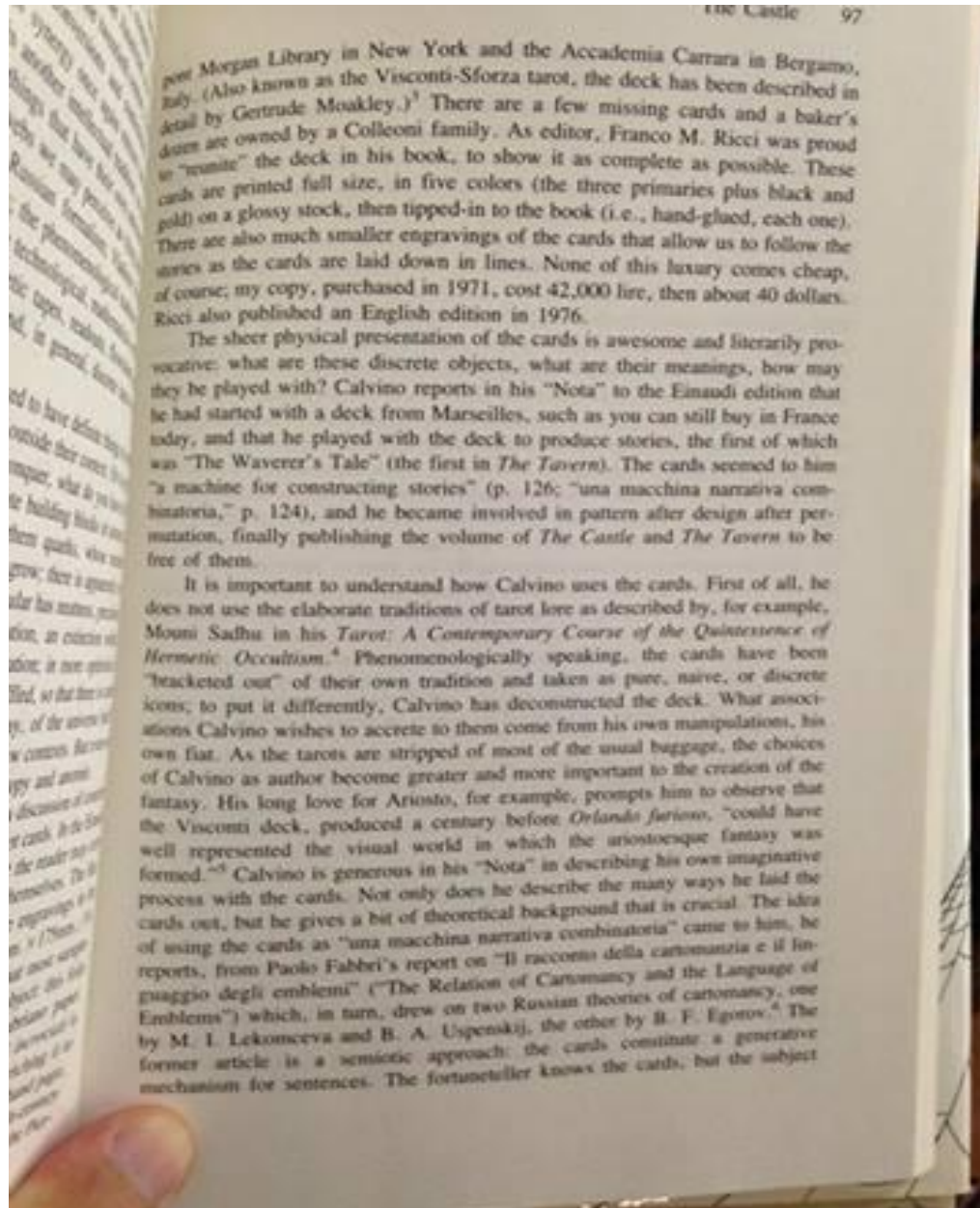


Enrique Enriquez

A couple of pages from an essay on Calvino's "Castle..." by an author whose name I forgot. There is a stanza from Dante where this, unnamed, author sees a seed for the beginning of The Tavern of Crossed Destinies.



and truth becomes extremely relative, even whimsical. The *Castle of Crossed Destinies* and *The Tavern of Crossed* are linked by this dual explanation, both entry points to the worlds through a gathering of the now mute characters, although from different perspectives (which, finally, merge).

Further Dantean link that binds the two openings, as elements of two famous opening tercets are used in the two openings, respectively *the Castle* and *The Tavern*:

In the middle of the path of our life  
I found myself in a dark wood  
where the direct route had been lost.  
Ah, how hard it is to tell how it was  
this wild forest, rough and harsh,  
its very memory renews my fear!

(My literal translation)

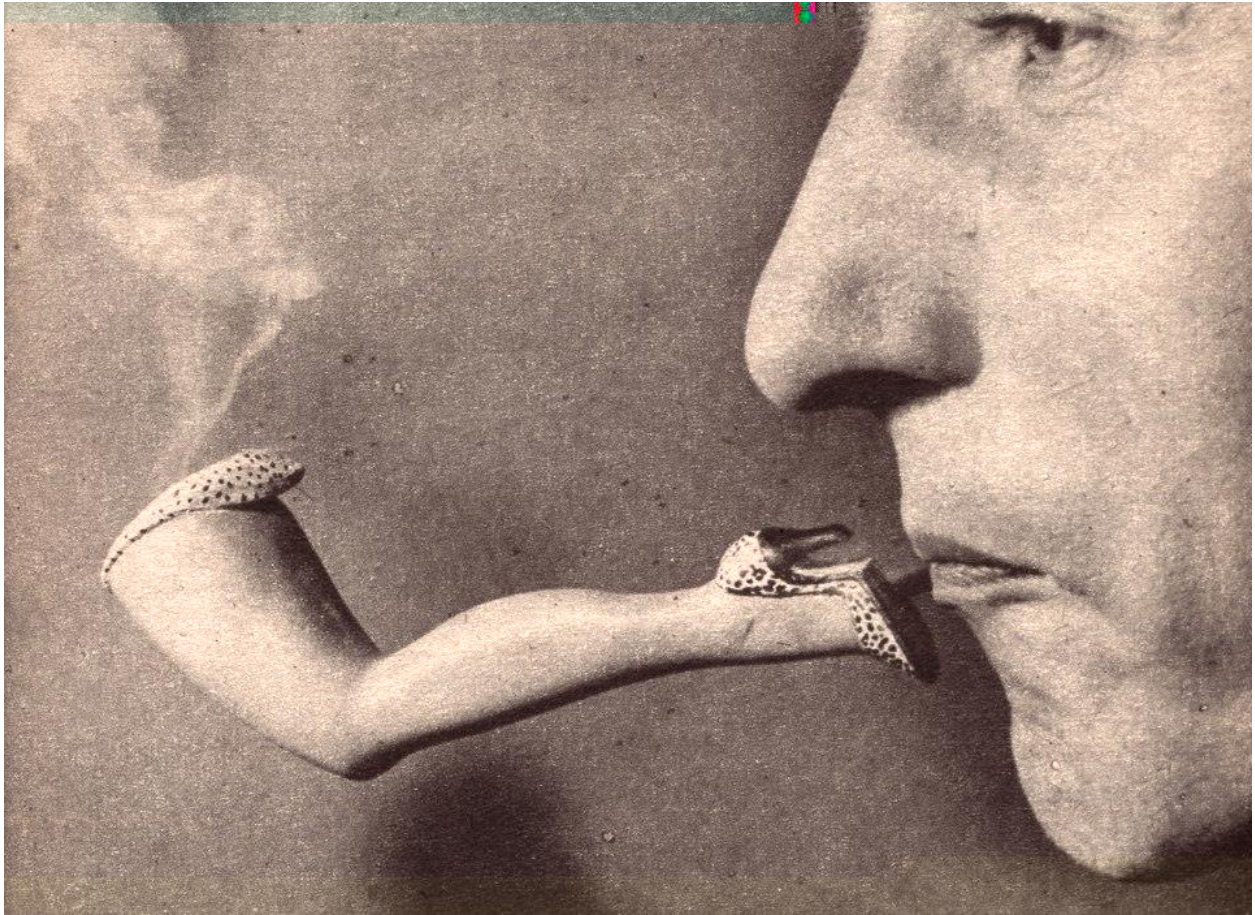
Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita  
mi ritrovai per una selva oscura  
che la diritta via era smarrita.  
Ah quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura  
esta selva selvaggia e aspra e forte  
che nel pensier rinova la paura!

*Inferno* 1, 1-6

the opening, "In the midst of a thick forest" (p. 3; "In mezzo della foresta") reminds us of the first tercet. In the frame for *The Tavern* is a paragraph that parallels the second tercet: "How can I tell about the loss of my power of speech, words, perhaps also memory, how I am lost outside" (p. 52; "Come faccio a raccontare adesso chi sono fuori").



Paul Nagy Study, contemplate while smoking a good pipe which this is not.



Luca Shivendra Ohm

Today... Second home or pied-à-terre



Today... Second home or pied-a-terre

Luca Shivendra Ohm OR "Is it ok to leave the pots under the rains?"

Khadijah Carolyn 1.) DIEV= dive, two pearl divers

2.) and their oyster (bivalve, "two" and "leaves")



Audrey Layden A house divided shall not stand.

Aurora Díaz Fernández Tumble in the garden.

Bhima Beausoleil Take a chance. Look inside.

Enrique Enriquez The scimitars define the outline of the tower (aerial view).

The vine is fire.

Divine is fair.



Paul Nagy The two swords coil to make the spring loaded jack-in-the-box song that may well refer to several major arcana. Verses vary but the providence of the nursery rhyme is attested as around 1855.

Beside the Tower, the Chariot, the Wheel of Fortune and the World are obvious analogs.

All around the Mulberry Bush,  
The monkey chased the weasel.  
The monkey stopped to scratch his nose  
Pop! goes the weasel.

A penny for a spool of thread,  
A penny for a needle—  
That's the way the money goes,  
Pop! goes the weasel.

All around the carpenter's bench  
The monkey chased the weasel;  
The monkey thought 'twas all in good fun  
Pop! goes the weasel.

Every night when I get home  
The monkey's on the table,  
Take a stick and knock it off,  
Pop! goes the weasel.

Up and down the City Road  
In and out the Eagle  
That's the way the money goes  
Pop! goes the weasel.

All around the chicken coop,  
The possum chased the weasel.  
And after them in double haste,  
Pop! goes the weasel.

Audrey Layden Popping out of the tower...neat. Good for conflicted two of swords.

Drap Arora Free fall, only to find landing on a trampoline

Ed Alvarez Handstands for a one eyed jack

Camelia Elias The periscope curved.

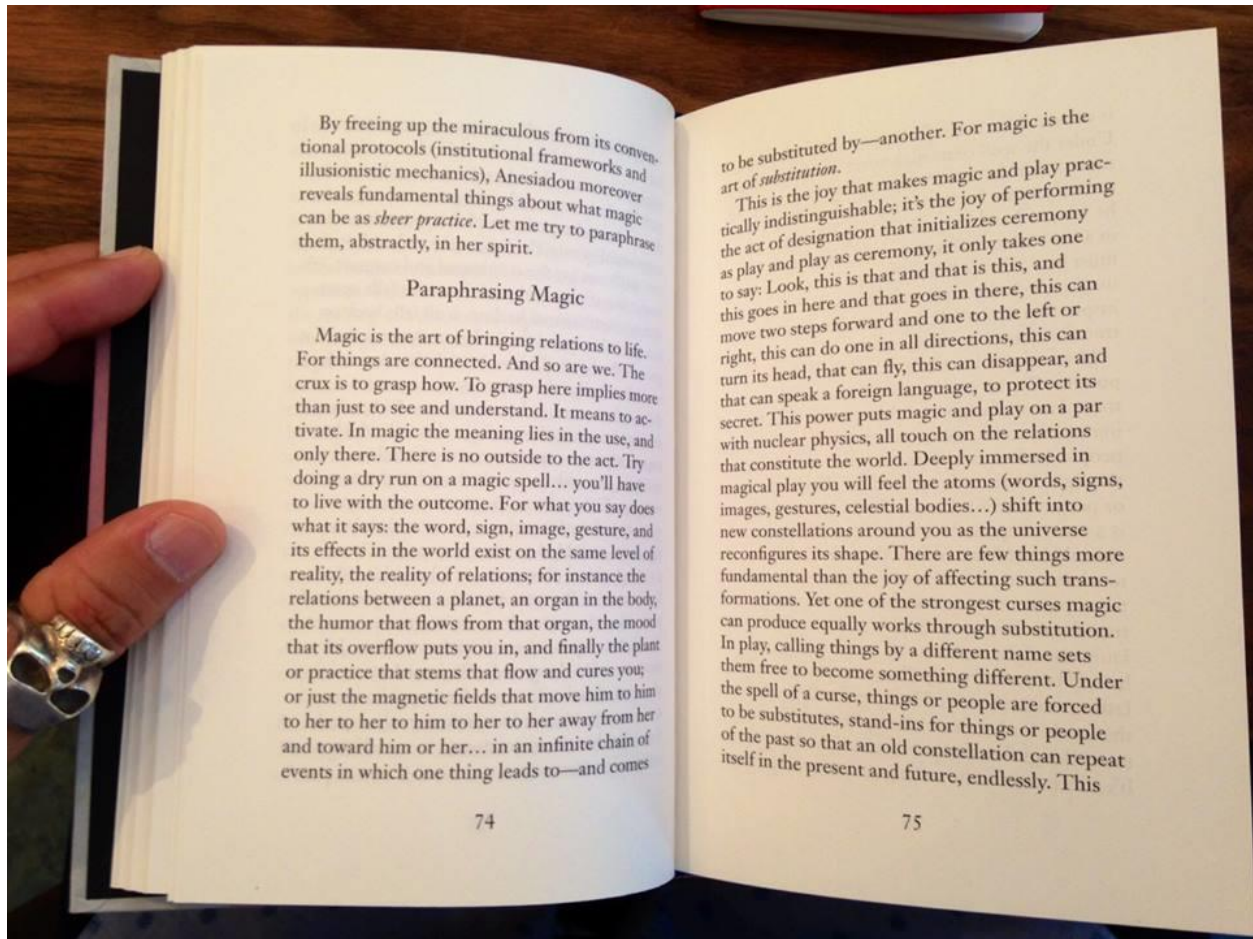
Luca Shivendra Ohm Yes! Camelia ... Or maybe Hubble telescope and a new galaxy viewed through a cosmic lens (the two astrophysicists look rather upset)...

Markus Pfeil The Tower melts. Sci my tar pouring out of the holes?



Enrique Enriquez A couple of pages from Jan Verwoert's book 'Cookie!'. This guy understands magic.

[This thread combines several threads which tangentially relate to these pictures.]

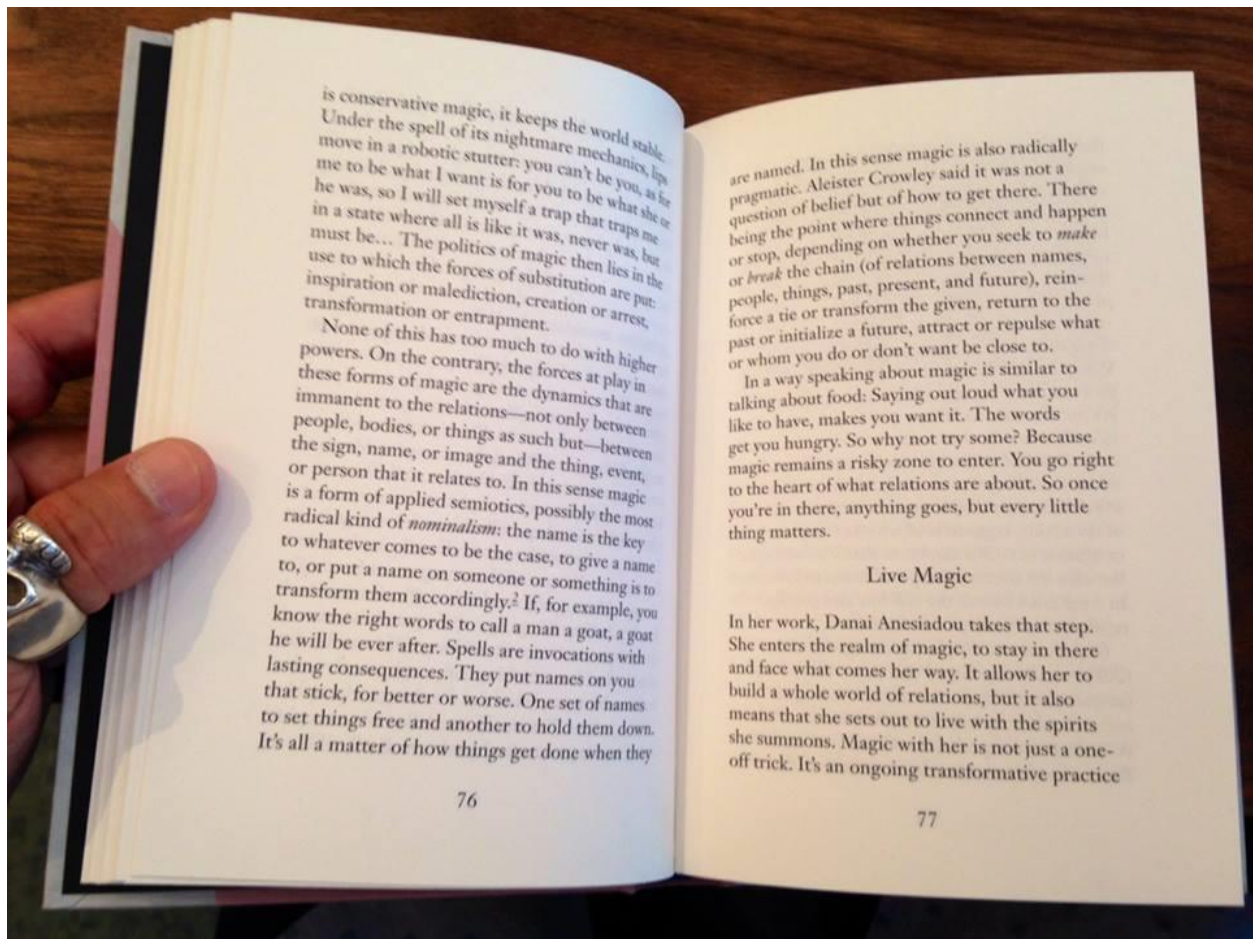


Aurora Díaz Fernández Enrique, I'm cooking a potato soup, so doing magic.

Ed Alvarez That is awesome! "An old constellation can repeat itself ....."

Paul Nagy So the old adage refrains:

"bright raining eyes  
potato soups the sky  
constellated dots mist  
potions brewed on  
steamy pelts  
of star skin:  
a flimsy flavor  
or a sniff of whimsy  
one thing is another."



Enrique Enriquez BTW, Verwoert is an art critic.

Perhaps it is time we start writing some prequels.

Paul Nagy Animal Spirits – Fables in the Parlance of Our Times by Michael Stevenson & Jan Verwoert

<http://www.lespressesdureel.com/EN/ouvrage.php?id=2813&menu>

In March 2008 the artist Michael Stevenson self-published a slender document entitled “Fables” to accompany his project “Lender of Last Resort” at the Kröller-Müller Museum in the Netherlands. It was a series of some nine texts in fable form, and each suggested further allegorical readings on a tableau the artist assembled in the museum. All were co-written by Stevenson and the art critic Jan Verwoert. The project itself was developed around the notion of the bilateral loan contract, both in the financial sense, but also regarding the museological. A loan is perhaps best defined as an inter-temporal transfer of value through time. It is probably the oldest financial instrument, dating at least from the birth of writing. Some of the first ever written documents describe loans, bad loans in fact (default being the real reason the record has remained). The tableau itself was constructed from objects related to the



founding of the museum, a process that unfolded in and among the banking crisis of 1924. The publication was only available in the space itself and has long since been out of print.

“Animal Spirits: Fables in the Parlance of Our Times” is an artist's book by Michael Stevenson and Jan Verwoert which expands upon the themes of this earlier document and re-examines them more specifically in the light of our current times. It is based on a collaborative process, a process that resembles a game. Stevenson and Verwoert developed a working method in which plot structure remained open, a kind of partial exquisite corpse, i.e. text fragments passed back and forth without prior discussion as to any through line. These stories were co-illustrated in a similar way by the artist and Margaret Stevenson, his mother—the moral guide; the results were then made into a publication by Christoph Keller. A page at the end of the book announces the contributors thus: artist, mother, critic, and spirit maker.

The stories themselves take classic fable form and so most are concerned with arrangements between two parties or what could be called informal bilateral contracts. Galvanized and translated within parallel realities they produce a world in which the Beginning of the World has a voice and dares to question the might of the Bull. A world where the Shareholder sips wine at the dinner table with the Jackal, and the Lion, in a crisis, calls on his Hairdresser for council in matters of sovereign security. “Haircuts ... Severe haircuts!”

Described as an “anthropologist of the avant-garde”, Michael Stevenson (born in 1964 in Inglewood, New Zealand, lives and works in Melbourne, Australia) investigates the mythology that surrounds renowned and controversial events which have been significant in the spheres of both art and politics.

Jan Verwoert (born 1972) is an art historian and critic based in Berlin. He is a contributing editor at Frieze and writes regularly about contemporary art for magazines such as Afterall and Metropolis M. A member of the advisory board of the Kunstverein Munich and Guest Professor of Contemporary Art and Theory at the Academy of Umeå, he teaches in the Fine Arts MA program at the Piet Zwart Institute, Rotterdam, and at the Royal College of Art in London.

Ruth Stefanowitz Enrique, i am impressed how much you read (and it's not that i am easily impressed there ;) ) The excerpt reminded me of Confucius' Rectification of names - "If names be not correct, language is not in accordance with the truth of things..." I mean, his is applied to society's structure, but i believe premise is the same.

Enrique Enriquez we are not so much members as limbs.

Ruth Stefanowitz can we choose which limb exactly or it's pre-membered?

Enrique Enriquez One can always choose a limb, unless one is falling.

P.S: where I wrote 'one' I meant 'two'.

Ruth Stefanowitz you are genius, i adore you

Ruth Stefanowitz p.s. can't wait for you to name this branch of linguistic on which you have been working for so long... i am not aware of anything by far so revolutionary, as what you are doing and i am very proud to be a witness to it.

Paul Nagy Name? how about perhaps limbguistica oulipo?

Ruth Stefanowitz makes sense... dunno, but i can't recall anything more exciting going on linguistics contemporary (and trust me that i had to learn all the main schools and branches - both US and old continents' - BY HEART, otherwise Russians wouldn't let me defend my own thesis ;)) my mentor is working on something exciting too - where linguistic meets neuropsychiatry, on the smell of thoughts and literature and it's been a while that i am thinking how to put Enrique and him in touch. btw, see my update, i am looking at you too, dear Paul

Enrique Enriquez A couple of pages from Jan Verwoert's book 'Cookie!'. This guy understand's magic.

Mark Sherman Indeed. Look what happens when we call a child "stupid" or an artist "brilliant", a medium "relevant" or the science "settled" etc..

Ruth Stefanowitz Mark, mine is a true story: my mother - decade or so before i was born - was told by a clairvoyant priest in Serbia that i shall be a (mind you) known writer. so, somehow i grew up with that and though of myself as w writer - let alone before publishing anything, but BEFORE i had written anything except school essays (which weren't anything exceptional)... and it materialized, finally, relatively late by contemporary standards, but still - it did. also, as i belong to a nation where women haven't written for centuries, i got encouraged; when i look at my first book - it's funny, it's ok, but it's no more than the dreaded 'chick lit'... yet, as everyone needed local female authors, it got famous... step by step i made it to the depths of which i seriously didn't even suspect i was capable (and recognition followed). it is magic, what else can i say

Mark Sherman Ah, that gives me hope - I'm still waiting.

My mother (a Hungarian from a long line of psychics and Gypsies), when she was young, well before I was born, declared she was going to have a son, his name would be Mark, and he would be something really quite special and a blessing to others.

Ruth Stefanowitz Mark, my mom is from what used to be Austrian-Hungary, it's Serbia nowadays, but in the immediate proximity to the Hungarian border; it was granma's friend - a Roma lady, who gifted to the granma the 36-card deck, Zigeuner Wahrsagekarten, and thought her to read... Hmm, those ladies from those parts seems to have known what they were doing, don't you think? And you and i probably have met in some previous lifetimes



Mark Sherman Agreed on all counts.

My mum, her mum and her grandma were all like this. The Hungarian word for such folks is "cigány". It goes back much farther but I knew these particular women. Usually prophetic dreams - births, deaths, accidents and such. As an example, my grandmother had a dream where my fathers father was standing there in shock with no skin on his arm. She never told anyone except my mother who said nothing about it to anyone. Two days later my grandfather was working on a plane engine and got his sleeve caught and his arm got shredded.

None of them used any oracles that I know about. My grandmother used to make, er, "milk of the poppy" though.

Paul Nagy Well my Hungarian side, on my father's, were pretty spooky lot. Mostly crazy mean. Didn't have too much to do with them. No predictions. Though since I have been active in the occult from adolescence I am aware it came from somewhere. We should invite Camelia Elias in on these reflections as she from Romania I believe.

Enrique Enriquez To predict the future is absurd.

Not to predict it is bad literature.

Camelia Elias Ok, Paul, thanks for the invite on this. Let me just say that I have as yet to meet a family that doesn't have tales of magic to tell. The magic is never in the family that's 'special', or has 'funny' people in it. I don't believe in that at all. The magic is in what the family DOES with its name or with its claims. For me, there's a crucial distinction between responding to names (others can call us into becoming something, etc.) and fulfilling that initial call. Relational magic calls into action and instigates to action at the same time. This is the point that Verwoert makes. He talks about play, not about fate, let us not forget that. He talks about playing house, or playing being in the jungle where I can get up on a stone and start declaring: 'you, Enrique are a monkey, and you Paul are a panther. I'm a fairy and we're all going to war with the neighbour.' We all play roles all the time. And the more we surrender to these roles, the more magical it gets. It's really that simple. Families only impress me to the extent that they can get out of the mainstream but also out of the 'fascinating' cliché if the family is on the fringe. The ideal is to be part of a family that knows how to PLAY the middle ground, in subtle ways, not in ways that are merely irritating or merely calling for the gushing public.

Mark Sherman Take that Grandma!

To predict the future is absurd. To see it in a dream is a cliché.

Imo, propaganda, suggestion, psychological coercion, labelling and so on can all call and instigate action based on the identical principle to this "play" model. It's not fate. It's suggestibility. Nama-rupa. Lowering of one's guard or mental model. Etc. Because things are shunya, "magic" is possible. One can either engage this playfully or not. Consciously, unconsciously, consensually or non-consensually. Impressively or unimpressively. Highbrow or lowbrow. Lama with the flying hat or the village ngakpa with a bag of powders, bones and beads.

Enrique Enriquez

"Why aren't we satisfied with the coffeepot staying a coffeepot, with the cat staying a cat?"

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CjOKmc7UBOg>

Best known for animated films based on charcoal drawings, William Kentridge's works have propelled him into the realm of South Africa's top artists. His animations, focused on time and change, are often autobiographical, as an individual (Kentridge includes his self-portrait in many of his pieces) and as a South African (many of his works concern social and political issues). Kentridge speaks about time pre- and post-Einstein's theory of relativity and how it relates to art as part of the Seventh Annual Tim Hamill Visiting Artist Lecture series.

Hosted by College of Fine Arts School of Visual Arts on February 28, 2011

Paul Nagy Who says a coffeepot is this "coffeepot" and a cat is this "cat"?

Now a cat brewing coffee with "meows" as steam and retractable mugs in paws may be messy use of a cat box...

Mark Sherman Why did Nanzen kill the cat with retractable paws?

Paul Nagy Hungry Naw Zen sawed the cat-ouch: me-ow wow pow!

[http://mokushozen.hu/new/index.php?option=com\\_content&view=article&id=136%3Amumonkan-nansen-kills-a-cat-koan&catid=56%3Akoanok-tanulmanyozasahoz&lang=en](http://mokushozen.hu/new/index.php?option=com_content&view=article&id=136%3Amumonkan-nansen-kills-a-cat-koan&catid=56%3Akoanok-tanulmanyozasahoz&lang=en)

Mumonkan - Nansen Kills a Cat

KOAN

Once the monks of the Eastern Hall and the Western Hall were disputing about a cat. Nansen, holding up the cat, said, "Monks, if you can say a word of Zen, I will spare the cat. If you cannot, I will kill it!" No monk could answer. Nansen finally killed the cat. In the evening, when Joshu came back, Nansen told him of the incident. Joshu took off his sandal, put it on his head, and walked off. Nansen said, "If you had been there, I could have saved the cat!"\*

MUMON'S COMMENTARY

You tell me, what is the real meaning of Joshu's putting his sandal on his head? If you can give the turning words on this point, you will see that Nansen's action was not in vain. If you cannot, beware!

MUMON'S POEM

Had Joshu only been there,  
He would have taken action.



Had he snatched the sword away,  
Nansen would have begged for his life.

#### TEISHO ON THE KOAN

This is a very famous koan in Zen circles, one that has been included in many Zen books because of the unusual story, which denies all rational or intellectual approaches. It is therefore extremely difficult for scholars, except those who themselves have gone through Zen training, to understand the koan correctly. In most cases they interpret it from the standpoint of ethics alone, or from a common-sense point of view, since they do not have the authentic Zen eye and experience to grasp the essence.

Once more I should like to point out that koan are Zen Masters' sayings and doings in which they have freely and directly expressed their Zen experiences. We have to realize that they are fundamentally different from instructions in ethics and common sense. If we are not aware that koan belong to quite another dimension than the ethical or the prudential and practical activities of men, we shall forever be unable even to glimpse their real significance.

Some may criticize this statement by saying it implies that Zen ignores ethics and common sense. This is an extreme misunderstanding. Zen, on the contrary, frees us from our suffering and restraints caused by ethics and common sense. This does not mean to ignore or defy ethics and common sense, but to be the master of them and to make free and lively use of them. Unless this point is clearly understood, Zen sayings and doings can never be correctly appreciated.

The main figures in this koan are Nansen Fugan and his disciple Joshu Junen, two great Zen Masters who played active leading roles toward the end of the T'ang dynasty when Zen flourished most notably. In Hekigan-roku the same koan appears as two koan: "Nansen Kills a Cat," and "Joshu Puts a Sandal on His Head." In the Mumonkan it is introduced as a single koan.

"Once the monks of the Eastern Hall and the Western Hall were disputing about a cat. Nansen, holding up the cat, said, 'Monks, if you can say a word of Zen, I will spare the cat. If you cannot, I will kill it!' No monk could answer. Nansen finally killed the cat."

