

Paul Nagy



### Mater Dolorosa: The Unruined Heart

The Heart Pierced by Seven Swords version by Dr. Clarissa Pinkola Estes Mother Night end of 3<sup>rd</sup> section.

"It is said by the old women of the family that the hilts of the swords piercing Our Lady's heart are shaped like the curling sepals which protect the buds of roses (...) that with prayer and time, each sword hilt will burst into seven fragrant roses, blooming again and again, because suffering brings the rain of tears, because the rain of tears waters the earth, because moisture on dry earth of our being is guaranteed to bring forth new life.

Tears are a river that take you somewhere... somewhere better, somewhere good."

The swords through your heart are not the ones that caused your wounds, but rather, these swords of strength were earned by your struggle through hard times.

Sword of Surrender is one of the swords. It means the sword to use to withstand this time of learning. Isn't it true sometimes that learning is really painful, or really hard?

The second, Sword of Veils, pierces the hidden meaning of this time to cut right through all the fog, all the veiling that occludes the center, the core, the sweetness, the heart, the hope, the jewel at the center of the wound.

The third sword, a Sword of Healing, to lance open one's own agony and bitterness to let it drain away.

The Sword of New Life to cut through, to cut loose, and to plant anew. Long ago, people used their swords to plant with. They would drive them into the ground, pour the seed, take a step, drive the sword into the ground, plant a seed, take a step. Because there used to be farmer warriors who were holy people and they used their swords for everything.

Sword of Courage is the next one: to speak up, to row on with, to touch others with. Remember to be knighted, a king would touch the sword to the shoulder of the knight: meaning you can take this blow. You can take this. You are strong.

The Sword of Life Force to draw from, to lean on, to purify.

The Sword of Love is often the heaviest to lift consistently. The sword turns one away from war, resentment, retaliation, and instead helps one to fall into the arms of immaculate strength at the center through the Holy Woman.

So we pray...

Oh immaculate heart of my mother, give me shelter in the beautiful chambers of your heart. Keep me strong, fierce, loving, and able in this world. Remind me. Remind me daily that despite my imperfections, my heart remains completely unruined. So may it be for you. So may it be for me. So may it be for all of us. In her name, amen.

Paul Nagy



Nativita

A Italo Calvino

Questo brusio, it ronzare di congegni  
Per l'aerazione, clic di infinite valvole  
Termostatiche, fase o bifase, questi  
Panneggi di microvibrazioni  
Che avvolgono la sera in un estremo brivido  
Molecolare d'onde,  
Queste carezze sinusoidali a fasce a bende  
A bande elettromagnetiche, tutto questo sonoro  
E leggero gomito d'impulsi, di relais chiacchierini  
Di sussurranti sensori, questo cavo artificiale palpitante  
Che è il nostro mondo, quanto,  
Quanto dista dal fiato  
Fondo, colmo, grasso, dell'animale  
Che spezza a lenti colpi un freddo  
Blocco d'aria sopra la mangiatoia?

Nativity

for Italo Calvino

This buzz, the hum of ventilation  
systems, the clicks of infinite  
thermostatic valves, phasic or diphasic, these  
drapes of microvibrations  
that enfold the evening in a far-flung molecular  
shiver of waves,  
these fascia, these bands, these electromagnetic  
bandages of sinusoidal caresses, this  
resonant and impalpable coil of impulses, of chatty relays,  
of droning sensors, this hollow throbbing artifice  
that is our world, how far,  
how far from the deep, full, lush  
breath of the animal  
whose slow puffs chip away  
at the cold block of air above the manger?

From THE CONTAGION OF MATTER by VALERIO' MAGRELLI, translated by ANTHONY MOLINO



Pip Trump Club 9 April 1, 2015

Gunnar Andrésson

Walking on top of the Sun wall.



Where does it lead?

Aurora Díaz Fernández Don't know, but it's hot there...

Paul Nagy

An egg in the hand is worth two in the crowd.







Andrew Kyle McGregor



<http://instagram.com/p/1MLceGGKsP/>

lost\_angelus "You weren't gonna use this, were you?"

Timothy N. Evers Beautiful!

Andrew Kyle McGregor He has a whole series on Instagram but this one is my favorite.

Paul Nagy Who knows what lurks in the light? The shadow knows where the pavement ends.

Aurora Díaz Fernández It seems that Red diamonds can double their light. Magical pic!

