such stories, visual symbols, and ideological representations are to be imagined. At the same time though, one is forced to confront the unknown reality of experience without the visual symbols understood by the blind main characters. Although someone who can see can close their eyes or wear a covering so as to not see for a period of time, such stories still retain the immediate transmission of symbolic visualization. In these considerations, I believe that one's subjectivity can be reconsidered for the realities of its perceptual ideological framework, questioned and imagined as to the infinite forms and possibilities the illusion of objec-

tivity can take.

What could be drawn and observed from the performance of *136 Theatrical Gunshots* is the way in which one may experience the perception of subjectivity in the perceptual context of ideological performance or observation even when it's not the real thing. Because our understanding of objective materialism is through the antagonism of subjectivity, objectivity needs only to be theatrically enacted to illustrate the opposite. In this sense, one need not experience a real tree or a real apple falling from it to behold the subjective understanding of one's self and other selves being held by the laws of gravity, but could as well experience a theatrical performance of such an instance and come away with the same conclusions.

Perhaps, the ultimate fetishized objective antithesis to subjectivity is death. In order for one's self to end, one must have begun. But our notion of this as a material understanding is always through the performed end of subjectivity by another, and never by

our own. What then makes witnessing a theatrical performance of death so profound is that it is subjectively experienced in the same way witnessing a real death might be. In the event of a theatrical performance where the subject does not in fact die by the performance of an action that in the “real-world” would lead to death, perhaps illustrates the ultimate death of subjectivity in the subject’s inability to end, thus never having begun.

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“... every sign takes its being from its surroundings, not from its roots.”

- Roland Barthes, *The Fashion System* 1967

“The appearance does not hide the essence, it reveals it; it is the essence.”

- Jean-Paul Sartre, *Being and Nothingness* 1943

“The truth arises from misrecognition”

- Jacques Lacan, *The Four Fundamental Concepts of Psycho-Analysis* 1973

By encountering the paradoxically non-real empirical reality of social subjects, determined by their ideological transference (to commodities as well as objective-subjects as commodities,) in the ideologically vacuous environment of the theatre, causes the disguise of ideological identification/belief, including ironic dismissal or cynicism—the ultimate submission to ideology identification, to be stripped of its mask-like quality by the allowed replacement of the theatrical mask.

If it is not that we can understand the world or empirical reality without the interpellation of an ideological mask as Lacan proposes, it might then be that by removing such mask with the simultaneous replacement of its theatrical counterpart, the subjective self can experience most acutely the illusion of our perceptual construction of empirical reality; to de-robe it of its illusory qualities by fully witnessing the robe itself.

What becomes the theatrical mask's most notable adjustment to the subjective realization of its

participants is the shared psychological habit by which the audience or witnesses to such action suspends their notions of disbelief. By suspending disbelief in one's performance as witness or subject in an empirical world, the audience thus encounters ideology in a manner that is not composed of the often regarded relationship of antagonistic belief. This does not imply that the theatrical environment alone has the power to reify one's subjective association to ideological adherence or association but that it is in the theatrical environment that one might unconsciously be asked to believe in a transfigured representation of what they already believe, subtly altering such belief to not its antithesis but a transformed version of itself. This phenomenon is why I believe many who wish to cultivate power and control employ the theatre but this same phenomenon might allow us to experience such ideology for its fallacy. The illusory quality of ideology and its antithesis allows for this subtle sliding of alteration in infinite opposing directions. As previously illustrated in the context of Collage this has led to, perhaps, the most insidious evolution of ideology but as well offers, in the context of the theatre, the audience the chance to see behind the curtain to what is actually going on.

It's here we find the theatre as an environment

with the potential to rectify the chaotic understanding that not only are our beliefs in subjectivity ideological beliefs but that such ideological believing can only exist where one's true subjectivity in fact does not. While the psychological process by which one consciously establishes the subjective affirmation can only exist in the infinite and eternal present, in which consciousness and all of the infinite universe reside, one's encountering of memories of past experiences as subjective do not find the same potentiality for material observation and thus are upheld by the common theatrical psychology of suspending one's own disbelief.

Where in the theatrical environment, if one is to encounter the magical performance of a fairy circle consuming and transporting an actor to another dimension, the audience may find intrigue but largely still go on about their lives afterward as if they did not in fact subjectively witness someone being transported to another dimension by a fairy circle. Yet, if one is compelled to have understood the witnessing of the same action, but in their subjective perception of empirical reality outside of the theatre, they might continue to suspend their disbelief in the existence of subjectivity to their memories and go around telling people that what they remember of the experience really happened and that they experienced subjectively

in truth the observance of someone being transported to another dimension by a fairy circle.

Perhaps, to explain it in another way, the suspension of disbelief in the theatre by the audience negates the suspension of disbelief constantly present in the subjective believing of one's self in time outside of the eternal moment, allowing for the audience to experience the disconnected subjectivity as witness making it possible for them to leave the theatre and go on about their previous psychological habits of subjective imagining of both past and future largely undisturbed by what they experienced in the theatre. Yet, in theory, with the continued radical understanding of this quality in the theatre by its constituents, we may find a framework by which ideological belief and subjectivity is transformed. As the theatrical critic and playwright Antonin Artaud proposes, the theatre, like the plague, has the ultimate power to destroy our perception of hierarchy and order by rendering total chaos, but it is only through our perception of order's negation that we might be able to begin to perceive most succinctly with the infinite. When the perception of chaos and order is infinitely present as equal they are simultaneously rendered obsolete.

Beyond such lofty predictions of the theatre's potential for psychological salvation, it is worthwhile to implore what psychological effects the theatre does ask its audience to contend with and the ways such contention has become a part of the effective status quo of our society's spectacle.

