



the 'need to know' law. I tell you something you do not 'need to know'. According to government protocol, you have the duty to report me as a spy or at worst, a leak. According to military protocol, you have the duty to report me as a messenger, who may or may not be shot. According to educational protocol, you have the duty to report me as research and, in so doing, footnote the exchange. But I'd like to say: the 'need to know law' is all in the wrist, closer to new forms of social agency and economies; a kind of 'how you play the game, how the game plays you, whilst the band just plays on. Ownership in the 21st Century as intellectual property and the need to know.

Conversion on the Road to Damascus 2: Minority Report of the Political (or how to have an adventure, after metaphysics)¹

Professor Johnny Golding (text), Dr Stephen Kennedy (music composition)

ecce homo (this man; this woman; this hermaphrodite!; this androgynous! this ISH! – and no other). TODAY. today I am part thief, part iron-claw, transformed in the first instance as a swift and shadowy runner, skimming the surface of greasy back alleyways with goods close to hand! Nothing stops me: not sirens, not wounds, not the filthy dirty air! Nothing impedes my rush! But at the slightest sniff of danger I can transform! Oh, I can transform into – a blue flower! Or maybe a nasty coral reef! Or perhaps just some old rusty tractor, digging and banging and digging some more, same place, same time, same rhythm. And I think to myself: isn't it just grand how the ground gives way under my – *imagination!* Maybe *this* is what it means to make a gesture towards aesthetics in the age of relativity and technological change? I want to say: yes (but not exactly).

thus as it was recorded in the year of our Lord, 1611. The New Testament, Acts of the Apostles 28: 'Saying, Go unto this people, and say; Hearing ye shall hear, and shall not understand; and seeing ye shall see, and not perceive. For the heart of this people is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed; lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them.'² So it was that Paul strode from Rome assured in his new role as Apostle having himself seen the Light and heard the Voice on that now rather infamous road to Damascus.

¹ Installed in its present incarnation at the Critical Digital Studies Workshop, June 4-6, 2009. We would like to thank Arthur and Marilouise Kroker for inviting us into their extraordinary event – a remarkable journey through and amongst the Code Drift. The first version of this installation was presented at the **European Research Project for Poetics and Hermeneutics: Memory and Interpretation**, The Macedonian Academy of Sciences and Arts, Skopje, Macedonia. Subsequent versions have been installed as part of the *Failures Project*, Goethe Institute/ Serpentine Gallery, part of the Body:Gender:Technology, International Symposium at the JFK Institute, The Friei Universitat of Berlin, (on invitation by Prof. Michaela Hampf) and published in R. Garnett & Andrew Hunt, **Gest: Laboratory of Synthesis**, London: Bookworks, 2008).

² As taken from 'The Acts of the Apostles 28:26. 27', in **The New Testament** (King James Version; 1611/1979/1982 <http://www.gbgn-umc.org/melfava/nt/nt.htm>)



revelation as the secret telos of metaphysics (light and voice as ontology).

From blind-man Saul to clear-sighted Paul, his conversion was total and Absolute, engineered as it was by the Heavenly Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, whose miraculous energies simultaneously pushed him forward whilst grounding him utterly – and completely – to the Path. This old metaphysical (and dialectical) chestnut, despite many translations on the teleological theme, could be restaged as follows: a fundamentalist religious fanatic in the abstract representation called ‘Saul’, whose nastiness included, indeed was consummated by the carrying out — whenever and wherever possible — of the Final Solution against those mortal beasts believing in the Resurrection, found himself on one otherwise uneventful day, trans-fixed and sublated, point for point into his utter contradiction, the equally rabid though as yet not quite fully realised, Paul. This abstract Paul whose incomplete cogency spun around the miracle of seeing and hearing the Revealed truth of Transubstantiation, was at that very same instant immanently transcended, and commanded to so be, and thereby, fully synthesised in the wake of this movement as both the messianic Apostle Paul, and the very ground of a universalised Faith.

revelation as the secret telos to metaphysics (light and voice as ethics). It is well known in the everyday vernacular of Philosophy properly speaking, that two kinds of truth take precedence: revealed and natural. In the former can be placed: unexplained events, miracles, Commandments from on High. This requires a certain kind of teaching, a certain kind of memory, a certain kind of interpretation and a certain kind of discovery. It requires a certain kind of adherence to the narrative, Law, and therewith, as noted above, to Faith. Conversion brought about through this form of adherence is its essential feature, an essentialism residing precisely in the sublated move (conversion) from the one side to its anti-thetical ‘other’, with an immanent transcendence onto the righteous path (or morally corrupt one depending on one’s ability to hear, see, listen, act, imagine *correctly*) remaining close at hand. It is in this sense that metaphysics always requires some form of revelation to make its ethical move.