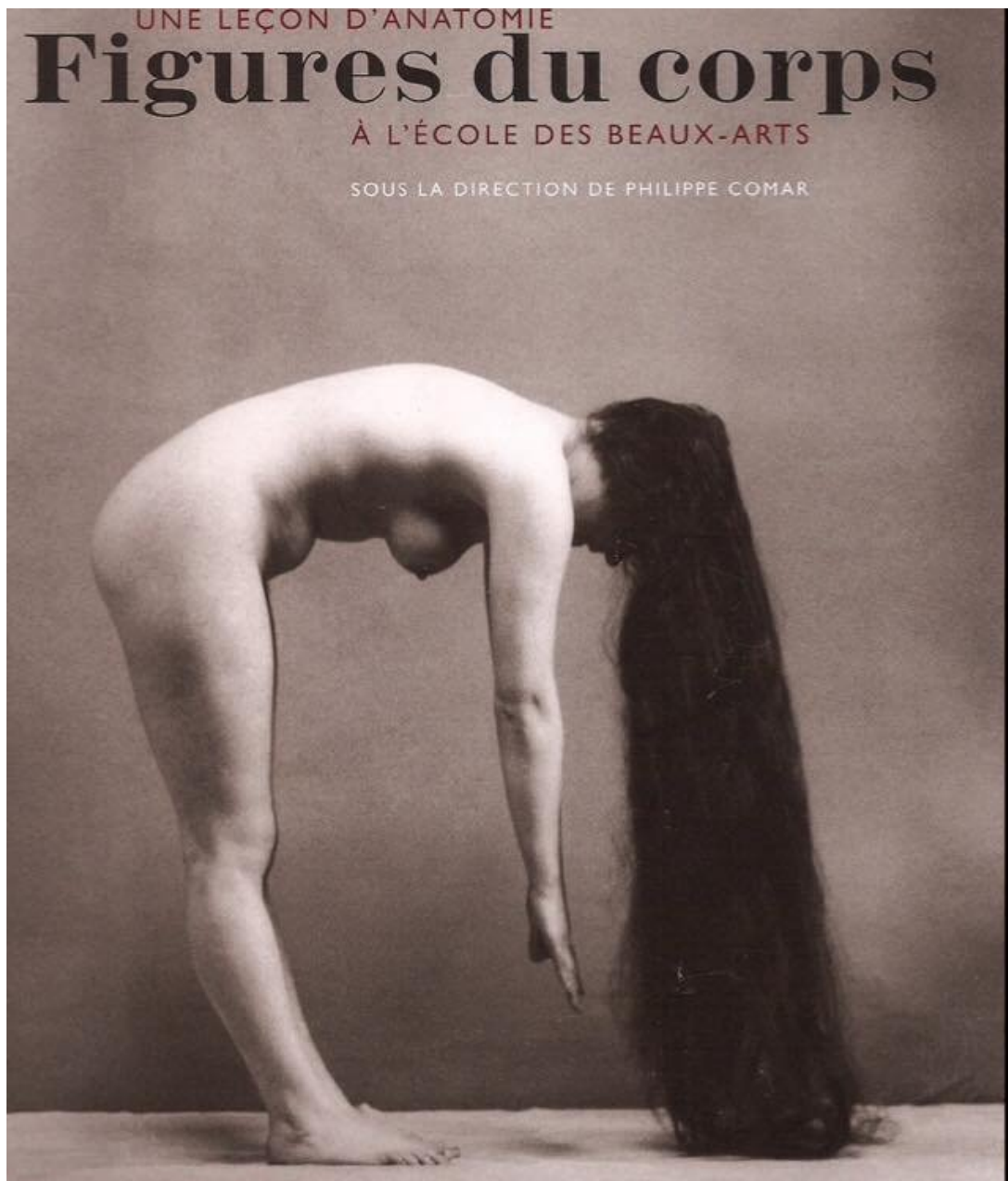
Mark Sherman

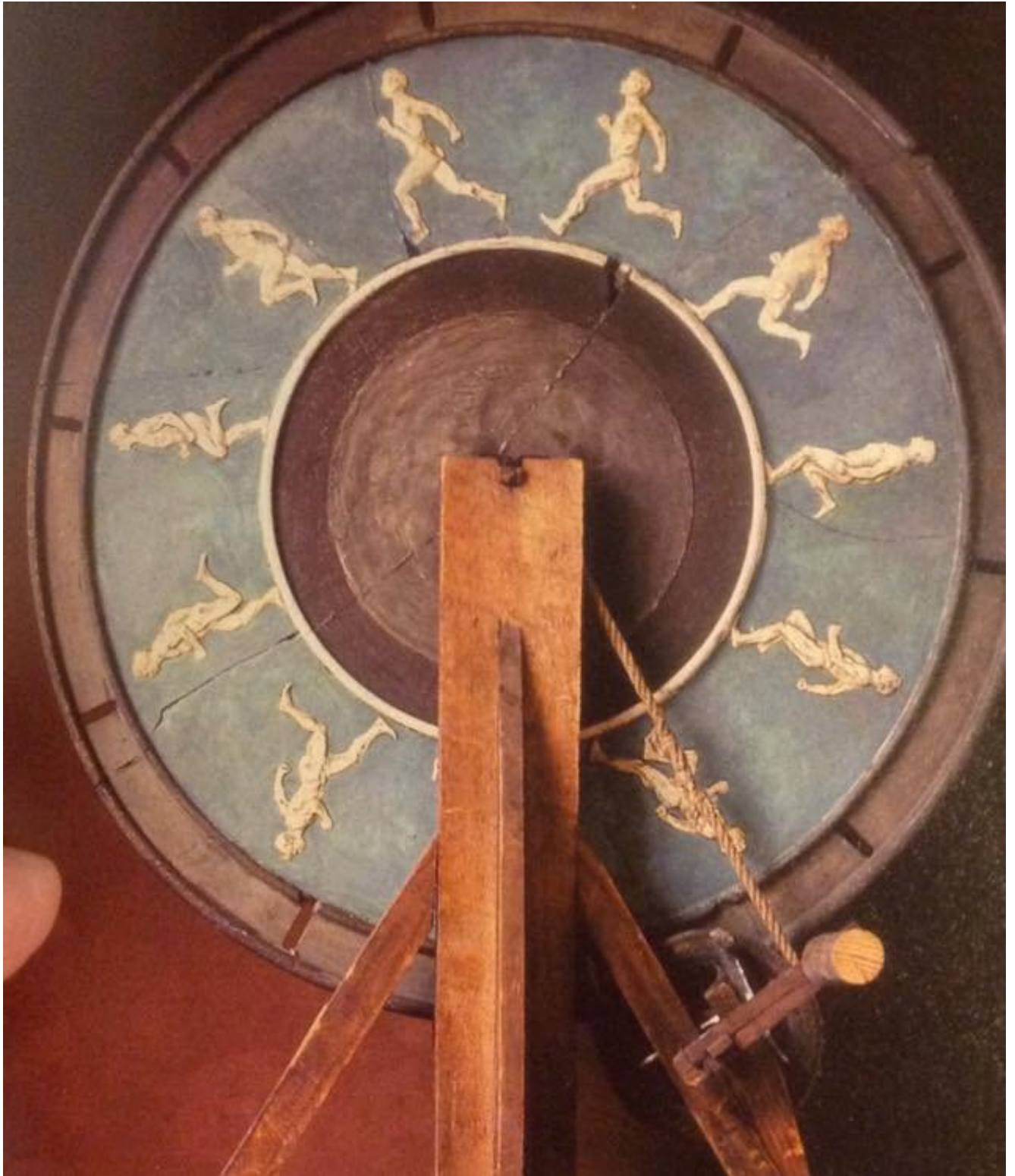
Reading the Body

Figures du corps

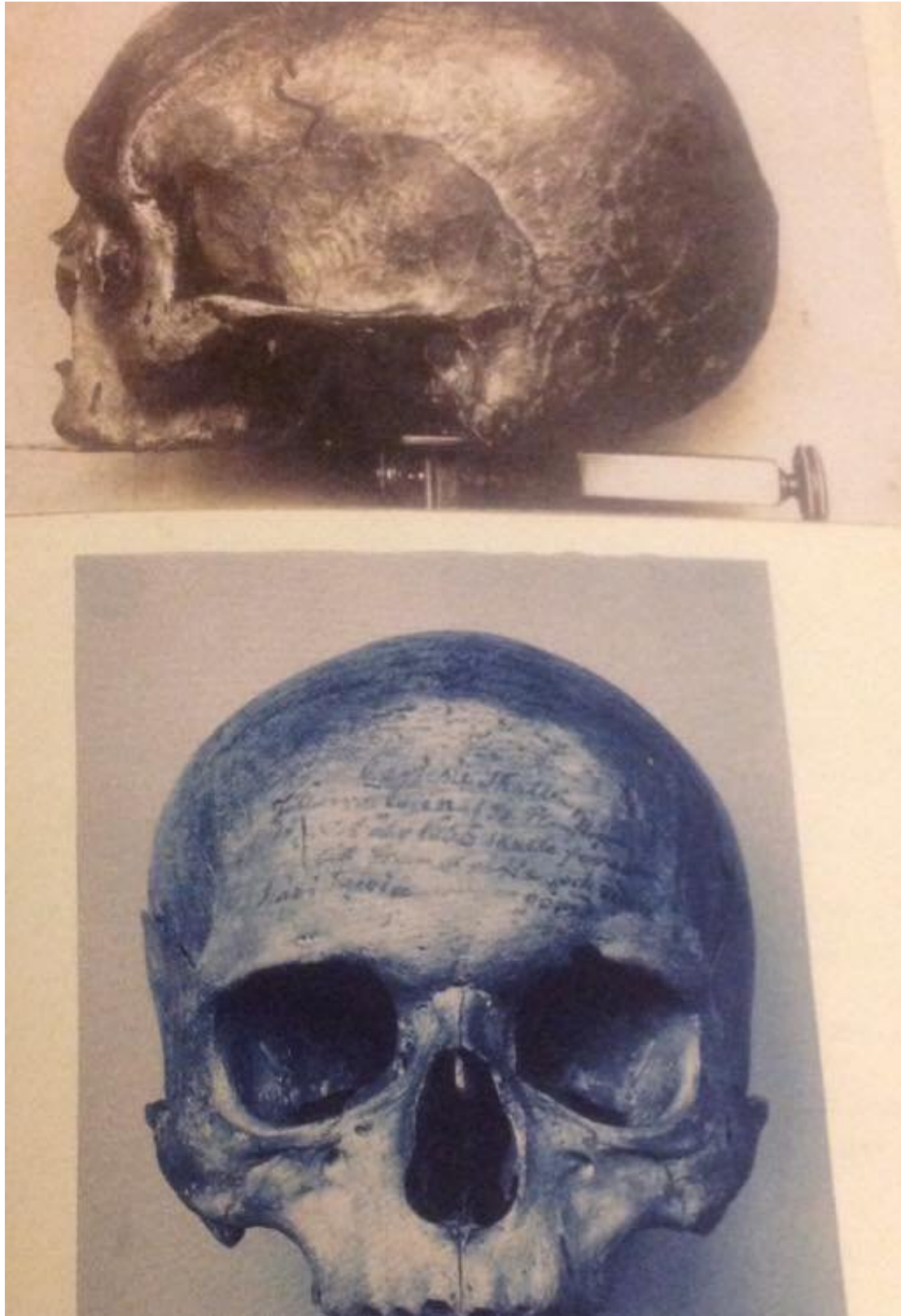
I've been wanting this book for a while but used copies of the original publication were prohibitively expensive and hard to find. It's the catalog from an exhibition of artifacts from the Ecole des Beaux Arts anatomy collection - going back to its inception but dominated by the watershed studies of Dr. Paul Richer. It is now available in a (unfortunately) compact format, but at least it's available. It's in French but it's not difficult to get the gist of what's written as it's profusely illustrated.

Forgive the poor photos but I wanted to share some highlights here..