While the later part of the 20th century saw theatre's psychological phenomena prescribed to spaces outside of the theatre itself, we saw the ways in which the theatrical phenomena could be enlisted or understood in any environment outside of the typical theatrical setting. The disruption of the societal spectacle and its normally held subjective belief system could be suspended, where then again such subjects return to their previously held belief structure as if nothing happened.

To expand on the previous scenario of the fairy circle, while one might experience the witnessing of a friend traveling dimensions in a fairy circle, then

proclaim to the world after the fact of it being so by the continued suspension of disbelief to their subjective experience of memory or imagination, they still will be forced to return to the spectacle of social reality adhering to the same ideological structures (where fairy circles and interdimensional travel do not exist). If they do not abide by the necessary capitalist ideological structures, they will find their way to either a prison or a mental asylum.

What continues to drive subjects to feed on such possibilities and imaginings as aliens and fairy circles is precisely the belief in non-subjective reality through the subjective assumption of the eternal present. The drive to experience non-subjective reality is the drive to experience one's self outside of time only in the eternal present. The encounter with an alien life form exists as an imagined subjective experience of the future but the subjective self of the eternal present forgets that the experience will forever only remain a memory which the subject creates or adheres to by suspending disbelief in the subjective self altogether. In the end, it is the encounter with the alien life form that matters the least, but the desire to experience the infinite eternal moment outside of the fabric of ideology, time, and subjectivity that matters the most.

To consider the theatre as a psychological phenomenon is to intentionally experience the illusion of reality as its double, another illusion, a non-subject subject. Yet, through its double, we might find ourselves seeing the original more clearly for what it is. This zooming out of which the psychology of theatricality proposes could as well be theoretically applied *ad infinitum*. This idea of an infinitely meta-theatre provides some basis on which to experiment and observe the ways in which the truth is the fact of never finding it.

Where the experience bestowed upon the viewer to a video lacks the wisdom of action in the eternal moment to what they are witnessing, it conversely excels at filling the viewer with fear. The fear we often behold in our imagination is seemingly the same no matter if what we are imagining actually happened or not. A traumatic experience of the past manifested as an imagined fear shares similar qualities to an imagined fear dictated by the image of a video on a screen.

The term imagine, from the latin word for image, invokes the primary method by which we often understand reality. As illustrated by those who cannot see, or who have never seen, the imagination is radically different whether it is controlled by sight or not. What this nature of imagined fear proposes is that one does not need to have actually experienced said image of fear in the said empirical reality for it to create the implicit trauma or ideological transference which plagues the subject and their imagination in the future.

While surely the experiencing of influential events in the eternal present entails the full scope of our sensory perception, what those events largely carry on as in the imagination of a seeing subject are images. Even if a smell or a sound is to trigger a memory for a seeing subject, what those smells or sounds trigger is often precisely an image which actualizes the emotional response. As time carries us away from experiences long in the past often those experiences are distilled further and further down to distorted images.

Building upon the previous scenarios of traumatic or dramatic events experienced by subjects of perceptual capacity, take into consideration what fears pre-industrial humans imagined. Most likely the manifestation of such fears and the images that were conjured were much different than our own today. While it is true we might share the same fears of things like death and the unknown, what a fear of the unknown precisely employs one to do is test the limits of their known imagination. What our access to the internet, videos, and vast image libraries have done is facilitate the direction by which our imagination is to follow.

This guidance of our imagination is not by mistake. The early Roman Christian church and beyond did not fund the production of elaborate Christian images without understanding the immense power

such images would have on dictating the imaginations of its subjects, or rather subordinates. Our elaborate system of images today is a direct continuation of history's ruling elite and their practices of influence, yet we are approaching a strange crossroads where such influence has seemingly gotten out of hand. For in the over-production and over-identification with images thus logged in a subject's imagination, as a structure by which to create imagined images, not only is there an over-identification with images of fear but such over-identification leads to destruction and disarray. From this perspective might our ability to imagine previous images, perhaps as well as sounds and smells, be a direct product of our reckoning with the emotional response of fear? Fear of death as a product of fearing the unknown. The unknown which is seemingly a total and inseparable truth to our reality and existence, yet our fear of it has led us to frantically attempt to quantify the unknown because we are so afraid. Only increasing our capacity for fear tenfold.

There's the idea that early humans, while sure they experienced fear as a response to life or death situations, didn't just sit around and feel afraid of things all day like some people do now. Their lives were too busy. They were too focused on survival. Even hunter gatherer communities left in the world today can be

observed to overwhelmingly avoid the common fears and anxieties that plague subjects of so called modern civilization. This is not to say that one way of life is better or worse than the other, to believe that we must return to some grandiose imagined lifestyle we once had in the past is a pillar of fascism and a fantasy by which one upholds antagonistic ideology. But what the comparison of cultures or periods does illustrate is the role our imagination plays in our production of reality in the eternal moment. How this obviously never ending treasure hunt to know the infinite will in fact never produce the infinite. It will likely destroy what we believe to be ourselves, the human race, or bring us back to those early human history communities.

What offers distinction in one's imagination between whether what is imagined is a memory or if it is just purely an imagined image is not as clear as people always want to believe. The quality of an imagined image being shared, or at least the symbolic communication of its perceived sharedness, is often what we take to be proof of an imagined image's status as a memory. As we all know the discrepancies between two subjects and their imagination can be vast. But what difference does it really make if it is a memory or just imagined?

Of course if the imagined image elicits a sentiment toward one's notion of morality it makes no difference, but if toward immortality then it makes a whole lot of difference and people are ready to go to war over the status of identification in the imagined image. What this illustrates is how what is often actually important is how the imagined image, a memory or not, influences the subject's action in the eternal moment.