revelation as the secret telos to metaphysics (light and voice as the epistemological ‘is’ of Being). One of the important aspects of this form of revelation was, of course, that it brought the human condition front and centre as a feature to Knowledge, heretofore regarded as only the providence of God. Change was to be rooted in human will, where revelation would be sutured on the grounds of certainty. And while it may be true that certainty could (and did) imply probability, and probability could (and did) imply error, and error could (and did) imply human fallibility, revelatory truth did so only on the basis of the binaric contradiction: either/or, friend/enemy, yes/no, self/other, terrorist/democrat, man/woman, Jew/Christian, gay/straight, artist/accountant all set in a totalised field and offered up to the Absolute.

enter Descartes (doubt as ground to Being). Descartes was not the first to challenge this view, but he was one of the first to pose ‘doubt’ with a different sort of



character than that which might be linked to discovery. For him, it was neither attached to certainty nor to that of uncertainty. ‘To doubt’ was for Descartes a kind of ‘unsayable something’, a kind of unsutured positivity of logic, wherein stood the last bastion of apodictic thought: one might doubt one’s eyesight, one’s hearing, one’s very existence; but one could not doubt doubt itself. It was a clever move, wherein the essence of one’s being took the form a newly devised Cogito, ‘I doubt, therefore I think, therefore I am’.³ To put this slightly differently, doubt was to be the ground upon – and the propeller for which – the Being of human was to be conditioned, and more to the point, ‘ought’ to be the basis for all human reason, and indeed, for all humanity. As Hannah Arendt was later to rephrase it, doubt was not (and is not) to be pitted ‘against’ thought: it *is* thought; the very condition of life itself.⁴ Foucault would take it one step further: doubt was to be the very basis of imagination, creativity, and indeed, a stylistics of existence: I doubt, therefore I think, therefore I invent, therefore I am. Discovery-as-revelation-as-truth had nothing to do with it.

secular enlightenment (or the unholy marriage of Cartesian doubt with Kant’s ‘Sapere Aude’). With the battle cry ‘Dare to know!’, Kant did more than simply acknowledge the individuality of being human as that which must be linked with the sensuousness of doubt. By asking the question in the way that he did; that is as a demand: ‘Supposing it could be otherwise, what could this ‘otherwise’ look like?’, an odd sort of map, an odd sort of journey began to replace the tried and true cartography of original sin and all its revelatory truths. For change, conversion, movement itself was now to be attached to a kind of journey connected to invention, taste, assemblage; that is to say, a kind of knowledge that brought to the fore the realisation that anyone (indeed, everyone) could ‘exit’ the shackles of an immature existence. At the very minimum, all that was required was the knowledge that one could doubt and the courage to do so.

And so it was, with this form of Enlightenment, that the first unsanctified crack in the System surfaced.

truth and consequences. Apart from the many long-winded consequences filtering out of this ‘age of reason and enlightenment’ inhabitation, came a shift in what it might mean to be an artist. Hitherto, an artist was rather like a vessel through whose body-hand flowed the creative eye, taste, energy – and whim – of God. But now, now if it were true that creativity was no longer the providence of God {but might also be connected to or produced by one’s ‘own’ (dynamic version of) reason – one which lay at the very core of being human – } meant, that the human-artist-type-being did not simply or only conduct or translate the word/vision/spirit of God neatly onto canvas, sculpture or sound, but that he or she was a Creator, too (or anyway, might be). Now, it would be one thing – one not too bad or awkward a-thing, given this trajectory – if the artist was never quite as good as God; but what if, what if the artist were better? An imprisonable offence, held without bail, to be sure.]

³ Rene Descartes, *The Meditations*.

⁴ Hannah Arendt, *The Human Condition*, (New York).



And so entered the first of many technicoloured ‘fudge factors’ to political, philosophical, scientific, aesthetic and ethical ‘reason’: how to square the wildly expanding journeys to which inhabited reason might lead – pathways which would take one way beyond the horizon’s of one’s own worldly worlds – how to square this with the cultural fermentations, beliefs and common senses of the day. Perhaps it was best just to say, as it was said in the Book and elsewhere: that man could only ever approach God, but not become or (dare it be suggested) exceed, God.]