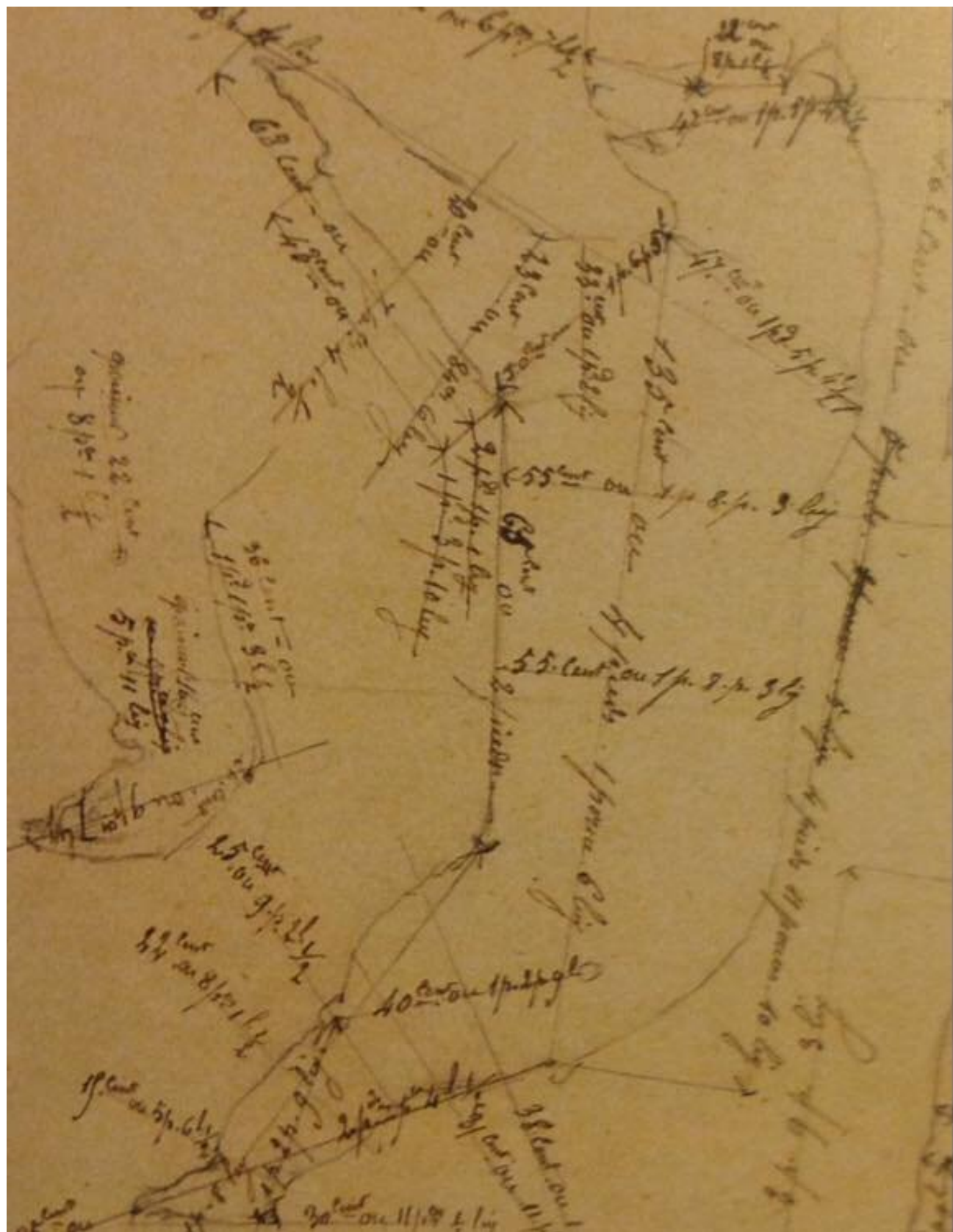












cente d'un escalier (double pas  
s pas successifs), 1894.

*Physiologie artistique de l'homme*  
L. Doin, 1895, fig. 109, 110, 114, 115.  
plume, encre brune sur calque  
x 24 cm chacun.  
lux-arts, morpho 25 a, b, c, d]

1890 de son *Anatomie artistique* consac-  
es du nu au repos, Paul Richer publie  
*artistique de l'homme en mouvement*.  
onophotographies qu'il réalise avec  
un appareil permettant de prendre  
les rapprochés, Richer décalque une  
redessine sous forme schématique,  
obtenir une décomposition graphique  
x versions de la *Montée et descente*  
it un double pas et deux doubles pas,  
Marcel Duchamp la matière de son  
escalier (1912), qui avait été lui-même  
un escalier, projet d'illustration pour  
gue. Cinquante ans plus tard, Marcel

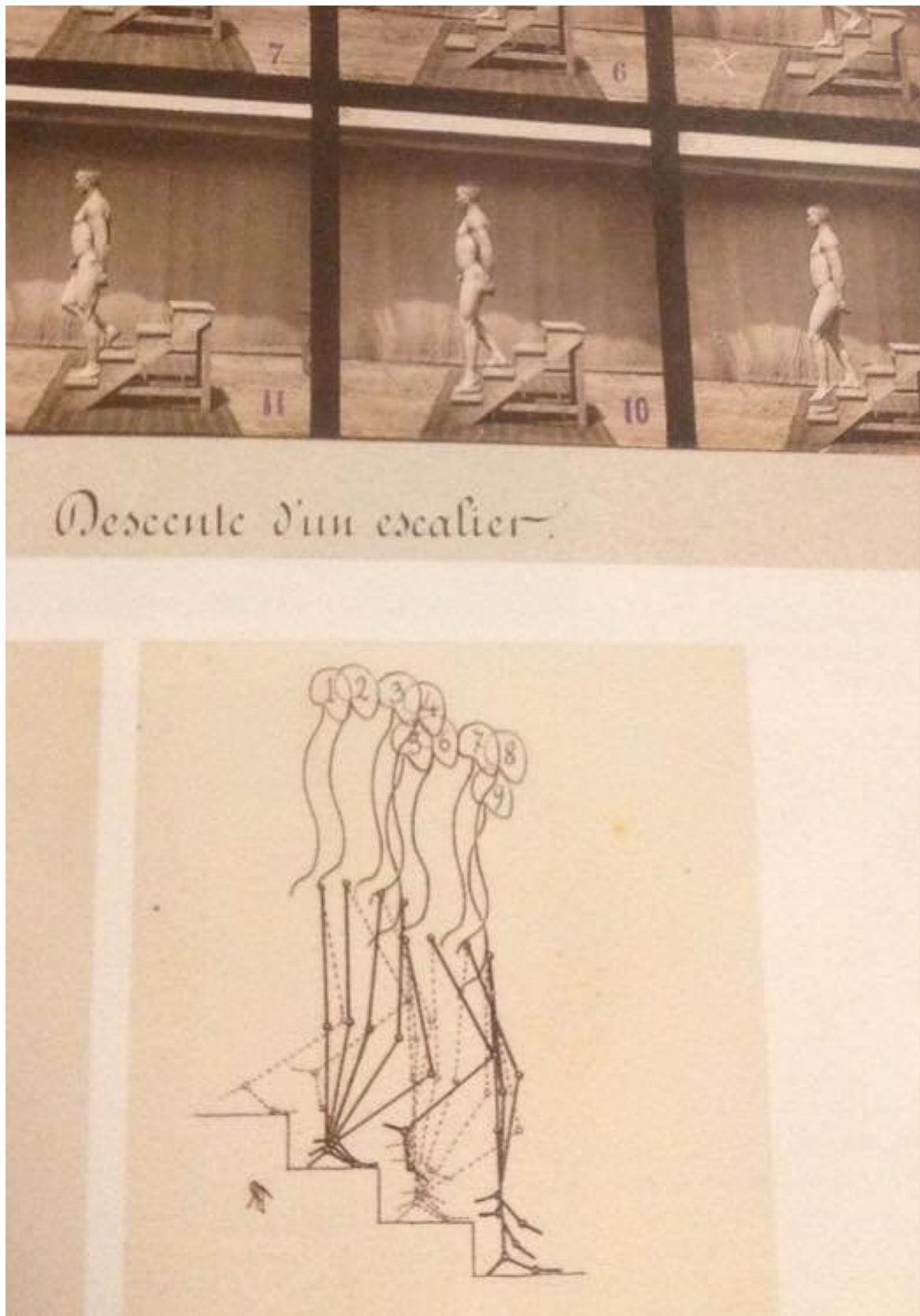
que je ne faisais ; au contraire, c'était plu  
décrier, d'une manière douce, légère et sans im



Marcel Duch  
(Blainville, 188  
Nu descendant  
un escalier n° 2  
Huile sur toile  
[Philadelphie, 1  
Museum of Ar









Mark Sherman In my earliest art history classes Duchamp's Descending Figure was portrayed as a game changer, which it perhaps was. Particularly, it seems for people who hadn't seen Richer's work. Admittedly the Richer diagram is "merely" diagrammatic (and reliant on Muybridge's equally watershed motion studies with the camera) and Duchamp appears to have enjoyed it's surface aesthetic and saw an implicit relationship with concerns taken up by cubism (at a kinetic level rather than geometric/perspective one), so it doesn't fully pull the curtain on Duchamp's painting.