The debilitating trauma of an imagined image is not solely determined by the image's previous reality but the reality which the image dispels upon the subject in the present moment. Like the example of the fairy circles, what an imagined image we are afraid of or intrigued by does so well is remain always in our imagination. Even if, say, for but a few moments we believe the image or event to have truly unfolded before our eyes, if we were to survive in the same form beyond that moment, it will be but only an imagined image where we are forced to go about our lives again. It's as if our biological ability to conjure our senses by our imagination went haywire somewhere along the way. The amount by which we rely upon our imagination for survival in the modern world has led it to go on seeping into places it shouldn't. Take for example, the amount of subjects today that experience an over-

whelming amount of dread and anxiety about nearly everything. A process by which their imagination has become overrun by images that initiate fear. But here we arrive at an interesting question. Is it the image that initiates fear or fear which conjures the image? When we consider that much of our fears and anxieties are just fractured pieces stemming from our ultimate fear of death and the unknown, we are given a template by which we fear something as a stand-in for what we actually fear. The psychological process of transference as well illustrates this phenomenon where one can fear an image which, although seemingly unrelated to the actual root of the fear, still initiates the fear itself.

It seems as though the tool that is our imagination can be used against us. Whether against us by us or by someone else, does it really matter? It seems that it is not our imagination's capacity to conjure the infinite that controls us but the very opposite. It is the fabrication of vast and complex images that we experience today which attempts to make the infinite finite. A process that guides our imagination in familiar directions rather than towards the potential infinite capacity our imagination has to offer. No matter what we imagine, it is what we do with that image in the eternal moment which makes all the difference. The eternal moment being the only finitude anyone or anything

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can speak to, yet also being impossible to pin down.

What is, perhaps, the only truth of the theatre and its relationship to subjective ideological belief is its misrecognition. It is not that the subjects involved in such spectacle, within the ultimate spectacle of society, come away with the key to their own salvation or the clear understanding to the infinite nature of the universe, but through performing the theatrical version of their own subjectivity might they find themselves theatrically a part of the subjective fantasy that is the objective universe. It is only through our failure to prove our subjectivity, our failure to remove the mask, that we find the total reunion with the infinite eternal moment as the theatrical mask that it is.

Subjects of today's spectacle do not want to give up their chance at heroism in the ideological spectacle. Subjects don't want to give up their own subjectivity in a scenario where the only remedy to our increasing precarity is the destruction of subjectivity. Yet, I am confident that that remedy will come, just without anyone being the hero. Perhaps it is the strain to understand subjectivity that is exactly the remedy; the catalyst for extinction where consciousness is misused leading us to destruction and disarray..

What is happening all around us every day is perhaps the remedy. The strange infinite loop and nonsense of ideas in this book doing nothing to change political or ecological stability is in fact the remedy. The process by which the antagonism of ideology necessitates the subjective psychological perception of the infinite universe is the remedy. Our ability to further solve problems while simultaneously finding new ones *ad infinitum* is the remedy. To relinquish one's de-

sire to become the hero in the salvation of the world, the subjective figure in which the world is imagined is to realize one's already place within the process of the remedy. Not as a nihilist or cynic, in that life is at once considered worthless, but precisely that one's own worthless place in life is, in fact, a part of the always and eternal harmony of the infinite.

What I find so funny about a political/ecological theory or philosophy such as accelerationism is precisely that it is the idea that someone could be heroic in their anti-heroism. In the end, the end of the subjective identity as asserted in opposition to the objective, the only objective hero will be humanity itself as it rectifies its own malfunction by destroying itself.

As many suspend their disbelief of subjectivity in their imagination, they as well suspend their disbelief of subjectivity to the conception of the afterlife, where subjectivity as we know it does not persist. The race for heroism in humanity's imminent destruction of itself is not actually a heroism of the objective as it often claims, but the race to save the subjective reality which never really existed in the first place. It is the effective failure of heroism, not as a consequence, but as a truth to the subjective understanding, which will destroy our species before the illusion of an objective reality could ever end. Thus further concluding that such a destruction is not only a potential consequence of our performance of subjective selfhood but a guarantee.

An empty room where one cannot see
is in fact, not empty at all.

Preachers come to take one's things,
they sing it in a song.

The trance will make one believe
that silence leads you home.

Like the woods were born from supple seed,
a choir, dazzling Phosphorus,
the limitless surface of the sea, so too are we,
no matter what time or where,
even if the walls have been made into illustrious vi-
sions.

The wisest among us collect much
of what they find,
but only to endure the torture of geometry.
The math draws out the infinite, making clear what
never is.

It is we, who suffer, by the direction
of our hand,

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by the constant searching for wisdom where it is not.
Not by the fault of our own, but the collection of us all,
having fallen for the image
over what lies within our palms.

In God's two-dimensional form,
the image is measured and placed
without care, is not seen for its textures;
nodules and crevices,
that make one's hands able to firmly grasp the surface,
synching our spirit to the undistorted rhythm.

Excerpt from *The Strange Word 'Urb...'* 1967 by Jean Genet

“Among other things, the goal of the theatre is to take us outside the limits of what is generally referred to as ‘historical’ time but which is really theological. The moment the theatrical event begins, the time which will elapse no longer belongs to any calibrated calendar. It transcends the Christian era as it does the revolutionary era. Even if that time which is called ‘historical’ – I mean the time that flows from some mythical and controversial event, also known as Advent – does not disappear completely from the spectators’ consciousness, another time, which each spectator lives to the full, then unfolds, and as it has neither beginning nor end, it destroys the historical conventions necessitated by social life, and at the same time destroys social conventions as well, not for the sake of just any disorder but neither for the sake of a liberation – the theatrical

event being suspended, outside of historical time, on its own dramatic time - it is for the sake of a vertiginous liberation.

By dint of duplicity, Western Christianity has done its best to ensnare all the peoples of the world in an era whose origin is purported to be some hypothetical Incarnation. What the West is trying to impose on the rest of the world, therefore, is quite simply what we might fairly refer to as the 'calendar coup'.