INTERLUDE AS CHORUS looking versus reading hearing versus listening smelling verses sniffing. Perhaps it can be best understood like this: You can look at something without reading it, but you can never, ever read without looking. The same could be said of hearing and listening: the latter requires the former; whilst the former ‘just is’. Perhaps it might be fairer to say, then, that in the case of reading or listening or sniffing, translation forms the hinge of its truth; it gives reading|listening|sniffing a kind of unspecified mobility and depth of an immediate (surface) circuitry – a surface circuitry somewhat absent from ‘simply’ looking, hearing, smelling. But if this is really the case, then it means that there must be at least two kinds of ‘is’s at one and the same time: the ‘is’ that ‘just is’ and the one that ‘is to be.’ I want to say this two-headed ‘is’ has *something* to do with duration: length, distance, intensity, speed, but *that* is another matter, a mobile, multi-mediated matter: an ars erotica-as-ars scientifica ‘matter’.

valuing the mediocre as precious (God is Dead) . within *The Gay Science*, and as further developed in his *Will to Power*, Nietzsche neatly summarised this crack in the system with one unforgettable utterance: ‘God is Dead.’⁵ This, of course, was no ordinary death sentence, and it certainly did not mean what Hegel took it to mean when, some 80 years earlier when he (Hegel) penned a similar decree, flatly condemning the new world order as being enveloped by “the feeling that God himself is dead.”⁶ For Hegel, the fear was precisely that people were turning away from God; but for Nietzsche, it was precisely the reverse, the fear that they were not turning away fast enough – not so much from God Himself, but from the need to find Spirit in a totalising, read: universal, sense of truth. What had died for Nietzsche was an entire moment not so much ‘in history’ but ‘of history itself’ – ie, the cultural condition that placed metaphysics as the new God-head of meaning, change, progress, prediction, man-made in all its mediocre glory. His ‘God is Dead!’ was not so much a lament; as it was a ‘wake-up call’ attempting to remind all those who needed reminding that the time was nigh to rip sensuous knowledge, creativity, fearlessness from the mastiff of a resurrected eternally unfolding existence and be brave enough to look into the void, and deal with ‘it’ as it actually was/would be/might have been. It was time to get rid of this decrepitude empty shelter called Metaphysics and to embolden the ‘is’ with an ever-expanding intensity beyond that of doubt, daring, or stylistics of existence. But the move, this ‘call to arms’ did not work: he was writing ‘before’ his Time.

⁵ Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*, translated by W. Kaufman, *The Portable Nietzsche*, (New York: Viking, 1968), pp. 95-96.

⁶ G.W.F. Hegel, *Faith and Knowledge (1802)*, as quoted in M. Heidegger, “The Word of Nietzsche,” *The Question Concerning Technology and other Essays*, trans and with introduction by William Lovitt, (New York, Harper Torchbooks, 1977, pp. 58-59.



The Madman. Have you not heard of that madman who lit a lantern in the light morning hours, ran to the market place, and cried incessantly, “*I seek God! I seek God!*” As many of those who do not believe in God were standing around just then, he provoked much laughter. Why, did he get lost? Said one. Did he lose his way like a child? said another. Or is he hiding? is he afraid of us? has he gone on a voyage? or emigrated? Thus they yelled and laughed. The madman jumped into their midst and pierced them with his glances.

“Whither is God?” he cried. “I shall tell you. We have killed him – you and I. All of us are murderers. But how have we done this? How were we able to drink up the sea? Who gave us the sponge to wipe away the entire horizon? What did we do when we unchained this earth from its sun? Whither is it moving now? Whither are we moving now? Away from all suns? Are we not plunging continually? [continually?] Backward, sideward, forward, in all directions? Is there any up or down left? Are we not straying as through an infinite nothing? Do we not feel the breath of empty space? Has it not become colder? Is not night and more night [and more night] coming on all the while? Must not lanterns be lit in the morning? Do we not hear anything yet of the noise of gravediggers who are burying God? Do we not smell anything yet of God’s decomposition? Gods too decompose. God is dead. God remains dead. And we have killed him. How shall we, the murderers of all murderers, comfort ourselves? What festivals of atonement, what sacred games shall we have to invent? Is not the greatness of this deed too great for us? Must not we ourselves become gods simply to seem worthy of it? There has never been a greater deed; and whoever will be born after us – for the sake of this deed he will be part of a higher history than all history hitherto.”