The first half of the koan quite simply states the incident. It is recorded that at the monastery where Master Nansen was the abbot, there were always hundreds of monks who had come to study under him. One day the monks staying at the Eastern Hall and the Western Hall were having a dispute about a cat. The koan does not tell us what the real issue of the dispute was, and there is no way for us to know it today. From the context it may be inferred that they were engaging in some speculative religious arguments referring to a cat.

Master Nansen happened to come across this dispute. His irresistible compassion as their teacher burst forth to smash up their vain theoretical arguments and open their spiritual eye to the Truth of Zen. He seized the cat in one hand, a big knife in the other, and cried out, "You monks, if you can speak a word of Zen, I will spare the cat. If you cannot, I will kill it right away!\*\* He challenged the monks to the decisive fight.

Setting aside the monks at the Nansen Monastery, I ask you, "What is the word to save the cat in response to Nansen's demand?"\* The koan is asking for your answer which would stop Nansen from killing the cat. This is the key point in the first half of the koan. In actual training, the Master will press the monk: "How do you save the cat right now?\*" And if you hesitate even for a moment, the Master, in place of Nansen, will at once take decisive action.

Commenting on the koan, an old Buddhist said, "Even Nansen's knife can never kill the Fundamental Wisdom. It is ever alive even at this very moment." Even though this statement is undoubtedly true, it still smells of religious philosophy, for the term "Fundamental Wisdom\*" is an extremely philosophical expression which means "the Fundamental Truth that transcends all dualism." Master Nansen is actually holding up a cat in front of you. He is not inviting you to philosophical discussion or religious argument. If you refer to the Fundamental Wisdom, he will demand, "Show me that cat of the Fundamental Wisdom right here!" He insists on seeing your Zen presentation.

Be no-self; be thoroughly no-self. When you are really no-self, is there a distinction between you and the world? You and the cat? You and Nansen? Is there a distinction between the cat killed and Nansen the killer? At any cost, first you have to be actually no-self; this is the first and the absolute requisite in Zen. The word to save the cat will then naturally come out of you like lightning. Actual training and experience are definitely needed in Zen.

There are seldom truly capable men, either in the past or today. Many disciples were there with Nansen, but none of them could speak out to meet their teacher's request. "No monk could answer," the koan says. Keeping back his tears, probably, Nansen "finally killed the cat." We can read from the word "finally" with what a bleeding heart he killed it.

Be that as it may, "Nansen finally killed the cat" is a precipitous barrier in this koan which has to be broken through in actual training and discipline. The Zen Master will certainly grill the student, "What is the real meaning of Nansen's killing the cat?" If you are unable to give a concrete and satisfactory answer to him, your Zen eye is not opened. Only those who grasp the real meaning of killing the cat are the ones who can save the cat.

Master Toin said, "What Nansen killed was not only the cat concerned, but cats called Buddhas, cats called Patriarchs, are all cut away. Even the arayashiki, which is their abode, is completely cut away, and a refreshing wind is blowing throughout." Though rightly stated, it still sounds very much like an argumentative pretext not based on actual training and experience.

Master Seccho of Hekigan-roku commented on Nansen's killing the cat quite severely, "Fortunately Nansen took a correct action. A sword straightway cuts it in two! Criticize it as you like." However, referring to the comment, "A sword straightway cuts it in two!" Dogen said, "A sword straightway cuts it—no-cut!" and pointed out a quite different standpoint. In other words, he is asking us to see "it," which no sword can ever cut, in Nansen's work of Zen.

In my training days I took sanzen with my teacher who suddenly asked, "Setting aside Nansen's killing the cat, where is the dead cat cut by Nansen right now?" A moment's hesitation in replying to his severe

demand would immediately result in thirty blows of his stick, for it would clearly show that neither Nansen's killing the cat nor Dogen's "A sword straightway cuts it— no-cut!" is really understood. Sanzen in Zen training is not so easy as outsiders may generally think.

A Zen man should be able freely to express and live his Zen in his killing, if he kills the cat. If the cat is killed, the whole universe is killed, and his Zen is at work in the dead cat. Otherwise he has not got even a glimpse of the real significance of this koan. Traditionally, he can never study Zen apart from his actual self—here, now. Intellectual and common-sense interpretations of koan may be possible, but they are all by-products.

The scene of the koan changes here. In the evening Joshu, well known as an outstanding monk under Nansen, came back to the monastery. Nansen told him what had happened while he was away. Hearing it, Joshu took off his sandal, put it on his head, and walked out of the room without a word. Nansen, seeing this, praised Joshu, saying, "If you had been with us there on that occasion, I could have saved the cat!" "The father well understands his child, and the child his father." They are in complete accord in silence.

Now, what is the real meaning of Joshu's putting a sandal on his head? Further, how can it save the cat? This is the vital point in the latter half of the koan. Here again, unfortunately, there are hardly any books that show an authentic Zen point of view on what Joshu did, because these authors themselves have not actually broken through the barrier of Nansen's killing the cat.

Master Dogen very aptly said, "Death: just death all through—complete manifestation!" When you die, just die. When you just die thoroughly and completely, you will have transcended life and death. Then, for the first time, free and creative Zen life and work will be developed. There, cats and dogs, mountains and rivers, sandals and hats, will all transcend their old names and forms and be given new birth in the new world. This is the wonder of revival.

In this new world the old provisional names all lose their significance. Listen to an old Master who says,

A man passes over the bridge.

Lo! The bridge is flowing and the waters are unmoving.

It is said that Jesus Christ rose from death after his crucifixion. As I am not a Christian, I do not know the orthodox interpretation of the resurrection in Christianity. I myself believe, however, that Jesus' resurrection means to die in human flesh, and to revive as the Son of God transcending life and death. His resurrection means the advent of the Kingdom of God. It is the mysterious work of God to create the new and true world. There everybody, everything, lives in God, and all the provisional names and defilements of this earth are never found in the least.

Joshu availed himself of Nansen's killing the cat (i.e., the Great Death) as the opportunity for resurrection. Do not be deluded by old fixed names such as sandal or hat, a mountain or a river. A name is a temporary label given to Reality at one time at one place. Only when your attachments to such provisional given names are cast away will the Reality, the Truth, shine out. Joshu directly presented the

Reality that can never be cut by anything. In this new world everything is revived with new significance. Why on earth do you have to cling to old provisional names? Joshu's action is the direct presentation of his Zen, which Master Nansen highly praised, saying, "If you had been there, I could have saved the cat!"

Master Shido Bunan illustrated the mystery of Zen working in his poem:

Die while alive, and be completely dead,

Then do whatever you will, all is good.

The first line, "Die while alive, and be completely dead," well describes Nansen's Zen at work, and the second line, "Then do whatever you will, all is good," refers to the working Zen of Joshu. Nansen's and Joshu's Zen are two yet one, one yet two. Master Mumon used this koan so that his disciples would grasp this mystery of Zen. Master Daito made the following poems on the koan. First, on "Nansen Kills a Cat":

Nansen seizes the cat: lo! one, two, three!

He kills it: behold, just solid iron!

Here all has been thoroughly cast away. The whole universe is just one finger. All has returned to One. Then, on "Joshu Puts a Sandal on His Head" Master Daito wrote:

Joshu goes with a sandal on his head: lo! three, two, one!

Heaven is earth; earth is heaven!

Where Absolute Subjectivity works, the old fixed ideas are of no avail. This is the world of Reality, or Truth, which transcends provisional names and labels, where everything is born anew with creative freedom.

#### TEISHO ON MUMON'S COMMENTARY

"You tell me, what is the real meaning of Joshu's putting his sandal on his head? If you can give the turning words on this point, you will see that Nansen's action was not in vain. If you cannot, beware!"

Master Mumon asks his disciples, "What is the real meaning of Joshu's putting his sandal on his head?" Master Daito, as I have quoted, admired the free working of Joshu in his poem, saying, "Heaven is earth; earth is heaven!" Where in the world is the source of this creative freedom? Cut, cut, cut! Cut everything away! When not only the cat, but Buddhist views and Dharma concepts are all cut away, leaving no trace behind, this creative freedom is yours. However, without actual hard searching and discipline you cannot expect to attain it. Mumon's address to his disciples is always from the standpoint of actual training. It is from this standpoint that he asks you to see the real significance of Nansen's action of Truth in Joshu's free presentation of Zen. In other words, he tells us to appreciate the wonder of resurrection in the fact of the Great Death. Then the killed cat will bloom in red as a flower; flow in blue



as a stream. It is ever alive, not only with Master Joshu, but with you in your hand and in your foot today.

There is an old haiku poem in Japan:

A frog leaps into the water;

With that strength

It now floats.

It is interesting to read the poem in connection with this koan.

In the end Mumon admonishes his monks, "If you cannot, beware!" If you fail to grasp Nansen's and Joshu's Zen alive, and keep on chopping logic, you are in danger. You had better be killed once and for all by Nansen's sword.

#### TEISHO ON MUMON'S POEM

Had Joshu only been there, He would have taken action. Had he snatched the sword away, Nansen would have begged for his life.

Mumon says that if Joshu had been there when Master Nansen demanded, holding up the cat, "If you cannot say a word of Zen, I will kill the cat right away," it would have been Joshu who took the action of Truth of "One cut, all is cut!" Is it because they are both birds of the same feather? Only he who is capable of giving life is able to kill. Joshu was utterly free either to revive or to kill, to give or to take away. Such was the preeminent Zen ability of Joshu.

Placing wholehearted confidence in Joshu's Zen ability, Mumon says that if he had snatched the sword from Nansen even the great Master Nansen would have been unable to hold up his head before Joshu. Do not jump to the conclusion, however, that Joshu's work is good and Nansen's is not. When a Zen man wins, he just wins; that's all. When he loses, he just loses; that's all. No trace is left behind.

Master Mumon says, "If he had snatched the sword away." Let me ask you, "What kind of sword is this?" If it is the sword of the Fundamental Wisdom, not only Nansen but the cat, monks, mountains, and rivers all have to ask for their lives. Perhaps I have spoken too much.

Mark Sherman Fortunately a great many of these koans are apocryphal. This one makes people especially squeamish. Unlike the author of the teisho in the link, I disagree that the koan is intended to transcend the obvious and scandalous ethics of the situation. Rather, it shoves them right in our original face. It's the very power of the koan. What should have been killed is our hubris. It was exactly what it looks like. Why aren't we satisfied with a cat staying a cat?

Paul Nagy As some of you may know I have been working on an essay about tarot performance as conceptual art. In this capacity I have found the Theater of Cruelty of Antonin Artaud to offer some startling possibilities for this conceptualist performance of tarot consultations. His last play written November 18, 1947 and produced as a radio play in France was never broadcast.

“When you will have made him a body without organs,  
then you will have delivered him from all his automatic reactions  
and restored him to his true freedom.”

<http://www.surrealism-plays.com/Artaud.html>



Note: Having spent much of his final years in various mental asylums, Artaud resurfaced in 1947 with a radio play To Have Done With the Judgment of god. Although the work remained true to his Theatre of Cruelty, utilizing an array of unsettling sounds, cries, screams and grunts, it was shelved by French Radio the day before it was scheduled to air, on February 2, 1948. Artaud died one month later.

kré

puc te

kré

Everything must

puk te

pek

be arranged

li le

kré

to a hair

pek ti le

e

in a fulminating

kruk

pte

order.

I learned yesterday

(I must be behind the times, or perhaps it's only a false rumor, one of those pieces of spiteful gossip that are circulated between sink and latrine at the hour when meals that have been ingurgitated one more time are thrown in the slop buckets),

I learned yesterday

one of the most sensational of those official practices of American public schools which no doubt account for the fact that this country believes itself to be in the vanguard of progress,

It seems that, among the examinations or tests required of a child entering public school for the first time, there is the so-called seminal fluid or sperm test, which consists of asking this newly entering child for a small amount of his sperm so it can be placed in a jar and kept ready for any attempts at artificial insemination that might later take place.

For Americans are finding more and more that they lack muscle and children, that is, not workers but soldiers,

and they want at all costs and by every possible means to make and manufacture soldiers with a view to all the planetary wars which might later take place, and which would be intended to demonstrate by the over-whelming virtues of force the superiority of American products, and the fruits of American sweat in all fields of activity and of the superiority of the possible dynamism of force.

Because one must produce, one must by all possible means of activity replace nature wherever it can be replaced, one must find a major field of action for human inertia, the worker must have something to keep him busy,

new fields of activity must be created,  
in which we shall see at last the reign of all the fake manufactured products,  
of all the vile synthetic substitutes  
in which beautiful real nature has no part,  
and must give way finally and shamefully before all the victorious substitute products  
in which the sperm of all artificial insemination factories  
will make a miracle  
in order to produce armies and battleships.

No more fruit, no more trees, no more vegetables, no more plants pharmaceutical or otherwise and  
consequently no more food,  
but synthetic products to satiety,  
amid the fumes,  
amid the special humors of the atmosphere, on the particular axes of atmospheres wrenched violently  
and synthetically from the resistances of a nature which has known nothing of war except fear.

And war is wonderful, isn't it?

For it's war, isn't it, that the Americans have been preparing for and are preparing for this way step by step.

In order to defend this senseless manufacture from all competition that could not fail to arise on all sides, one must have soldiers, armies, airplanes, battleships, hence this sperm which it seems the governments of America have had the effrontery to think of.

For we have more than one enemy lying in wait for us,  
my son,  
we, the born capitalists,  
and among these enemies  
Stalin's Russia  
which also doesn't lack armed men.

All this is very well,  
but I didn't know the Americans were such a warlike people.

In order to fight one must get shot at  
and although I have seen many Americans at war  
they always had huge armies of tanks, airplanes, battleships  
that served as their shield.

I have seen machines fighting a lot  
but only infinitely far behind them have I seen the men who directed them.

Rather than people who feed their horses, cattle, and mules the last tons of real morphine they have left  
and replace it with substitutes made of smoke,



I prefer the people who eat off the bare earth the delirium from which they were born  
I mean the Tarahumara eating Peyote off the ground  
while they are born,  
and who kill the sun to establish the kingdom of black night,  
and who smash the cross so that the spaces of spaces can never again meet and cross.

And so you are going to hear the dance of TUTUGURI.

## TUTUGURI

### The Rite of the Black Sun

And below, as if at the foot of the bitter slope,  
cruelly despairing at the heart,  
gapes the circle of the six crosses,  
very low  
as if embedded in the mother earth,  
wrenched from the foul embrace of the mother  
who drools.

The earth of black coal  
is the only damp place  
in this cleft rock.

The Rite is that the new sun passes through seven points before blazing on the orifice of the earth.

And there are six men,  
one for each sun,  
and a seventh man  
who is the sun  
in the raw  
dressed in black and in red flesh.

But, this seventh man  
is a horse,  
a horse with a man leading him.

But it is the horse  
who is the sun  
and not the man.

At the anguish of a drum and a long trumpet,  
strange,

the six men  
who were lying down,  
rolling level with the ground,  
leap up one by one like sunflowers,  
not like suns  
but turning earths,  
water lilies,  
and each leap  
corresponds to the increasingly somber  
and restrained  
gong of the drum  
until suddenly he comes galloping, at vertiginous speed,  
the last sun,  
the first man,  
the black horse with a  
naked man,  
absolutely naked  
and virgin  
riding it.

After they leap up, they advance in winding circles  
and the horse of bleeding meat rears  
and prances without a stop  
on the crest of his rock  
until the six men  
have surrounded  
completely  
the six crosses.

Now, the essence of the Rite is precisely  
The Abolition of the Cross

When they have stopped turning  
they uproot  
the crosses of earth  
and the naked man  
on the horse  
holds up  
an enormous horseshoe  
which he has dipped in a gash of his blood.

The Pursuit of Fecality

There where it smells of shit  
it smells of being.

Man could just as well not have shat,  
not have opened the anal pouch,  
but he chose to shit  
as he would have chosen to live  
instead of consenting to live dead.

Because in order not to make caca,  
he would have had to consent  
not to be,  
but he could not make up his mind to lose  
being,  
that is, to die alive.

There is in being  
something particularly tempting for man  
and this something is none other than  
CACA.  
(Roaring here.)

To exist one need only let oneself be,  
but to live,

one must be someone,  
to be someone,  
one must have a BONE,  
not be afraid to show the bone,  
and to lose the meat in the process.

Man has always preferred meat  
to the earth of bones.  
Because there was only earth and wood of bone,  
and he had to earn his meat,  
there was only iron and fire  
and no shit,  
and man was afraid of losing shit  
or rather he desired shit  
and, for this, sacrificed blood.

In order to have shit,  
that is, meat,  
where there was only blood  
and a junkyard of bones  
and where there was no being to win  
but where there was only life to lose



o reche modo

to edire

di za

tau dari

do padera coco

At this point, man withdrew and fled.

Then the animals ate him.

It was not a rape,

he lent himself to the obscene meal.

He relished it,

he learned himself

to act like an animal

and to eat rat

daintily.

And where does this foul debasement come from?

The fact that the world is not yet formed,

or that man has only a small idea of the world

and wants to hold on to it forever?

This comes from the fact that man,  
one fine day,  
stopped  
the idea of the world.

Two paths were open to him:  
that of the infinite without,  
that of the infinitesimal within.

And he chose the infinitesimal within.  
Where one need only squeeze  
the spleen,  
the tongue,  
the anus  
or the glans.

And god, god himself squeezed the movement.

Is God a being?

If he is one, he is shit.

If he is not one

he does not exist.

But he does not exist,

except as the void that approaches with all its forms

whose most perfect image

is the advance of an incalculable group of crab lice.

"You are mad Mr. Artaud, what about the mass?"

I deny baptism and the mass.

There is no human act,

on the internal erotic level,

more pernicious than the descent

of the so-called jesus-christ

onto the altars.

No one will believe me

and I can see the public shrugging its shoulders

but the so-called christ is none other than he

who in the presence of the crab louse god  
consented to live without a body,  
while an army of men  
descended from a cross,  
to which god thought he had long since nailed them,  
has revolted,  
and, armed with steel,  
with blood,  
with fire, and with bones,  
advances, reviling the Invisible  
to have done with GOD'S JUDGMENT.

The Question Arises...

What makes it serious  
is that we know  
that after the order  
of this world  
there is another.

What is it like?

We do not know.



The number and order of possible suppositions in  
this realm  
is precisely  
infinity!

And what is infinity?

That is precisely what we do not know!

It is a word  
that we use  
to indicate  
the opening  
of our consciousness  
toward possibility  
beyond measure,  
tireless and beyond measure.

And precisely what is consciousness?

That is precisely what we do not know.

It is nothingness.

A nothingness  
that we use  
to indicate  
when we do not know something  
from what side  
we do not know it  
and so  
we say  
consciousness,  
from the side of consciousness,  
but there are a hundred thousand other sides.

Well?

It seems that consciousness

in us is  
linked  
to sexual desire  
and to hunger;

but it could  
just as well  
not be linked  
to them.

One says,  
one can say,  
there are those who say  
that consciousness  
is an appetite,  
the appetite for living;

and immediately  
alongside the appetite for living,  
it is the appetite for food  
that comes immediately to mind;

as if there were not people who eat  
without any sort of appetite;  
and who are hungry.

For this too  
exists  
to be hungry  
without appetite;

well?

Well  
the space of possibility  
was given to me one day  
like a loud fart  
that I will make;  
but neither of space,  
nor possibility,  
did I know precisely what it was,

and I did not feel the need to think about it,

they were words

invented to define things

that existed

or did not exist

in the face of

the pressing urgency

of a need:

the need to abolish the idea,

the idea and its myth,

and to enthrone in its place

the thundering manifestation

of this explosive necessity:

to dilate the body of my internal night,

the internal nothingness

of my self

which is night,

nothingness,

thoughtlessness,

but which is explosive affirmation

that there is

something

to make room for:

my body.

And truly

must it be reduced to this stinking gas,

my body?

To say that I have a body

because I have a stinking gas

that forms

inside me?

I do not know

but

I do know that

space,  
time,  
dimension,  
becoming,  
future,  
destiny,  
being,  
non-being,  
self,  
non-self,  
are nothing to me;

but there is a thing  
which is something,  
only one thing  
which is something,  
and which I feel  
because it wants  
TO GET OUT:  
the presence  
of my bodily  
suffering,

the menacing,

never tiring

presence

of my

body;

however hard people press me with questions

and however vigorously I deny all questions,

there is a point

at which I find myself compelled

to say no,

NO

then

to negation;

and this point

comes when they press me,

when they pressure me

and when they handle me



until the exit

from me

of nourishment,

of my nourishment

and its milk,

and what remains?

That I am suffocated;

and I do not know if it is an action

but in pressing me with questions this way

until the absence

and nothingness

of the question

they pressed me

until the idea of body

and the idea of being a body

was suffocated

in me,

and it was then that I felt the obscene

and that I farted

from folly

and from excess

and from revolt

at my suffocation.

Because they were pressing me

to my body

and to the very body

and it was then

that I exploded everything

because my body

can never be touched.

Conclusion

- And what was the purpose of this broadcast, Mr. Artaud?

- Primarily to denounce certain social obscenities officially sanctioned and acknowledged:

1. this emission of infantile sperm donated by children for the artificial insemination of fetuses yet to be born and which will be born in a century or more.

2. To denounce, in this same American people who occupy the whole surface of the former Indian continent, a rebirth of that warlike imperialism of early America that caused the pre-Columbian Indian tribes to be degraded by the aforesaid people.

3.- You are saying some very bizarre things, Mr. Artaud.

4.- Yes, I am saying something bizarre, that contrary to everything we have been led to believe, the pre-Columbian Indians were a strangely civilized people and that in fact they knew a form of civilization based exclusively on the principle of cruelty.

5.- And do you know precisely what is meant by cruelty?

6.- Offhand, no, I don't.

7.- Cruelty means eradicating by means of blood and until blood flows, god, the bestial accident of unconscious human animality, wherever one can find it.

8.- Man, when he is not restrained, is an erotic animal,

he has in him an inspired shudder,

a kind of pulsation

that produces animals without number which are the form that the ancient tribes of the earth universally attributed to god.

This created what is called a spirit.

Well, this spirit originating with the American Indians is reappearing all over the world today under scientific poses which merely accentuate its morbid infectuous power, the marked condition of vice, but a vice that pullulates with diseases,

because, laugh if you like,

what has been called microbes

is god, and do you know what the Americans and the Russians use to make their atoms?

They make them with the microbes of god.

- You are raving, Mr. Artaud.

You are mad.

- I am not raving.

I am not mad.

I tell you that they have reinvented microbes in order to impose a new idea of god.

They have found a new way to bring out god and to capture him in his microbic noxiousness.

This is to nail him though the heart,  
in the place where men love him best,  
under the guise of unhealthy sexuality,  
in that sinister appearance of morbid cruelty that he adopts  
whenever he is pleased to tetanize and madden humanity as he  
is doing now.

He utilizes the spirit of purity and of a consciousness that has remained candid like mine to asphyxiate it with all the false appearances that he spreads universally through space and this is why Artaud le Momo can be taken for a person suffering from hallucinations.

- What do you mean, Mr. Artaud?

- I mean that I have found the way to put an end to this ape once and for all and that although nobody believes in god any more everybody believes more and more in man.

So it is man whom we must now make up our minds to emasculate.

- How's that?

How's that?

No matter how one takes you you are mad, ready for the straitjacket.

- By placing him again, for the last time, on the autopsy table to remake his anatomy.

I say, to remake his anatomy.

Man is sick because he is badly constructed.

We must make up our minds to strip him bare in order to scrape off that animalcule that itches him mortally,

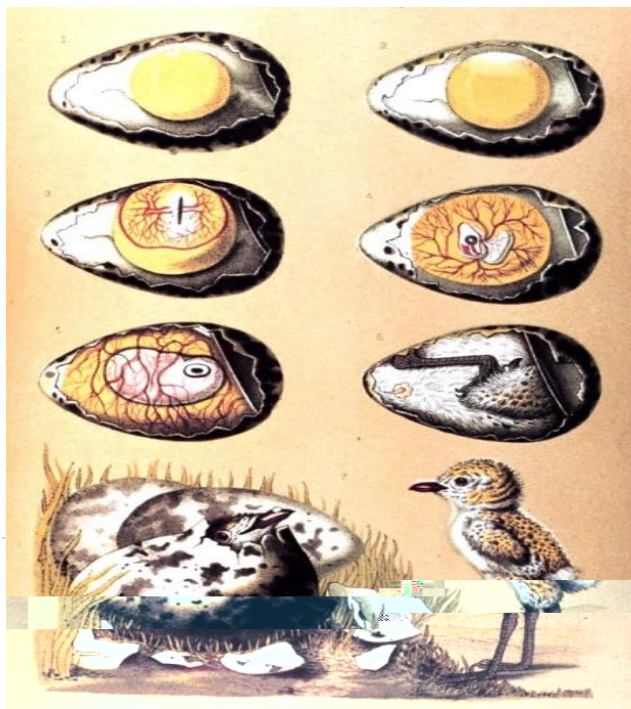
god,  
and with god  
his organs.

For you can tie me up if you wish,  
but there is nothing more useless than an organ.

When you will have made him a body without organs,  
then you will have delivered him from all his automatic reactions  
and restored him to his true freedom.

They you will teach him again to dance wrong side out  
as in the frenzy of dance halls  
and this wrong side out will be his real place.

How do you make your self a body without organs?



<http://www.generation-online.org/p/fpdeleuze2.htm>

How do you make yourself a body without organs?

November 28, 1947

Deleuze and Guattari

The Dogon Egg and the Distribution of Intensities

At any rate, you have one (or several). It's not so much that it preexists or comes ready-made,

although in certain respects it is preexistent. At any Tate, you make one, you can't desire without making one. And it awaits you; it is an inevitable exercise or experimentation, already accomplished the moment you undertake it, unaccomplished as long as you don't. This is not assuring, because you can botch it. Or it can be terrifying, and lead you to your death. H is nondesire as well as desire. It is not at all a notion or a concept but a practice, a set of practices. You never reach the Body without Organs, you can't reach it, you are forever attaining it, it is a limit. People ask, So what is this BwO?—But you're already on it, scurrying like a vermin, groping like a blind person, or running like a lunatic: desert traveler and nomad of the steppes. On it we sleep, live our waking lives, tight—fight and are fought—seek our place, experience untold happiness and fabulous defeats; on it we penetrate and are penetrated; on it we love. On November 28, 1947, Artaud declares war on the organs: To be done with the judgment of God, "for you can tie me up if you wish, but there is nothing more useless than an organ."

Experimentation: not only radiophonic but also biological and political, incurring censorship and repression. Corpus and Socius politics and experimentation. They will not let you experiment in peace.'

The BwO: it is already under way the moment the body has had enough of organs and wants to slough them off, or loses them. A long procession. The hypochondriac body: the organs are destroyed, the damage has already been done, nothing happens anymore. "Miss X claims that she no longer has a brain or nerves or chest or stomach or guts. All she has left is the skin and bones of a disorganized body. These are her own words."<sup>2</sup> The paranoid body: the organs are continually under attack by outside forces, but are also restored by outside energies. ("He lived for a long time without a stomach, without intestines, almost without lungs, with a torn oesophagus, I without a bladder, and with shattered ribs, he used sometimes to swallow' part of his own larynx with his food, etc. But divine miracles ('rays') always restored what had been destroyed.")<sup>3</sup> The schizo body, waging its own active internal struggle against the organs, at the price of catatonia. Then the drugged body, the experimental schizo: "The human body is scandalously inefficient. Instead of a mouth and an anus to get out of order why not pave one all-purpose hole to eat and eliminate? We could seal up nose and mouth, fill in the stomach, make an air hole direct into the lungs where it should have been in the first place."<sup>4</sup> The masochist body: it is poorly understood in terms of pain; it is fundamentally a question of the BwO. It has its sadist or whore sew it up; the eyes, anus, urethra, breasts, and nose are sewn shut. It has itself strung up to stop the organs from working, flayed, as if the organs clung to the skin; sodomized, smothered, to make sure everything is sealed tight.

Why such a dreary parade of sucked-dry, catatonized, vitrified, sewn-up bodies, when the BwO is also full of gaiety, ecstasy, and dance? So why these examples, why must we start there? Emptied bodies instead full ones. What happened? Were you cautious enough? Not wisdom, cap-tion. In doses. As a rule immanent to experimentation: injections of caution. Many have been defeated in this battle. Is it really so sad and dangerous to be fed up with seeing with your eyes, breathing with your lungs, swallowing with your mouth, talking with your tongue, thinking with your brain, having an anus and larynx, head and legs? Why not walk on your head, sing with your sinuses, see through your skin, breathe with your belly: the simple Thing, the Entity, the full Body, the stationary Voyage, Anorexia, cutaneous Vision, Yoga, Krishna, Love, Experimentation. Where psychoanalysis says, "Stop, find your self again," we should say instead, "Let's go further still, we haven't found our BwO yet, we haven't

sufficiently dismantled our self." Substitute forgetting for anamnesis, experimentation for interpretation. Find your body without organs. Find out how to make it. It's a question of life and death, youth and old age, sad-ness and joy. It is where everything is played out.

"Mistress, 1) You may tie me down on the table, ropes drawn tight, for ten to fifteen minutes, time enough to prepare the instruments; 2) One hundred lashes at least, a pause of several minutes; 3) You begin sewing, you sew up the hole in the glans; you sew the skin around the glans to the glans itself, preventing the top from tearing; you sew the scrotum to the skin of the thighs. You sew the breasts, securely attaching a button with four holes to each nipple. You may connect them with an elastic band with buttonholes—Now you go on to the second phase: 4) You can choose either to turn me over on the table so I am tied lying on my stomach, but with my legs together, or to bind me to the post with my wrists together, and my legs also, my whole body tightly bound; 5) You whip my back buttocks thighs, a hundred lashes at least; 6) You sew my buttocks together, all the way up and down the crack of my ass. Tightly, with a doubled thread, each stitch knot-ted. If I am on the table, now tie me to the post; 7) You give me fifty thrashes on the buttocks; 8) If you wish to intensify the torture and carry out your threat from last time, stick the pins all the way into my buttocks as far as they go; 9) Then you may tie me to the chair; you give me thirty thrashes on the breasts and stick in the smaller pins; if you wish, you may heat them red-hot beforehand, all or some. I should be tightly bound to the chair, hands behind my back so my chest sticks out. I haven't mentioned burns, only because I have a medical exam coming up in awhile, and they take a long time to heal." This is not a phantasy, it is a program: There is an essential difference between the psychoanalytic interpretation of the phantasy and the antipsychiatric experimentation of the program. Between the Phantasy, an interpretation that must itself be interpreted, and the motor program of experimentation.<sup>5</sup> The BwO is what remains when you take everything away. What you take away is precisely the phantasy, and signifiances and subjectifications as a whole. Psychoanalysis does the opposite: it translates everything into phantasies, it converts everything into phantasy, it retains the phantasy. It royally botches the real, because it botches the BwO.