Trapped in a time named for, calculated from, an event that is of interest only to the West, the world is in serious danger, if it accepts this time, of emphasizing it according to celebrations in which the whole world will be trapped.

It would therefore seem to be a matter of great urgency to multiply the number of 'Advents' from which calendars quite unrelated to those which are imposed imperialistically, can be established. I would even go so far as to say that any event, public or private, ought to give rise to a whole host of calendars, and in this way scuttle the Christian era and everything connected with this time reckoned from the Very Questionable Nativity.

The theatre...

THE THEATRE

THE THEATRE ”

Though nature does divide our fate,
the moss, which grows wild in humid climates,
obliterates all sincere meaning.
For, it is not that all meaning
be sincere, but in death, it is kind
to wish good fortune upon the land
of previously living souls.

While I have never seen the straw
stacked so high, or been asked
to carry it on long voyages,
I know the straw in the way that it knows me.
In the way that it bends and carries seed
by the wind. Like messages, kissed
by the lips of the heavens.

While I have never not known
the universe's infinite eye,
I have come to know it in new ways.
The way the glass reflects my vision of the world.
The way it feels cold in my hands, removing the layers

of other hands that held before mine.

One can only think
to sing with a voice, and sincere meaning
before the eye, but here, sincerity must be blamed.
Punished for the curtain it has drawn
covering the window to the hardened mountain.
The mountain which excretes streams
of golden glittering light on the occasion of its woe.

My singing is no different
than the singing of your own,
both will not last, being blasted with flames of excruciating heat.

I never was involved in ceramics
and on the few occasions that I tried,
I was met with only the force of tormented dejection.
My hands were too dirty for the mud. My wisdom
like a ballistic missile. Yet, I still know
that something goes on in the oven.
Great heat, where the clay vitrines are placed.
What comes out, has always been,
but I am stupefied by my inability to see.
And after one has made a thousand pots,
one can only make a thousand more.
Until the day that the potter decides
to try for themselves
the transformative power of the flames.

The fictitious version of my ancestors
punished me by their silence. I ran, softly
speaking their names, until I keeled over
and threw up. My naive nature at the time
saw such expulsion as divine interference.
The oil secreted from my lungs absolved
the earth and granted the reunion of the seas
with the skies. I was neither the sea nor the sky,
and left to see through a pinhole
of which there was no other side. The nothingness
turned salvation only when I stepped down
and looked away. Perhaps, I was being spun,
like a marionette, by the waves of those who have died,
of which we share the common bond
of having never lived. And here is where
the meaning becomes insincere. You will wait
for it to be wrong until you too have succumbed
to the transformative power of the flames.
I don't do anything with ceramics
because I don't care
about the way the fire makes me look.
I am to look now and be satisfied by my imagination.
What greater imagination could the fire propose?
My molten body carries
no marking of insincere meaning.
But to be sincere,

like how philosophers find their soup;
the contents of which, through a methodical process,
can be separated and rearranged. Only to find
in the end that the philosophers are, again,
faced with soup.

How silly one could be to just eat it.

I traveled far from Ohio to the tip of an island
placed at the exact demarcation of treasure.

What a treasure

that is never found? What a treasure
that never existed in the first place?

I am as much a Physicist

as Frued is a poet, yet I know only silence
can hit such a note. The slow unraveling
of the earth's casing,

the rearranging of its parts and parcels
give vision to the true nature of the Illuminati.

No vision exists.

Such theory is pulverized into dust
before the crickets turned butterfly
and the day began again. A foggy morning
painted still cannot emulate the endless view
moved through years. On searching one realizes,
as I have a thousand times before,
that all you are left with when the painting has burned,
are the letters

that spell morning once again.

A Monk must find paradox comforting.
Where to embody one side can only mean
that the other is turned to augmented oblivion.
Nothing matters, no matter what side you are on
when you are a Monk. Yet, a Monk must continue
to pick a side.

A sparrow from the heavens
carries tiding from the spring
and God's name is printed well in cursive.
You follow the sparrow to see how God writes
but only find a forest covered in yellow moss.
The sparrow
returns before you can see where it went,
with a letter that proves something matters.
But this is where I leave you,
where my voice fizzles out,
and you must find for yourself what it says.

While writing finds adequate company to the performance and observance of a character in a private sense, it is the opposite, I believe, to define the nature of the dramatic action performed and observed in the eternal moment. It is from this belief that I have always neglected to include any sort of written dialogue as preliminary material to be memorized for a performance. Such a constitution of the idea of the preliminary, in fact, is completely and totally counterintuitive to the mark which I insist upon hitting. Unless the reading of a text is a part of the dramatic action to be presented, there will be no text or dialogue written as the source for the dialogue of a performance.

Instead, where the act of speaking is necessary, the performer is encouraged to imagine an image encouraged by a linguistic dictation prior to the performance. Based on this image or scene which I will have described, and of which the space and given material establish, the soon-to-be performer will prepare

to perform improvisationally by the imagining and resulting character which they have chosen to define.

This necessary element of chance on the part of the performer, who may speak as a part of an action, allows for the performer to become the character in which only they know and know how. While the insistence on spontaneity is cultivated in order for the performer to derive the embodiment of a character and not just its mimesis, it should not be considered that this spontaneity is equal to a lack of preparation. In fact, this way of performing requires a very thorough discipline. The preparation of this kind, although ethereal in its nature, is the very confidence and familiarity with the ethereal itself. In order to adequately allow the performance of characters based on one's limits to their imagination requires one to dedicate countless hours to the challenging of such imaginative limits.

This process of preparation leads the nature of my theatrical performances to find no relation to many other theatrical performances that use the written word as the anchor to their structure. This is where, I believe, the unique and necessary denomination of the theatre truly resides. I would argue that the theatre based on a literary dialogue, by the structure of the written word, is not theatre at all.