Richer's influence is difficult to underestimate. Prior to him, the figure's proportions were "idealized" and broken down into 8 or more "heads" (towards the end Michelangelo started giving his heroic figures upwards of 12!). Richer conducted extensive measurements across a broad range of people and showed

that 7 1/2 "heads" was by far the average. This is the sort of reality (aside from class and cultural realities) that drove the Realist movement where people rejected idealization and staunchly insisted on depicting what was actually there. Hence my title for the thread - as artists began actually reading the body rather than strictly the past. This is partly why Rodin's sculptures were so distinct.

Anyway..

<http://www.amazon.com/Figures-corps-French-Philippe-Comar/dp/2840563231/>

Figures du corps (French Edition) by Philippe Comar

Mark Sherman Here's a link to a PDF of one of Richer's books. It was unique in that it featured accurate female anatomy. For some reason it is still the case that anatomy resources, including apps use the male body, as if it's a simple matter of extrapolating and adding breasts and widening the hips or something. There are numerous differences in fact.

[https://ia700508.us.archive.org/17/items/nouvelleanatomie02rich/nouvelleanatomie02rich\\_bw.pdf?hclocation=ufi](https://ia700508.us.archive.org/17/items/nouvelleanatomie02rich/nouvelleanatomie02rich_bw.pdf?hclocation=ufi)

Enrique Enriquez I was just thinking about 'Nude Descending...' today. The Cubist rejected it under the assumption that "nudes recline, they don't descend stairs". Thanks to that Duchamp became an anti-artist.

Mark Sherman Going by the Richer image it looks like Duchamp's painting foreshadowed later psychedelic motion-trail effects rather than the cubist more static yet advanced kaleidoscope-ish effect.

I guess Duchamp offered his version of a reclining nude in his last work.

... which wouldn't seem so out of place in this book

Enrique Enriquez

Just substitute 'word' for 'image':

"Skillful application (in its poetical meaning) of the word itself, which, as an artistic necessity is repeated twice or three times, if not more frequently, not only intensifies the reiterated sound, but also brings to light unsuspected spiritual properties dwelling in the word itself. [ . . . ]

The abstract value of the indicated object fades away into the pure sound of the given word. This "pure" sound of the word we may hear unconsciously, when in harmony with the real, or abstract meaning of the object. In the latter case, this pure sound comes to the fore and directly influences the soul. Here, it produces a non-objective vibration more complicated, I may say, more super-sensuous even than that caused by the sound of bell or the sound of a stringed instrument, the fall of a plank, etc. This indicates vast possibilities for the literature of the future. (Kandinsky 1946:28)"Annie Kaye Even more interesting that Kandinsky, the non-representational painter, was talking about words instead of images...and then trying to do this with paint.

Mark Sherman Great quote.

Was that from "Concerning the Spiritual in Art"?

Enrique Enriquez yes.

Enrique Enriquez Kandinsky wrote some poetry. His ideas on the soul of words were influential to Hugo Ball, & Dada, and also to the Russian futurists, Khlebnikov & Kruchonykh.

Paul Nagy Just substitute 'image' for 'word'?



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Ed Alvarez

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=P2rPHqj-9ss&feature=youtu.be>

The Hanged Man

Which reminds me of another hanged man-

The imaginarium of Dr.Parnassus



Adult Jazz - Am Gone

Music video for Am Gone by Adult Jazz starring Suren Seneviratne. Buy the album "Gist Is": Bandcamp - <http://adultjazz.bandcamp.com/> iTunes - <http://www.smar...>

Ed Alvarez Poor Heath, the third. RIP

Enrique Enriquez

"The eye travels along the paths cut out for it in the work." Paul Klee

By "the work" Klee meant the graphic forms rendered by the artist hand. In any drawing, a line is a groove that guides our sight. When it comes to the tarot, what do we mean by "the work"? Probably not the same thing. In the tarot "the work" is not just the accumulation of lines giving the illusion of an object. While showing tarots to others, our hands and our voice are part of the illusion. They also cut out paths for the eye.

Michael Bridge-Dickson And the eye then cuts the path for life. Our experiences inform what we observe now; what (and how) we observe now informs how we proceed. Our world is as big and/or as small as we see it.

Fortune Buchholtz Of course Klee knew tarot well. He made an entire series of trump puppets, which i saw at his museum in Bern. His Fool:



Paul Nagy here i discreetly 'tell' Yoav Ben-dov about significant elements in his version of the tdeM.





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Paul Nagy I expand on the point...



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Paul Nagy bringing it in toward a climax



Paul Nagy then suggesting a reversal, like a conductor to the Orchestra tarot



Johanna Gargiulo-Sherman Paul, it seems you have a bit of Italian in you....<smile>.

Paul Nagy In response to Klee's observation about the work, the opus, the tarots are the score of a performance between the Inquirer and the reader with words and gestures being the orchestra or the field out of which we play. There is a lot of talk about how to read the score given the context of the Inquirer and reader but it should obviously be more important to understand the score as part of the whole performance process. The performance is an intervention into the habit of experience to invoke alterations that leaves nothing to blind chance except the tapping of a cane within the Idée fixe settled somewhere within either the Inquirer or the reader. The intermediation of the symbols within the score can liberate experience from the mundane and habituated unconscious toward a flight of a flock of birds of language, gesture and gaze.

We must never forget gaze that becomes the eye that becomes the ear that becomes the voice that becomes the caress of intimate unexpected moments of exultation and ecstasy.

Mark Sherman I was just reading somewhere about the "myth" or overemphasis/taking-for-granted of Klee's point (well, not Klee per se, but compositional strategies in general). Eye-tracking is actually more interactive, culture-bound and idiosyncratic than previously thought. On the other hand, what Klee talks about is still a real part of reading something unfamiliar. We consciously or unconsciously look for wayfinding clues, narratives and patterns, especially when we are lost.

It reminds me of when I got lost trying to find a particular bank in Tokyo. The sign and people-reading strategies (trying to pick out from a crowd people who might be approachable and speak English, as well as other clues for best-guess direction taking).

I found the bank.

Paul Nagy now find the Way by not-finding...

Mark Sherman Find \$ by not finding it.

Paul Nagy I base my illustrative art by copying the tarot. The way I learned to copy letters when I was in grade school. After learning block letters I was introduced to cursive writing, which has become deformed into a signature that is my mark. My hand makes these marks with a pen and these become maps to my identity. My unique way of putting a signature upon the things I copied. My art then is based upon my signature and my signature is the way I am controlled by my hands movements. I agree with you, Mark that much of this is culture-bound and settled into deep structures of habit, but such grooves become the identifying characteristics upon one's interpretation of such a reality that we inhabit socially and symbolically.

Mark Sherman Yes. It wasn't a critique of Klee's point but more to the to the "what's different with Tarot?" question. You said it better than me though.

With Tarot our eyes are usually drawn off of one card into another, and back, and forth, or modular parts create partially unintended (or perhaps not) \*new\* compositional lines and mass relationships (Klee). Where it departs, imo, is that we work with what newly appears or is called up by this, rather than only the picture plane, as well as the dynamic between two or more people in a reading. Then the idiosyncratic, interactive stuff comes up, and then everything you just said becomes the terrain.

Imo.

I loved what you wrote btw Paul. I've been (re)obsessed with drawing for the past year, which was triggered in part, peculiarly enough, by a fascination with the extreme almost transcendent "accuracy" of 19th Century academic drawing (hence the book I talked about the other day). The bugaboo people have had since its heyday has been the preoccupation with technique and accuracy to the point where it became the end in itself and the subject matter became arbitrary or (as was tragically quipped in a way that would dog the tradition forever) - "kitsche".

It was remarked famously (by whom I forget) that what makes the work of the "masters" so distinct, memorable, even "great", all of whom had undergone the same or equivalent gruelling training in method and technique, was that which they \*couldn't\* help. The queer habits, hangups, distortions and limitations that are so apparent in handwriting. It wasn't always the "conceptual" superiority. In fact the lasting reverence for a Michelangelo isn't about the subject matter, his ideas, or his "realism" and



technical prowess, but because of his peculiar tendencies to fixate on, play up and exaggerate the power in the male physique (as only one example). Degas liked bather's butts in strange lighting, got them perfect but may have lost the line on the feet or arms. No one cared. They loved what he loved, and he said it so well and uniquely.