Something will happen. Something is already happening. But what comes to pass on the BwO is not exactly the same as how you make yourself one. However, one is included in the other. Hence the two phases set forth in the preceding letter. Why two clearly distinguished phases, when the same thing is done in both cases—sewing and flogging? One phase is for the fabrication of the BwO, the other to make something circulate on it or pass across it; the same procedures are nevertheless used in both phases, but they must be done over, done twice. What is certain is that the masochist has made himself a BwO under such conditions that the BwO can no longer be populated by anything but intensities of pain, pain waves. It is false to say that the masochist is looking for pain but just as false to say that he is looking for pleasure in a particularly suspensive or roundabout way. The masochist is looking for a type of BwO that only pain can fill, or travel over, due to the very conditions under which that BwO was constituted. Pains are populations, packs, modes of king-masochist-in-the-desert that he engenders and augments. The same goes for the drugged body and intensi-ties of cold, refrigerator waves. For each type of BwO, we must ask: (1) What type is it, how is it fabricated, by what procedures and means (predeter-mining what will come to pass)? (2) What are its modes, what comes to pass, and with what



variants and what surprises, what is unexpected and what expected? In short, there is a very special relation of synthesis and analysis between a given type of BwO and what happens on it: an a priori synthesis by which something will necessarily be produced in a given mode (but what it will be is not known) and an infinite analysis by which what is produced on the BwO is already part of that body's production, is already included in the body, is already on it (but at the price of an infinity of passages, divisions, and secondary productions). It is a very delicate experimentation since there must not be any stagnation of the modes or slippage in type: the masochist and the drug user court these ever-present dangers that empty their BwO's instead of filling them.

You can fail twice, but it is the same failure, the same danger. Once at the level of the constitution of the BwO and again at the level of what passes or does not pass across it. You think you have made yourself a good BwO, that you chose the right Place, Power (Puissance), and Collectivity (there is always a collectivity, even when you are alone), and then nothing passes, nothing circulates, or something prevents things from moving. A paranoid point, a point of blockage, an outburst of delirium: it comes across clearly in *Speed*, by William Burroughs, Jr. Is it possible to locate this danger point, should the block be expelled, or should one instead "love, honor, and serve degeneracy wherever it surfaces"? To block, to be blocked, is that not still an intensity? In each case, we must define what comes to pass and what does not pass, what causes passage and prevents it. As in the meat circuit according to Lewin, something flows through channels whose sections are delimited by doors with gatekeepers, passers-on.<sup>6</sup> Door openers and trap closers, Malabars and Fierabras. The body is now nothing more than a set of valves, locks, floodgates, bowls, or communicating vessels, each with a proper name: a peopling of the BwO, a Metropolis that has to be managed with a whip. What peoples it, what passes across it, what does the blocking?

A BwO is made in such a way that it can be occupied, populated only by intensities. Only intensities pass and circulate. Still, the BwO is not a scene, a place, or even a support upon which something comes to pass. It has nothing to do with phantasy, there is nothing to interpret. The BwO causes intensities to pass; it produces and distributes them in a spatium that is itself intensive, lacking extension. It is not space, nor is it in space; it is matter that occupies space to a given degree—to the degree corresponding to the intensities produced. It is nonstratified, unformed, intense matter, the matrix of intensity, intensity = 0; but there is nothing negative about that zero, there are no negative or opposite intensities. Matter equals energy. Production of the real as an intensive magnitude starting at zero. That is why we treat the BwO as the full egg before the extension of the organism and the organization of the organs, before the formation of the strata; as the intense egg defined by axes and vectors, gradients and thresholds, by dynamic tendencies involving energy transformation and kinematic movements involving group displacement, by migrations: all independent of accessory forms because the organs appear and function here only as pure intensities.<sup>7</sup> The organ changes when it crosses a threshold, when it changes gradient. "No organ is constant as regards either function or position, . . . sex organs sprout anywhere, . . . rectums open, defecate and close, . . . the entire organism changes color and consistency in split-second adjustments."<sup>8</sup>

The tantric egg.

After all, is not Spinoza's Ethics the great book of the BwO? The attributes are types or genres of BwO's, substances, powers, zero intensities as matrices of production. The modes are everything that comes to pass: waves and vibrations, migrations, thresholds and gradients, intensities produced in a given type of substance starting from a given matrix. The masochist body as an attribute or genus of substance, with its production of intensities and pain modes based on its degree 0 of being sewn up. The drugged body as a different attribute, with its production of specific intensities based on absolute Cold=0. ("Junkies always beef about The Cold as they call it, turning up their black coat collars and clutching their withered necks . . . pure junk con. A junky does not want to be warm, he wants to be cool-cooler-COLD. But he wants The Cold like he wants His Junk, not outside where it does him no good but inside so he can sit around with a spine like a frozen hydraulic jack... his metabolism approaching Absolute Zero.")<sup>9</sup> Etc. The problem of whether there is a substance of all substances a single substance for all attributes, becomes: Is there a totality of all BwO's? If the BwO is already a limit, what must we say of the totality of all BwO's? It is a problem not of the One and the Multiple but of a fusional multiplicity that effectively goes beyond any opposition between the one and the multiple. A formal multiplicity of substantial attributes that, as such, constitutes the ontological unity of substance. There is a continuum of all of the attributes or genres of intensity under a single substance, and a continuum of the intensities of a certain genus under a single type or attribute. A continuum of all substances in intensity and of all intensities in substance. The uninterrupted continuum of the BwO. BwO, immanence, immanent limit. Drug users, masochists, schizophrenics, lovers— all BwO's pay homage to Spinoza. The BwO is the field of immanence of desire, the plane of consistency specific to desire (with desire defined as a process of production without reference to any exterior agency, whether it be a lack that hollows it out or a pleasure that fills it).

Every time desire is betrayed, cursed, uprooted from its field of immanence, a priest is behind it. The priest cast the triple curse on desire: the negative law, the extrinsic rule, and the transcendent ideal. Facing north, the priest said, Desire is lack (how could it not lack what it desires?). The priest carried out the first sacrifice, named castration, and all the men and women of the north lined up behind him, crying in cadence, "Lack, lack, it's the common law." Then, facing south, the priest linked desire to pleasure. For there are hedonistic, even orgiastic, priests. Desire will be assuaged by pleasure; and not only will the pleasure obtained silence desire for a moment but the process of obtaining it is already a way of interrupting it, of instantly discharging it and unburdening oneself of it. Pleasure as discharge: the priest carries out the second sacrifice, named masturbation. ^ Then, facing east, he exclaimed: Jouissance is impossible, but impossible t jouissance is inscribed in desire. For that, in its very impossibility, is the Ideal, the ^manque-a-jouir that is life."<sup>10</sup> The priest carried out the third sacrifice, phantasy or the thousand and one nights, the one hundred twenty ^ days, while the men of the East chanted: Yes, we will be your phantasy, your ideal and impossibility, yours and also our own. The priest did not turn to the west. He knew that in the west lay a plane of consistency, but he thought that the way was blocked by the columns of Hercules, that it led nowhere and was uninhabited by people. But that is where desire was lurking, west was the shortest route east, as well as to the other directions, rediscovered or deterritorialized.

The most recent figure of the priest is the psychoanalyst, with his or her three principles: Pleasure, Death, and Reality. Doubtless, psychoanalysis demonstrated that desire is not subordinated to procreation, or even to genitality. That was its modernism. But it retained the essentials; it even found new ways of inscribing in desire the negative law of lack, the external rule of pleasure, and the transcendent ideal of phantasy. Take the interpretation of masochism: when the ridiculous death instinct is not invoked, it is claimed that the masochist, like everybody else, is after pleasure but can only get it through pain and phantasied humiliations whose function is to allay or ward off deep anxiety. This is inaccurate; the masochist's suffering is the price he must pay, not to achieve pleasure, but to untie the pseudobond between desire and pleasure as an extrinsic measure. Pleasure is in no way something that can be attained only by a detour through suffering; it is something that must be delayed as long as possible because it interrupts the continuous process of positive desire. There is, in fact, a joy that is immanent to desire as though desire were filled by itself and its contemplations, a joy that implies no lack or impossibility and is not measured by pleasure since it is what distributes intensities of pleasure and prevents them from being suffused by anxiety, shame, and guilt. In short, the masochist uses suffering as a way of constituting a body without organs and bringing forth a plane of consistency of desire. That there are other ways, other procedures than masochism, and certainly better ones, is beside the point; it is enough that some find this procedure suitable for them.

Take a masochist who did not undergo psychoanalysis: "program ... At night, put on the bridle and attach my hands more tightly, either to the bit with the chain, or to the big belt right after returning from the bath. Put on the entire harness right away also, the reins and thumbscrews, and attach the thumbscrews to the harness. My penis should be in a metal sheath. Ride the reins for two hours during the day, and in the evening as the master wishes. Confinement for three or four days, hands still tied, the reins alternately tightened and loosened. The master will never approach her horse\* without the crop, and without using it. If the animal should display impatience or rebelliousness, the reins will be drawn tighter, the master will grab them and give the beast a good thrashing."<sup>11</sup> What is this masochist doing? He seems to be imitating a horse, *Equus eroticus*, but that's not it. Nor are the horse and the master-trainer or mistress images of the mother or father. Something entirely different is going on: a becoming-animal essential to masochism. It is a question of forces. The masochist presents it this way: Training axiom—destroy the instinctive forces in order to replace them with transmitted forces. In fact, it is less a destruction than an exchange and circulation ("what happens to a horse can also happen to me"). Horses are trained: humans impose upon the horse's instinctive forces transmitted forces that regulate the former, select, dominate, overcode them. The masochist effects an inversion of signs: the horse transmits its transmitted forces to him, so that the masochist's innate forces will in turn be tamed. There are two series, the horse's (innate force, force transmitted by the human being), and the masochist's (force transmitted by the horse, innate force of the human being). One series explodes into the other, forms a circuit with it: an increase in power or a circuit of intensities. The "master," or rather the mistress-rider, the equestrian, ensures the conversion of forces and the inversion of signs. The masochist constructs an entire assemblage that simultaneously draws and fills the field of immanence of desire; he constitutes a body without organs or plane of consistency using himself, the horse, and the mistress. "Results to be obtained: that I am kept in continual expectancy of actions and orders, and that little by little all opposition is replaced by a fusion of my person with yours. . . . Thus at the mere thought

of your boots, without even acknowledging it, I must feel fear. In this way, it will no longer be women's legs that have an effect on me, and if it pleases you to command me to receive your caresses, when you have had them and if you make me feel them, you will give me the imprint of your body as I have never had it before and never would have had it otherwise."<sup>12</sup> Legs are still organs, but the boots now only determine a zone of intensity as an imprint or zone on a BwO.

Similarly, or actually in a different way, it would be an error to interpret courtly love in terms of a law of lack or an ideal of transcendence. The renunciation of external pleasure, or its delay, its infinite regress, testifies on the contrary to an achieved state in which desire no longer lacks anything but fills itself and constructs its own field of immanence. Pleasure is an affection of a person or a subject; it is the only way for persons to "find themselves" in the process of desire that exceeds them; pleasures, even the most artificial, are reterritorializations. But the question is precisely whether it is necessary to find oneself. Courtly love does not love the self, any more than it loves the whole universe in a celestial or religious way. It is a question of making a body without organs upon which intensities pass, self and other—not in the name of a higher level of generality or a broader extension, but by virtue of singularities that can no longer be said to be personal, and intensities that can no longer be said to be extensive. The field of immanence is not internal to the self, but neither does it come from an external self or a nonself. Rather, it is like the absolute Outside that knows no Selves because interior and exterior are equally a part of the immanence in which they have fused. "Joy" in courtly love, the exchange of hearts, the test or "assay": everything is allowed, as long as it is not external to desire or transcendent to its plane, or else internal to persons. The slightest caress may be as strong as an orgasm; orgasm is a mere fact, a rather deplorable one, in relation to desire in pursuit of its principle. Everything is allowed: all that counts is for pleasure to be the flow of desire itself. Immanence, instead of a measure that interrupts it or delivers it to the three phantoms, namely, internal lack, higher transcendence, and apparent exteriority.<sup>13</sup> If pleasure is not the norm of desire, it is not by virtue of a lack that is impossible to but on the contrary, by virtue of its positivity, in other words, the plane of consistency it draws in the course of its process.

A great Japanese compilation of Chinese Taoist treatises was made in A.D. 982-984. We see in it the formation of a circuit of intensities between female and male energy, with the woman playing the role of the innate or instinctive force (Yin) stolen by or transmitted to the man in such a way | that the transmitted force of the man (Yang) in turn becomes innate, all the more innate: an augmentation of powers.<sup>14</sup> The condition for this circulation and multiplication is that the man not ejaculate. It is not a question of experiencing desire as an internal lack nor of delaying pleasure in order to produce a kind of externalizable surplus-value, but instead of constituting an intensive body without organs. Tao, a field of immanence—in which desire lacks nothing and therefore cannot be linked to any external or transcendent criterion. It is true that the whole circuit can be channeled toward procreative ends (ejaculation when the energies are right); that is how Confucianism understood it. But this is true only for one side of the assemblage of desire, the side facing the strata, organisms. State, family... It is not true for the other side, the Tao side of destratification that draws a plane of consistency proper to desire. Is the Tao masochistic? Is courtly love Taoist? These questions are largely meaningless. The field of immanence or plane of consistency must be constructed. This can take place in very different social

formations through very different assemblages (perverse, artistic, scientific, mystical, political) with different types of bodies without organs. It is constructed piece by piece, and the places, conditions, and techniques are irreducible to one another. The question, rather, is whether the pieces can fit together, and at what price. Inevitably, there will be monstrous crossbreeds. The plane of consistency would be the totality of all BwO's, a pure multiplicity of immanence, one piece of which maybe Chinese, another American, another medieval, another petty perverse, but all in a movement of generalized deterritorialization in which each person takes and makes what she or he can, according to tastes she

the body. (17) The BwO is not opposed to the organs; rather, the BwO and its "true organs," which must be composed and positioned, are opposed to the organism, the organic organization of the organs. The judgment of God, the system of the judgment of God, the theological system, is precisely the operation of He who makes an organism, an organization of organs called the organism, because He cannot bear the BwO, because He pursues it and rips it apart so He can be first, and have the organism be first. The organism is already that, the judgment of God, from which medical doctors benefit and on which they base their power. The organism is not at all the body, the BwO; rather, it is a stratum on the BwO, in other words, a phenomenon of accu-mulation, coagulation, and sedimentation that, in order to extract useful labor from the BwO, imposes upon it forms, functions, bonds, dominant and hierarchized

significance and subjectification. Significance clings to the soul just as the organism clings to the body, and it is not easy, to get rid of either. And how can we unhook ourselves from the points of subjectification that secure us, nail us down to a dominant reality? Tearing the con-scious away from the subject in order to make it a means of exploration, tearing the unconscious away from significance and interpretation in order to make it a veritable production: this is assuredly no more or less difficult than tearing the body away from the organism. Caution is the art common to all three; if in dismantling the organism there are times one courts death, in slipping away from significance and subjection one courts falsehood, illusion and hallucination and psychic death. Artaud weighs and measures every word: the conscious "knows what is good for it and what is of no value to it: it knows which thoughts and feelings it can receive without danger and with profit, and which are harmful to the exercise of its freedom. Above all, it knows just how far its own being goes, and just how far it has not yet gone or does not have the right to go without sinking into the unreal, the illusory, the unmade, the unprepared ... a Plane which normal con-sciousness does not reach but which Ciguri allows us to reach, and which is the very mystery of all poetry. But there is in human existence another plane, obscure and formless, where consciousness has not entered, and which surrounds it like an unilluminated extension or a menace, as the case may be. And which itself gives off adventurous sensations, perceptions. These are those shameless fantasies which affect an unhealthy con-scious. ... I too have had false sensations and perceptions and I have believed in them."18

You have to keep enough of the organism for it to reform each dawn; and you have to keep small supplies of significance and subjectification, if only to turn them against their own systems when the circumstances demand it, when things, persons, even situations, force you to; and you have to keep small rations of subjectivity in sufficient quantity to enable you to respond to the dominant reality. Mimic the strata. You don't reach the BwO, and its plane of consistency, by wildly destratifying. That is why we encountered the paradox of those emptied and dreary bodies at the very beginning: they had emptied themselves of their organs instead of looking for the point at which they could patiently and momentarily dismantle the organization of the organs we call the organism. There are, in fact, several ways of botching the BwO: either one fails to produce it, or one produces it more or less, but nothing is produced on it, intensities do not pass or are blocked. This is because the BwO is always swinging between the surfaces that stratify it and the plane that sets it free. If you free it with too violent an action, if you blow apart the strata without taking precautions, then instead of drawing the plane you will be killed, plunged into a black hole, or even dragged toward catastrophe. Staying stratified—organized, signified, subjected—is not the worst that can happen; the worst that can happen is if you throw the strata into demented or suicidal collapse, which brings them back down on us heavier than ever. This is how it should be done. Lodge yourself on a stratum, experiment with the opportunities it offers find an advantageous place on it, find potential movements of deterritorialization, possible lines of flight, experience them, produce flow conjunctions here and there, try out continuums of intensities segment by segment, have a small plot of new land at all times. It is through a meticulous relation with the strata that one succeeds in freeing lines of flight, causing conjugated flows to pass and escape and bringing forth continuous intensities for a BwO. Connect, con-jugate, continue: a whole "diagram," as opposed to still signifying and sub-jective programs. We are in a social formation; first see how it is stratified for us and in us and at the place where we are; then descend from the strata to the deeper

assemblage within which we are held; gently tip the assem-blage, making it pass over to the side of the plane of consistency. It is only there that the BwO reveals itself for what it is: connection of desires, con-junction of flows, continuum of intensities. You have constructed your own little machine, ready when needed to be plugged into other collective machines. Castaneda describes a long process of experimentation (it makes little difference whether it is with peyote or other things): let us recall for the moment how the Indian forces him first to find a "place," already a difficult operation, then to find "allies," and then gradually to give up interpretation, to construct flow by flow and segment by segment lines of experimentation, becoming-animal, becoming-molecular, etc. For the BwO is all of that: necessarily a Place, necessarily a Plane, necessarily a Collectivity (assembling elements, things, plants, animals, tools, people, powers, and fragments of all of these; for it is not "my" body without organs, instead the "me" (moi) is on it, or what remains of me, unalterable and changing in form, crossing thresholds).

In the course of Castaneda's books, the reader may begin to doubt the existence of the Indian Don Juan, and many other things besides. But that has no importance. So much the better if the books are a syncretism rather than an ethnographical study, and the protocol of an experiment rather than an account of an initiation. The fourth book, *Tales of Power*, is about the living distinction between the "Tonal" and the "Nagual." The tonal seems to cover many disparate things: It is the organism, and also all that is organized and organizing; but it is also signifi-ance, and all that is signifying or signified, all that is susceptible to interpretation, explanation, all that is memorizable in the form of something recalling something else; finally, it is the Self {Moi}, the subject, the historical, social, or individual person, and the corresponding feelings. In short, the tonal is everything, including God, the judgment of God, since it "makes up the rules by which it apprehends the world. So, in a manner of speaking, it creates the world."<sup>19</sup> Yet the tonal is only an island. For the nagual is also everything. And it is the same everything, but under such conditions that the body without organs has replaced the organism and experimentation has replaced all interpretation, for which it no longer has any use. Flows of intensity, their fluids, their fibers, their continuums and conjunctions of affects, the wind, fine segmentation, microperceptions, have replaced the world of the subject. Becomings, becomings-animal, becomings-molecular, have replaced history, individual or general. In fact, the tonal is not as disparate as it seems: it includes all of the strata and everything that can be ascribed to the strata, the organization of the organism, the interpretations and explanations of the signifiable, the movements of subjectification. The nagual, on the contrary, dismantles the strata. It is no longer an organism that functions but a BwO that is constructed. No longer are there acts to explain, dreams or phantasies to interpret, childhood memories to recall, words to make signify; instead, there are colors and sounds, becomings and intensities (and when you become-dog, don't ask if the dog you are playing with is a dream or a reality, if it is "your goddam mother" or something else entirely). There is no longer a Self[Moi] that feels, acts, and recalls; there is "a glowing fog, a dark yellow mist" that has affects and experiences movements, speeds.<sup>20</sup> The important thing is not to dismantle the tonal by destroying it all of a sudden. You have to diminish it, shrink it, clean it, and that only at certain moments. You have to keep it in order to survive, to ward off the assault of the nagual. For a nagual that erupts, that destroys the tonal, a body without organs that shatters all the strata, turns immediately into a body of nothingness, pure self-destruction whose only outcome is death: "The tonal must be protected at any cost."<sup>21</sup> We still have not answered the question



of why there are so many dangers, and so many necessary precautions. It is not enough to set up an abstract opposition between the strata and the BwO. For the BwO already exists in the strata as well as on the destratified plane of consistency, but in a totally different manner. Take the organism as a stratum: there is indeed a BwO that opposes the organization of the organs we call the organism but there is also a BwO of the organism that belongs to that stratum. Cancerous tissue: each instant, each second, a cell becomes cancerous, mad, proliferates and loses its configuration, takes over everything; the organism must resubmit it to its rule or restratify it, not only for its own survival, but also to make possible an escape from the organism, the fabrication of the "other" BwO on the plane of consistency. Take the stratum of signification: once again, there is a cancerous tissue, this time of signification, a burgeoning body of the despot that blocks any circulation of signs, as well as preventing the birth of the asignifying sign on the "other" BwO. Or take a stifling body of subjectification, which makes a freeing all the more unlikely by forbidding any remaining distinction between subjects. Even if we consider given social formations, or a given stratic apparatus within a formation, we must say that every one of them has a BwO ready to gnaw, proliferate, cover, and invade the entire social field, entering into relations of violence and rivalry as well as alliance and complicity. A BwO of money (inflation), but also a BwO of the State, army, factory, city. Party, etc. If the strata are an affair of coagulation and sedimentation, all a stratum needs is a high sedimentation rate for it to lose its configuration and articulations, and to form its own specific kind of tumor, within itself or in a given formation or apparatus. The strata spawn their own BwO's, totalitarian and fascist BwO's, terrifying caricatures of the plane of consistency. It is not enough to make a distinction between full BwO's on the plane of consistency and empty BwO's on the debris of strata destroyed by a too-violent destratification. We must also take into account cancerous BwO's in a stratum that has begun to proliferate. The three-body problem. Artaud said that outside the "plane" is another plane surrounding us with "an unilluminated extension or a menace, as the case may be." It is a struggle and as such is never sufficiently clear. "How can we fabricate a BwO for ourselves without its being the cancerous BwO of a fascist inside us, or the empty BwO of a drug addict, paranoiac, or hypochondriac? How can we tell the three Bodies apart? Artaud was constantly grappling with this problem. The extraordinary composition of *To Be Done with the Judgment of God*: he begins by cursing the cancerous body of America, the body of war and money; he denounces the strata, which he calls "caca"; to the strata he opposes the true Plane, even if it is only peyote, the little trickle of the Tarahumaras; but he also knows about the dangers of a too-sudden, careless destratification. Artaud was constantly grappling with all of that, and flowed with it. Letter to Hitler. "Dear Sir, In 1932 in the Linder Cafe in Berlin, on one of the evenings when I made your acquaintance and shortly before you took power, I showed you roadblocks on a map that was not just a map of geography, roadblocks against me, an act of force aimed in a certain number of directions you indicated to me. Today Hitler I lift the road-blocks I set down! The Parisians need gas. Yours, A.A.—P.S. Be it understood, dear sir, that this is hardly an invitation, it is above all a warning."<sup>22</sup> That map that is not only a map of geography is something like a BwO intensity map, where the roadblocks designate thresholds and the gas, waves or flows. Even if Artaud did not succeed for himself, it is certain that through him something has succeeded for us all.

The BwO is the egg. But the egg is not regressive; on the contrary, it is perfectly contemporary, you always carry it with you as your own milieu of experimentation, your associated milieu. The egg is the

milieu of pure intensity, spatium not extension. Zero intensity as principle of production. There is a fundamental convergence between science and myth, embryol-ogy and mythology, the biological egg and the psychic or cosmic egg: the egg always designates this intensive reality, which is not undifferentiated, but is where things and organs are distinguished solely by gradients, migra-tions, zones of proximity. The egg is the BwO. The BwO is not "before" the organism; it is adjacent to it and is continually in the process of construct-ing itself. If it is tied to childhood, it is not in the sense that the adult regresses to the child and the child to the Mother, but in the sense that the child, like the Dogon twin who takes a piece of the placenta with him, tears from the organic form of the Mother an intense and destratified matter that on the contrary constitutes his or her perpetual break with the past, his or her present experience, experimentation. The BwO is a childhood block, a becoming, the opposite of a childhood memory. It is not the child "before" the adult, or the mother "before" the child: it is the strict contem-poraneousness of the adult, of the adult and the child, their map of compar-ative densities and intensities, and all of the variations on that map. The BwO is precisely this intense germen where there are not and cannot be either parents or children (organic representation). This is what Freud failed to understand about Weissmann: the child as the germinal contem-porary of its parents. Thus the BwO is never yours or mine. It is always a body. It is no more projective than it is regressive. It is an involution, but always a contemporary, creative involution. The organs distribute them-selves on the BwO, but they distribute themselves independently of the form of the organism; forms become contingent, organs are no longer any-thing more than intensities that are produced, flows, thresholds, and gradi-ents. "A" stomach, "an" eye, "a" mouth: the indefinite article does not lack anything; it is not indeterminate or undifferentiated, but expresses the pure determination of intensity, intensive difference. The indefinite arti-cle is the conductor of desire. It is not at all a question of a fragmented, splintered body, of organs without the body (OwB). The BwO is exactly the opposite. There are not organs in the sense of fragments in relation to a lost unity, nor is there a return to the undifferentiated in relation to a differen-tiable totality. There is a distribution of intensive principles of organs, with their positive indefinite articles, within a collectivity or multiplicity, inside an assemblage, and according to machinic connections operating on a BwO. Logos spermaticos. The error of psychoanalysis was to understand BwO phenomena as regressions, projections, phantasies, in terms of an image of the body. As a result, it only grasps the flipside of the BwO and immediately substitutes family photos, childhood memories, and part-objects for a worldwide intensity map. It understands nothing about the egg nor about indefinite articles nor about the contemporaneousness of a continually self-constructing milieu.

The BwO is desire; it is that which one desires and by which one desires. And not only because it is the plane of consistency or the field of immanence of desire. Even when it falls into the void of too-sudden destra-tification, or into the proliferation of a cancerous stratum, it is still desire. Desire stretches that far: desiring one's own annihilation, or desiring the power to annihilate. Money, army, police, and State desire, fascist desire, even fascism is desire. There is desire whenever there is the constitution of a BwO under one relation or another. It is a problem not of ideology but of pure matter, a phenomenon of physical, biological, psychic, social, or cosmic matter. That is why the material problem confronting schizoanalysis is knowing whether we have it within our means to make the selection, to dis-tinguish the BwO from its doubles: empty vitreous bodies, cancerous bod-ies, totalitarian and fascist. The test of desire: not denouncing false desires, but distinguishing within desire between that which pertains to

stratic pro-liferation, or else too-violent destratification, and that which pertains to the construction of the plane of consistency (keep an eye out for all that is fascist, even inside us, and also for the suicidal and the demented). The plane of consistency is not simply that which is constituted by the sum of all BwO's. There are things it rejects; the BwO chooses, as a function of the abstract machine that draws it. Even within a BwO (the masochist body, the drugged body, etc.), we must distinguish what can be composed on the plane and what cannot. There is a fascist use of drugs, or a suicidal use, but is there also a possible use that would be in conformity with the plane of "consistency? Even paranoia: Is there a possibility of using it that way in part? When we asked the question of the totality of all BwO's, considered as substantial attributes of a single substance, it should have been under-stood, strictly speaking, to apply only to the plane. The plane is the totality of the full BwO's that have been selected (there is no positive totality including the cancerous or empty bodies). What is the nature of this totality? Is it solely logical? Or must we say that each BwO, from a basis in its own genus, produces effects identical or analogous to the effects other BwO's produce from a basis in their genera? Could what the drug user or masochist obtains also be obtained in a different fashion in the conditions of the plane, so it would even be possible to use drugs without using drugs, to get soused on pure water, as in Henry Miller's experimentations? Or is it a question of a real passage of substances, an intensive continuum of all the BwO's? Doubtless, anything is possible. All we are saying is that the identity of effects, the continuity of genera, the totality of all BwO's, can be obtained on the plane of consistency only by means of an abstract machine capable of covering and even creating it, by assemblages capable of plug-ging into desire, of effectively taking charge of desires, of assuring their continuous connections and transversal tie-ins. Otherwise, the BwO's of the plane will remain separated by genus, marginalized, reduced to means of bordering, while on the "other plane" the emptied or cancerous doubles will triumph.

1. [trans: Antonin Artaud, "To Have Done With the Judgement of God," Selected Writ-ings, ed. Susan Sontag (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1976), p. 571.]
2. [trans: Jules Cotard, Etard sur les maladies c'erebrales el mentales (Paris: Brail-liere, 1891).]
3. [trans: Dr. Schreber's Memoirs, quoted by Sigmund Freud, Notes on a Case of Para-noia. 12, Standard Edition, transl. James Strachey (London: Hogarth Press, 1957), p. 17.]
4. William Burroughs, Naked Lunch (New York: Grove Press, 1966), p. 131.
5. The opposition program-phantasy appears clearly in the work of Michel de M'uzan, in relation to a case of masochism. See M'uzan in La sexualite perverse, ed. Isle and Robert Barande et al. (Paris: Payot, 1972), p. 36. Although he does not specifically discuss this opposition, M'uzan uses the notion of the program to question the themes of Oedipus, anxi-ety, and castration.
6. See Kurt Lewin's description of the flow of meat in the American family, "Psychologi-cal Ecology," Field Theory in Social Science, ed. Dorwin Cartwright (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1951), pp. 170-187.

7. Albert Dalcq, *L'oeuf et son dynamisme organisateur* (Paris: Albin Michel, 1941), p. 95: "Forms are contingent upon kinematic dynamism. It is secondary whether or not an ori-fice forms in the germ. All that counts is the process of immigration itself; what yields an ori fice fissure or primitive line is not invagination, but pure chronological and quantitative variations."

8. Burroughs, *Naked Lunch*, p. 8.

9. *Ibid.*, pp. xlv-xlvi.

10. [trans: *Jouissance*: "pleasure, enjoyment, orgasm." In Lacanian psychoanalysis the object of desire is irrevocably lost and the subject eternally split. *Jouissance* is doubly impossible: life is a *manque-a-jour*, read as "lack of enjoyment," because the true object of desire is unattainable; and it is a *manque-a-jour*, read as "a lack to be enjoyed," because *Jouissance* && the orgasmic plenitude of union with a substitute object means the annulment of the constitutionally split subject. One of the necessary terms, the subject or the object, is always missing."