Theatre is not the performance of the written

word or the memorization of a literary text, but the conjuring of a distant image in one's mind and body. This conjuring becomes the fruit with which the eternal moment of the theatre brings about the collective image through the performance of all its subjects. This image is never realized in any objective sense and thus transcendently remains but only the image of one's imagination as all images do.

In the theatre, unlike other art forms, it is not but one subject's image which is to be considered masterful but many, and it is the difference with which each mind constructs the image that makes the product of the theatre unlike any other. When the theatre allows for each participant to make their own unique image and perform in its manner, rather than the strict authority of one singular vision, a fantastical shape that moves the hearts and minds of those involved to become as the infinite possibility of the image living within the infinite landscape of our imagination. For even when such theatre practitioners attempt to hold such authority over the image, the theatre will not allow it, always employing the hands of the whole involved in the eternal moment to express its form.

This is what makes the theatre something of which cannot be conceived of outside of itself. No boundaries by which to singularly define a perfor-

mance or its author, no object by which to perform it again, but a ritual by which one is only to experience the fruition of the total imagination in the eternal moment, where it remains always but a foggy, distant image, crystal clear.

The theatre remains earnest to the truth of the infinite eternal moment while those plastic arts falsely uphold our fictitious illusion of objectivity. For no matter how long one is to look at a painting, a sculpture, or the written word, as soon as they leave its presence they are left with only their imagination's hazy image of potential, the infinite image which is the sole interest of the theatre. We must remember that it is this false belief in objectivity, and our fetishization of objects, which is itself only a product of our imagination.

How things might be different if we were to only fetishize our imagination in the same way? How the world would seem vastly different, perhaps becoming unlike anything we have ever experienced. What would remain as total authority is the infinite potential by which our imagination beholds only possibility but never the concrete.

Although the external presentation of an art-object in its plastic form of finality is only a pillar

to our society's most harmful illusions, it is the act of the artist in the process of creation which stands as an example of the theatre's most righteous performer rigorously studying the limits of their imagination. For the performer, in the context of the theatre I wish to facilitate, there is the necessary practice of not only encountering the infinite in individual unique mediums such as painting, sculpture, and writing but as well the practice of encountering the infinite possibilities in mediums themselves.

The training and preparation of the performer has nothing to do with what one connects to the traditional theatre but is concerned with every and all creative possibilities in this life. It is here, where the performer becomes an artist in the truest sense, by which their practice of artmaking can be pinned down only to the practice of their life. I have no interest in working with anyone who claims to be an actor or anything at all for that matter.

“I do not put on a play in order to teach others what I already know. It is after the production is completed and not before that I am wiser. Any method which does not itself reach out into the unknown is a bad method.”

- Jerzy Grotowski, *Towards a Poor Theatre* 1968

The system the theatre operates within and by is most closely related to something like the system of religion. The superordinate Capitalist system we experience today necessitates adherence by force to the parameters of the system with the otherwise risk of death. Such a threat carefully penetrates only where the subject's performance would challenge the submission to the system, allowing the subject to participate in other sub-systems so long as those systems do not ask the subject to perform out of accord with the Capitalist system.

The system of the theatre, like religion, and unlike Capitalism, conspires upon the subject with the retained potential freedom to leave the system given that they, or the system itself, does not fit with their desires. The theatre, as you will, is thus a system like that of many other cultural systems by which subjects participate in, but ultimately give way, where such participation conflicts with participation in the ideological system of Capitalism. The system of the theatre

most notably constructs the fundamental relationship between dramatic action and its observation; the subjective and the objective, of which is fundamentally accepted within Capitalist ideology as it harbors hierarchy and order.

The common observer of the theatre today, or the audience, while undertaking a great psychological labor by participating in the theatrical system, has come to habitually realize their participatory action as not an action at all. How did such a complicated psychological activity come to be understood as that of habit? A habit of which nearly all have at one time or another exhibited, almost as if it were instinct.

One can trace the earliest conceptions of the theatre back to its creation out of the necessity by which humanity, for only estimated reasons, developed the ability of conscious observation; the distinction of subjectivity and objectivity, themselves and a creator, the preeminence of death, along with the necessary symbolic communication of such understanding as indelibly tied to the understanding itself. One can imagine the ways in which the subjective illusion itself initiated the active habit in which the audience suspends disbelief in the dramatic action's fiction by negating the truth to their own subjective illusion, as not too dissim-

ilar to the ways in which ancient Rome negated social hierarchy during the Saturnalia festivities.

What systemically would have been the most radical shift in thought though, was the conscious role of the subject, or subject's, acting or performing as the objective on the stage as actor; the performed embodiment of the ultimate object, God, to be worshiped. This archaic formulation of the subjective self, or the actor's, ability to embody objectivity before a crowd of subjects was, and is, not at all different from the process by which the subject originally understands the antagonism which constructs the self binary, yet it is this doubling or dramatic re-acting of the psychological process in the theatre which illustrates the ways in which such an illusion of separation is constantly defined and responding to the subject's desire for antagonism's dissolve.

In the Christian myth it is no mistake that God was embodied by a human subject, and for Christianity today it is no mistake that that subject has been transformed into an object; the bread and wine at a communion ritual.

While surely our subjective illusion consistently witnesses our imagined empirical world as objective, the process of another subject's meta-performance of objectivity not only heightens the witness's subjective

illusion but can transform and alter the ideological adherence that subjectivity implies. The audience and their participation in the ancient theatre of religious spectacle elaborated the notion of one's subjectivity as antagonistic to other subjects, as antagonistic to the ultimate objective form; God/god's or the creator of everything.