That said, cursive writing should be reasonably legible in order to be understood (if the syntax of what is written is intended to be understood conventionally). If it is beautiful or strange or compelling in some way, wonderful. Had the "masters" been unable to draw legibly (or conventionally "well") however uniquely, it might not have been so memorable. People wouldn't be able to get past the \*unintended\* amateurishness to appreciate individual expression.

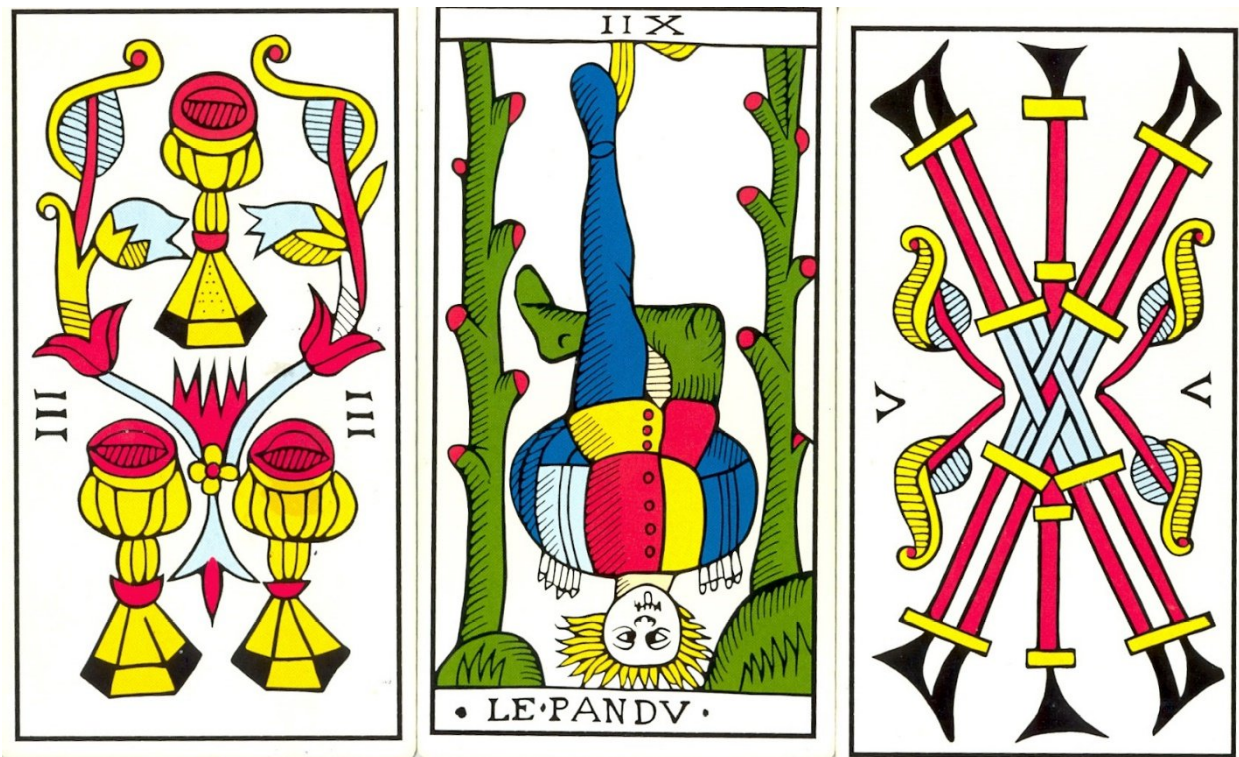
Then there's Basquiat. Love him. Not sure why. I don't agree that he could, but chose not to draw "well". Someone else being equally expressionistic and "conceptual" doesn't always come off. Personally I think it's HIM and everything (or something) about him that people either relate to or don't.

Kind of thing.

Anyway... Thread derailed. Sorry.

Fortune Buchholtz "We believe in the theater as a place of intense experience, half-dream, half-ritual, in which the spectator approaches something of a vision of self-understanding, going past conscious to unconscious, to an understanding of the nature of all things. . . only the language of poetry can accomplish this, only poetry or a language laden with symbols and far removed from our daily speech can take us beyond the ignorant present toward these realms." - Julian Beck

Divination is more archaic than speech.



This random selection of three cards from the Tarot de Marseille Jean Dodal is a restoration of the Marseille deck published in Lyon in 1701. In this full 78-card edition each card is recreated in precise detail by Jean-Claude Flornoy and was published in 2008,

this essay will demonstrate aspects of reading tarot towards an asemic paleolinguistic interpretation.

First, I offered a rather conventional interpretation of these three cards. I will then demonstrate how the images on each card lend themselves to translation as asemic illustration and writing.

The Three of Cups represents ascending cooperation and synthesis. The two Cups below lift up the central Cup above. The two Cups stand outside and isolated, but between them grows the foliage that frames the higher Cup on three sides. One could interpret this as between two wills or inclinations a solitary higher synthesis is achieved. Traditionally this card may represent a celebration after nuptials and may even portend a child. Cooperative communication that is supported by compliant emotions and good fellowship. Though there may be some lacking in candor.

Le Pandu, often called the Hanged Man, a human image is suspended by the right foot between two pruned stocks or trunks, the left leg is crossed behind the right knee and the hands are bound behind the back in such way as to extend the fingers dangling like epaulettes. The tongue is sticking out of a mustached mouth and the curly blonde hair resembles a sun's aura between two knolls that support the trunks. Mirror reversals and upsets is the hallmark of the Hanged Man. The twin trunks act as a gate or wall between the energies of the Three of Cups and the Five of Batons.

The Five of Batons or Wands sports two parallel diagonal Batons that interweave and cross at the center of the card with one vertical Baton intersecting the center from bottom to top. On each side of the diagonal parallel Batons two leaves stem from the center on the right and left side, respectively. The competitive parallel Batons meet centrally at cross purposes which creates friction as well as energy to extend beyond the limited range of the Batons individually. The central middle lone Baton represents a balance between these opposing inclinations. Such conflict can come from within or without, but it creates a form of creative tension that leads to stunning possibilities depending upon the proclivities of the surrounding cards.

The energy for transformation of the Five of Batons that may act as fuel for the Three of Cups in terms of fulfillment, if they were not being kept apart by the indecision of Le Pandu. It is sort of like a cook who is in the kitchen, but has not decided upon what recipe to follow. The stove is ready. The pots are ready. Even the ingredients may already be added to their mix. But the cook has not decided what to actually create. The question then becomes, when should patience and deliberation cease and action begin?

This is a rather conventional and uninspired reading of these three cards in their conjunction as in a tarot reader may do. However, the purpose here is to use the cards as a prompt towards asemic meditations and representations.

I do not copy the tarots: I imitate, intimate, intimidate a picture via my signatures.



What is the purpose of a asemic script? Each suit in the deck carries its own stylistic, repetitive features. The wands, tapering and lumpy clubs; the swords, straight and semicircular blades; the cups, enclosed circles, tapering drops, triangular in square boxed bases; pentacles, concentric circles around triangles. In addition the pip suits has stylize foliage on many of the cards: leaves, stems, flowers, blossoms, pods, and tendrils. The 16 court cards and 22 major Arcana cards carry with them more figurative features of greater complexity and stylization.