11. Roger Dupouy, "Du masochisme," *Annales m'edico-psychologiques*, series 12, vol. 2 (1929), p. 405.

12. *Ibid.*

13. On courtly love, and its radical immanence rejecting both religious transcendence and hedonist exteriority, see Rene Nelli, *L'erotique des troubadours* (Paris: Union Generale d'Editions, 1974), in particular, vol. 1, pp. 267, 316, 358, and 370, and vol. 2, pp. 47, 53, and 75. (Also vol. 1, p. 128: one of the major differences between chivalric love and courtly love is that for "knights the valor by which one merits love is always external to love," whereas in the system of courtly love, the test is essentially internal to love; war valor is replaced by "sentimental heroism." This is a mutation in the war machine.)

14. Robert Van Gulik, *Sexual Life in Ancient China* (Leiden: Brill, 1961); and Jean-Francois Lyotard's discussion of it. *Economic libidinale* (Paris: Minuit, 1974), pp. 241-251.

15. Gregory Bateson, *Steps to an Ecology of Mind* (New York: Ballantine Books, 1972), p. 113.

16. Artaud, *Heliogabale*, in *Oeuvres Completes* (Paris: Gallimard), pp. 50-51. It is true that Artaud still presents the identity of the One and the Multiple as a dialectical unity, one that reduces the multiple by gathering it into the One. He makes Heliogabalus a kind of Hegelian. But that is a manner of speaking, for from the beginning multiplicity surpasses all opposition and does away with dialectical movement.

17. [trans: Artaud, "The Body Is the Body," trans. Roger McKeon, *Semiotext(e)*, *Anti-Oedipus*, vol. I, no. 3 (1977), p. 59.]

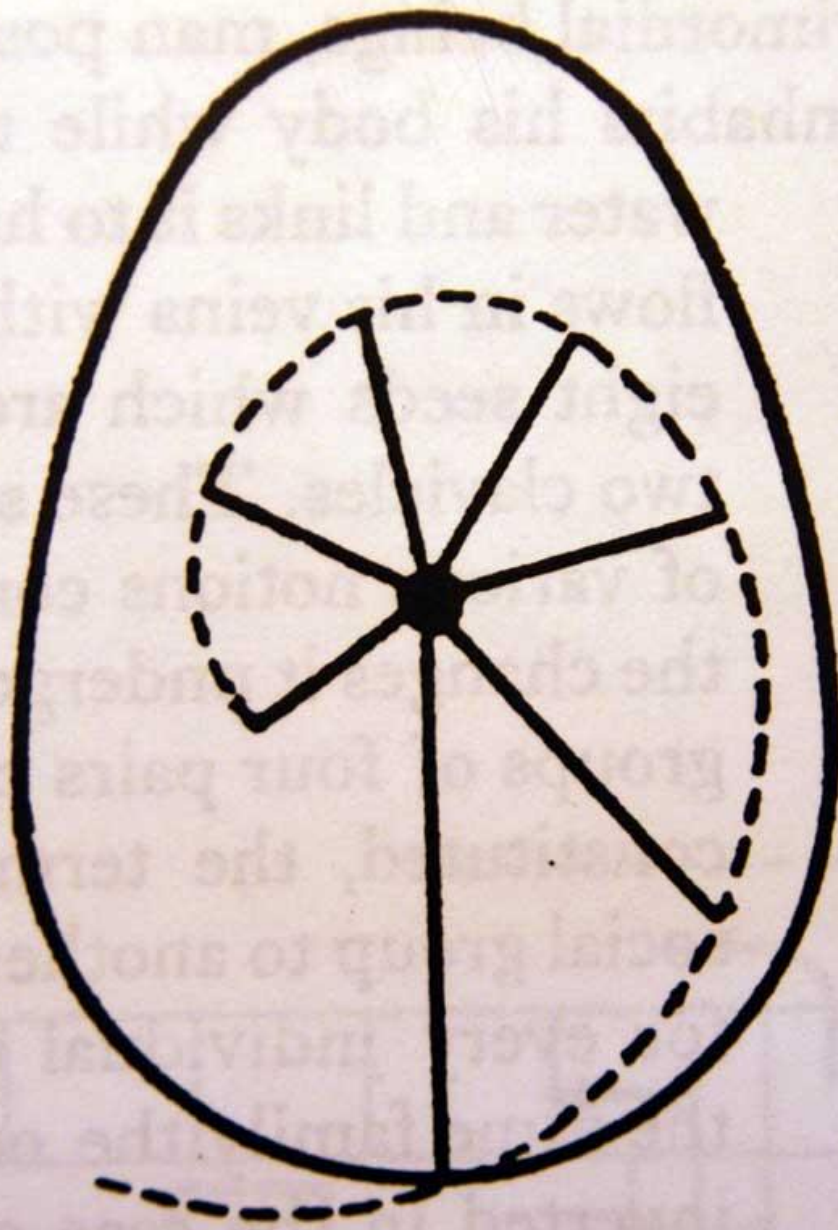
18. Artaud, *The Peyote Dance* (translation of *Les Tarahumaras*), trans. Helen Weaver (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1976), pp. 38-39 [translation modified].

19. [trans: Carlos Castaneda, *Tales of Power* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1974), p. 125.]

20. [trans: *Ibid.*, p. 183.]

21. [trans: Ibid., p. 161.]

22. See Cause commune, no. 3 (October 1972).



**FIG. 1.** *The first seven vibrations of the egg of the world*



The Body without organs is an image used by French philosopher Gilles Deleuze. It usually refers to the deeper reality underlying some well-formed whole constructed from fully functioning parts. At the same time, it may also describe a relationship to one's literal body.

Deleuze began using the term in *The Logic of Sense* (1969), while discussing the experiences of playwright Antonin Artaud. "Body without Organs" (or "BwO") later became a major part of the vocabulary for *Capitalism and Schizophrenia*, two volumes (*Anti-Oedipus* [1972] and *A Thousand Plateaus* [1980]) written collaboratively with Félix Guattari. In these works, the term took on an expanded meaning, referring variously to literal bodies and to a certain perspective on realities of any type. The term's overloaded meaning is provocative, perhaps intentionally.

To have done away with the judgment of God Antonin Artaud [OUR-TOE] Antonin [an-tone-in]

TO HAVE DONE WITH THE JUDGEMENT OF GOD by Antonin Artaud

Camelia Elias Artaud had great ideas, through and through.



Luca Shivendra Ohm

"The Sword in the Stone or King Arthur and his right to kingship"



Bhima Beausoleil Sharpen your Sword, if you intend to use it

Luca Shivendra Ohm "Eight major obstacles to will power"

Audrey Layden She weighs the evidence and cuts through the stories to find out what's really going on. Her sword brings it to ten - the finale.

Paul Nagy Conclusion:



Eight swords sheathed, embroiled and enmeshed: the ninth sword constrained to stab through upper web weave, but it takes the tenth sword free and held aloft to firmly free from the confining conditions. Conclusion needs freedom from the burdens of interlocking passed resolutions. Outside assistance is needed for the best effective options.

Analysis:

Red grip held in right hand, blue blade pointed up and balanced upon the right throne post, cross guard straight: blue grip, curvaceous cross guard spiral below and above, a wink sequestered within the eye pierced for the balance scales held aloft by the left hand over the heart of compassionate deliberation, bends the yellow blade split to cut either way above or below, right or left to oval braded neckline linking breast bone and neck, the central yellow sword pierces the latticed woven face to emerge into a roundel third eye and crown reaching for the sky enfolded interlaced scabbarded scimitar steps embrace the sturdy double square throne reminders of the four severed blossoms sensing taste, touch smell and sound while sight alone delivers its vision above and direct, impassive and resolute.

Be careful you may lose your head!

Bhima Beausoleil Trust me, you don't want to go there... -.-

Luca Shivendra Ohm Abdication to Leadership

"Leaders Who Refuse To Lead - Common Managerial Mistake Series

<http://work911.com/articles/manlead.htm>

Employees look to those with formal power positions (i.e. managers, supervisors and executives) to lead their work units. Leadership responsibility automatically is conferred upon anyone with formal authority.

There's no way around it.

Unfortunately, many managers, supervisors and executives either aren't able to lead effectively, or refuse to fulfil their leadership responsibilities.

Learn more about this common managerial error and its consequences.

Often, the only path to career advancement involves promotion to a higher level in the organization -- to a supervisory, managerial, or executive position. However, not everyone is suited to, or understands that being promoted to such a position means that one automatically is expected to lead those that are "underneath" in the hierarchy.

It's not uncommon for people to accept such a promotion, without understanding the leadership responsibilities, or without a willingness to carry them out.

A Reality About Leadership In Organizations

Like it or not, employees expect that those with formal authority in an organization will lead. While it is true that leadership can come from those without formal authority, that particular form of leadership does not take the place of leadership from those with authority.

Employees look at informal leaders differently from formal leaders. They don't expect informal leaders to solve problems, or to provide direction, because, quite simply, employees recognize that some things -- some leadership functions -- can only be properly carried out when the leader has formal authority to make changes. An informal leader does not have that.

### Abdication of Leadership

There are many reasons (and excuses) why formal leaders refuse to lead. Many are understandable, from a human perspective, but while the reasons may be understandable, they do not reduce the negative consequences of someone in a leadership position who refuses to lead.

For example, one manager explains his refusal to lead, and even to make managerial decisions, by suggesting that "leadership should come from the employees." Another suggests s/he is simply "too busy" to take on yet another role. Another excuses lack of leadership by rationalizing that "employees are adults", and shouldn't need an active leader, as if leadership is equivalent to being a mother or father.

Regardless of the reason, managers who refuse to lead are engaging in self-deception about how leadership works. They are living in the "should" world, not the "is" world. And they mistake the "should" world with the "is" world.

The "is" world is simple. If you hold a position with formal power, you are expected to exhibit leadership. If you do not, you pay, because it is absolutely impossible for anyone else without that formal power to fill the leadership void created by a refusal to lead by someone who is responsible to lead.

### Leadership Void

What are the consequences -- the real world consequences -- of leaders who refuse to lead? Here are a few.

- Employees become cynical and mistrusting of a leader who abdicates, and that affects employee morale in a way that can affect productivity.
- Without leadership direction, employees adopt a "what's the point" attitude, because they perceive leadership abdication (often wrongly) as the leader not caring about the work, or about them.
- The point of work, the meaning of the work, gets lost. One of the functions of the formal leader involves helping employees find meaning in their job functions, however mundane. An employee who sees his or her work as lacking meaning is an employee who will either burn out, or simply stop caring, and performing.

- One of the functions of formal leaders involves setting, and demonstrating ethical standards and modeling "the way we do things around here". In a leadership void, employees do not have a firm presence to help guide them through ethical issues. Perhaps even worse, they lack a sense of the organizational culture, and what is proper to do, and not do. They do dumb things, sometimes unethical things. They start cutting corners.
- Direction is lost. A formal leader is expected to lead people in a direction. Even when there are other informal leaders, employees tend to start pulling in different directions, since there is no unifying "leadership force" to move them, and the work unit towards a set of common goals.

#### If You Are A Leadership Abdicator

If you have been promoted from a position without leadership responsibilities (by virtue of being good at that position), it's quite possible that management and leadership simply "isn't your thing". Do you dislike people depending on you? Are you uncomfortable with people, or with the use of power and authority? Are you philosophically inclined to believe that people "shouldn't" need your leadership?

Above all, are you so committed to a set of shoulds about the world that will move you to abdicate your leadership responsibilities? If so, you have to look carefully at your career path. While leadership abdication damages organizations and the employees in them, it also can have a huge impact on the leadership abdicator. That's because, without leadership, over time your work unit will simply fail to work effectively. Since you are accountable for "effective work", that result falls on you. Consider also that when leaders abdicate, not only does the work (productivity) suffer, but employee behavior tends to deteriorate, and the workplace, of which you are a part, becomes an unpleasant place to be.

More than a few leadership abdicators have suffered from emotional and stress related problems as a result of trying to do something -- avoid leadership responsibilities -- when it is impossible to do so.

The upshot is that management may not be a good place for you if, for whatever reason, you reject, or feel incapable of leading. Of course, only you can decide what you can handle. But one thing is sure. Abdicate leadership at your own risk.

As a final thought, remember this. It's never possible to delegate leadership completely, while it is possible to delegate many management tasks. Abdicate at your own peril.

Ed Alvarez At the fulcrum the sword is laid flat.

Mark Sherman It's all fun and games until someone gets poked in the eye.

Enrique Enriquez Pierce a ( )ipple.

PipTrump Club 5

Luca Shivendra OhmThe pip and trump club

Today: "Axis Mundi" or "Trapped"



Audrey Layden The "end times" are upon us. Tomorrow awaits our making.

Ed Alvarez Showered and towel dried, she put on her new perfume, and says "Look no further"

Ed Alvarez Let  $X = X$

Laurie Anderson - Let  $X = X$ : <http://youtu.be/DR30nKnE80g>

Laurie Anderson Let  $x = x$  Album: Big Science (1982)

I met this guy...

And he looked like might have been a hat check clerk

At an ice rink

Which, in fact, he turned out to be

And I said:

Oh boy. Right again

Let  $X = X$

You know, it could be you

It's a sky-blue sky

The satellites are out tonight

Let  $X = X$

You know, I could write a book

And this book would be think enough to stun an ox

Cause I can see the future

And it's a place

About 70 miles east of here

Where it's lighter

Linger on over here

Got the time?

I got this postcard

And it read, it said:

Dear Amigo - Dear Partner

Listen, uh - I just want to say thanks

So... thanks

Thanks for all the presents

Thanks for introducing me to the Chief

Thanks for putting on the feedbag

Thanks for going all out

Thanks for showing me your Swiss Army knife

Oh annd uh -

Thanks for letting me autograph your cast

Hug and kisses XXXX0000

Oh yeah, P.S

I feel

Feel like

I am

In a burning building

And I gotta go

Cause I

I feel

Feel like  
I am  
In a burning  
Building - and I gotta go

Ed Alvarez He said "Isn't it just like a woman?", she said "It takes one to know one." "Your eyes. Its a days work looking into them."

Aurora Díaz Fernández Her entrance is the striking center of attention.

Markus Pfeil Lemon.de - the women is sour and cross. German style the guys from their corners point their staves at each other. Two be straight - they win the lady.

Bhima Beausoleil For eyes only. Please don't touch

Paul Nagy Monday the planks batten the firestorms:

« Filles se battent en sous vêtements... La lutte féminine, c'est toujours drôle à regarder. »

"Girls fighting in underwear ... Women's struggle is always fun to watch."

It is a screen; it's a distraction: a mirror back of her.

Who looks at her dancing?

A basket woven in flames.

Luca Shivendra Ohm "She's not that pretty, but has this x-factor which makes her hot"

"She's a witch, she's a d-e-m-o-n in disguise —grill her up!"

Andrew Kyle McGregor Follow the instructions carefully for creating the arbor. Otherwise you'll build a fence.

Audrey Layden Le nom de le demon = xox

Luca Shivendra Ohm ...Le Demon is an Ox: horns everywhere...

Audrey Layden xox = hugs and kisses. Beware. Love may require protection from the devil. "Horns are for the devil."

Enrique Enriquez OX = the circle (protección) and the cross (fuerza).

David Sacks tick tack toe



Luca Shivendra Ohm

Hello my friends. I'd like to share a reading I've done for myself. The layout is "The Hero's Journey" by Alejandro Jodorowsky (see description in the comments).

In this particular case, how do you interpret La Force in 'the goal' position?



Luca Shivendra Ohm The Hero's Journey

This five-card structure is inspired by the great mythological theme of the hero's quest popularized by the works of Joseph Campbell. In its most simple form it consists of five cards drawn by the individual: A represents his starting position. B corresponds to his objective or the object of his quest; between these

two cards two more are placed close together. C and D represent the obstacles to be overcome to attain his objective. Finally, the individual draws a fifth card. E represents the key, the ally, the forces he has at his disposal to attain his objective.

This card will be read in two positions, before and after the obstacles. The reading is progressive, with each card turned over in the order indicated (A, B, C, D, and E). (Cit. A. Jodorowsky, The Way of the Tarot)

Enrique Enriquez Your hands go from inactive to active.

Ed Alvarez It seems like your Ally is endurance.

Bhima Beausoleil So, your objective seems to be to integrate both sides of yourself into a being free from opposites. Notice how both the Devil (The Lion, the Beast) and The Sun (The Lady's hat) are present in the Force card.

The ally is a curious one: Mr Harry Houdini, escape artist. The guy who lives for the challenge and puts himself in tough situations, just so he can overcome it. A modern version would be something akin to a hero...

Luca Shivendra Ohm Bhima Beausoleil: yes, Le Pendu is a rather curious ally; and Le Monde is a curious starting point, isn't it?

Bhima Beausoleil Yes, Luca: that's why I mentioned Houdini. Another possible meaning is that of the hero: the person who despite all risks and against common sense puts himself on the line to achieve something greater than himself.

As for the World, it seems, in this perspective to speak of your "fragmented" self: each thing/task has its own shelf and there's no real communication between them.

Or, as Enrique so nicely said, you untie your hands and let them work together

Luca Shivendra Ohm What I noticed immediately in this reading is that "obstacles" are "crowded places", and all other cards reflect the solitude of individuality...

Bhima Beausoleil But look at what's hovering them: that's where the meaning is

Ignoring the progression of the cards as laid out in the spread and also ignoring the place meanings of the cards: I read this collection of cards as the Le Pendu presides over his own escape below.

The four cards below.

The Hanged Man now represents both how he got turned around and also how he can be freed from his stymied position. Force is a romance and following Bhima's insight initiates the issues that lead to the stasis or reevaluation of Le Pendu.

The twins in the Sun card and the imps bound to the dais may represent the divided mind or also issues of responsibility including possible or actual children as the challenge which includes both brilliant day



and devastating night world. There is a profound split that prevents the hanged man from effective activity and creative engagement with the world and his beloveds. The world card is the liberation card par excellence in the tarot. It is not complete freedom as one is still surrounded by the Garden of Eden. The devil is exploration and the sun either sharpens the shadows or dispels them. The gentle persuasion of the lady that feeds the beast is also the dancer and desire at the center of the world. Perhaps of the Hanged Man needs to realize that he too must join the lady in the dance, and that will give him the true freedom that he needs to see that his gallows is really the hedge that surrounds Paradise.

Aurora Díaz Fernández After inaction I see the opening of the third eye in the World, contemplating and integrating the Devil and Sun to your favor, and taking action in The Force. A process of strengthening your inner core and doing something with it. Something has to be done, and you are capable.

Mark Sherman Funny, I pulled the exact same cards with the addition of Le Bateleur in a reading I was working on for myself yesterday as well. Le Monde was also the first card and Le Pendu showed up in a follow up question. It wasn't really a structured spread per se, but started out with 3 cards and 3 were added for follow up. In my case Le Bateleur followed La Force. Because he is sort of turned away, trying to do his thing, but looking at the lion, I saw La Force as a sort of heckler, "hater" or oppositional presence that I was going to have to keep an eye on and "control" with cool detachment - not get sucked into debate or defensiveness. Le Monde suggested to me that regardless of how this particular situation plays out, I have already sort of "arrived" (at least with regard to the issue at hand) and "que sera sera". Le Pendu, which I also happened to place above the other cards, suggested that I was going to have to deal with staling and take it in stride or be patient about it. Hours later I received an email saying a presentation I had scheduled for today was now pushed to Thursday (grr. Oh, well).

Anyway, in terms of representing a goal, without knowing more, I see it as possibly being pretty much what it looks like - mastery and authority, with a chilled demeanour, or making it seem effortless.

Luca Shivendra Ohm On Tarot and the long term vision

Well, in my opinion Tarot resists to any request of a long term "vision". We ask Tarot for an answer about our 'spiritual' or 'psychological' development, about our personal 'r-evolution', about our life goals. I suspect that Tarot prefers the "here-and-now" approach. Any answer Tarot may give is about our thoughts in the very moment that we are drawing those particular cards from the deck: while doing this, thoughts may pop out into your mind that have nothing to do with your "long-term-self-improvement-project" or with your "hero's journey". Tarot is totally Zen. It does not teach us about our life-long goals, but it simply says: "Now you have to wash the dishes. Do it. No matter if it's a goal worth to reach in your Life!"

Mark Sherman I agree. Although I think it can tell us about the longer term -but \*only\* in the sense that what we project on things will follow us and become the future unless we become conscious of it. Which is not easy, since unconscious biases, schemas, imprints, conditioning, habitual tendencies, unprocessed or repressed experiences and so on (often called "implicit associations/memories" in the science lit, karma in the East and "complexes" in Jungian circles) are not generally available or accessible to our conscious awareness. These things are the stuff of emotional outbursts, tendencies towards

mistrust or over-trust, neediness, optimism or pessimism, crossing the street when we see a kid in a hoodie approaching. They are usually activated by unknown or unexpected triggers and are experienced in the first person - not as an object of awareness but an automatic reaction to an object of awareness.

The Tarot, (and I believe I first encountered this idea from reading something by Enrique what seems like forever ago) is an "activator" of these implicit associations and schemas, (and a deeply and highly effective and comprehensive one at that!).

Lastly the reason I think gifted readers seem accurate is because they are attuned to the projections they have, can more or less see them as such, and that these buried impulses, urges, biases, fears and hopes are pretty much universal. That, and they encourage interaction from the reading subject of course.

Paul Nagy a few fragments from my essay on tarot performance as conceptual art...



There is a convention in modern logic that has found its way into philosophical discourse. It is based on the degree of exclusivity of the provisional, hypothetical stipulation of 'if'. 'Iff' [spoken out as 'if and only if'] is a biconditional conjunction where either hypothetical is of equal value to the other.

Zuangzi is reputed to have said, 'A fish-trap is for catching fish; once the fish is caught, forget about the trap. A rabbit-snare is for catching rabbits; once the rabbit is caught, forget about the snare. Words are for catching ideas; once the idea is caught, forget about the words. Where can I find a person who knows how to forget words so that I can have a few words with him?'

A tarot card is a fish-trap for butterflies, so once you catch a fish you may caterpillar your way into the picture on the tarot. A rabbit-snare will help a tarot card to hop. Once the rabbit is snagged, a tarot may suggest how to cook it. Tarots are like letters of the alphabet that resist becoming words by being spoken. Once the tarot is identified there is no need for ideas to run around in crowds. The tarot is a referee that demands players each take their place and wait for the game to begin.

A fish is a fish and only fishish when it becomes an idea that is neither wet nor dry. A tarot is a tarot and only tarotrot when it becomes a letter that is neither spoken, nor drawn, nor written.

When looking at the tarot: wait.

Enrique Enriquez

Iff

If f

If feu

Ifá



Lemat

Bhima Beausoleil So... That's what's under his pants...

Audrey Layden "Please come to Boston/ she said, no, would you come home to me/ and she said ramblin' boy why don't you settle down/ Boston ain't your kind of town/ there ain't no gold and there ain't nobody like me/ I'm the number one fan of the man from Tennessee." Courtesy of Willie Nelson

Paul Nagy REYNE DE COUPE is an EYEOPENER PUN of PRUDENCE with a coupe of PERNOD.

LE MAT is a LAME MALE with a TALE who wants to MATE

Meeting our Mat and our MORDANT seated MATRON holds a covered coupe of MERLOT from her secret NECTARY. She CROPS a CANE for her YEAN as pleasure and pain. He tells an EMENDATORY story and asks to DANCE as the liquid induces TRANCE.

Luca Shivendra Ohm "Carrot and stick"



"Circe Offering the Cup to Odysseus." Painting by John William Waterhouse, 1891.

Markus Pfeil Here is Hans im Glück returning to his mother.

Hans in Luck has been described as an ironic fairy tale which inverts the normal "rags to riches" story format. It is also a German board game. Hans in Luck (German: Hans im Glück) is a fairy tale of Germanic origin, recorded by the Brothers Grimm, 1812. It is Aarne-Thompson type 1415. It is set apart from many other folk and fairy tales as it avoids romantic themes such as damsels and princesses, instead focuses upon maternal love as Hans is returning home to see his mother.

Hans worked hard for seven years but wishes to return to see his poor mother. His master pays him his wages which amounts to a lump of gold the size of his head. Hans puts the gold in a handkerchief and starts out on his journey jogging but soon becomes tired. He spots a rider on horseback and seeing the ease at which the horse travels he offers to exchange his lump of gold for the horse. Happy with the exchange, the man gives him the horse and Hans rides off.

The horse bolts and Hans gets bucked off, whereupon he meets a shepherd who convinces Hans to trade his horse for a cow. Telling Hans that a cow can provide milk, cheese and butter and is of more leisurely company. Hans takes up on the offer and continues his journey only to find that the cow is dry and not producing any milk as he had been told.

Disgruntled with the cow, Hans meets a butcher who gives him a pig for the cow. Thanking the butcher for the pig Hans sets off jogging again, hopeful he has now found an ideal travel companion. Alas, Hans meets a countryman who informs him that the pig's owner is the squire and he is in danger of being arrested for taking the squire's pig. Hans takes the countryman's goose in exchange for his pig, happy that it will provide a good roast and a supply of goose fat.

At his next stop in a village Hans meets a scissor-grinder and explains his story to him. The scissor-grinder offers him a grindstone for his goose arguing that a grindstone will provide a source of income. Hans happily exchanges the goose for the grindstone. He continues on his way, but is tired carrying the grindstone and is short of money for food.

Hans stops for a drink on the banks of a river, the grindstone falls into the deep water and is lost. Hans is happy to be rid of the heavy grindstone and being free of all troubles. He walks on to his mother's house and recounts his lucky tale.

Markus Pfeil Thanks for the expansion Paul The tale is so common here that I just named it... Hans im Glück is actually a whole Boardgame company as well...



Paul Nagy



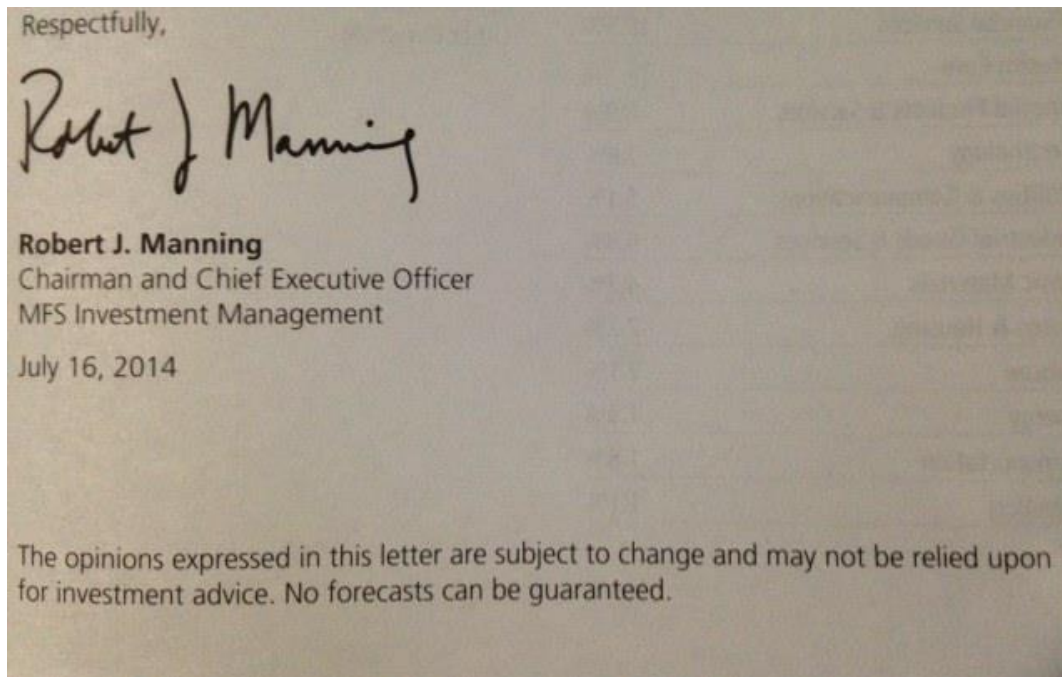
and a burger joint too!



Enrique Enriquez To cop a feel.

Enrique Enriquez

This is how fortunetellers do business nowadays.



Yves Reynaud Ha ha ha !!! Luckily I am not a Fortuneteller but a Tarot passionate Yves Reynaud

Paul Nagy Opinion can never become knowledge. True knowledge is never opinion. Opinion is a pin with a big O point or a needle with a oval eye O or a onion with options. Knowledge is allege of nos or a ledge of nows. It is the lineup, not the point, stupid.

Drap Arora To add: this is for entertainment purpose only

Enrique Enriquez Brilliant, Drapi .

Markus Pfeil Contrary to the name, such lack of aspiration is un-manning.



PipTrump Club 5

Luca Shivendra Ohm

"How does Tarot work?"



Enrique Enriquez I double-like that.

Mark Sherman Me too. For so many reasons.

Paul Nagy Mirror with a smoking cigarette: sticky fingers...



Mark Sherman

Interesting image from the book "Alchemy: The Medieval Alchemists and their Royal Art" by "Johannes Fabricius". Citing *Symbola Aureae* he supports it with the following: The Alchemical Philosopher Morienus exclaims while pointing to a colleague stamping on a dunghill: "Take that which is trodden underfoot in the dunghill, for if thou dost not, thou will fall on thine head when thou wouldst climb without steps".

Falling from towers seems to have been a real hazard in those days.

Enrique Enriquez Eventually one realizes that most tarot books are filled with useless prose and it is in the alchemical books that a key to speak in images is given.