To participate as witness in the theatre is to witness the objective creator, or creator's, as a psychological phenomenon in which a subject theatrically experiences subjectivity as to subsequently destroy such subjectivity by suspending disbelief, so as to endow themselves with the illusionistic experience of God.

For an ultimate creator only exists if there is something that has been created, and it is only through the creator's opposite that it can be known. Yet, it is the theatre of religion, and its subjects, that have been continually misguided by the promise of salvation through the performed encounter with the ultimate creator as the path to infinite union. In order to destroy one's subjectivity one must as well destroy its opposite, God. Where religion, and any other system that employs the theatre as the promise of salvation, claims to offer subjects the opportunity to witness or experience God, what they really are offering is the opportunity to become God. Religion takes the vacant place of

subjectivity when the suspension of disbelief to the theatre's dramatic action negates the suspension of disbelief necessary to identify subjectively and fills it with the illusion of being the ultimate objectivity. This psychological phenomenon not only leads a subject further away from the understanding of infinite union but remains to perpetuate the audience's participation because of the yet still unfulfilled promise of salvation. Beyond religion in its limited form, things like science, philosophy, and other ideological systems involve this activation of the theatre thus continuing identification and adherence based on the unfulfilled promise that they make. It is through understanding the psychology of the theatre that we might be able to break free of such false promises, toward the salvation of the infinite.

All aside, the effective habit of the encounter with subjectivity's ultimate opposition could in fact be a useful quality for the dissolve of the perceptual binary, or at least help reframe the binary in a way that our relationship transforms our understanding. Becoming God or identifying with the ultimate creator doesn't dissolve the binary but only further insists upon it, the same way the Saturnalia festivals did in Rome. But perhaps the performative gesture can aid in creating a

new understanding that illustrates the illusory qualities of such beliefs more clearly.

The notion that the understanding of such psychological habits may aid in the destruction of Capitalism is not what I mean to imply, but rather if one's subjective self could find consortium with the infinite (antagonism's demise) fulfilled within the system of the theatre, and the observance of the theatre into the totality of their lives, might something strange be born?

Religious systems of the past organized communities based on antagonism through theatrical performance. Those same systems, as well as many others, do the exact same thing today with the same ends. What's lost when one system fails to bring about the salvation that it promised, often makes room for another system. What goes unseen by the participants is the fact that all the systems are doing the same thing, all are promising the same false salvation, yet subjectivity is most potently experienced when encountering new unfamiliar systems of ideological representation. For one's embodiment of God is expressed in a new form and thus retains the again possibility of salvation. One most potently experiences the endowment of God in the infinite, yet all of our idealized fantasies

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fade away. With the infinite, God is also its opposite, and everything else in between. It is only through the true encounter with the infinite unknown in the eternal moment that one becomes saved by never needing salvation in the first place.

“If you can’t face Hiroshima in the theatre, you’ll eventually end up in Hiroshima itself.”

- Edward Bond

After seeing the appalling Broadway show *Jagged Little Pill* written by Diablo Cody with my mother recently I think Bond got it all wrong. I think it should read more like this:

If you don't destroy the ideologies that are leading toward an atrocity such as Hiroshima, you will be forced to experience Hiroshima in the theatre as a masturbatory effort to stroke the audience's moral character.

Unless one could present what are/were the actual realities of Hiroshima in the theatre to an audience, it will always end up this way. One would have to drop a nuclear bomb on the theatre for Bond to be right.

There are some things in the theatre that, when presented in their theatrical form, cannot be expected to elicit the real-life counterpart in the audience. The theatre can only successfully represent to the audience

actions or events where the audience, if they were to experience the real-life counterpart, would similarly act solely as witness.

For example, say Hiroshima and its theoretical theatrical presentation (without the actual bombing of the theatre) precisely points out how we got into the mess in the first place. Let's say it's a performance in the United States. The audience sitting and watching the show is the same action performed by everyone in the U.S. when Hiroshima actually happened. To champion this activity of passively sitting and observing such atrocities is to encourage more Hiroshimas. To present a theatrical performance of say Hiroshima where the audience abides by the ideological habits of observer or witness only further facilitates a societal system in which witnessing is a habitual performance, or worse yet, a performance which makes the audience feel proximity to justice.

I believe more fruitfully the theatre has the power to familiarize us with the complex experiences in life in which we might perform as witness, things such as the witnessing of death, old age, or heart break. To encounter the emotional and psychological effects of bearing witness to death in the theatre might familiarize us with such effects so as to not fall into the manipulative tactics of ideology which prey on our vul-

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nerability and fear of such emotions. The precise act of ideology's creation, through the viewer as witness, is the emotional/psychological encounter the theatre has the power to familiarize the audience with. To entail that such emotions are not used against us.

The theatre doesn't have any answers to major societal or world problems. It is in fact those that think or say it does that you should be wary of. Nothing has the answers for that matter. But what the theatre does propose is the collective act of communion in the eternal present, the space by which we all carry the potential to reshape the antagonism which beholds us to feelings such as fear and hate.

Although through the creative orchestration of symbols and their meaning we communicate, might we communicate something to ourselves quite striking by the reorchestration? Something, perhaps, that allows us to look or see beyond the desire to make meaning, to look at the desire in its most naked form? Naked, all but for the theatrical mask. As Sabina Spielrein, Sigmund Freud, George Bataille, and many others suggested, might we act subjectively out of our desire to destroy our subjective illusion. Might some magical result come forward in the theatrical perfor-

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mance of such?

Wisdom with wishes
doe-ly hold.
On merrowed sheets
which bend and fold.

Your ankles clasped
around the sun.
Of lightning sharpened
of death undone.

For me and you
and you and I
can see the mirror
through our eyes.

But eyes they see
our looming fate.
Our earthen teeth
nash sober bait.

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We leave by serpent
to the moon.

Singing opera
drinking sorrow from a spoon.