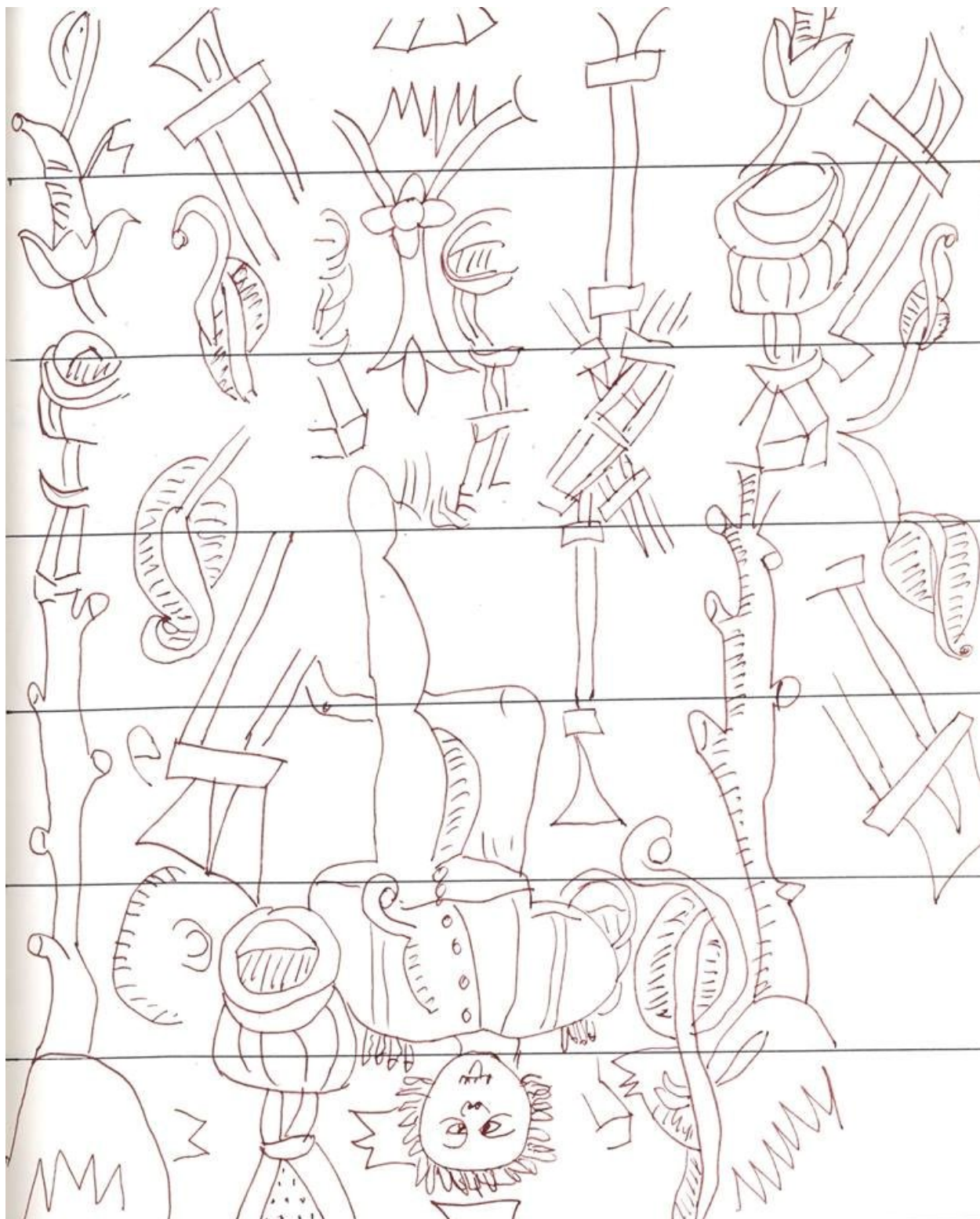
If this were a systematic treatises. It would be obvious that each suit could easily generate its own stylized script because of repetitive shapes. In this exercise. I am blending only the three cards in my exemplar.



Each image carries its own energetic marker. This hand drawn copy individuates this image as a preliminary to the exercise of developing a script. This second copy attempts to be less exact and more impressionistic. This next copy is an impression of the three cards

By my estimation, the purpose of a script is to convey upon paper shapes that represent contained blocks of energy and expression. By transecting the images as drawn, copied from the exemplary cards, one may easily generate several styles of proto-script, as evidenced in the following illustrations.





Stymied I take up my pen and dip it into an ink pot to create a protolanguage alphabet. My model.

I stylize and simplify the images. These images were generated by dividing the card from top down into four sections, which provided the fragmentation of the images towards a hieroglyph or script. One could also divide up the images in columns from right to left or left to right and then transpose the images to a horizontal line. [This exercise is not illustrated here.]



Normal analysis of the cards image often breaks the images in half for a top and bottom square, or a threefold division of top middle and bottom. Likewise the cards are read in columns of two or three divisions vertically. Likewise the top, right and left sides, and bottom are indications of the four directions; as the right and left columns are analyzed for evidence of symmetrical, asymmetrical and quasi-symmetrical qualities to the space of the images as well as the execution of each image within the card isomorphically and as groups. Learning to analyze the space and place of a card's images should come as natural as literal reading does for a reader of alphabets. Such a recognition of these qualities helps to generate the otherwise perhaps not seen metaphoric possibilities of what the cards are referring to. Each card by its individuality naturally generates new possibilities when juxtaposed against other card images in a reading. Usually a reading is done within a defined context that helps to orient how these considerations may generate significance for a reader.





### Segmented proto-alphabets

Images precede signs and symbols.

The visual motor system colored with sensate impressions and auditory-emotional toning, represents the markers of a non-cognitive energetic script.

As such they contain elements, an unconscious of the process which may appear as writing.

In this practice habituates the transformed images into energetic markers.

Repetition, simplification, reversals and inversions.





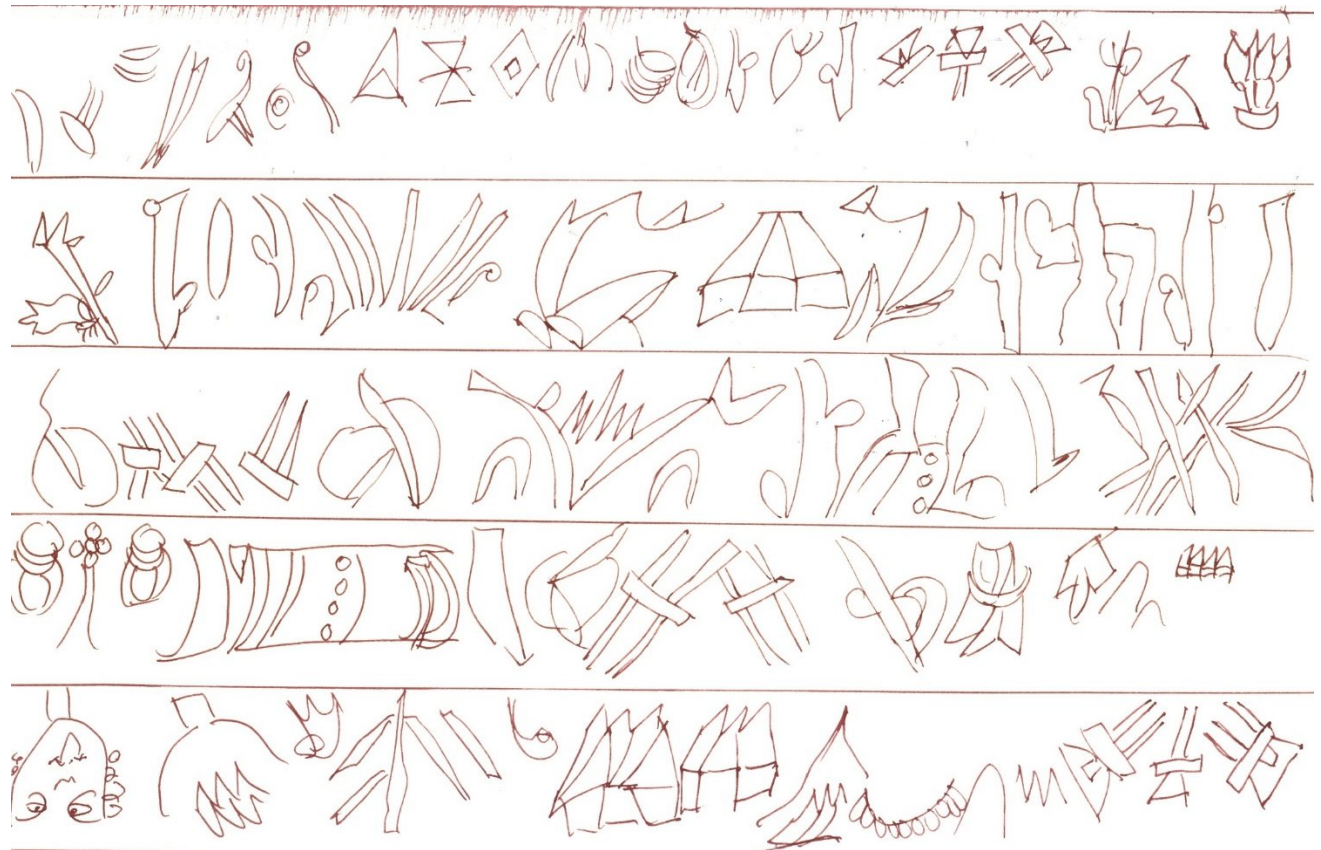
A possibility is to segment the image clusters to provide isomorphic and new interpenetrating clusters as in the image above.