Here the madman fell silent and looked again at his listeners; and they too were silent and stared at him in astonishment. At last he threw his lantern on the ground, and it broke and went out. “*I come too early,*” he said then; “*my time has not come yet. This tremendous event is still on its way, still wandering – it has not yet reached the ears of man.*”⁷

It was not so much that one was too afraid to peer into the abyss, thought Nietzsche; it was rather, that we were not afraid *enough*. For Nietzsche, the intimate chemistry of change was always already connected with life-force; life-force with power, power with mastery, mastery with change; change with life-force—and then a repeat of the pattern – the chemistry of change as connected to life-force, life-force with power, power with mastery, mastery with change—and then a repeat of the pattern—the chemistry of change as connected to life-force, life-force with power, power with mastery, mastery with change and etc. *This* – and not transcendence, dialectical or otherwise – was the Eternal return, always already returning an ‘intensity’, an erstwhile ‘will to power’, through a repeat performance that both copied itself and, in so doing, created anew: a kind of re-remembering, a kind of mimetic repetition, a kind of networked logic of the genus – a genealogy – one without a predetermined cartography; but also, one without an ‘inside’ (or ‘outside’) to the real. Simply an affirmation of intensity, an objective intensity transcending value, and in that seductive curiosity, simultaneously forming the very basis, process and goal of the present-tense (is). A singular surface,

⁷ *The Gay Science*, pp. 95-96, as quoted in Heidegger’s *The Word of Nietzsche*, pp. 59-60.



'beyond' the usual goal posts of good and evil. A patterned revealing and a concealing at one and the same time, one might easily name as: *camouflage*.

ecce homo (*this being; this creature! this One – and no other*). Now I say to you, again, today: Today, this day, this day, this day! we are part thief, part iron-claw, transformed in the first instance as a swift and shadowy runners, skimming the surface of greasy back alleyways with goods close to hand! Nothing stops us: not sirens, not wounds, not the filthy dirty air! Nothing impedes our rush! But at the slightest sniff of danger we can transform! Oh, we can transform into – a blue flower! Or maybe a nasty coral reef! Or perhaps just some old rusty tractor, digging and banging and digging some more, same place, same time, same rhythm. And I think to myself: isn't it just grand how the ground gives way under our – *imagination!* Maybe *this* is what it means to make a gesture towards aesthetics in the age of relativity and technological change? I want to say: yes (but not exactly).

nip and tuck (or as dancing on the head of a pin). Heidegger greatly appreciated this critical re-staging of intensity as pattern and event of appropriation. But as he saw it, this 'will to power' for all its battle cries and innuendo, did not quite get beyond the boundary-line of metaphysics; God may have died, but there were still too many mopping up operations needing to be performed; too many uncomfortable grounds, goals and transcendences, needing to be uprooted; too many trails which seemed, at least to Heidegger, to lead implicitly back to a metaphysical modernity quite dead but not yet gone.

So he introduced, in his *Question Concerning Technology* and elsewhere, a peculiar double-edged caveat about contemporary life which he hoped would lead out of the metaphysical wilderness: First, that we do not find ourselves 'entering' a time period called the 'technological' age; we are, rather, 'entered' already into it: there is no choice, no decision to join or not, no question of escape, anymore than there is a question of 'deciding' as to whether one wishes to breathe oxygen or cream cheese; we have been entered into the 'age of Technology', in the same way that one is entered into the atmosphere of life itself. One is 'in' and 'of' and 'linked to' technology; where this 'in' and 'of' and 'link' circumscribes an arena, a kind of enframing imposed or created from the very establishment of that connection, that dynamic cohabitation. In this way, the human 'self', to the degree to which there is 'a' self, would be precisely the expression of this synapse, this link of the now 'cohabiting' yet 'non-embodied' presence; the very art (techne) of grasping the 'out there' (Dasein); and society itself would be nothing other than the aesthetics of its Being-there/Being-with.

Now without repeating the whole sordid tale of how he attempted (and failed) to get beyond the very epistemological brick wall he accused Nietzsche of failing to leap, suffice it to say, that because Heidegger's analysis still required a kind of ground (ontic) to knowledge; that is, a kind of a "groundless ground", he was still brought face-to-face with the (quasi-) mystical onto-theo-logic Godhead haze itself. Toward the last of



his days, a very disgruntled Heidegger claimed it was impossible, all things considered (and he had considered all things) to jump from that proverbial metaphysical ship.

Enter Einstein.