One day geometry will be hidden, numbers will die,
and God will be known as nothing more than a fraud.
See yourself now, flat beyond the second dimension,
beyond the fullness of all that is above.

The secrets remain, even when all is as thin as paper,
even when the paper is set aflame
and swallowed by the sun.

Below the surface, of our skin and the earth's crust,
is a sound. A sound that can be heard with one's eyes,
smelt with one's toes, and held between the crescent
of one's ass cheeks.

Don't try to listen for it. Don't make the same mistake
as God. Just dig furiously for days on end,
and the days will reveal themselves for what they are.
The rock and the soil will disclose the stillness of the
trees, the vastness of the oceans, and all they consume.
Do not stop digging at the sensuality of these truths.
Feel your eyes as small shovels only sharpened
by the hardened load.

In 2017 I wrote a collection of poems titled *It's Burning Up In Here Baby*, in which three characters are set to consider each other's foreign nature.

The Light-Washed Man considers the Jaded Corpse in The Room. The Light-Washed Man insists that the Jaded Corpse is not dead, but lifeless and that he could fashion some way to bring it back to life.

While watching the 90s movie adaptation of Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet* directed by Baz Luhrmann I was reminded of these poems, most specifically in the scene at the end where Romeo drinks the poison over what he presumes to be Juliet's dead body; her rather lifeless body, but not dead.

What is the most potent of emotive rendering in the scene, and perhaps the whole story, is Romeo's undying love for Juliet, so much so that in her death he can only accept himself as dead. Yet, what is Romeo's valor in the tragedy is exactly that which the audience adores for their precise inability to embody. In fact,

the scene successfully draws the viewer to recall all of the times they have failed to act so heroically for love, making Romeo both a myth by which many are raised to believe as a condition for love as well as a fantasy that is never fully attained.

Like the Light-Washed Man, Romeo seeks to bring life back to Juliet and their love by joining her in the world of the dead. Another mythic hope by which we feebly preserve the illusion of subjectivity in the afterlife. Unlike the Light-Washed Man, Romeo seems to act out his heroic martyrdom without hesitation, he takes the leap of faith as if the myth could only be true. The Light-Washed Man struggles to reconcile his ability to bring life to the Jaded Corpse, or as in Romeo's case, to meet in the afterlife. We as the audience and reader are presented with the toils of the Light-Washed Man where the reality of uncertainty in the two's returned embrace is undeniable.

Like the Light-Washed man and his expression of confusion most familiar to us all, I wanted to develop a scene in which the audience experiences a drama similar to that of the final scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, but where the martyr for love cannot believe in its myth so unwaveringly. By positioning the audience amidst this scene on the stage for the performance of *A Light-Washed Shadow*, the audience is depicted to reveal

Ending the Consortium

the way in which the consumption of such mythologies and the ideology they witness simultaneously acts as an agent of its creation. For the actor to express the often unspoken ideology of heroism as an expectation, requisite, and unattainable stature for love, may the hand that grasps the hammer forge the ideology anew.

Its Burning Up In Here Baby second edition - Originally published in 2017

Light-Washed Man

A jaded corpse lies on the floor lifeless
But I have the possibility of giving it life
It's harmless
Or an analogy for projecting one's identity

The jaded corpse is like Frankenstein

The mattress on which the jaded corpse lies is dried out with a ring of urine in the center

And I at its side with no light
But a neon blazed apple on the wall above the mattress
The apple represents knowledge
The apple represents death

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I caress the jaded corpse's face
The skin is pale
It is lifeless

It's like science
Like physics
Like death

Death is like
Falling asleep
Or scraping your knee

But the jaded corpse is not dead
It's lifeless

How does one acquire a jaded corpse?
How does one acquire a lover?
How does one acquire consciousness?

The room I share with the jaded corpse is like a painting
It's like a painting in how it's colored
In how the bats fly at the window
It leaves me thinking about a time I tried to train a dog
And how a squirrel dies in a bush

Does the squirrel become the dog?
Or the other way around?

I'm lonely and the window has been closed because
it's cold

My sweater is red
And my pants are sucked of all the blood

Will this lifeless jaded corpse find life?

Jaded Corpse

Was pushed too hard
Was scared
Wanted to give up but didn't know how
Felt love only existed with sacrifice
Felt desires were never attainable
Cried with hopes it would get better
Was fed up and left home
Was a sculpture in a garden of fools
But cared so much
Was made to care so much
Was made to be a martyr
Made to be flayed
Is not even photogenic

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Light-Washed Man

My dresser whispers quietly
Next to the jaded corpse
It hopes to understand this lifeless jaded corpse

As do I
But it is lifeless
And I endeavor to give it life

When documenting time seasonally
I lose hope in my own mortality
Some think reanimating is easy
Some think you shouldn't sell yourself commercially

I am lonely in my painted room
Painted dresser
Painted floor
Painted walls
With roses of a past life

If all sentences can be understood
Then do we understand one another?

I cannot leave this room
For I am painted here

Longing for love
But the jaded corpse cannot hear me
My voice like a setting
With a character who has no arms

The Room

It is due to be updated
But the tenants have not been notified

Changes included:

Right from wrong
A poor taste for shag carpet
A pool for moments of respite that can withstand the
act of change
A bed that gives life to truth but cannot mend the pain
of lies
A window to see that life exists elsewhere

The room exists:

Beyond what we say can live or die
Beyond our imagination and action of our hands
Beyond the hands of others
Where time pretends to be dead

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Where time gives life

Light-Washed Man

The joyous disposition's higher self is hatred
The jaded corpse's higher self is a philosopher
Frightened by the sense that everything is worthless

In its failure we find comfort
For our sorrow is too dreadful

What might others think if we don't have Instagram?