In this last example, the hatching-shading has been removed.

The purpose of these illustrations is not their product but the handiwork of the process.

The purpose of drawing the cards is to release the energetic flow and psychic libido of the images. It is not abstraction but somatic performance.



The gestalt of these images provides the impression of hieroglyphic and syllabary clusters. For instance, the upside down face of the Hanged Man remains distinctive throughout these variations. To a lesser degree the base of the two side-by-side cups. The foliage and leaves seem to offer more abstract features.

Humankind played, fought, mated, dreamed, tooled, drew, sang, danced, drummed, mimicked, ate, scrounged and divined in wonder long before grunts and whistles became wrapped into words and language; so that at the dawn of modernity tarot cards served the imaginative purposes of gamesters, on an hiatus from the gamble-games, in a contemplative mood, or in the languid exploration of seduction and allure, repurposed the cards of hide-and-seek to play relaxed games of invention that re-invoked the deep ancient arts of divination, in fairy-tale plays of make-believe and identity-disguises.

Tarot reading today has become a popular pastime. The general practice tends to drift around the edges of popular occultisms and psychologies as parlor-game demonstration of synchronicity with the disinterested reader acting as psychopomp.



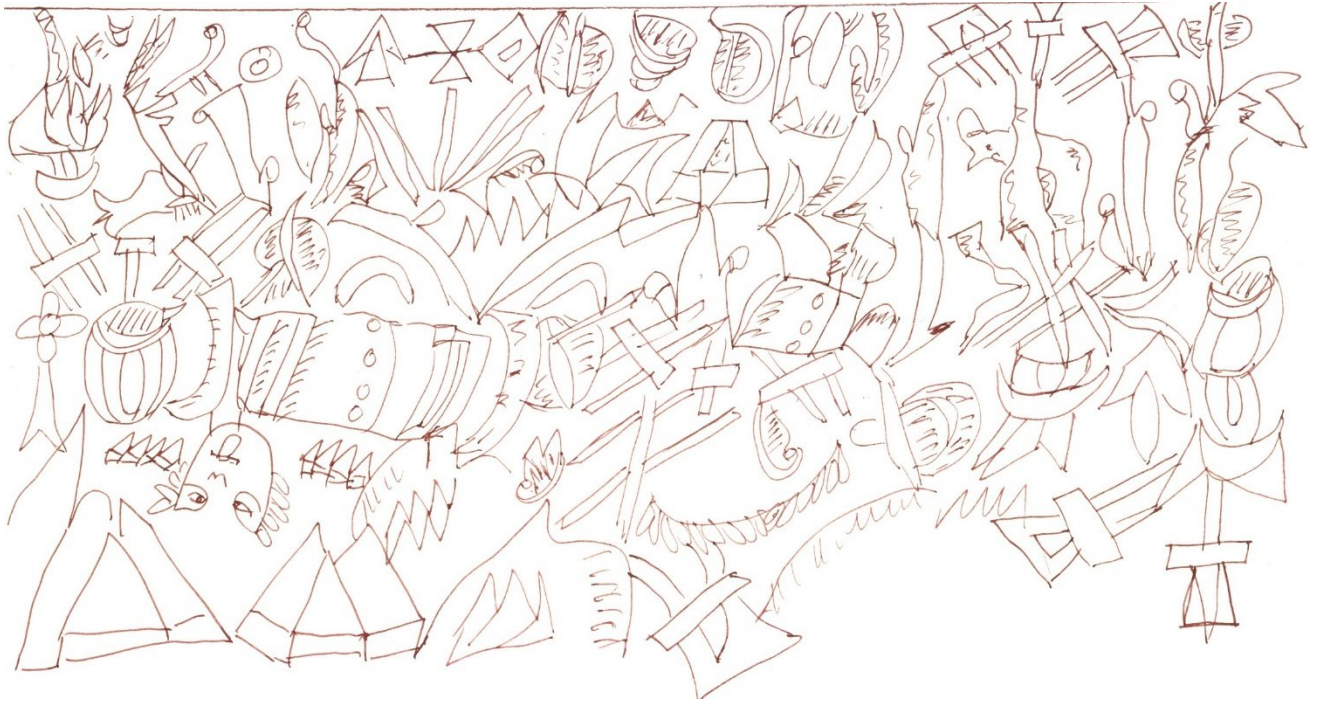


There is a smaller movement of tarot readers who shun to some degree the facile occult equivalencies and consensual meaning of the cards to look deeply into the images themselves as potential language without precedent. The language is possibly playful, serious, or inane and homophonic, multilingual and alphabetic enraptured metaphors of transformative deconstruction.

Since reading the tarot in such a way often leads to surprises, it is an exploration of the radical poetic reinvention of human thought and expression in its roots. Here reading the tarot is not a linguistic enterprise of making up stories about pictures, but a translation of the pictures into somatic images of raw sound and expression, impression and aspiration that borders more upon wordless scat singing and body motions as dance and gesture.

In other words, tarot as conceptual art is a performance where the cards are prompts and constraints to the translation of the cards into some significance which, because of the lack of a proper consensual language usually leaves the consultee more baffled than when they sought to consult the cards for a repurposing of their own story.





It is this form of tarot performance that I wish to translate here as a reading exercise of the cards. Reading does not necessarily mean here telling a person what the images are on the card, much less that such images are symbols for some psychic processes. In fact they are a form of wordless gargling and raucous sounds, gestures and facial contortions that attempt to ape partial aspects of the cards alone and in conjunction with one another may put an end to such banal expectations.

This form of tarot performances experimental in that it arose out of a dissatisfaction with the consensual modes of tarot reading today. It is also a recognition that the cards themselves are a preliterate form of communication that does not necessarily mean that it should translate into stories comic and tragic. Rather, the cards represent an abstract language, or actually, protolanguage that does not depend solely upon the noise we make with our mouths, but can also use whatever is at hand, the whole body and whatever props are around to discover the metaphors of transformation.

It requires a deep commitment to spontaneously enact the cards when turned over in ways that may surprise even the reader and may well be beyond any simple form of rational explanation. One is delving into a form of contrived meditation that evokes the id more than the superego. It is naked archaic in that it does not lend itself to fashionable dress or even polite clothing, but wild unpredictability.

Such performance, is difficult and requires a resistance to tropes and other ploys of recognizable repetitions. How does one prepare for such a reading of the tarot?

First off, there is a perimeter of discovery that in this case are the tarot cards proper. That is a complete pack of tarot cards. Because these cards will be used as prompts in the performance, one needs to both become very familiar with what the cards look like and at the same time, punctiliously estrange oneself from any habitual meanings and stories that the cards may represent from previous encounters. The performer is between two worlds of the significance of the image and of its abysmal insignificance. The performer will always be tempted to rise to the habitual and fall into stories to please oneself and the

Inquirer, but at the same time, one must rigorously adhere to the incomprehensible strangeness of these images as such, allowing them to possess the psyche of the reader for their own expression.



Preparation for this exercise includes gazing at the cards intently, and drawing them with eyes and fingers, facial expressions, mouth and body movements, casting the gaze about wildly hunting for prop-items that can be touched or grabbed or pointed to in the vicinity for an exchange of significance to the card at hand, which is the point of familiarity and also the return to transformation and metaphoric amalgamations.

As a constraint, the tarot cards as a pack represent the paint and brushes, the canvas of the artist who is about to perform a reading. As such it is an anchor to the familiar and the possible and a return to ordinary consensual discourse, once the wild ejaculations and bumbling inconsequentialities have imploded or exploded into their surprise.

As in any performance what looks purely spontaneous or incongruous carries with it a form of sub-rosa discipline that corrals the performance enough within the civil that murder and mayhem, rage remain off the table as the cards direct.

I am reminded of a tarot reader's skit. In which a number of cards are turned over in the reader makes pontifical enunciations as to their implication for the client. When the death card is turned over, in the Marseille deck, the card with no name, the reader pulls out a pistol and shoots the client in the heart, announcing authoritatively to the audience that the tarot can never be wrong. Such a sudden move surprises the audience with a few mild awes and harrumphs, unlike spontaneous gasp that arises when a tarot reader, tears the card up with a dismissive explanation to the client that "I don't like that one!" One may wonder what sort of idolatry tarot readers hold for the instruments of their performance versus the fake but performed as real murder of a client.