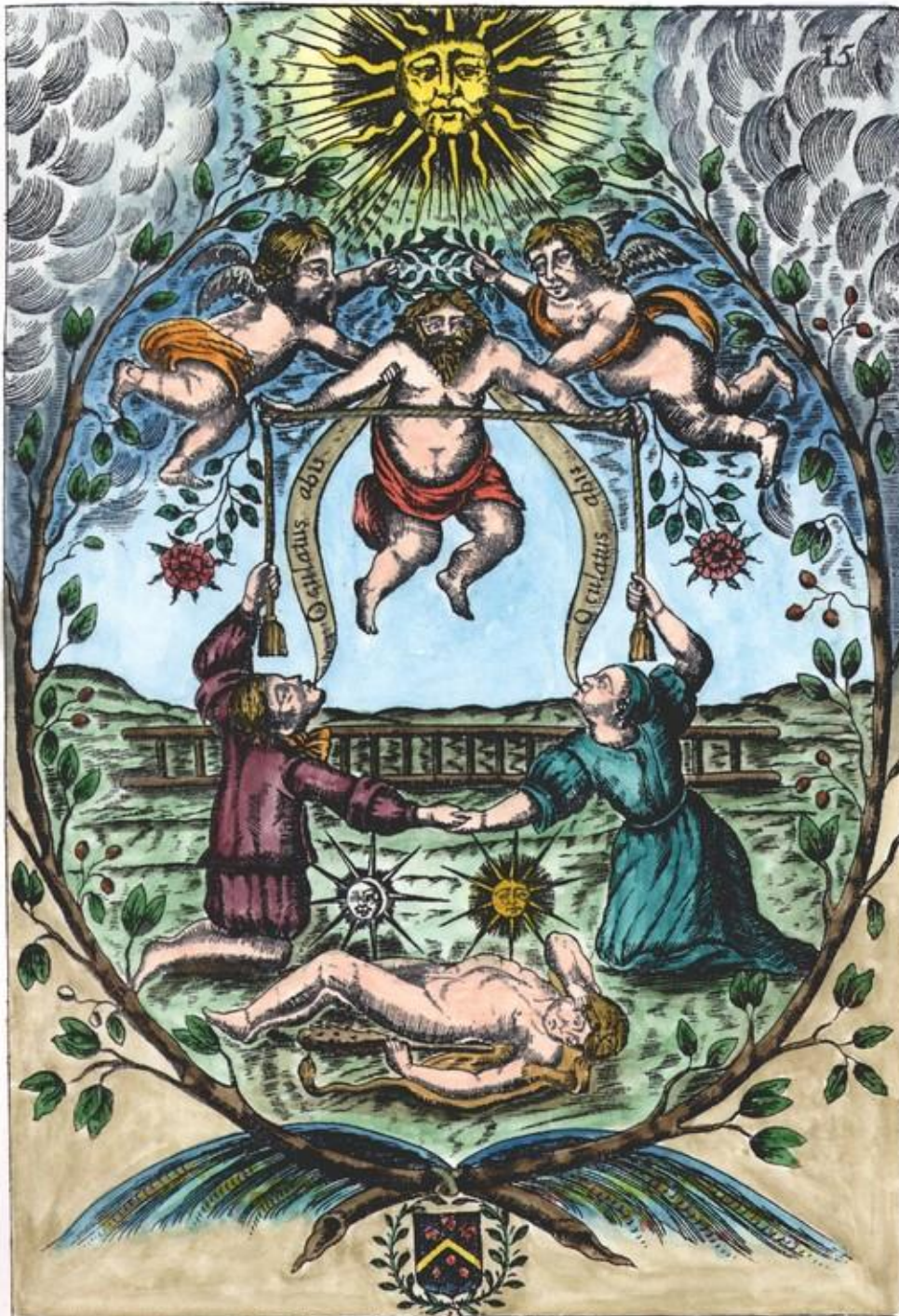
Mark Sherman Indeed. One of the things I was struck by was how the figure in the background can either be falling on his head or climbing without steps.

Marcos Parsons III Or taking impulse over one foot to fly backwards or simply fly away. Maybe the character is the one from XII but without the rope. Or the character from XXI going upwards looking for the center between the angel the hawk the "bull " and the lion. I suppose!!! Greetings!!!



Luca Shivendra Ohm He's climbing the tower not falling from it —I'm quite sure!

Paul Nagy Some eventually just ascend...

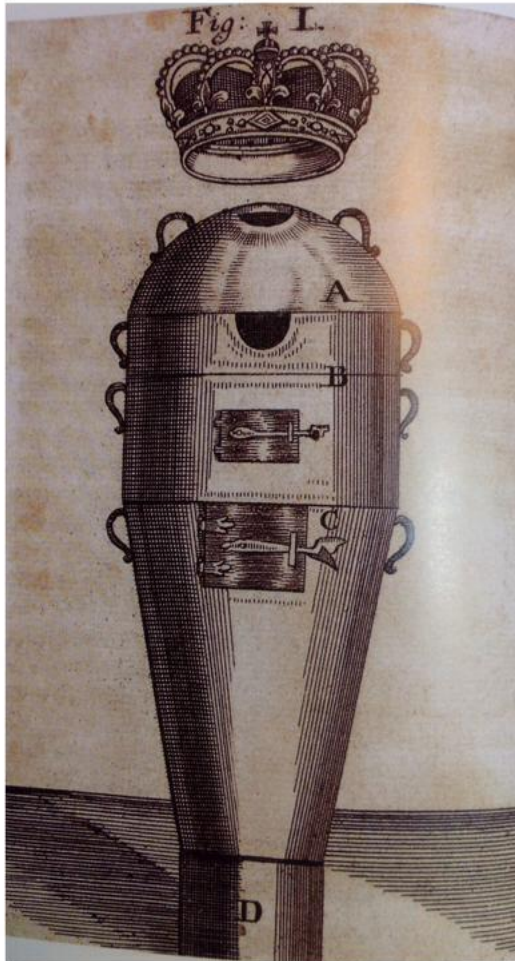


Mark Sherman Luca, that's kind of why I liked Jodo's observation that the figures in the tower card, rather than falling, appear to be gently floating down and even doing a little gardening.

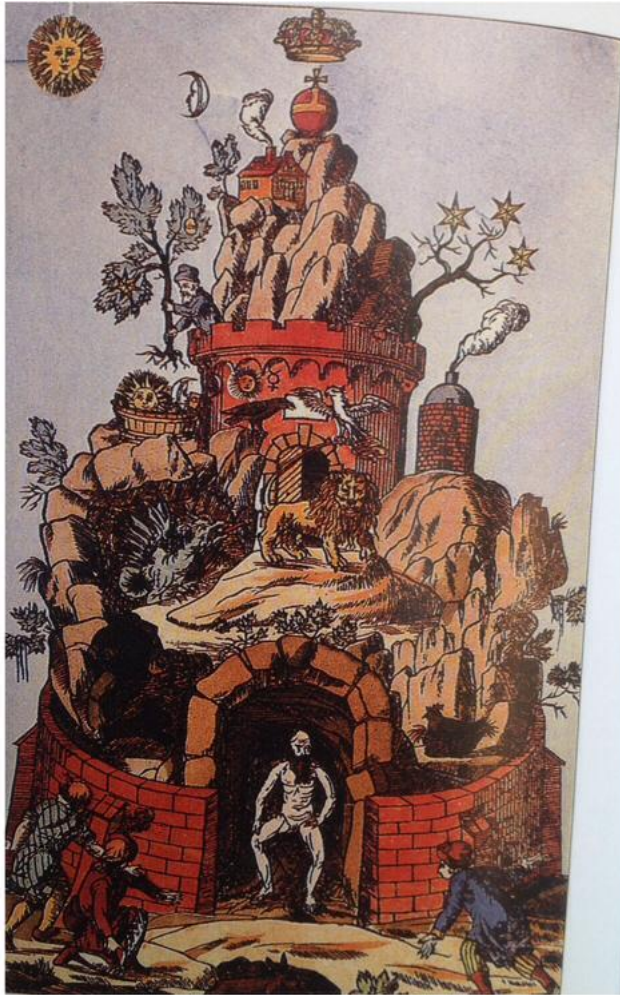
I always wished I knew the precedent for the guy coming out of the door.

This plays well with cards where the explosion moves outward from the er, "tower" but less so in those cards where its obviously lightening and the figures are clearly distressed.

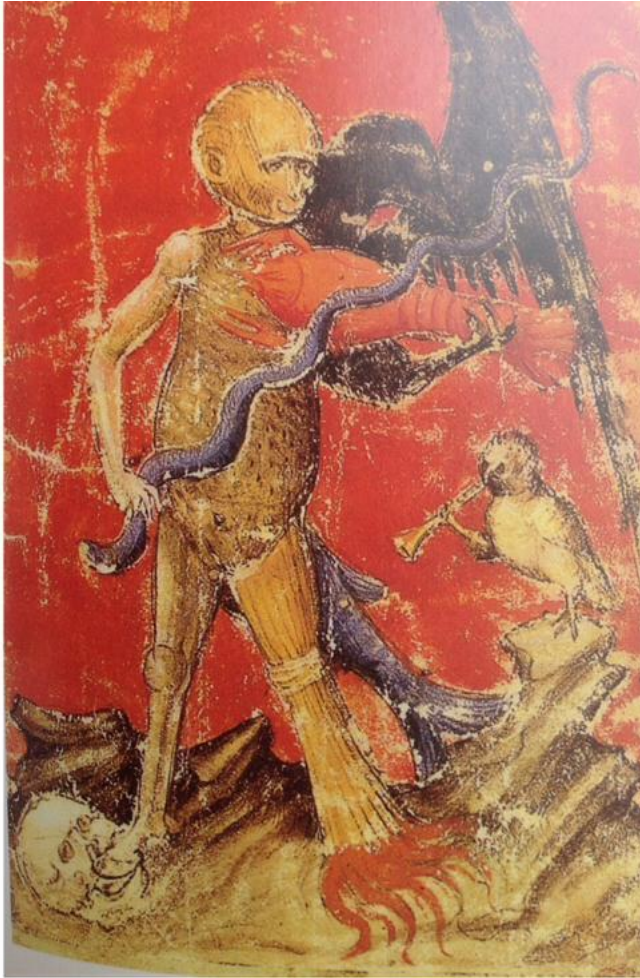
Mark Sherman More. (Sorry about the lousy shots, juggling book, ipad and glare).









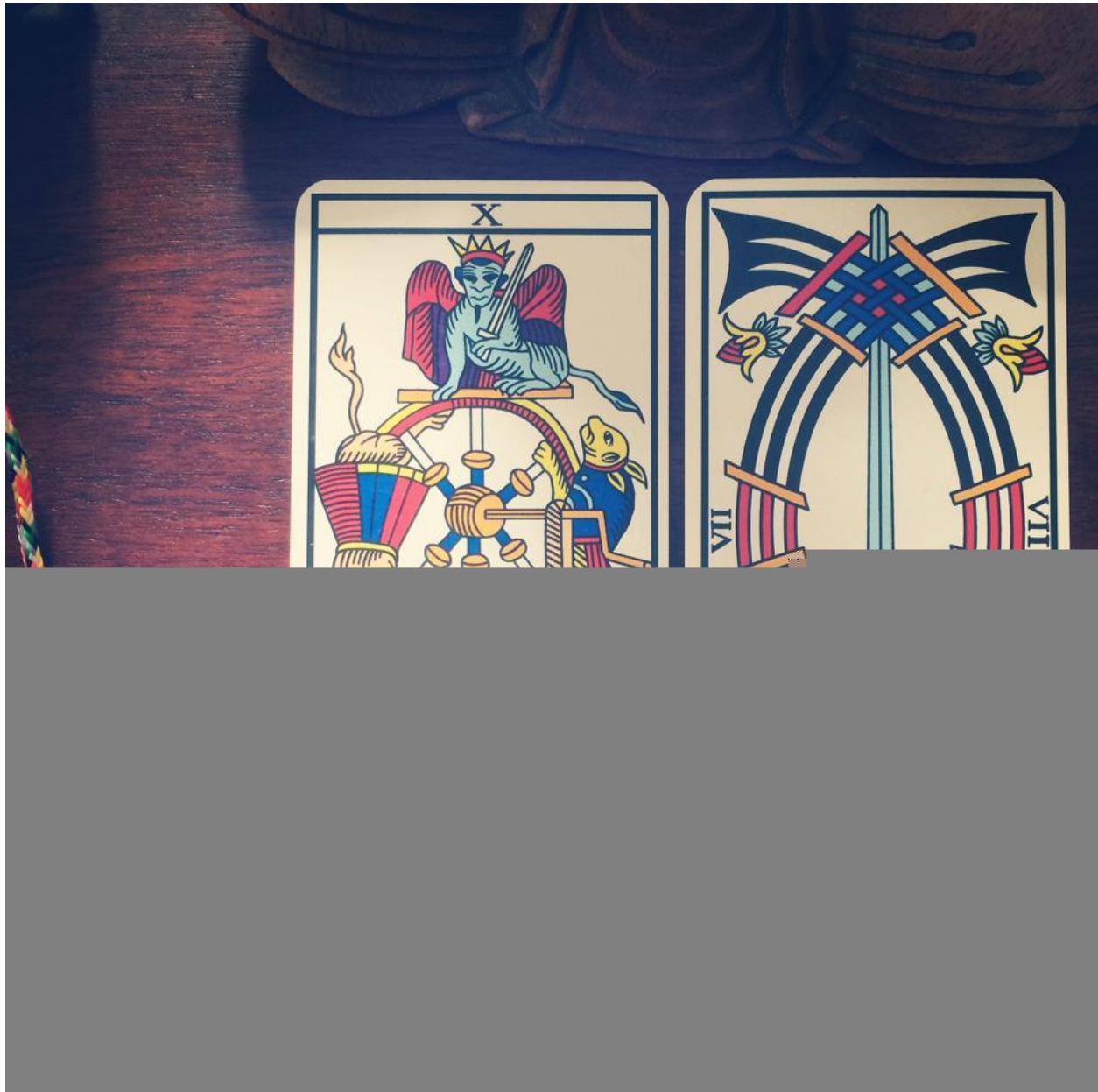


Mark Sherman Btw, for anyone who wants lots of Alchemy pics at a low price, the book is "The Hermetic Museum, Alchemy & Mysticism" by Alexander Roos.

Frustrating book design though in that its quite small (like 5x8 or something) and has almost 600 pages. Awkward, and one wishes the images were much larger. Still not much else out there that I know of except used copies of the one cited in the first post and Adam McLean's self published stuff (which is amazing).

Luca Shivendra Ohm

Today: "Nail hole in a tyre"



Trumps of the day... There seems to be some kind of resonance...





Markus Pfeil The sword rises to the top. The Pot sires the dot rows.

Ed Alvarez The Monkey King chooses his weapon

Mark Sherman "Tyre".

Enrique Enriquez the problem is not the monkey, but the sword.

Mark Sherman It's funny how Le Monde's expression and gaze appear to show disapproval of what's happening on the other card, when that vibe rarely comes forward in other pairings. At least I don't usually pick up on it. Other things seem to step forward most of the time.

Luca Shivendra Ohm US tire UK tyre Mark

Mark Sherman Really? I didn't know that. I thought that was a sly reference to Elizabethan spelling.

David Sacks Slow down, you're out of shape

Ed Alvarez Tires, Tyre? You're tired.

Mark Sherman Zzz.

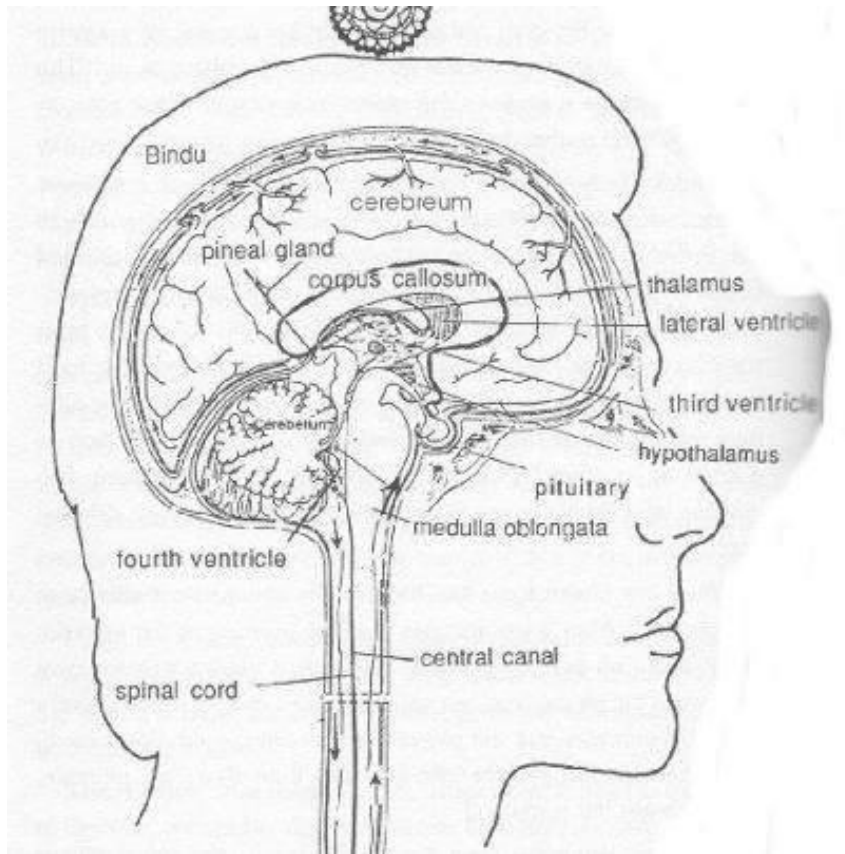
Paul Nagy

Four flowers float on wind and sea  
Sword in hand, Sphinx looks at me  
Angel, Eagle, Ox, and Lion come  
cut through the weave,  
a split circle three,  
back-to-back without leave  
to dance over and under the sky  
half-shut, bloodshot eye  
make center the round of pi:  
the top a sword point spindles  
a crank handle teardrop  
to hula hoop swindles  
spinning round without a stop.

Inner aspects of the exoteric Wheel of Fortune and the outer aspects of the esoteric The World  
gives  $X+VII=XVII$  The Star and  $VI$  The Lover

You will get your wish, if you work for it, and pursue it with diligence and ardor.

Paul Nagy Love stuff like this; just wish it were actual rather than made up. But all good stories are made up. That is what you should expect from cosmetics.



**Pineal Secrets:** Pineal gland is the true master gland. It is situated between the eyes. It is the organ of clairvoyance, Third eye, the eye of Ra or Heru (God). Biblical Jacob saw God face to face on the island of Pe-ni-el. Its secretes melatonin which is anti ageing in effect and anti oxidant in nature. This also secretes melanin which colours our skin.

The pineal gland, the most enigmatic of endocrine organs, has long been of interest to anatomists. Several millennia ago it was thought to be a valve that controlled the flow of memories into consciousness. René Descartes, the 17th-century French philosopher-mathematician, concluded that the pineal was the seat of the soul. A corollary notion was that calcification of the pineal caused psychiatric disease, a concept that provided support for those who considered psychotic behavior to be rampant; modern examination techniques have revealed that all pineal glands become more or less calcified.

When activated, the pineal gland becomes the line of communication, with the higher planes. The crown chakra, reaches down, until its vortex touches the pineal gland. Prana, or pure energy, is received through this energy center in the head. With Practice, the vibration level of the astral body is raised, allowing it, to separate from the physical.

To activate the 'third eye' and perceive higher dimensions, the pineal gland and the pituitary body, must vibrate in unison, which is achieved through meditation and / or relaxation. When a correct relationship is established, between personality, operating through the pituitary body, and the soul, operating through the pineal gland, a magnetic field is created.

The negative and positive forces, interact and become strong enough, to create the 'light in the head.' With this 'light in the head' activated, astral projectors can withdraw themselves, from the body, carrying the light with them.

Astral Travel, and other occult abilities, are closely associated with the development of the 'light in the head'. After physical relaxation, concentration upon the pineal gland, is achieved, by staring at a point in the middle of the forehead. Without straining the muscles of the eye, this will activate the pineal gland and the 'third eye'.

Beginning with the withdrawal of the senses and the physical consciousness, the consciousness is centered in the region of the pineal gland. The perceptive faculty and the point of realization, are centralized in the area between the middle of the forehead and the pineal gland. The trick is to visualize, very intently, the subtle body... escaping through the trap door of the brain.

A "popping sound" may occur at the time separation of the astral body, in the area of the pineal gland. Visualization exercises, are the first step, in directing the energies in our inner systems, to activate the 'third eye'. The magnetic field is created around the pineal gland, by focusing the mind on the midway point, between the pineal gland and the pituitary body. The creative imagination visualizes something, and the thought energy of the mind gives life and direction to this form.

'Third eye' development, imagination, and visualization are important ingredients, in many methods to separate from the physical form. Intuition is also achieved, through 'third eye' development. Knowledge and memory of the astral plane, are not registered in full waking consciousness, until the intuition becomes strong enough. Flashes of intuition come, with increasing consistency, as the 'third eye' is activated to a greater degree, through practice. Universal Knowledge... can also be acquired.

The pineal gland, corresponds with divine thought, after being touched by the vibrating light of Kundalini. Kundalini starts its ascent, towards the head center, after responding to the vibrations from the 'light in the head.'

The light is located at the top of the sutratma, or 'soul thread', which passes down from the highest plane of our being... into the physical vehicle.

As human beings continue to evolve, further out of matter, on the journey from spirit to matter... back to spirit, the pineal gland will continue to rise from its state of age - long dormancy, bringing back to humanity... astral capacities and spiritual abilities.

-International Institute Of Astrology and Occultscience-

Luca Shivendra Ohm The pip and trump club

"And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward" Matt 10:42 KJV



OR "Take the two cups in the middle and have a drink, guys –today you can"

Bhima Beausoleil "Guess the right one and you will have eternal life"

Aurora Díaz Fernández The Hierophant points the middle way as heaven.

Audrey Layden And so he said to his disciples: "These two, in communion, carry all of our past and create every tomorrow. From such as these is the world made anew in each moment. Pray for them!"

Andrew Kyle McGregor Bishop Paul will be there. Make it two kegs.

Paul Nagy Old King Pope preaches: For a cup to be filled, one must find a potable liquid. Such liquids are rare and of some variety and quality that take many routes to be at last released into a cup that is for you and you alone. Wine was once rain on earth, then fruit on vine, then picked and pressed to juice and



barreled to wine that is bottled and uncorked to be poured into a cup for you and for you alone. Milk comes from rain caught in barrels or ponds, drunk by ewes, does or heifers grazing on shrubs and grass, cud chewing, calving to milk homogenized, cooled and bottled then poured into this cup for you and for you alone. A cool cup of water comes from rain in cisterns, streams or wells, perhaps pumped through pipes into bottles or directly by faucet poured into a cup for you and for you alone. Wines are the bliss, and milk the nurture of spirit. However, water is the essence of spirit alone. A cup is like our body. It holds a sufficient portion of the infinite spirit to be our life. A cup is the last vessel to carry God's love or spirit before it reaches the intimacy of our lips and body. So it is our body that holds the fullness of oceans and rains, fields and streams, sheep, goats and cows, each in their portion by lips and respiration, this many is one.

Mark Sherman Box seats at the world cups.

Paul Nagy Old King Pope preaches: the secret of this sermon is Death, the XIII Arcana. The hourglass is my sermon and III are the rows of cups to be taken: VIII is a sideways eight or the beginning of a dominoes chain-reaction.

Audrey Layden Beautiful essay on the wine, milk and more, Paul.

Ryan Edward Lenten fish fry

Ed Alvarez Going in the other direction....



Mark Sherman Ed, sweet reference.

Enrique Enriquez The two central cups are the two person kneeling before the pope. Once the ceremony is over they become the center/scepter of the party.

Audrey Layden

Paul and Audrey have decided to marry. After our decision we randomly consulted the cards. Here is the result.



Yoav Ben-dov the royal couple with love. congratulations! may the cards always be with you

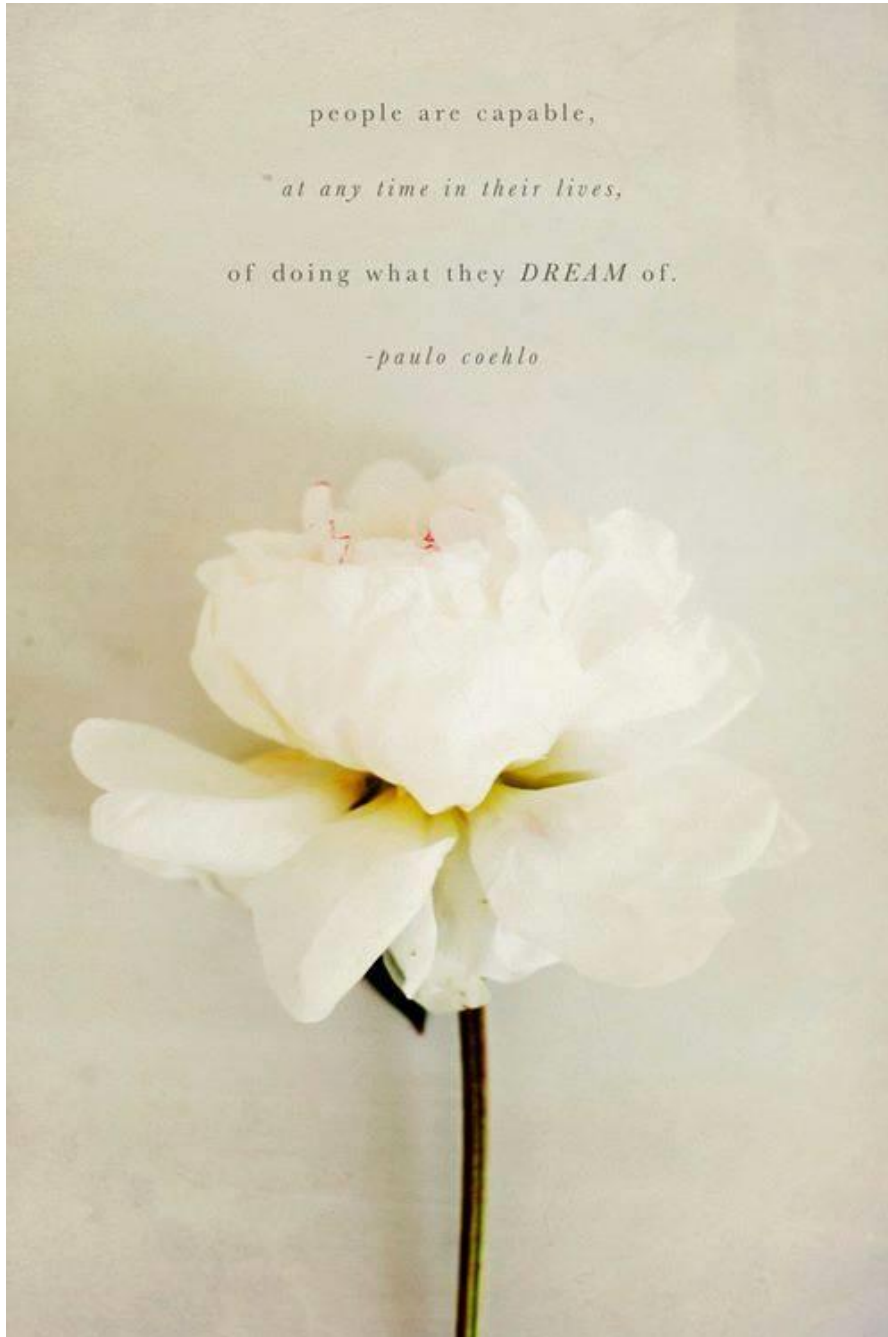
Enrique Enriquez it looks AU(drey)sP(aul)icious.

Camelia Elias Excellent. Congratulations to you both.

Mark Sherman Amazing news! Auspicious cards. Its a good day.

Bonnie Cehovet Congrats!

Aurora Díaz Fernández Congratulations!



Paul Nagy Yes marriage is the athanor for the unexpected permutations of love. In alchemy, an athanor is a furnace used to provide a uniform and constant heat for alchemical digestion.



In the Life of Apollonius of Tyana by Philostratus offers an allegorical description an occult hill, named "Athanor".

The athanor as used in alchemy was also called Piger Henricus ("Slow Harry"), because it was chiefly used in slower operations, and because when once filled with coals, it keeps burning a long time.

For this reason the Greeks referred to it as "giving no trouble", as it did not need to be continually attended. Be wary unheeded or impassible husbands or wives!

It was also called the Philosophical furnace, Furnace of Arcana, or popularly, the Tower furnace. The house that Jack-built and the house of cards, a tarot Palace, Pop-goes-the-weasel wastrel and other secret appellations.

Obviously an apt analogy for the pressures of marriage and hoped for transmutations. Though, "What you get is what you get!" is a better correspondence to reelism.

Markus Pfeil Congratulations. The cards are with you!

Luca Shivendra Ohm

Today: "Let's go and do some sunbathing"



Today: "Let's go and do some sunbathing"



Luca Shivendra Ohm Trumps of the day: LE SOLEIL + LA FORCE = Sun in Leo)... Yes, today it's all about the Sun

Audrey Layden The gods smile on playful plans, go build your fancy with a friend, a treehouse? a go-cart?, but taming enthusiasm with caution so you don't break your necks .

Aurora Díaz Fernández Enjoy and celebrate, but know your limits!

Luca Shivendra Ohm ...And be aware that there's a difference between sunbathing and burning your skin (look at the phoenix raising from a flaming urn)



Paul Nagy The Four of Denarii is the inside of The Sun. The Denarii are the pillars of friendship: feet firmly planted on the ground in front of the wall: fingertips, hands and arms become wing-sprouts of the Phoenix regenerated and perched on the dais of the Chevron. The Sun's aura is the feathered plumage, the rainbow foliage, weaving like seaweed or grapevines on a trellis by the wall.

Who knows the call of the Phoenix? Is that the licking sound of flames? Or does this Sun-sound crackle like static on the radio?

What auspicious possibilities for the friendship sharing such a bright renewing light? Is the wall the remains of the Tower? And where does the water come from that slicker the feet by the ground?

Camelia Elias Jacuzzi.

Luca Shivendra Ohm The wall in The Sun as "the remains of the Tower" is a great insight —Thank you Paul

They built their friendship on solid foundations

Enrique Enriquez counting moles is a metaphor for...

Ed Alvarez Maybe its like the ill (the swaddling twins) cautiously stepping into the bathing waters such as Lourdes, and then feeling revived and hopping out like a phoenix?



Bhima Beausoleil here's a little bit of sun. take it with you.

Markus Pfeil (exchanging) the sun fo(u)r pentacles. Working instead of sunbathing.