'=' and the will to energy. Rather than couch the discussion in terms of 'power' as synapsed between two end points, Einstein simply inverted the dynamic of power with that of energy, without reverting back to insides and outsides, God or transcendence. In his famously and elegantly simple statement of $e=mc^2$, the very dynamic / synapse of relativity would held in position not by the grasp of the 'out-there' to itself, but by the very cohesiveness imbued by the '=' whose variable counterpoints could shift/change but only in relation to a given intensity. Gone: the end points, the closed circuit systems; Enter a relativity possible by virtue of the will to cohere, a given 'intensity' within a variable statement, secured and propelled by its impossible (but no less real) paradigm shifts of speed, distance, mass. We might now symbolise this Einsteinian move with an '=' or a '0', no longer the providence of Revealed or Eternal truth, but of the simple fractal or slice of life. Like Escher's two hands drawing themselves, this fractal or pattern or assemblage requires no Observer, God, or indeed any Outside as a feature to the aesthetic imagination, much less, one's ability to create the 'is' of life itself.

On the other hand, and especially in his general relativity theorem, how could one square the ever-expanding universe with the notion that there was 'no outside'? Like an Escher's two hands drawing themselves, the very thought belies a certain kind of logic; it was creepy and 'zen' all at the same time (how long is this piece of string: this long). And what of the silent mass of anti-space|anti-matter|anti-energy? Well, Einstein had an answer to this. He called it a kind of 'cosmological stasis' which occurred if one took the logical probability of high density dynamic relativism to its nth degree: at some point there would have to be stasis, despite an ever-expanding universe.

If one stayed within traditional physics and mathematics, this conclusion was a logical impossibility (to have an ever-expanding universe and, as well, cosmological stasis). Rather than throwing out the entirety of general relativity theorem, Einstein, instead added yet another 'fudge factor' – he couldn't prove what he was saying or its impossible conclusions, but, by all rights, cosmological stasis made sense (it just made unprovable sense). To put this slightly differently, his 'resolution' suggested that not only was there not exactly 'nothing' or 'void' or 'lack' before there was a 'something,' but given the curvature of time-space 'itself,' this 'nothingness' had a kind of shape or



fold, we might nowadays call it a kind of blackhole elsewhere, filling in the gaps, as it were in our ever-expanding universe. (And if you think this is strange, how much more so to find out – as was recently recorded by satellite technology – that these 'anti-matter black-holes whistle, and do so in the key of b-flat). *B-flat?!*

Interlude 2: looking versus reading; hearing versus listening; smelling versus sniffing. OH yes! Yes, you can look at something without reading it, but you can never read without looking. The same could be said of hearing and listening: the latter requires the former; whilst the former 'just is'. Perhaps it might be fair to say, then, that in the case of reading or listening or sniffing, translation forms the hinge of its truth; it gives reading|listening|sniffing a kind of unspecified mobility and depth of an immediate (surface) circuitry – a surface circuitry somewhat absent from 'simply' looking, hearing, smelling. But if this is really the case, then it means that there must be at least two kinds of 'is's at one and the same time: the 'is' that 'just is' and the one that 'is to be.' I want to say this two-headed 'is' has *something* to do with duration: length, distance, intensity, speed, but *that* is another matter, a mobile, multi-mediated: an *ars erotica/ars scientifica immaterial materialised* matter.

ecce homo (*this man; this woman; this hermaphrodite!; this androgynous! this ISH! – and no other*). TODAY. today I am part thief, part iron-claw, transformed in the first instance as a swift and shadowy runner, skimming the surface of greasy back alleyways with goods close to hand! Nothing stops me: not sirens, not wounds, not the filthy dirty air! Nothing impedes my rush! But at the slightest sniff of danger I can transform! Oh, I can transform into – a blue flower! Or maybe a nasty coral reef! Or perhaps just some old rusty tractor, digging and banging and digging some more, same place, same time, same rhythm. And I think to myself: isn't it just grand how the ground gives way under my – *imagination!* Maybe *this* is what it means to make a gesture towards aesthetics in the age of relativity and technological change? I want to say: yes (but not exactly

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the bruise. For the question becomes (or indeed, always has been): how does one account for the *condition* of life, including one’s *own* life, its harshness or its coolness? the *thicknesses* of its blood, the *tones* of its savagery, the *levels* of its anger, the *severities* of its crime? A plurality of the One that is several at the same instant; at the same duration; the same place; the same rhythm, breath, content, remark; a kind of viscerally disembowelled geography which nevertheless remains contiguously embodied, infinitely expanding, deeply disruptive, morally suspect and a little bit monstrous. Like Bataille, the sacred and profane rub up against the mediocre; but unlike Bataille, its syntheses, intensities, values can be discarded, de- and re-territorialised, disembodied and re-configured. And it does so by putting forward an ethics, an aesthetics, a stylistics of existence.