The jaded corpse is lifeless on a mattress
Without Instagram

My sorrow is less routine but collected in the many
hours of this room

I just need more time
More support from my friends and family
It's hard to be perfect
What else do you expect?

Cruelty in small actions
Carcinogenic plastics

The Room

A floral scent upon arrival
Scurried footsteps of a lazy imagination
Extermination is in the future
The wall crumbles into furniture
In the window there's a hole the size of a pea
A warm balloon of silk hangs empty over a pillow
The pillow has no breath
The pillow lies cold without life

Light-Washed Man

It is difficult to describe my place of work
For I am unsure if it is work at all

They pay me to count disco tracks
For a catalog that is quarterly

A good occupation for a light washed man
Self-flexing muscles of capitalistic identity
In 500 years I'll be 6,011
And can be more fully respected as a thinker of our
time

Ending the Consortium

People need to understand
For every moment you're not having sex
There is a moment when you are

Jaded Corpse

Strung out on sex
Strung out on patience
Strung out on religion
Strung out on the politics of change
Strung out on "I love you"

To fall empty in the context of hypocrisy is the fate of
choosing life

This would probably be more interesting as a film

This is the jaded corpse's announcement of honesty

It's decided to become a cat

Cats are unaware that they are famous

The jaded corpse speaks clearly

Lifelessly

The jaded corpse may share its honesty

With those who are willing to share their breath

Light-Washed Man

You can't run away from having a mother

Even lifeless

You can't run away

The jaded corpse lies on the mattress in a painted
room

In the room I am sitting in the corner

Beneath the glow of an apple

The poison of my desire

But it's not unique

This is habitual for a light-washed man

A light washed man would take warmth

Would take comfort

Would drive quickly to an assurance of safety

Would watch a film

Would act as though he were the main character

A light-washed man would refuse to cook at night

A light-washed man would long for love

I am a light washed man

Ending the Consortium

The Room

Illuminated by a radiant snow
On the grass beyond the window of the room
It has approached morning
The room is cold
The room is wrapped in a blanket of nostalgia
The room didn't understand what it meant to be loved
After many years of watching
The room began to understand
The room began to form ideas for itself
How love could lead to transcendence
That existence may seem all the more sweet
For a room that finds love

Light-Washed Man

I feel ready to give life
To the lifeless jaded corpse

I feel ready
And I have waited long enough

Although I will be sad at the loss of its lifelessness
I feel it is time

I must prepare myself

I must give life to the lifeless jaded corpse

As I stare into its longing face

I imagine what it may be like

Dancing around fields of my youth

Sharing thoughts with it about what it means to be free

With the corpse of my desires

The corpse of an effervescent truth

The Room

The vessel lies on a mattress

The vessel lies on a mattress with a wilted rose

The vessel's neglected tongue is thirsty

The vessel is empty like a balloon filled with air

Turns over itself

Falling to the wood flooring

Falling into fantasy of forgetting

The vessel begins to narrow

Stretching limbs beyond the diameter of the walls

Beyond the limits of imagination

In this moment the room searches to more fully understand love

By studying the movement of a vessel in itself

Ending the Consortium

It's burning up in here baby

Light-Washed Man

My data plan consistently runs out and I must delete
Instagram

Am I not real? Yes

But then you're not real? Yes

Breakups happen in coffee shops

Dogs are liked more than children

Your mother will love you no matter how distant you
are

I stand in the painted room

Amidst the glow of an apple

Has my heart reached fulfillment?

Does my longing feel obsolete?

Can I destroy my phone and vow to find forgiveness?

Jaded Corpse

A light-washed man sits next to me

On a mattress with the smell of urine

I turned to him
Who slowly kissed my hand
Who slowly wiped me down with a rag

I asked

At what speed do you move your mouth to the object
of your desire?

On passing I notice I am a car
A man attempts to project his consciousness onto me

It's inevitable I will run into the end of that projection
The car will keep driving

The ways by which we have come to observe the infinite nature of the eternal moment is inhibited by the illusion of time and ourselves as privatized agents within it. Whether we try with all our effort to prolong our subjective observation it is that precise observation that will lead us to the end. And what a joyous end it might be, in that no longer are we disturbed by the search for joy or dissolution, that we become all that we have always been. What good is the theatre other than another illusion? Perhaps no good at all. But the good, that is present in us all, is precisely the catalyst for the evil which will destroy us. This is not to affect cynicism but to remind us of the sublime beauty in the ways that the universe maintains only perfect harmony by its infinite nature. Our failure could never cause it all to fail. What then should one do? As if I could know! And as if you should listen. Yet, the effort to know is infinitely more valuable than the knowing. A true master is always a student and is only observed to masterfully

avoid knowing anything altogether. The theatre is this search, it is the world within our world in which the truth is revealed for the role it has been cast to play, its consortium with lies.

Our perpetual wound is of a lost knowledge. One which we remain to know, that shall be uncovered and returned. A knowing that we could never know anything at all.

Take this for, perhaps, your meaning to life, that the meaning itself is the emptiness of meaning, the limitless theatre of filling it in, of playing the role. A child seems to know this game well, and yet, needs not to know the place from which it came. Only art, life, of the infinite eternal present, offers us guidance to act within the vacuous void of the theatre, to see ourselves only filled as one does in playing a part.

Many moons the wind has brung
The sharpened beaks remove our tongues
The violent soul sings songs unsung

If a preacher conducts the spirit of the chapel
The carpenter; the force of their machine
What doth the writer's soul proclaim
while writing in a dream

And at the end, like ends before
The echo of the rhythm breaks
On lips who speak the furrowed root
Does music fill such space

Who speaks through you
Has fallen ill, has quieted us all
For silence takes our pride to make
What vacant voids we are

See your nascent soul as pitted
The whisper of the wind as hate
From our dried out lungs and guts
A celebration we will make

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