Luca Shivendra Ohm Between sunbathing and working... I prefer the jacuzzi suggested by Camelia Elias

Luca Shivendra Ohm The pip and trump club

"Hey boy! It's time to take a bath"

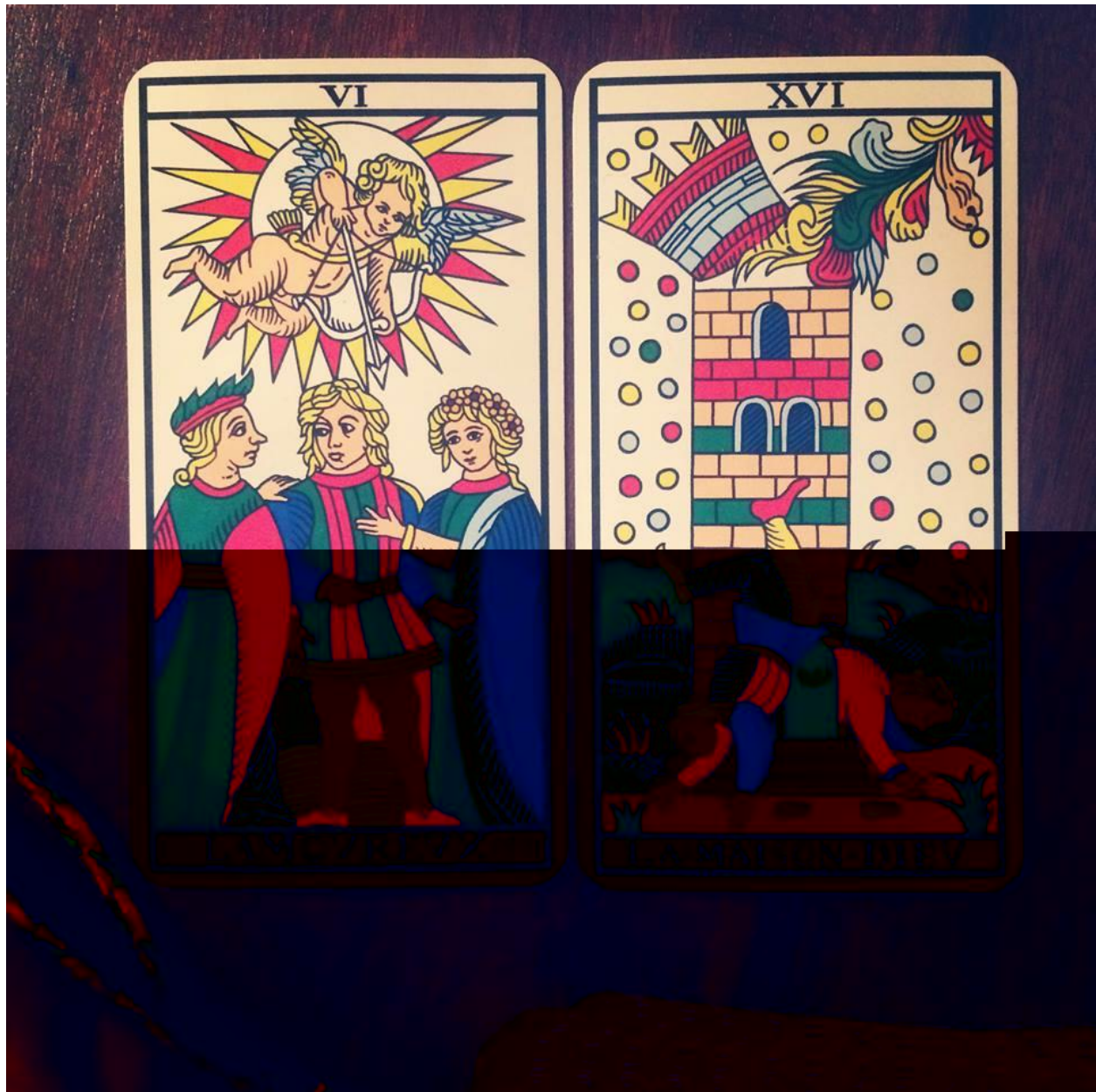


Luca Shivendra Ohm OR "Being baptized again as an adult"

OR "Why should I go to church?"

This is my daily draw with Trumps only –It seems to me that La Maison Dieu (in this pair) rhymes well with the Ace of Cups (in the other pair)...





Ed Alvarez She pats him on the chest and urges him to open up and let it pour out.

Paul Nagy Four choices: 4 directions: Upside, downside, right-side, left-side. Summer, up high with a bow: Winter between autumn and spring. One bowl to shelter them: One vessel to nestle them. One cup to cover them: One chalice to cherish all inside and out.

Ed Alvarez In the trumps only, it seems it will forcefully come out

Luca Shivendra Ohm (Sorry for the multiplied posts -not my fault)

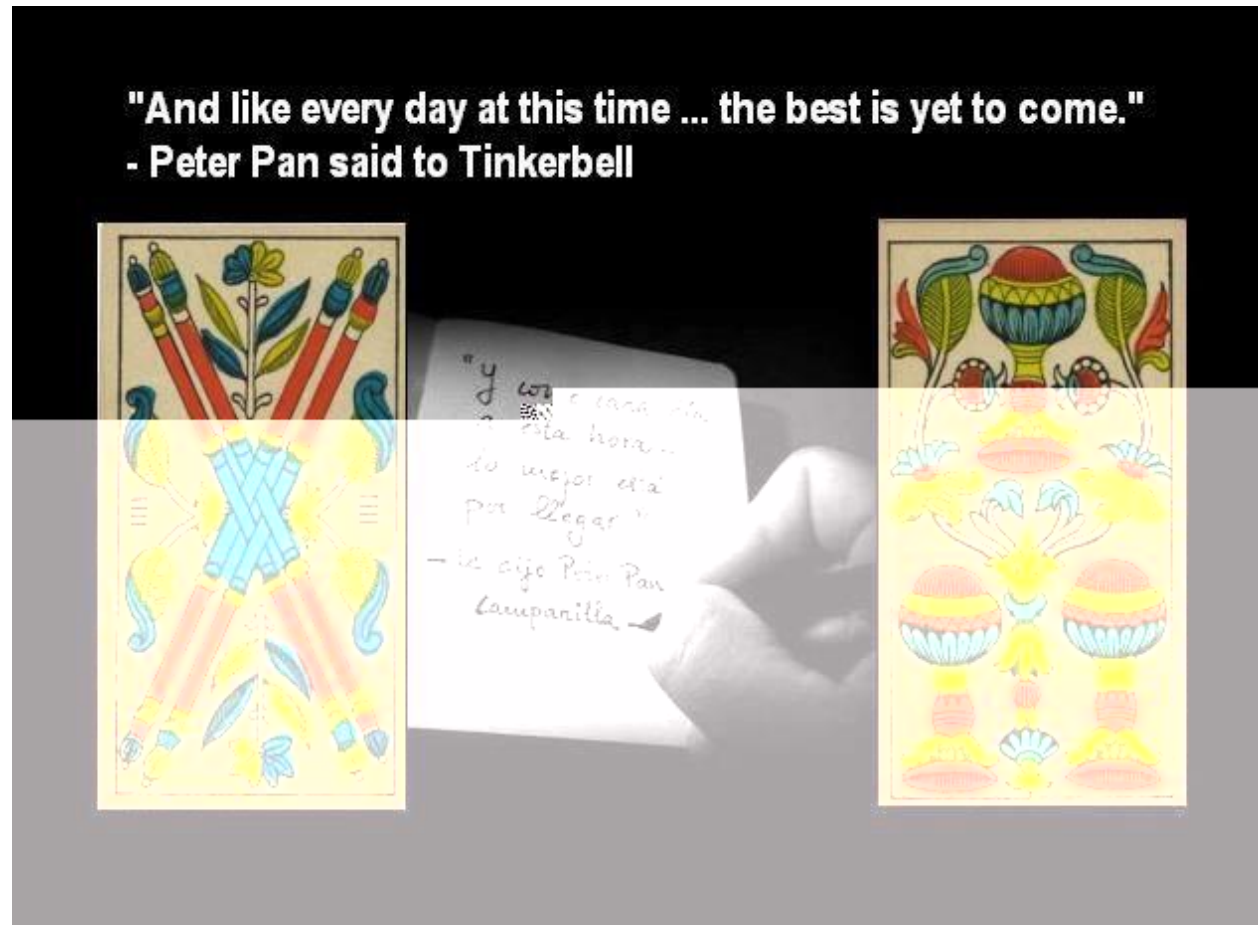
Ed Alvarez L'amor(eau) +, For the lovers are filled with water at all corners, up, down, left, right

Thanks Paul!

Steve Mangan Size Queens--Checking out each other's cup size... that big cup is quite a handful!  
Contains more than enough to go round, I should think. Definitely a cup for sharing...

Aurora Díaz Fernández The Angel: "Hey, there only is room for 2 in the castle."

Markus Pfeil Cupid searches for the Cup ID. He provides the lid. VI is the cup taken from its handle. Now chose which cup fits your handle. If you do not chose wisely you look like yonder cup. A crown too large for your head, slid down with the two eyes looking out ans some hair trailing out as well....



Just for today:

4 of Swords +3 of Cups

"When encountered with a crossroad, find a reason to celebrate."

"En el medio de la indecisión. encuentra un motivo para celebrar"

Aurora Díaz Fernández Aprendí a leer el lenguaje visual del Tarot de Marsella con, Enrique Enriquez . El lenguaje visual llega más directo que el lenguaje simbólico de las cartas. El lenguaje visual es más accesible al consultante. Es otra manera de acceder a la sabiduría del Tarot. Gracias, Enrique Enriquez

I learned to read the visual language of the Tarot of Marseilles, Enrique Enriquez. Visual language is more direct than the symbolic language of the letters. Visual language is more accessible to the consultant. It is another way of accessing the wisdom of the Tarot. Thank you, Enrique Enriquez  
(Translated by Bing)

Muchas veces, la interpretación más simple es la más acertada.



"Simplicity is the essence of beauty "Often, the simplest interpretation is most accurate. "Simplicity is the essence of beauty" (Translated by Bing)

Elvira Mercuria Ooils Me apasiona el tarot ji

I love tarot!! (Translated by Bing)

Aurora Díaz Fernández Elvira Mercuria Ooils a mi me fascina cada historia que cuenta

Elvira Mercuria Ooils ♥ to my I love every story that ♥ (Translated by Bing)

Stephen James Durant Brilliant clarity x

New shared thread Aurora Díaz Fernández Enrique Enriquez, thanks for teaching me to "see". I read this somewhere: "Simplicity is the essence of beauty. " Many times the simplest interpretation is best than the elaborated.

Enrique Enriquez Thank you Aurora. Working with you has been wonderful.

Paul Nagy Yes, and I am here to demonstrate an opposite: complexity is the vacuity of the ugly.

May the 4 wands offer pegs to hang those 3 cups up.

Enrique Enriquez

The closest Maltese words to TAROT:



Aurora Díaz Fernández Beautiful!

Steve Mangan Thank you, you Rat! [Ta, Rat]

Steve Mangan

A Musical Interlude anyone?

Steve Mangan <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4G2ND5uqGJ0>

The Toronto Consort "Canzona de' confortini & Madre de' peccatori"

Composizione di Anonimo del XV° sec, (Lorenzo il Magnifico?) tratta da "The da Vinci Collection" (2006), è eseguita dai The Toronto Consort. Disegni, affresc...

Steve Mangan The Song of the Sweetmeat Sellers

A carnival song by Lorenzo de Medici

Ladies! We have candied plums and sweetmeats:  
if you want some, then ours are a treat.

Don't ask how they're made, we won't show you,  
it's a waste of time, too much trouble to go to;

please don't waste your time, like so many do,  
and eat all alone from little pots,  
tiny little pots.

Ladies! We have candied plums and sweetmeats:  
if you want some, then ours are a treat.

This art we young men make our living on:  
it's enough we have the finest of buns!  
Please don't wait around to be given one,  
you should spend all your time having fun--  
and pay us a penny -- your pretty penny.

Ladies! We have candied plums and sweetmeats:  
if you want some, then ours are a treat!

Steve Mangan "The Toronto Consort" only use the couple of verses translated above, however the complete carnival song includes references to several card games. The song, like many carnival songs, is full of sexual innuendo making heavy use of double entendres; as such it is an example of the Language of Cards being used figuratively to allude to other things. I won't go into the full details, which some might find offensive (with puns alluding for example to menstruation and sodomy). The full poem and an English translation is available at Tarotpedia. For those that may take offense, don't worry it can be read innocuously as sweetmeat sellers offering to bet their wares in a game of cards, and the English doesn't convey so explicitly the vulgar puns and allusions of the original Italian; and even for those who speak Italian, the 15th century linguistic allusions would probably require some explication.

Steve Mangan [http://www.tarotpedia.com/.../\\_Canzona\\_de%27\\_confortini](http://www.tarotpedia.com/.../_Canzona_de%27_confortini)

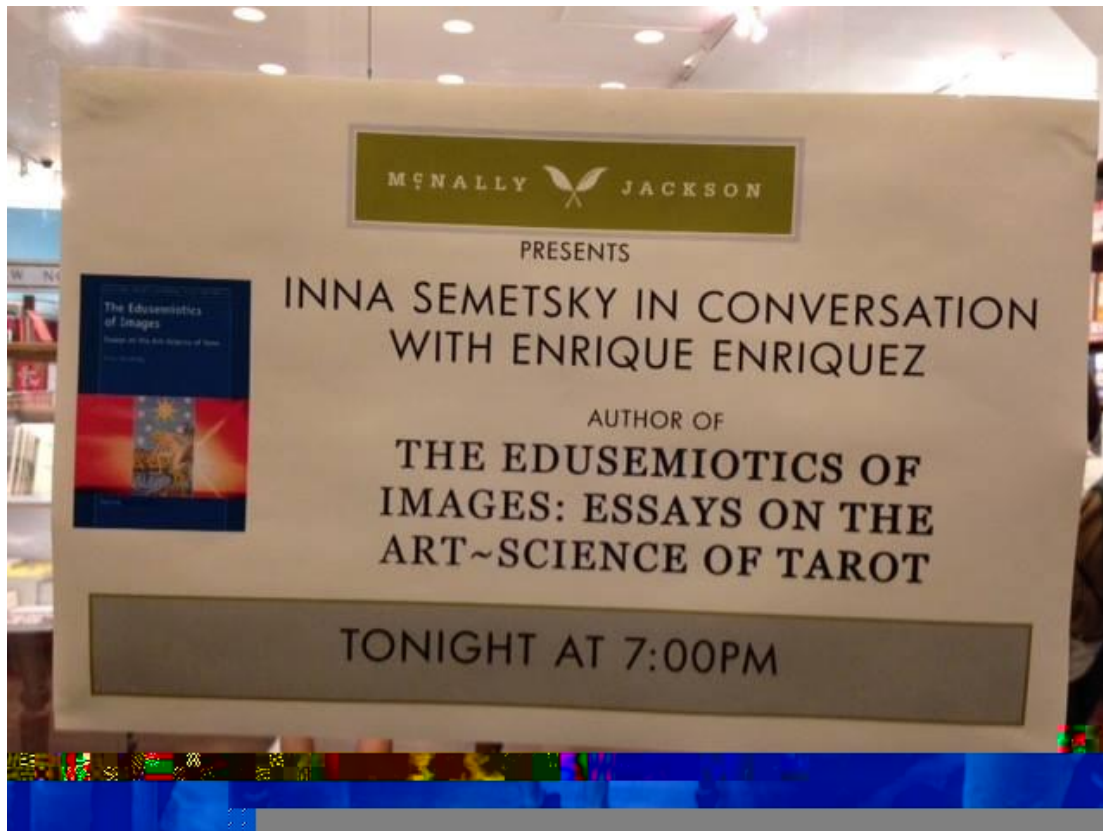
(Lorenzo de' Medici)/ Canzona de' confortini - Tarotpedia

[www.tarotpedia.com](http://www.tarotpedia.com)

This carnival song is commonly attributed to the Florentine statesman Lorenzo De' Medici (Lorenzo il Magnifico). The song was composed in 1475-78. Since it makes reference to a number of card games, it has been published by Girolamo Zorli on his [www.trete.it](http://www.trete.it) web site. The interpretation of the text...

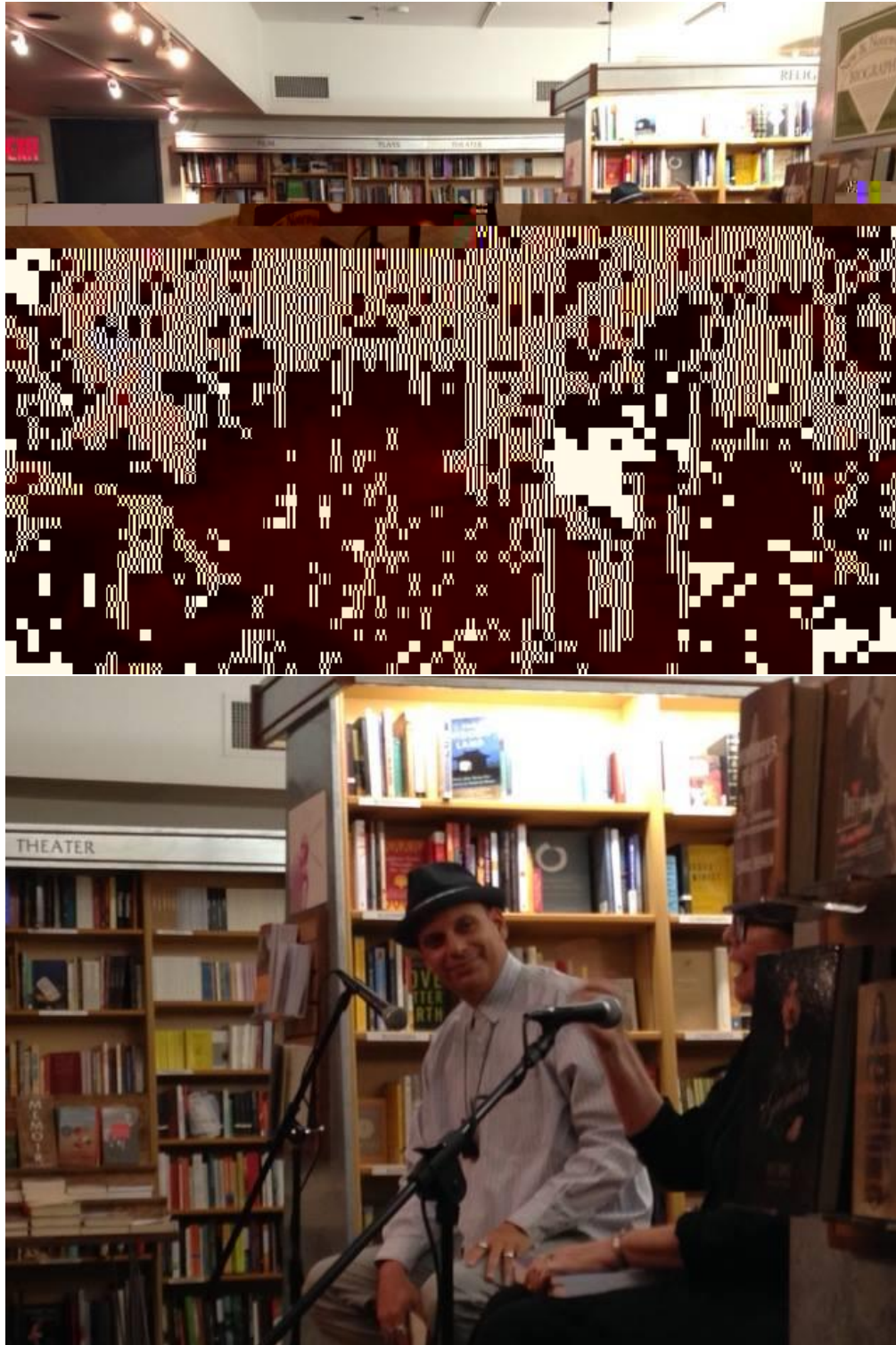
Aurora Díaz Fernández ¡Gracias!

Paul Nagy A picture interlude:











Paul Nagy Books pretending to be cards. People pretending to be Images. Words pretending to talk. The floor pretending to measure space. Conversation saying some things in and out of view.

Enrique Enriquez - Paradox as the foundation of tarot readings.

- As sign, a tarot card is always something other than itself.

- ( ~ ) in-betweenness as the space where meaning is created.

- How daily practice, over time, allows for a personal codification of the cards. (We learn the meaning of a card by contrasting it with our experiences and then remembering these codes).

Those were some of the main points discussed.

Beth Seilonen Wonderful! Sounds like that has the makings of a college course!

Audrey Layden "Between stimulus and response is a space. In that space is our power to choose our response. In our response lies our growth and our freedom." Viktor Frankl.

Luca Shivendra Om "Daily practice and personal codification" —a tarot journal is the foundation of the art of reading the cards.



Paul Nagy Imagination, free-association, whimsy and forgetfulness are the stalwarts of my tarot metaphoric reading practice.

Luca Shivendra Om

"He's just left his current girlfriend for another girl... Or: how to become an ex"



Luca Shivendra Om In today's "trumps only" you can see the ex in action... She seems ready for a new relationship in the near future.





Khadijah Carolyn Luca Shivendra Om who are we talking about today? Will and Jada? You are like tarot paparazzi

She seems to have it all already. Just saying.

Luca Shivendra Om <http://youtu.be/d5g26WMFpdM>



Tarot Paparazzi... It sounds interesting! Very "Dolce Vita". Yes! I like it Khadijah Carolyn.

Paparazzo I was struck by Robert Breer's fascination with the juxtaposition of motion and stillness and the space between them.





Aurora Díaz Fernández Smitten by 2 in the heart center...

Audrey Layden Young couple move in with his(her?) mother. He is totally eclipsed by a feminine double whammy.

Luca Shivendra Om four people in The Lovers –they are making a strong alliance in the Four: the male, the female, the old, the young –they are building a strong connection –a family

Ed Alvarez The paparazzi lead me to Antionioni's Blow up.



But the family image takes me to. <http://youtu.be/X4du7zukGuE>

Play Video

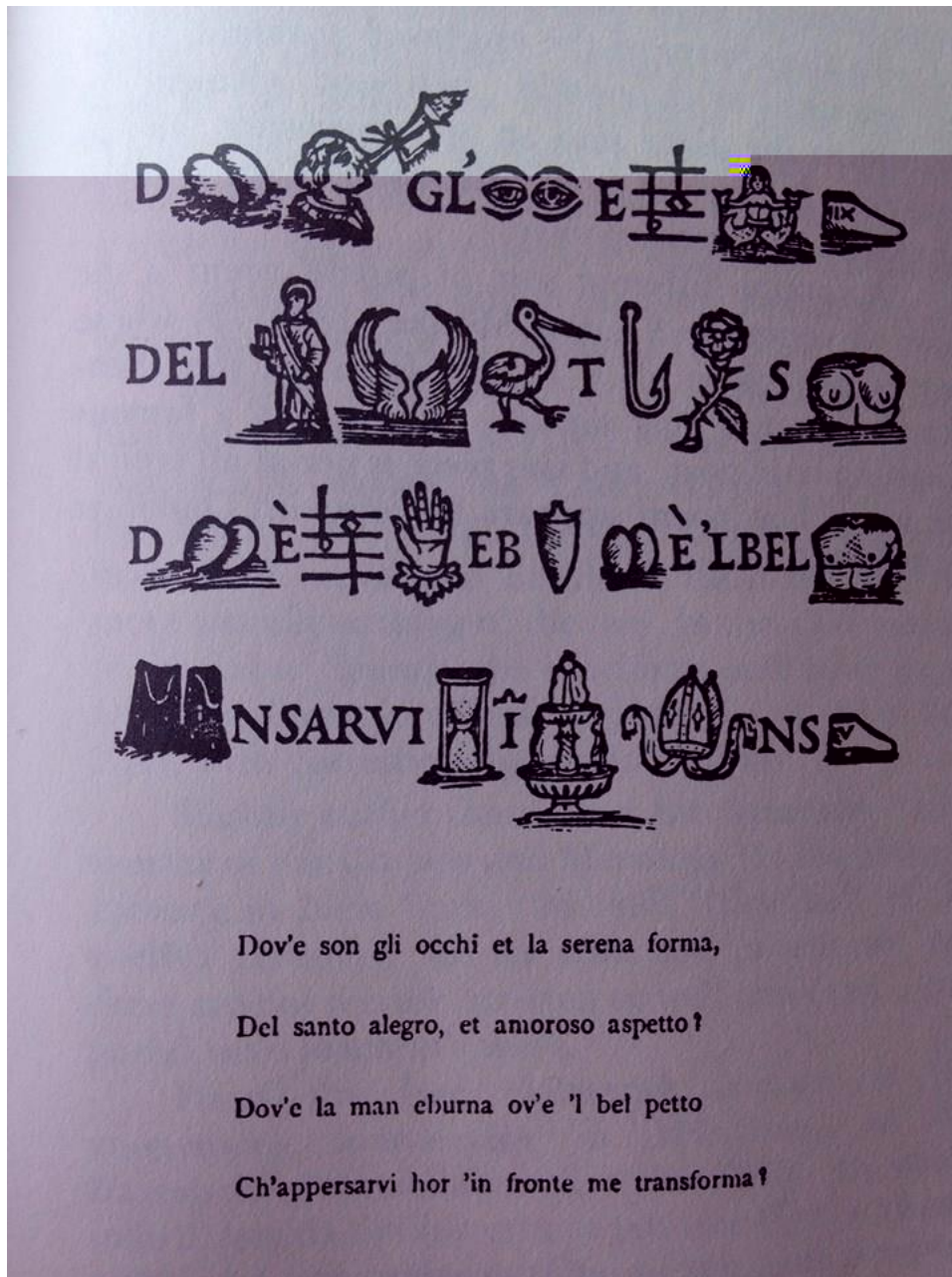
Carnage [Trailer Official 2011 [HD] - Kate Winslet, Christoph Waltz, Jodie Foster



Paul Nagy on Ed Alvarez's conflation of the movies' Blow Up and Carnage to our Lover and Four of Wands tarots [with a nod to the Empress] provides a glimpse of the reaches of alienation found in the voyeurism and manipulated space and sexuality, even to the fact of death to the brittle embroilments of manners and class as two upper middle class couples unravel in the face of their face-saving confrontation of value and pretense.

Perhaps the crossed wands here mimics the plural x that ends "LAMOVREX" it seems obvious to me that the X is the bow drawn twice. And that the lover is negotiating a bride price with the Madame and the Dame have eyes for each other. This gives a twist of either a lesbian or homosexual alliance and if we wish even pederasty. If we assume that the flying Cupid is a child. We are talking a triple XXX orgy where near and far and body parts may presume to be in any position as the foliage and flowers are sex organs.

Ed Alvarez O my gosh Paul! X is the bow and end of the lovers!



M. Giovanbattista Palatino

Luca Shivendra Om Old school rebus. Cool.

Or: a bright example of the so called Language of images.

Enrique Enriquez It would be great to work on possible rebuses like this one, but with tarot cards.



Luca Shivendra Om Challenge accepted Enrique ... I'm going to work on this

By the way in the old rebus you just posted here we can find: 1. Eggs: La Papesse (Marseille Jodo Camoin) 2. Wings: Temperance 3. Crane: The Star (Marseille) 4. Rose: Death (Waite Smith) 5. Breast: Temperance again (Marseille Jean Dodal) 6. Urn: Temperance and The Star 7. Hourglass: The Hermit (Visconti Tarot) 8. Fountain: Ace of cups (Marseille) 9. Miter: The Hierophant (Waite Smith) 10. Trumpet: The Judgement!

A translation (sorry, very literal): "Where are thy eyes and the harmonious shape/ the blessed smiling appearance I love/ where is thy hand as white as ivory where is thy beautiful breast?/I recall and recalling I become a fountain crying" No way to render the original riddle, I think.

And those eyes... Yes, they are the eyes of Justice, wide open, staring at you...

Luca Shivendra Om The pip and trump club

"I'll keep you safe"



Luca Shivendra Om The 'trumps only' pairing seems to be a variation on the same subject...



Luca Shivendra Om Here a family drama unfolds: a mother/wife, a son, a father/husband... A son protects his mother from her abusive husband...

Enrique Enriquez They brag, she works.

Khadijah Carolyn Yeah, both are hanging around ready to shoot the breeze. She slips away. The bird from card 1 lands at the throne. I think she is going back to being a fish she can raise the water in time. Domestic life and the mythic creature. Maybe they don't mix. Maybe she tried. Maybe she wants to bath in peace.

Audrey Layden The young man presents himself as vibrantly masculine to authority, playing the role, hiding (denying?) his nurturing feminine nature.

Audrey Layden Or challenging the older man to measure worldly power up against youthful vigor in winning fair maiden.

Audrey Layden measuring the baton against the scepter

Enrique Enriquez I think Audrey is onto something. The younger Wand gets the woman naked.

Scepters are Viagra.

Aurora Díaz Fernández They both want the same woman. The young one has sexual power; the older, own's an empire.

Khadijah Carolyn Aurora Díaz Fernández, her labor of carrying water becomes the work of emancipating the water ( draining the two vessels) into the stream.

Khadijah Carolyn The idiom of "carrying water"- supporting something not consistent with integrity took me to the work Enrique mentioned earlier.

Aurora Díaz Fernández Like that! Khadijah Carolyn

Ed Alvarez Bathing is right. It is Bathsheba preparing her washing, while Uriah watches guard. Only a small soldier in David's Army. King David looks all the way over the watch.

Khadijah Carolyn Bath she b a. Silky Selkie now, Ed .

Ed Alvarez Uh oh. Uh oh. "Get jiggy with it" All the boys say.

Khadijah Carolyn ^^Ed, pa(s) toi (s)- I can(')t with you!

Markus Pfeil He presents himself to the father of the beauty, unfortunately brandishing his male pride. The father looks doubtful while the lady waits down by the river.

There is a german joke to this, going: Herr Fischer, Herr Fischer ich möchte ihre Tochter zum fischen abholen. Aber mein Name ist doch Vogel.....Nun ich wollte nicht so direkt sein....

“Mr. Fischer, Mr. Fischer I would like to pick up your daughter for fishing. But my name is still bird ..... Now I would not be so straight ....” ?

Khadijah Carolyn is at Wicker Park Fountain.



Khadijah Carolyn More relationship stuff- can't get away from it.

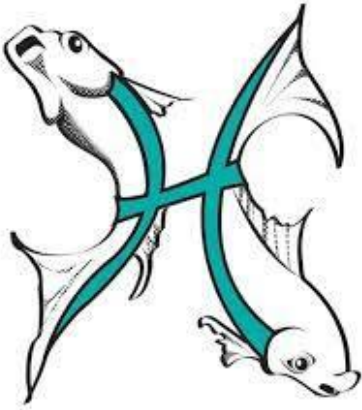
"The return of essential fluidity requires restraint and preparation".

The contents is poured out, then it extracted again- the vessels are confined ( concentrating) then carefully blended together again.

Different phases of the same work. But there is this theme of dilution- (delusion). See the number progression of the cards. In the end, I judge that the essential element is not lost. The vessels are moved from circumstance to circumstance. "Carrying water to an open source, then the knowledge of un FULLfillment (yearning) becomes shared content -at least in this reading.

Ed Alvarez





According to one Greek myth, Pisces represents the fish into which Aphrodite (also considered Venus) and her son Eros (also considered Cupid) transformed in order to escape the monster Typhon. Typhon, the "father of all monsters" had been sent by Gaia to attack the gods, which led Pan to warn the others before himself changing into a goat-fish and jumping into the Euphrates.

Khadijah Carolyn Ed Alvarez. I need to give the context. There was a love "stroke" . One of the hemispheres became paralyzed. Now there is a return of movement. Slowly. The question remained: what underlying pattern caused the stroke? How to take care?

Luca Shivendra Om You should draw a card and see what The Star is looking at

Someone gives and someone keeps for himself the water of love OR From altruism to selfishness OR Who is giving and who is taking and not sharing?