child's play. So picture this: picture a child’s game, well-known in its immediate sense of dysfunctionality writ large: the game of ‘musical chairs’.⁸ For purposes of establishing a common memory databank, shall I recap the game as follows: a series of chairs are set in a line with one too many participants for the amount of given chairs. A gun goes off, the music begins and the children run round the chairs frantically attempting to be near this or that chair so that when the music stops – suddenly, and on the wrong beat – they must grab and sit on said chair (Rule #1). The game is already skewed, we all know this from the start: one player will always-already be caught without a chair. The one ‘caught out’ when silence descends, well, they must exit, stay at the sidelines, or go somewhere else. Get lost, Loser! (Rule #2). The game is repeated, until there are only two participants and one isolated chair left. I never liked this game, whether or not I managed to be victorious with the one remaining trophy chair. Who cares about the chairs anyway? I was always more curious about the play of the game. (This curiosity meant that I always played to the bitter end this silly little game).

a few questions and answers.

Question: When is a curve no longer a line or a point?

Answer: When it morphs into an imaginary number (where n is part real, part make-believe).

Question: When is an imaginary number no longer a vectored curve?

⁸ Remarkably, this game of ‘musical chairs’ is known to children in Germany as ‘*the road to Jerusalem*’. I leave it to you to deduce the obvious.



Answer: When its rhizomatic spreadsheet is conditioned by its molecular regime.

Question: When is the condition of a molecular regime problematic?

Answer: When that molecular regime is able (just because it can) to install *the war machine*, as Deleuze would call it, into every available hole and niche and quadrant.

Question: When is a war machine able to 'install' itself everywhere at anytime without too much (or any) awareness or resistance that a microfascism is starting to implant and grow? That is to say, when can the war machine install itself "just because it can"?

Answer: When the morphed continuum recursivity's viral load paradoxically subsumes the dividing lines whilst simultaneously resurrecting segmented strata. Translation: It has nothing to do with 'false consciousness' and even less to do (at least in the beginning) with identity politics, nationalisms and ethnicities. It is rather a particular kind of bureaucracy, a rather particular kind of managerialism, a particular kind of art|school mutation, sweeping over Europe (old and new) at this very moment, as we speak. It is a paradoxically situated 'situation': both binarically coded and deeply 'open-ended'. "The masses certainly do not passively submit to power," observe the Deleuze|Guattarian eye, "nor do they 'want' to be repressed, in a kind of masochistic hysteria; nor are they tricked by an ideological lure. Desire is never separable from complex assemblages that necessarily tie into molecular levels, from microformations already shaping postures, attitudes, perceptions, expectations, energy, but itself results from a highly developed, engineered set up rich in interactions: a whole supple segmentarity that processes molecular energies and potentially gives desire a fascist determination. Leftist organizations will not be the last to secret microfascisms" (TP 215).ⁱ

[or the uses and abuses of kneeling]. Perhaps it is safer to say, then, that all these zeros and ones, lines and points, segments and infinities, fudge-factors and darings, thievery and science... -- perhaps all these '*FRACTALS*' have more to do with the necessity to *submit* – and not only that! but to know how and when, without knowing “why” exactly, and without knowing to whom or even to what one ‘kneels’. On the other hand, perhaps this kind of FRACTALITY has nothing to do with kneeling or any other form of submission, and I’ve just been carried away with trying to explain what happens when I sniff out the uncharted paths in a manner according to my custom, especially when night stealths towards day: the stillness of air! the light! the dew! the quietness of tone! the possibility to connect a this with a that! Perhaps what I am mentioning has only a tiny micro slice to do with submission – but I



mention it anyway, for no other reason than that the combination of light, and touch, and sound, and smell compels me to inhabit my body *differently*; now aligned/maligned with a stranger series of curiosities, hungers, expectations, promises, threats. This has very little to do with losing (or conversely, with finding) ‘my’ self. It’s a peculiar submission; perhaps even a peculiar mastery – this gutter-ground gift, this instant eventness of *desire* and *pleasure* and *discipline* and *wandering*: this holy place of the bended knee. (But perhaps I am confusing the formal requirements of Philosophy and Art SCIENCE and RELIGION with their bastardised cousins, greed, hunger, curiosity, sloth).

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It is a delicate game we are playing, after all.

ⁱ See Chapter 9 "1933: Micropolitics and Segmentarity," of *A Thousand Plateaus*.