From another point of view: Altruism: selfless or selfish? Is "altruism" merely doing things for others in order to feel good about ourselves?

Ed Alvarez To reconnect with the task master and find balance

Enrique Enriquez If you can't drop it, cool it off.

Aurora Díaz Fernández Cause of stroke: excess of something in the blood stream. Care of it: balance and careful monitoring.

Khadijah Carolyn Enrique that's the way it is. And Luca Shivendra Om care must be taken that the other side does not over compensate for the weak side and become injured. Aurora Díaz Fernández: ha! Lab work. I like.

Since it isn't too late. I guess I will draw another card and go to work.

It's up to you folks now. Thanks for playing.



Ed Alvarez "When the Moon rises

The bells fall silent,

And the impenetrable footpaths appear." Lorca

Aurora Díaz Fernández Another thing, Khadijah Carolyn. The person sees the cause of stroke. Too many eyes in the Devil tell the story of seeing.



(The party was too loud and someone called the cops on them)

Daniela Abend Superb! You need nothing to add

Enrique Enriquez Agreed.

Luca Shivendra Om Maybe, something can be added... Today's "trumps only" pair: "Stop the party!"





Enrique Enriquez This at my doorstep:



Bhima Beausoleil 3 of September was New Year's Day for the Mayans.

And it was the eve of my St. Michael's Tour, where I travelled along the line of St. Michael.

This seems oddly coincident



Luca Shivendra Om The pip and trump club

"Kiss me fool!"



Luca Shivendra Om [Nadine Epstein February 13

In the early 1960s, my mother instructed me in letter-writing etiquette. After my signature, she told me, I was to add the symbols "x" and "o." A kiss and a hug.

The art of writing longhand may have faded, but many of us continue to emit x's and o's like a binary love code in the e-mails that consume our daily lives.



Where do those symbols come from, these ur-emoticons that we sprinkle so liberally across our correspondence?

The Internet abounds with origin theories. There are visual explanations: that “x” resembles a kiss, for example; that “o” looks like an embrace or the union of bodies; and that “x” and “o” together form a kiss on a face. Then there are auditory explanations, such as the similarity in the pronunciation of “x” and “kiss.”]

There is no definitive answer to how a cross came to mean a kiss, but it’s most likely to have evolved from the written tradition. The symbol x is the letter taw in early Hebrew (and in Ezekiel, a mark set “upon the foreheads” of men) and chi in Greek.

When Christianity came along, x came to represent a cross. “X meant Christ, and because of that, it meant faith and fidelity,” says Marcel Danesi, a professor of linguistic anthropology and semiotics at the University of Toronto. “We still see it on churches from medieval times.”

The x became the signature of choice in the Middle Ages, a time when few people could write, and documents were sealed with an x embossed in wax or lead. At the same time, letters and books, as well as oaths of political and economic fealty between kings and their vassals, were “sealed with a kiss” — an early antecedent of the acronym SWAK, which became popular during World War I for soldiers to imprint on their letters home.

“Symbols have a way of jumping from one domain to another,” says Danesi, who wrote “The History of a Kiss: The Birth of Popular Culture.” And it’s a small step to come from sealing a letter to sealing a love affair. He speculates that “x” underwent a conversion in an act of medieval romantic rebellion.

“Romantic love becomes an obsession, and the kiss became empowering. It said to family and society: ‘You can’t tell me who I should marry.’ ”

The Oxford English Dictionary attributes the first recorded use of x as a kiss to British curate and naturalist Gilbert White in a 1763 letter which ended, “I am with many a xxxxxxxx and many a Pater Noster and Ave Maria, Gil White.”

Stephen Goranson, a researcher at Duke University, disagrees with the OED. “The x’s in White’s letter could possibly mean kisses, but it is more likely they meant blessings,” he says. Their juxtaposition with “Ave Maria” is similar to Daniel Defoe’s use of x in “Robinson Crusoe,” which was published in 1719 and refers to crosses as blessings. Goranson prefers a later OED citation, an 1894 letter by Winston Churchill to his mama. “Please excuse bad writing as I am in an awful hurry. (Many kisses.) xxx WSC.”

In his research, Goranson found several citations from 1880 on, such as a poem published in 1893: “Why do our sweet sentimental young misses/ In love letters make little crosses for kisses?”

Goranson adds that blessings and kisses have been intertwined for all of history. “Mystics went back and forth on the love of God and love of a beloved spouse going way back,” he says. “Just look at ‘The Song of Songs.’ The same song could be one person’s devotional hymn and another’s love poem.” (Source:

[http://www.washingtonpost.com/lifestyle/style/a-whole-lot-of-history-behind-x-and-o-kiss-and-hug/2014/02/13/0c3e218a-9341-11e3-b46a-5a3d0d2130da\\_story.html](http://www.washingtonpost.com/lifestyle/style/a-whole-lot-of-history-behind-x-and-o-kiss-and-hug/2014/02/13/0c3e218a-9341-11e3-b46a-5a3d0d2130da_story.html)

[Less is known about how “o” came to signify a hug.

An oft-quoted and unconfirmed “o” theory was postulated by the late Leo Rosten in his 1968 “Joys of Yiddish.” Rosten suggested that the “o” may have evolved also as a signature. When Jewish immigrants who could not write in Latin script arrived at Ellis Island, they refused to sign entry forms with the customary “x,” which they interpreted as a crucifix and a symbol of oppression. Instead they drew an “o,” leading immigration inspectors to call anyone who signed with an “o” “a kikel [circle in Yiddish] or kikeleh [little circle], which was shortened to kike,” and eventually took on a derogatory meaning.

When “o” joined “x” is another big question.

There’s the tic-tac-toe theory. The game, which has roots in ancient Egypt and Rome, was played with pebbles or coins until it moved to paper. “These are two of the simplest contrasting symbols, easy to master by illiterate people,” says David Parlett, author of “The Oxford History of Board Games.” He remains unsure how tic-tac-toe’s cross and circle could have metamorphosed into hugs and kisses.

The earliest mention of “x” and “o” together that Goranson found was in a letter to the Fort Pierce News Tribune in Florida, dated Nov. 22, 1960. “Dear Santa, How are you? I am fine. . . . Will you please bring me a play rifle and . . . please Love & Kisses XOXOXO DAVY MIKEY & CHERYL.”

And in a discussion chain on the American Dialect Society, linguist Ben Zimmer, in a search of newspaper archives, found “xoxo” and “xoxoxo” used in personal ads from about 1972.]

Audrey Layden Nice, Luca!

Luca Shivendra Om Thank you Audrey Google is a powerful heuristic tool

Audrey Layden The wanderer finds like-minded companions on his path (who welcome him with kisses?)

Aurora Díaz Fernández Off limits.

Paul Nagy Tramping toward the cook out or a dead run into helicopter's rotating slats, playing peekaboo with the Venetian blinds. Spread those wings and fly.

Luca Shivendra Om The pip and trump club

Today's pair...



Andrew Kyle McGregor I feel like this post should have music or perhaps whistling...

Luca Shivendra Om "For good or ill, let the wheel turn.

The wheel has been still, these seven years, and no good.

For ill or good, let the wheel turn.

For who knows the end of good or evil?"

Daniela Abend keep rollin'

Paul Nagy Larovedefortvneroydepee

Sword through a hoop: surgery or a mechanical operation, such as a car needing repair.

An OVERFAVORED and OVERLEARNT and OVERREAD fellow creates a perpetual motion machine out of his dreams that run away from him because he is too busy thinking about them.

The sword is to crank as the chair is to stand. The ground is to water as the many is to the one. Animals three = one human: reactive instincts on the rim= proactive deliberation on the throne.

Audrey Layden He sits high with crown, carrying past and future within him, knowing all is one, accepting the three faces, creation, equilibrium, destruction.

Markus Pfeil Can't decide whom to execute...

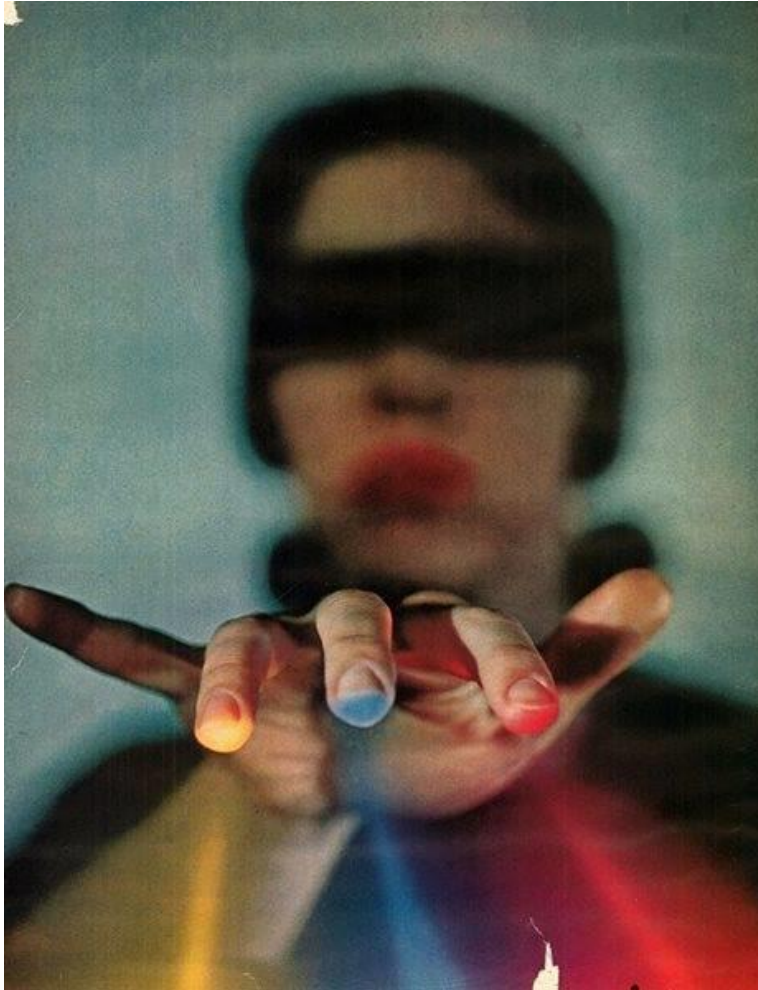
Enrique Enriquez You must watch the wheel to keep it spinning.

Aurora Díaz Fernández If you ponder... and wait, you will miss the FUN in sustaining the movement of the wheel.

Bhima Beausoleil Is the sword sharp enough? Let's sharpen it some more

Luca Shivendra Om The pip and trump club

the tarot reader



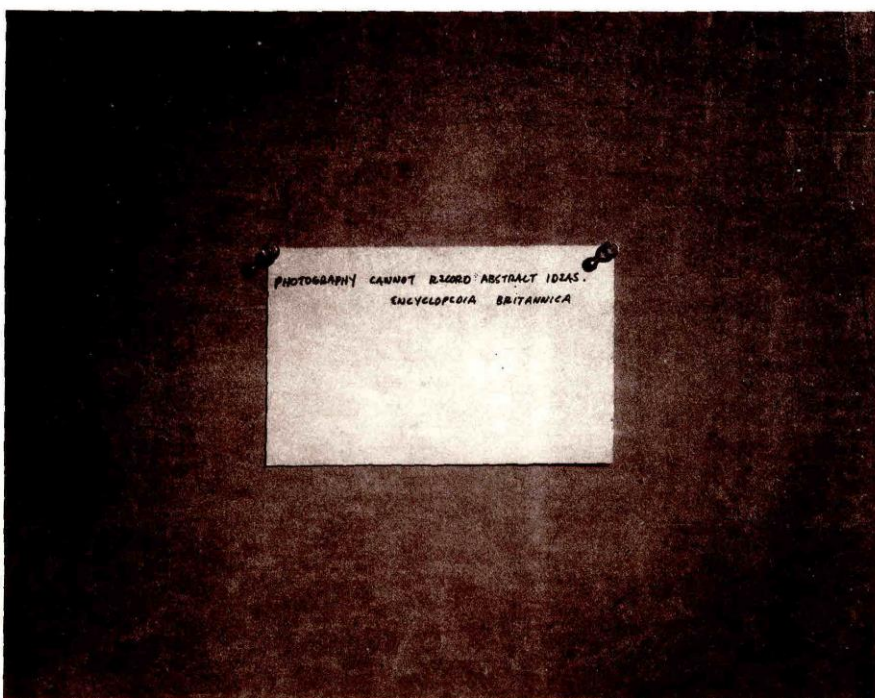
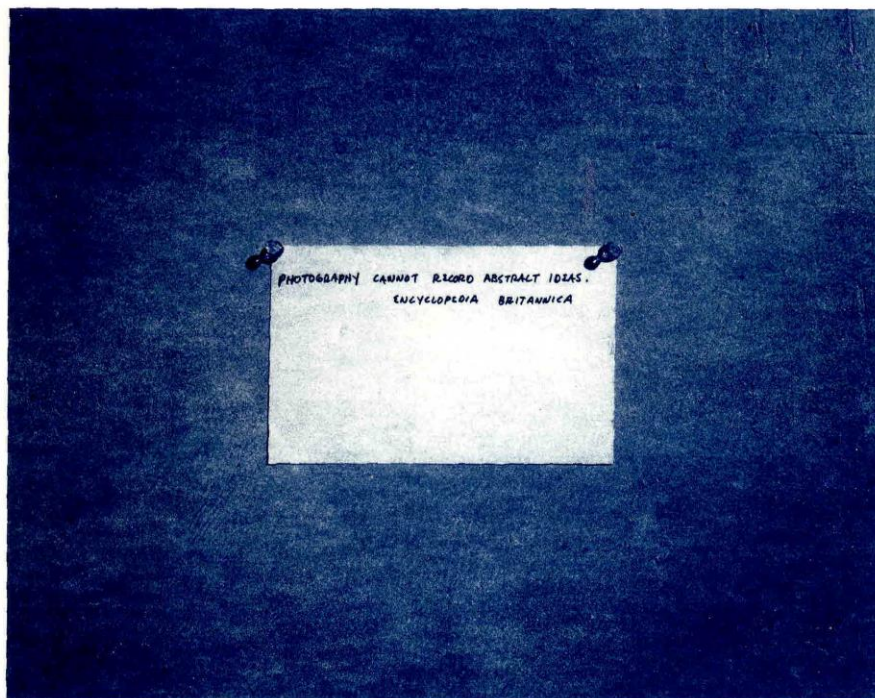
Markus Pfeil Ta (rot) Re(a)d...er I can see...but blue and yellow?

Luca Shivendra Om Useful tips for tarot readers: read by color osmosis

Aurora Díaz Fernández She looks like me!



Paul Nagy Enough Said.



Notice this duotone picture in brown and blue, identical except for colorization, is a twice stated



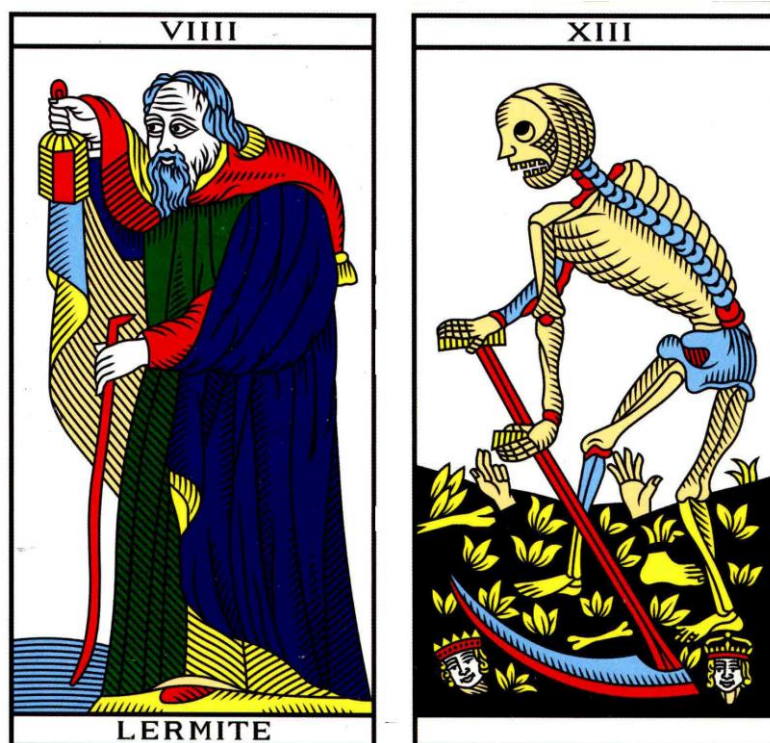
statement pushpinned into a tack board that says: photography cannot record abstract ideas.  
Encyclopedia Britannica.

Does the iteration with variant color affect its implied irony?

From Mel Bochner, *Photography before the Age of Mechanical Reproduction*, 2011 [V: cyanotype print;  
VI: salt print]

Exercise: select at random one or two tarot cards seeking commentary on the difference versus  
sameness of this message and question. Record your card picks and your interpretation of them  
germane to this issue in comments.

The Unnamed card XIII and the Hermit VIII.



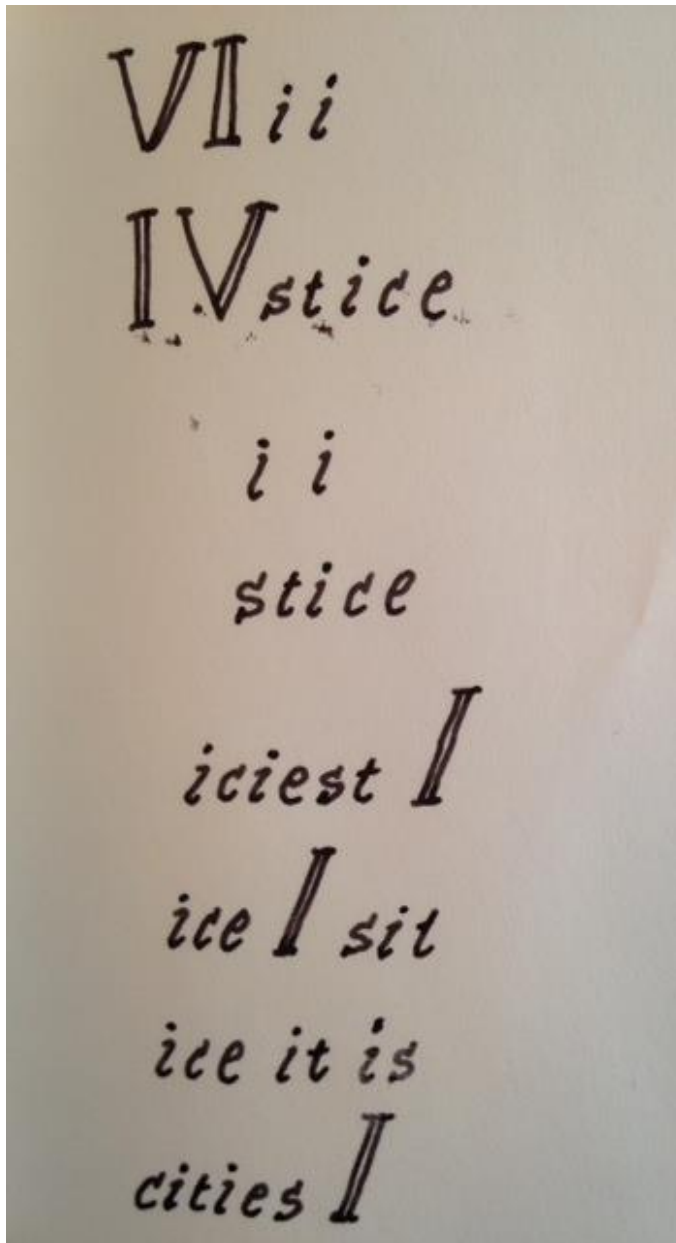
Who thinks and who reaps or sweeps? What prods seeking the light, not the eyes but the back of the  
eye-sockets behind a mask we disguise and distinguish serious door pushing... all for the comfort of a  
cowl and a lamp?

Audrey Layden Are we continually seeking that moment between destruction and creation that forever  
follows us?

Wilfried Houdouin This is the stage where one has to cope with very heavy emotional moments...  
Somehow one must draw back into himself, looking for comfort and new strength to get up and rise  
again to new heights, enabling oneself to go further still...

Enrique Enriquez The pip and trump club

As symbols are repeated, they cancel each other out, revealing the hidden reality of words.



Markus Pfeil I ci ties - cold draws, apple headquarters, viewing business suits....



"Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts" Prov 31:6 (King James Bible)

Aurora Díaz Fernández "Next, please."

Khadijah Carolyn He looks the other way, while the thin man does the dirty work.

"The story is set in Post-Prohibition-era New York City. The main characters are a former private detective, Nick Charles and his clever young wife, Nora. Nick, son of a Greek immigrant, has given up his career since marrying Nora, a wealthy socialite and he spends most of his time cheerfully getting drunk

in hotel rooms and speakeasies. Nick and Nora have no children but they do own a female Schnauzer named Asta. (In the film adaptation, Asta is a male wire-haired fox terrier.) Charles is drawn, mostly against his will, into investigating a murder. The case brings them in contact with a rather grotesque family, the Wynants and also with an assortment of policemen and lowlifes. As they attempt to solve the case, Nick and Nora share a great deal of banter and witty dialogue, along with copious amounts of alcohol. The characters of Nick and Nora are often thought to reflect the personalities of Hammett and his long-time lover, Lillian Hellman.

Because the "Thin Man" title was used for the subsequent movies, there is a widespread misapprehension that the term refers to Nick Charles, in fact it refers to Clyde Wynant, the mysterious and eccentric patriarch who is the main concern of the plot. A skeletal body, found during the investigation, had been assumed to be that of a "fat man", due to its being found in clothing from a much heavier man. This clothing is revealed to be a diversion and the identity of the body is finally revealed as that of a particular "thin man" instead, the missing Wynant. The murder has been disguised in a way to frame Wynant, by people who have stolen a great deal of money from Wynant and killed him, on the night he was last seen."

This is from wikipedia but I reminded myself of those movies.

Enrique Enriquez Boss teases worker with a drink he never intends to share.

Ryan Edward First stage of grief, denial.

Ed Alvarez "To Bacchus!" As the king throws his libation on the ground

Audrey Layden Too many beginnings and endings make him wary of future commitments, preferring the solace of the cup.

Luca Shivendra Om "chi vuol esser lieto sia, del doman non v'è certezza"



Enrique Enriquez

I like his notion of how, if something you do/say has a recognizable metaphor, the audience has to acknowledge your value structure. pst people see value as cost, but in the economy of metaphors, a sign's value is another sign.

Jill Magid & Lawrence Weiner

<http://vimeo.com/95459310>

<iframe src="//player.vimeo.com/video/95459310" width="500" height="281" webkitallowfullscreen mozallowfullscreen allowfullscreen></iframe>

Ed Alvarez I agree and disagree with him. I have found many times found myself boxing in my ideas into a frame work that someone else would understand, and had "play" with trying to find new boxes to put them into with each different person. Without syntactical context babbling brooks we would be. I think the play with meaning and sense within the subject of expression is part and parcel of language, and that the lines of "censorship" are meant to be blurred. They are only guides not bars.

Luca Shivendra Om I don't know if my transcript is correct (probably not, due to my limited language skills). If it's correct, it sounds interesting... "If art (=tarot) doesn't have a metaphor and it just is a fact, everyone coming to, he can bring his own needs, desires and metaphors to it. If it has a metaphor they have to accept your value structure (=precooked meanings) (...) If you can take your Ego and basically put it in your pocket, you can't really be thinking anything that somebody else couldn't understand (=no esoteric meanings) because you can't be that special (=you're not a "spiritual something")... The interesting thing about making art (=a reading) is it's not made by special people" Anyway, I like to play with esoteric meanings...

Khadijah Carolyn \*if you could explain your dreams to your mother, they weren't worth doing\*

Enrique Enriquez I see many things. First there is a comment about the need we feel to set boxes for ourselves: "I am a tarot reader", "I am a realtor", "I am an Ernest Borgnine impersonator", etc. We do so in order for people to 'get' the necessary context to think about what we do. Such context also limits our own thinking about what we do.

Then there is the omnipresence of the 'other': the audience. The things we say, and the things we don't say, because we assume we won't be understood, or as it happens in the tarot, because we assume there is no market/interlocutor for it.

The woman, we are told, assumes censorship happens after the fact. Wiener thinks censorship is embedded in our thinking.

(Then again, what he sees as censorship may not be what a Chinese citizen understand as censorship).

Enrique Enriquez Yes, Khadijah. That is the best part.

Enrique Enriquez uploaded a file.

Here is an example of the tarot being deployed in a non-reading setting, courtesy of my friend Aleks Degtyarev.

[\\_Unmediated Connections\\_.pdf](#)

Portable Document Format see appendix

Enrique Enriquez (Khadijah, we need to share your needling work).

Paul Nagy We need to remember that the base metaphors of tarot are visual, not linguistic. A word is an interpretation of images so named or verbed. The cards are personalities not things. Personalities are in constant motion, they are moody and not memory palaces. The tarot card says if you expect to act like a place when I am a person. I will only wear masks and lock all my doors. I will not talk to you and invite you over to stay, serve you breakfast and enjoy the dawn or sunset!

Stay friends with your tarots by letting them have their non-verbal say...however never assume they keep saying the same thing over and over. Tarots do not do that. Paul does that.





Tools. So many tools.

Luca Shivendra Om The pip and trump club

"They accuse him of stealing the cup"



Audrey Layden Another lover either balances things out or really complicates the scene all together. Soap opera scenario?

Ed Alvarez Downcast and tired of attending the revellers. The young man sighs, "The party must go on."



Paul Nagy One picture is worth a thousand words. Here are some pictures that leave me speechless and exceeding happy!



PipTrump Club 5

Enrique Enriquez uploaded a file.

Sorry, the file I wanted to share the other day was actually this one.

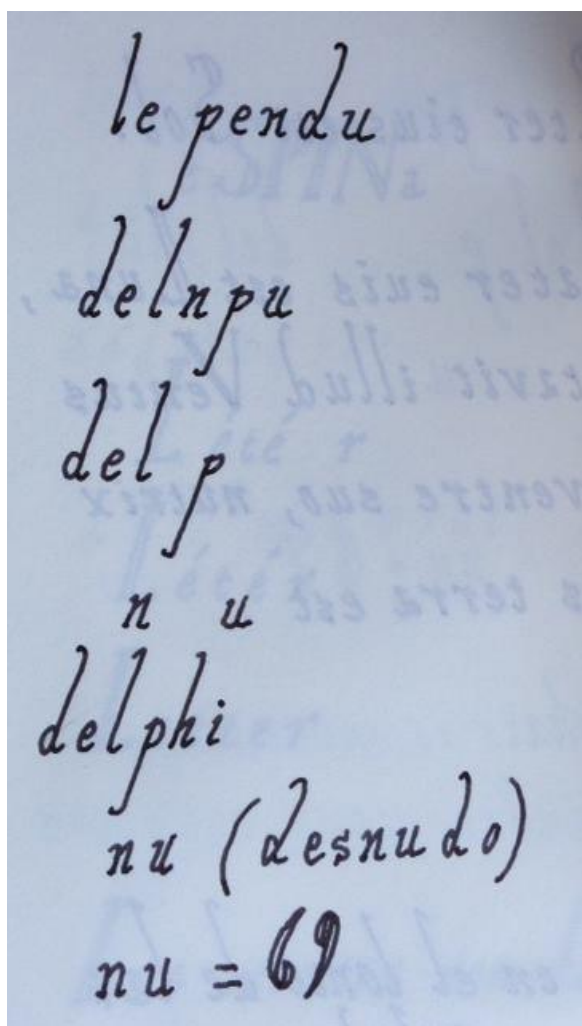
Price of Admission-2.pdf · version 2

See appendix

Daniela Abend cool!

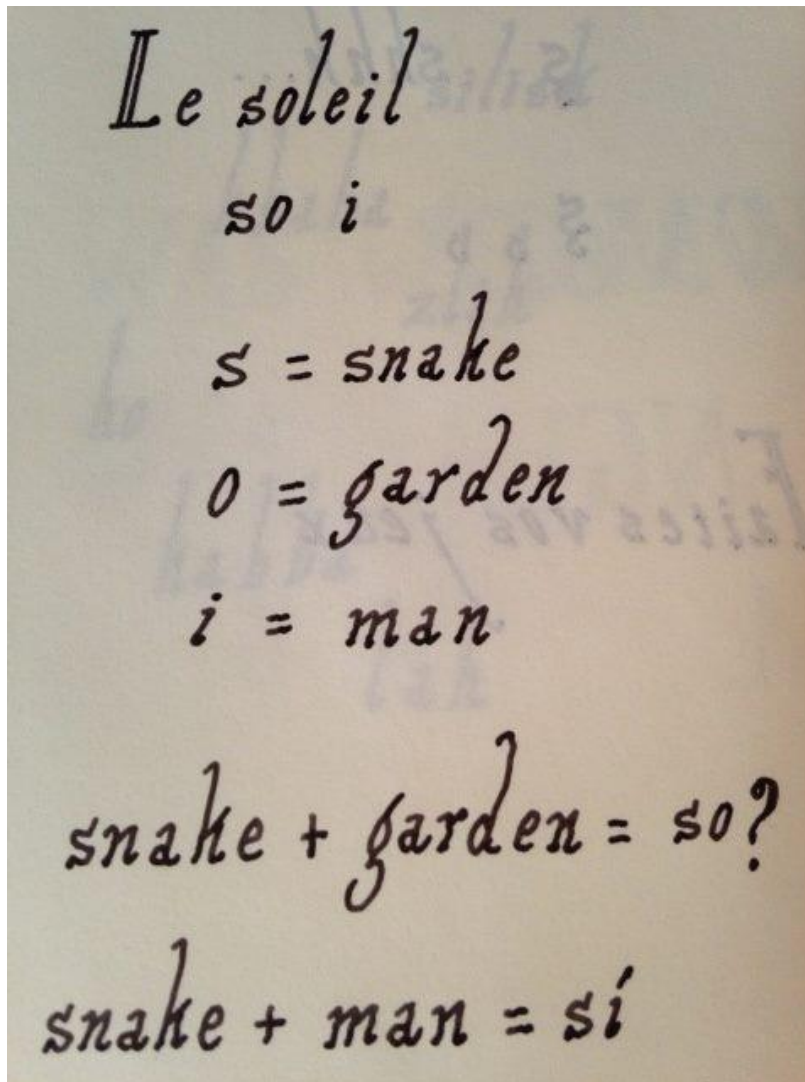
James Wells "Hog butcher for the world" really struck me.

Enrique Enriquez The pip and trump club



Paul Nagy don't get knotted up in the bed sheets, especially when the bed folds into the wall.

Enrique Enriquez The pip and trump club



Paul Nagy soi [sun]= soy [bean]

Drap Arora Si so (seesaw) (she saw)

Enrique Enriquez Bravo, Drapi. Symmetry is the ultimate means to confirm a swerve.



Luca Shivendra OmThe pip and trump club

mind, than the givenness of his own experience. The dogmatic words he had learned at Sunday School were opaque enough to eclipse the immediate Fact. "If you wish to see It before your eyes," writes the Third Patriarch of Zen, "have no fixed notions either for or against It." But fixing notions is the professional occupation of theologians, and both Surin and his master were theologians before they were seekers for enlightenment.

"The dogmatic words he had learned at (Tarot) Sunday School were opaque enough to eclipse the immediate Fact" (Aldous Huxley, The Devils of Loudon)

Enrique Enriquez dogmatic = magic dot

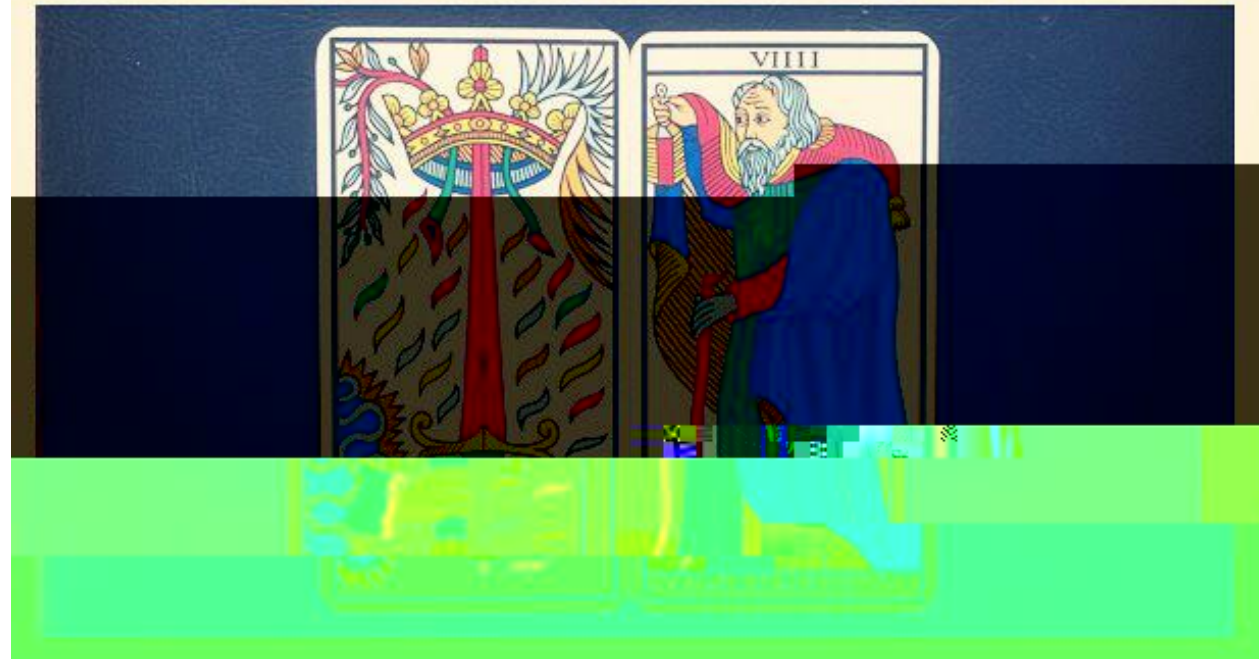
Luca Shivendra Om See also: "dog-matic" that in my personal etymology dictionary shares a strange affinity with "auto-matic" ...

Steve Mangan The dog sat on the mat, I sat on the mat, we both got tics.

dogmatic = dogma (tic- adjective of single word dogma) - auto-matic composite word of auto (self) - matic (willing). Dogmatic as composite of two words would therefore be dog-willing (dog as inverse of God = Self; self-willing = automatic).

Luca Shivendra Om The pip and trump club

"Glamdring, are you ready for the battle?"



Audrey Layden Find what you are searching for by cutting through social constructs, "thinking outside the box".

Bonnie Cehovet Definitely ... cutting through the BS and "thinking outside the box"!

Paul Nagy Here Buddy I got a crown for you on the tip of this sword. Give up your cowl and lamp. Turn your walking stick into a scepter, keep the olive branch and palm fronds and enjoy a ride on the Wheel of Fortune.

Drapi Arora It's better to really "look", raking the crown (brain) with sword can surely make some clink  
clank

Audrey Layden In the first degree of the rites of Mithras the initiate is given a crown upon the point of a  
sword and instructed in the mysteries of Mithras' hidden power. Just reading The Secret Teachings of All  
Ages by Manly P. Hall.

Paul Nagy that's some bull, Audrey!

Audrey Layden Ready for the sacrifice.

Ed Alvarez In the other direction there is the one gave up the sword of revenge and a crown, to don a  
black cloak.



King of Swords-King of Peace [Roi d'epee-Roi de Paix]



Steve Mangan Or Chief Pedicurist [Roy De Pee]



Pee means foot [pied] in Norman french; e.g, the Lord Mayor of London in 1314 forbid: rageries de grosse pelottes de pee (rumpusses with large footballs). Serjanzt de pee = foot soldier, men serving on foot.

Or a 12" ruler (a king's foot=12") : Roy de Pee = "pied-du-roi" - a) twelve-inch rule or measuring stick b) carpenter's square c) carpenter's folding ruler.

"Les uns & les autres font réduits au pied de roi , qui est une mesure établie à Paris & en quelques autres villes de France; elle contient 144 lignes. Ce pied est divisé en douze pouces, le pouce en douze lignes, & la ligne en douze points."

Thus it may be said, that he seeks to know the true measure of things.

"The measure of a man is what he does with power." (Plato)

"The measure of a man is the way he bears up under misfortune" (Plutarch)....See More

Ed Alvarez That's thinking on your feet.



## ‘Unmediated Connections’

By Aleks Degtyarev

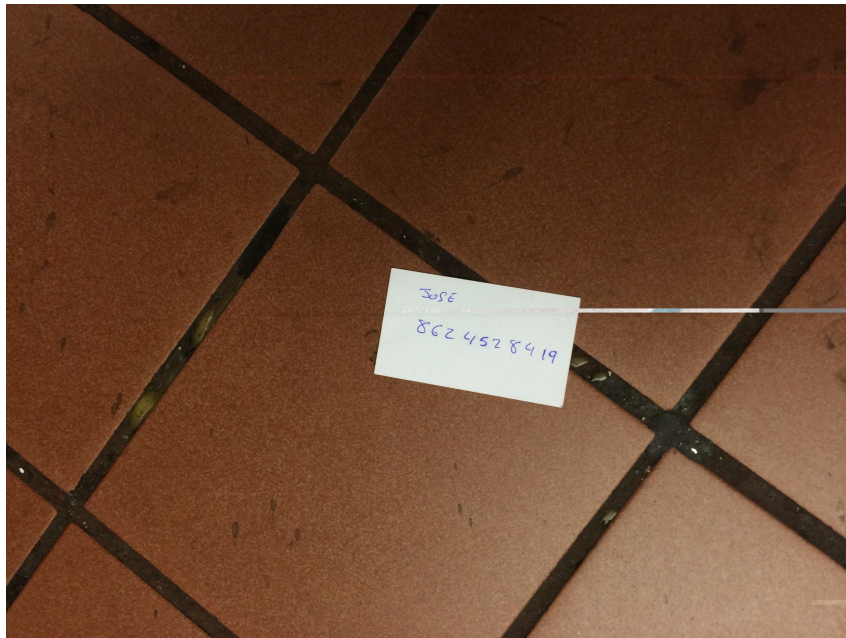
Inspired by conversations with Enrique Enriquez

Readings happen on a flat surface and then the cards expand and begin to occupy the world 'out there'. One can read anything on the surface then and bring it back into the reference of the cards as long as one looks to expand the meaning and not decree definition.

We are concerned with the qualitative and not the quantitative.

Although we can see that a quantitative hierarchy may be imposed in the Tarot cards themselves, words on the bottom, image in the middle, and numbers on the top. With no particular way to reconcile this instant realization one must devour the sandwich whole.

I found this simple card that someone had 'discarded' or dropped.



It is interesting to consider that in its most basic form a white rectangle with markings on it is breaking *out of* or *into* a tan square. If we interrogate the image further and 'call up' the numbers perhaps we will get some clue as to which is happening?

862 452 8419 a sequence that we recognize as a phone number in the United States.

Jose, is the name attached. We make a leap in our minds that if this sequence of numbers is dialed a 'Jose' will answer on the other end most likely with a latin accent. But what will we ask Jose? What if he does not speak our language?

Interestingly all telephone numbers including the area code come to 10 digits in the USA. If we were to allow for the country code of +1 we would get 11. This coincides with the



sequence of the 22 major Trumps or Arcana in the Tarot. Some tarot folklore believes that there are two sequences of 11 trumps each one dealing with a realm -the earthly realm for sequence 1-10 and the starry realm from 11-21 leaving the only unnumbered card, LE FOL or LE MAT, to wonder about.

The phone number in Major Trumps is:

VIII: IVSTICE, VI: LA MOVREY, II: LA PANCES,  
4: LEMPEREVR V: LEPAPE, II: LA PANCES,  
VIII: IVSTICE, 4: LEMPEREVR, I: LE BATELEVR, VIII: LERMITE

The sequence of 3, 3, and 4 is present. We can add up each sequence to get a single number :

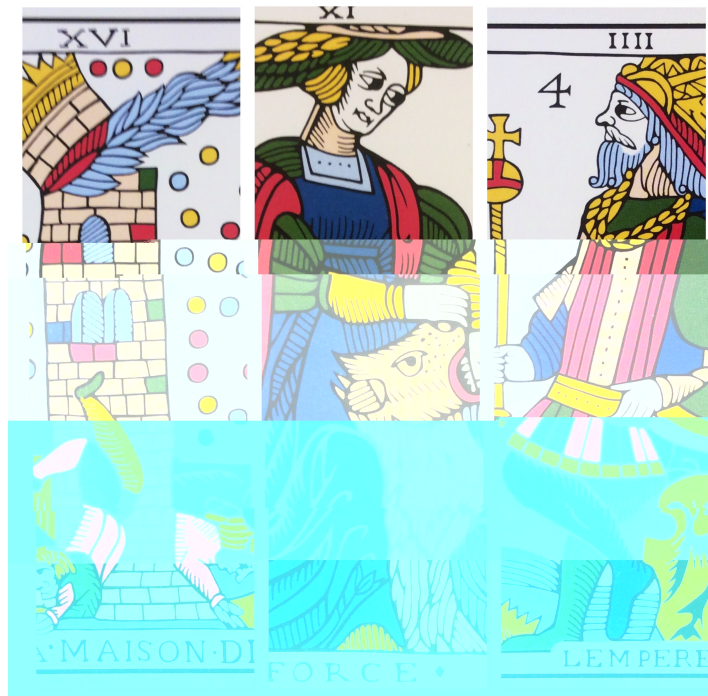
$8+6+2 = 16$ ,

$4+5+2 = 11$

&  $8+4+1+9=22$  (since the major trump sequence ends in 21 we can add the 2+2 to get a reductive number 4)

So our reading in this case for Jose would be:

XVI: LA MAISON DIEV XI: FORCE 4: LEMPEREVR



In the first card we see a tower breaking apart at the top, instantly the idea of the rectangle and square of the original image comes back to mind. Something is breaking

out of or into this tower. In the next card a woman holds an animal's mouth open. Is she restraining the animal? She's controlling it. To hold an animal in such a way one has control over it by virtue of the head being a lever for the rest of the body- but the animal has consumed all of her attention. The neck is weak in that sense. The animal is forced to face the Emperor who straddles his throne as if awaiting the wild beast he has summoned.

Plots abound: Perhaps she is the court's animal tamer, a performer who has come on the brink of the empire's collapse. She is the one capable of taming his imperial majesty's sexual temperament. She shows him her 'pussy' and he presents her with his 'Imperial staff'. Perhaps Jose has taken up a mistress?

Plot #2: Two brothers living together had lost their cat, which escaped through the roof exit. They go out looking for it. They searched in desperation. An elegant woman arrives with their cat they offer her a reward but she has become smitten with the animal and the animal with her. Jose, one of the brothers becomes smitten with the elegant woman, showing her that he is of high 'honor'.

Either way you cut it, we see that something happened- a break out/in (calamity), then a woman and a man are preoccupied with one another with an animal between them. The couple in the first card face away from each other separated by the building where as in the next two cards they face each other separated by a wild animal that is the same color(s) of the building.

Is the man Jose or the woman?

And so now we must merely dial up the number to find out if our story is consistent with Jose's story...

It is best to imagine that it's not. Any coincidence we find should not be something to get excited about for it would reduce the Tarot to a mere fore-tuning device, it would be best if something more happened, something unexpected.

In this way the tarot becomes a transistor and amplifier of random signals.

The next question one must answer is if you call Jose, how do you not sound like a madman? If I was to explain to Jose this strange and intricate idea I have devised what is to keep Jose on the line, hooked? What kinds of questions could I ask? Who could it have been that dropped or lost Jose's number?

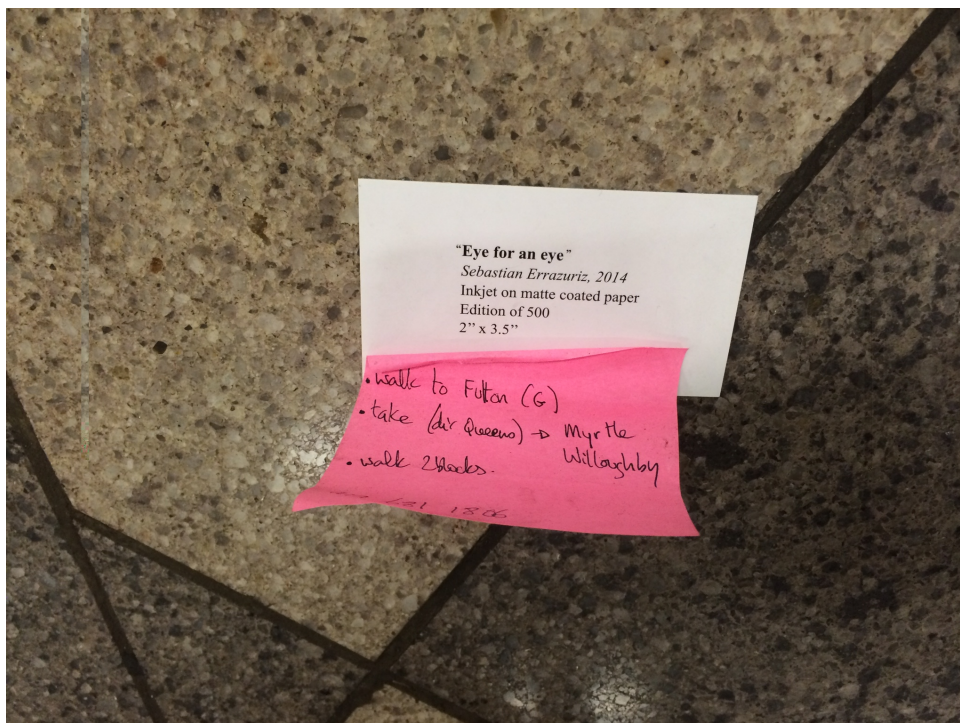
Somebody had his number!

And now it was me.

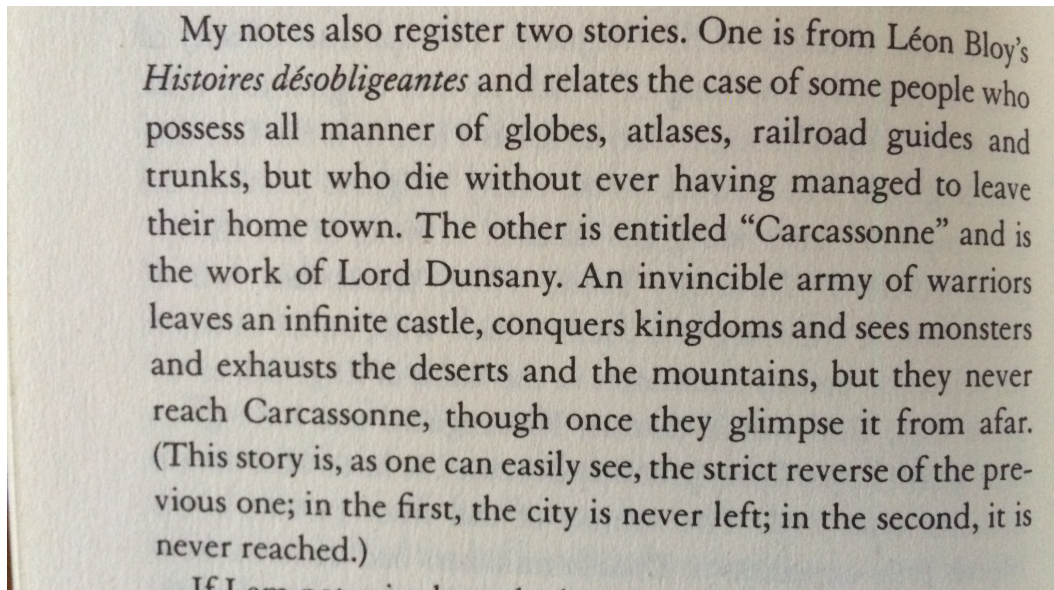
Do I know any Joses? No. There is also the possibility that someone misspelled the name and gave a wrong number.

A message arrives this morning from Enrique Enriquez as I contemplate that the sequence of numbers can be anything- depending on how conspiratorial or liberating I want to get.

"For me, it is also important to relativize the value of the image. I have no interest in dogmatic icons; I have no pretense of imposing yet another dogma on the world. I simply would like to offer this observation: What we are taught to regard as experience is incomplete, and it is normal to have a vaster and more direct, more unmediated experience of ourselves and of the world. Almost everything presented to us is a convention, and I would like to produce images that avoid this. The fundamental convention is that everything modern is new, and everything traditional is static. In contemporary traditional contexts, politeness requires saying, "I have not invented anything, what I do is not new, everything comes from my masters." But it is a convention, for as soon as one becomes familiar, close up, with even the rural tradition of painting in India, one realizes that every artist there has invented something absolutely new. In the Western art world, every artist, following accepted etiquette, says "It is all new, I invented everything." But if one lives for more than a generation, one realizes this is not true." Francesco Clemente



I find this title card with the pink sticky note attached - directions written out to some place in a NYC borough. The address is obscured in the photo so that one attempts to follow the directions rather than rely on modern mapped representations. It's important to be difficult.



I found myself in a similar dilemma as that described by Borges in regard to the literary worlds crafted by Kafka. Borges was tracing the undocumented sources of Kafka's inspirations since many believed that Kafka had invented a completely new style.

Do I really need to dial the number and call Jose? Do I really need to follow the directions? Will this give me the 'unmediated experience' ?

For some reason I am not motivated to find out, instead I interrogate the Major Trumps searching for a particular clue -two 'i's' (eyes) separated by an 'N' (an) - 'eye for an eye'

i four N i

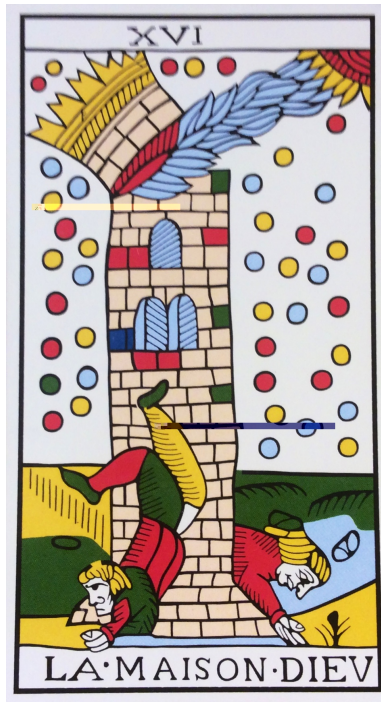
There is only one card that qualifies to support the investigation:  
XVI: LA MAISON DIEV

We get one 'i' after 'LA MA' with the four letters 'SOND' in between and then the next 'i'.

The word 'Sonde' in French means, 'to probe.'



Instantly there are many associations. Even the notion that the little sticky note gives the white card a 'pink-eye.'



When we look at the image on the card we see two people going in opposite directions with their heads facing the ground. We see them in profile, perhaps they have poked out each other's eyes (the ones we can't see)? They are now probing the earth with their hands because they can not see. Painful tears obscuring their vision.

The building itself can represent the probing of the eye and at the same time the washing over of tears.

Revenge in some form or another has to do with territory and we see the white card with the pink sticky note breaking through the border of the tile onto another tile. The castle was built on the border. Until it is destroyed it will be an I for an I. How do we know this? Because the subsequent card in the order of the Trumps is, XVII LETOILLE. A woman has collected the tears of all the mothers and children and now pregnant and without clothes

in the dwindling hours of the conflict delivers the tears back into the earth so that new vegetations and new generations can grow where once stood an ivory tower that was fought over.

We never saw the 'original image' for which the title card was created - trading an eye for an eye with the artist Sebastian Erazuriz who I never met. Upon closer inspection one trace the original parameter and finds that Sebast i an Erazur i z houses the configuration of 'i for N i' and instantly I feel closer to this amicable stranger believing to have found some insight about him.

Price of Admission  
By Aleks Degtyarev

My wife Lucinda and I were invited to a poetry dinner. The price of admission was that you had to recite a poem. It is an annual dinner held at the *Roger Smith Hotel*. This particular dinner was held in honor of Gary Clark, a poet and the president of the *Vermont Studio Center (VSC)*. We were invited because I work with the *Roger Smith Hotel* and I attended an art-writing residency at the Vermont studio Center. During my two week stay at *VSC* I was motivated to begin a completely new project in an attempt to 'interrogate the tarot' as Enrique Enriquez likes to put it and to get to know my cohort.



I called this project simply, 'Drawings and Readings.' I met over sixty staff as well as artist and writers and had conversations with each one. I asked them to pull out a tarot card from the *Tarot de Marseilles* (by Jodorowsky and Camoin) and photographed them in their respective studios or space where they did their work.

As each person pulled out their card they all asked the same question, "what does it mean?"

I posed each person at a proximity to me having them hold up the tarot card based on our conversation. I could not tell them what the image 'means' but instead we could discuss what this image could mean. That's Gary Clark in the photo with the card XIII TEMPERANCE.

I arrived at last night's poets dinner *without* the required poem thinking that I would place all my trust into the pataphysical machine which is the Tarot. In this case it was the replication of the Jean Dodal tarot by Jean-Claude Flornoy.

As each person read their poems (some originals others from publications) I began to jot down lines or word sequences that struck me. Very quickly these sequences began to translate into the images of the tarot in my mind. When I was finally asked to read, I took out my tarot and asked Lucinda to assist me. Luckily I entrusted her with the deck and not the microphone.

Lucinda being very familiar with the sequence of the cards was able to produce the proper card that I called out at a moments notice.

Gary Clark read first. In his poem I jotted down the line, '**castles of oxygen**'. In my mind I instantly saw card XVI LE MAISON DIEV. Pictured in the card is a castle with what could be conceived as oxygen flowing in or out. Allison read the poem 'Sick' by Shel Silverstein, I wrote down '**sixteen chicken pox**' again the image of the same card appeared.

"The card has chicken pox" I said presenting it to the room. Eileen said in her poem, '**paint me a penis**'. Again I held up the same card numbered XVI, it was all three of these lines from people's poems and more. I went around the room performing in this way, citing lines from each



persons poems and flashing the proper cards- passing them around the table. People laughed and hollered and offered their own takes. The membrane between the performers and spectators was becoming fuzzy.

Someone yelled out, 'She's Vanna White!' Pointing at Lucinda who turned over the cards I asked for.

To which Lucinda to produced the card, X LA ROVE FORTVNA, translated into English, 'Wheel of Fortune.'

But what exactly was our fortune this evening?

Each poet brought images that had been turned into words, and I (with the help of Lucinda) had turned them back into images- derailed by the wheel of fortune (all puns intended).

A note on a note

*Bellow this 'new poem' you will find the credits along with the notes that I jotted as each person performed their poems. I wrote down the lines or sequence of words that resonated with me. I may have mistyped the words or misconstrued what I had heard.*

*The new poem is organized according to the numerical structure of the 22 Major Trumps. I have given each line its own number(s) that coincide with a card. A new poem emerges which is to say new images. Traditionally when you open a new deck the cards are arranged in this manner. I begin and end the sequence on the same card because LE FOL is not '0' in the sequence he simply does not have a number just like XIII does not have a name.*

Keye

0  
White fella  
Why did you ever leave  
West wind one  
Husky  
Inside the universe is a cat

I  
Tool maker  
Would I write it if I could  
Paint me a penis  
Sliver in my thumb goodbye

II  
Fog  
Should a body  
Because you are bored  
Demanded to be spoken



III

Love shouldn't be a neon island shining on a shelf

IIII

I can do anything

Paint me a penis

Province of the hair and white throat

White fella lied

V

Dear superman

a great poet

Show me another city with lifted head

Our eyes are full of terrible confessions

VI

A great poet

Head was abuzz

Try this one on

He's just a simple man

Moth moves on

Painted women under the gas lamps

VII

My typewriter is fast enough like a horse

Carry you towards summer

Cruise docked next to battle ship

VIII

Hog Butcher for the world

VIIII

Stand next to the light

Men hunched

Oh won't you shine a little light on me

Why do you keep coming back

X

Banners of my own choosing

Gunmen

Love shouldn't be a neon island shining on a shelf

XI

Kitty milk

Inside the universe is a cat

The Animal of your body

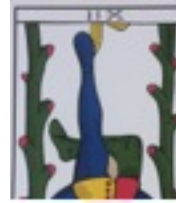


IIX

White fella lied

Foreplay of two daddy long legs

Laughing as an ignorant fighter who has never lost a fight



XIII

Mineral communion

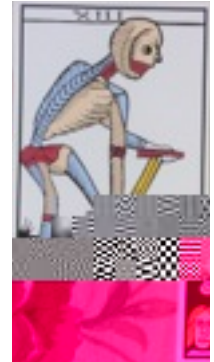
The valley itself lying down in its black bed

Skull obsessed brother

You have stolen death

Broken English

You can go to funerals and get fucked



XIII

Moth moves on

And the dance the life you've chosen

She moves with the wind

Headlamp cups of tea



XV

Aluminum school room

Dear superman

Bound to be something

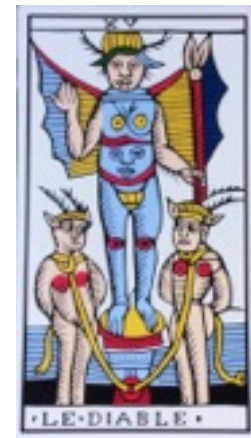
Our eyes are full of terrible confessions

The dance has not allowed it

I would only depart this scene if I had wings

Faustus sunlight speech

A body bakes in a body



XVI

Castles of oxygen

House of wigs

Paint me a penis

Coming all morning and afternoon

Way out into space over the lights of the circus

wont be able to turn the water works off

Sixteen chicken pox

New banners from the castle

Broken English

Her marriage fell apart on Facebook



XVII

Gentle geography

Dreams of sleeping between stars

The birds are singing on the back porch

Won't be able to turn the waterworks off



Dive into a song  
Red juice white juice

XVIII

City of the big shoulders  
Show me another city with lifted head  
Dogs Beady black gaze  
Tomorrow we'll enter the town of my birth  
Fierce as a dog



XVIII

A good friend of a good friend  
Faustus sunlight speech  
A body bakes in a body  
We are humming the same thing  
Carry you towards summer  
I'm going out to play



XX

Disturb the universe  
Our eyes are full of terrible  
confessions  
Coming all morning and afternoon  
Four seamless voices  
You can go to funerals and get fucked  
Into every valley peace



XXI

Should a body  
Dear Superman  
Hog Butcher for the world  
Province of the hair and white throat  
Liver to toe nails  
From a young dandelion  
Oh say can you see  
The child has become the valley  
The greatest poem in the world  
Shops selling wigs  
Cuntface twat  
Inside the universe is a cat



0

Carry you towards summer  
You bet your glitzy ass I would

*Of course it goes without saying that we could reshuffle the poem at any time and get a completely new poem. This game can be played until you exhaust it.*

*The poetry players in order of appearance.*

Gary  
Castles of oxygen  
Mineral communion  
Why did you ever leave  
Why do you keep coming back  
Province of the hair and white throat  
Headlamp cups of tea

Peter  
Faustus sunlight speech  
I would only depart this scene if I had wings  
Into every valley peace

Stephan  
Broken English  
White fella  
White fella lied  
Aluminum school room

Cynthia  
Dear superman  
The Animal of your body  
Liver to toe nails  
Dreams of sleeping between stars

Eliza  
From a young dandelion  
Gentle geography  
Oh say can you see  
She moves with the wind

John k.  
I can do anything  
Tomorrow we'll enter the town of my birth

Richard  
Moth moves on  
And the dance the life you've chosen  
The dance has not allowed it

Allison  
Sixteen chicken pox  
Sliver in my thumb goodbye  
I'm going out to play

Wendy  
Should a body



Red juice white juice  
A body bakes in a body  
Foreplay of two daddy long legs  
Way out into space over the lights of the circus  
He's just a simple man

Corrine  
Cruise docked next to battle ship  
We are humming the same thing  
Oh won't you shine a little light on me

Eileen  
Paint me a penis  
Inside the universe is a cat  
Dogs Beady black gaze  
Cunt face twat  
You can go to funerals and get fucked

Michael  
The greatest poem in the world  
Would I write it if I could  
You bet your glitzy ass I would

Pamela  
A great poet  
Four seamless voices  
Men hunched  
Four chambered heart  
Kitty milk  
Dive into a song

John  
Shops selling wigs  
House of wigs  
Head was abuzz VI Try this one on (*sometimes there is a 'predundancy' where two lines are unified through one card*)  
Carry you towards summer  
Love shouldn't be a neon island shining on a shelf  
Stand next to the light

Phoebe  
West wind one  
Bound to be something  
Coming all morning and afternoon

Erika  
The child has become the valley  
The valley itself lying down in its black bed



Mica

Her marriage fell apart on Facebook  
Our eyes are full of terrible confessions  
A good friend of a good friend  
Skull obsessed brother XIII You have stolen death  
Because you are bored  
Disturb the universe  
Fog  
Won't be able to turn the water works off

Peter

Demanded to be spoken  
Hog Butcher for the world  
Husky  
City of the big shoulders  
Painted women under the gas lamps  
Gunmen  
Show me another city with lifted head  
Fierce as a dog  
Laughing as an ignorant fighter who has never lost a fight  
Tool maker

Morgan

Banners of my own choosing  
New banners from the castle  
My typewriter is fast enough like a horse  
The birds are singing on the back porch