Another way to prepare for the performance is to copy the cards images on paper to discover their protolanguage in parts and on layers, in colors and in names, especially in a bifurcating tree of names based on homologies of sound and form as well as in their significance and homonyms both in English and in a language based on an alphabet. Once this is played with for a while. One can seriously jumble these wild tangles of interpenetrating puns, mazes and labyrinths.

Demonstration is the living soul of innervation when it comes to such spontaneous practice, but in order to make this essay intelligible and to demonstrate its aseptic and asymptotic tendencies as written on air and as demonstrated on paper.

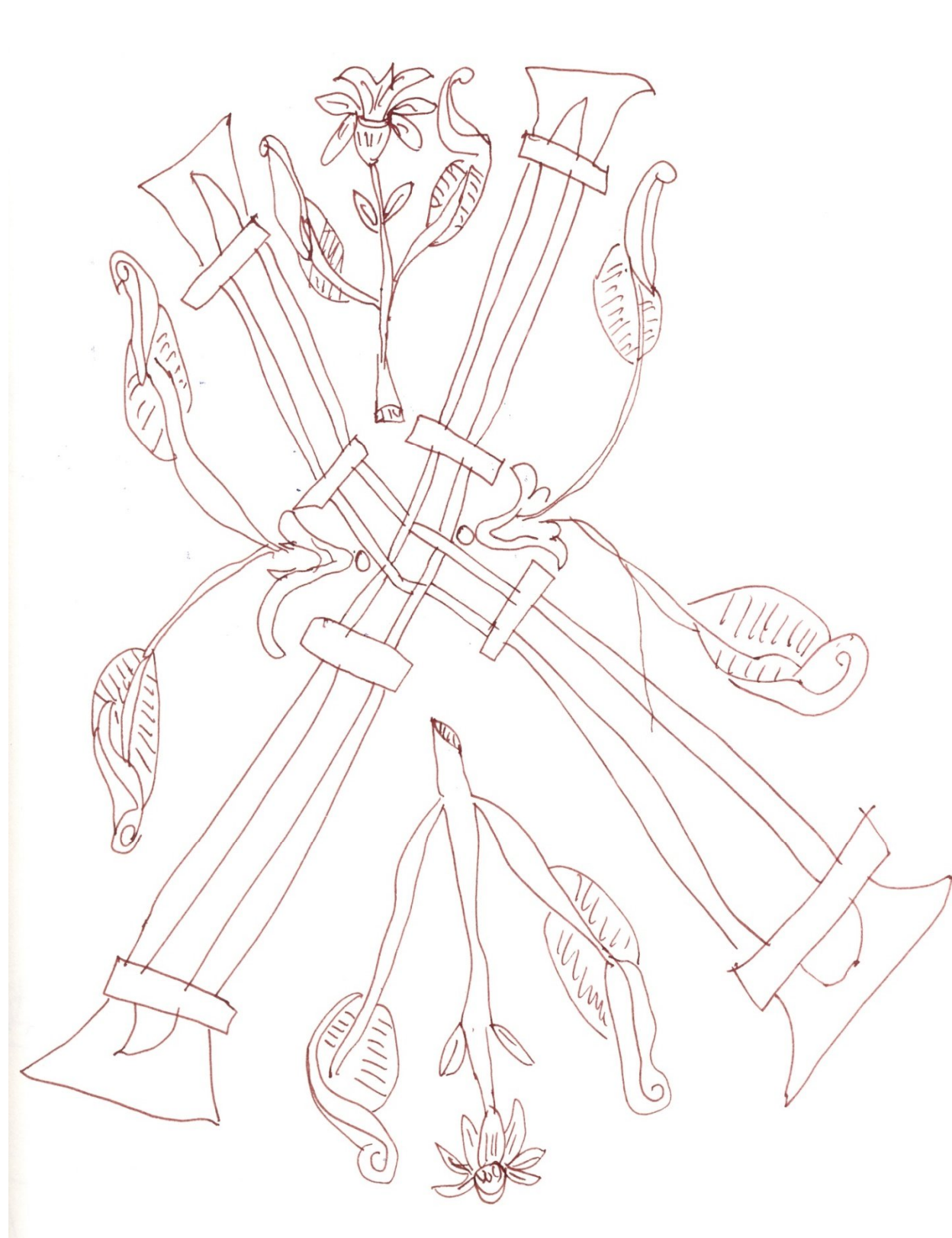
There is a form of translation taking place in these images. One is moving from visual representation to an inscribed injection of energy markers that in juxtaposition provide a flow of visual significance that can provide a way of telling a story without words or pictures. It becomes a sort of mapmaking of heterotopic possibilities that should resist easy narrative transfusions.

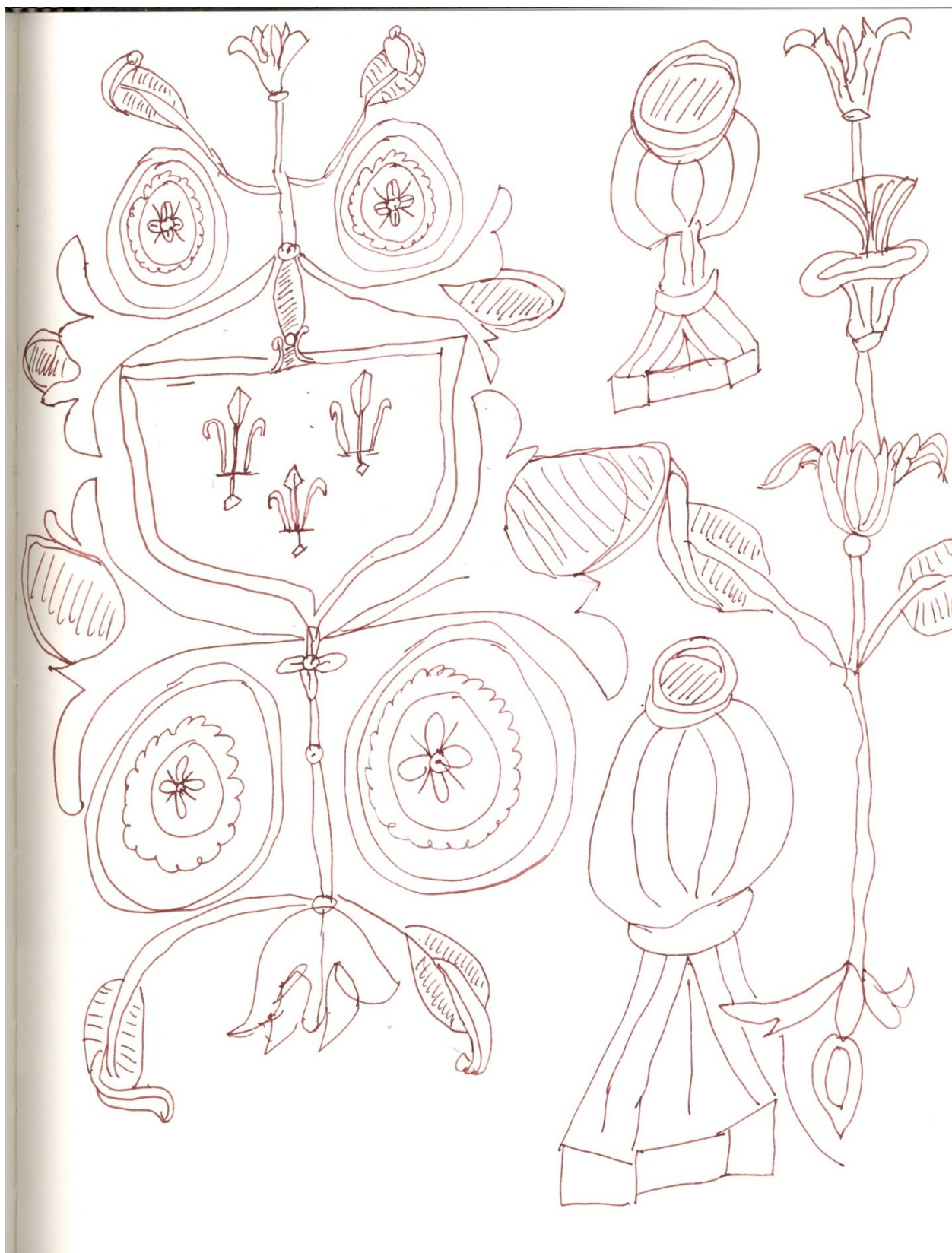
So even though these pictures are no longer tied to the tarot images as such, they do suggest that even very simple images carry within them a sort of inner punning, a reproduction of form that resists ready scaling, a possible fracturing fractals.









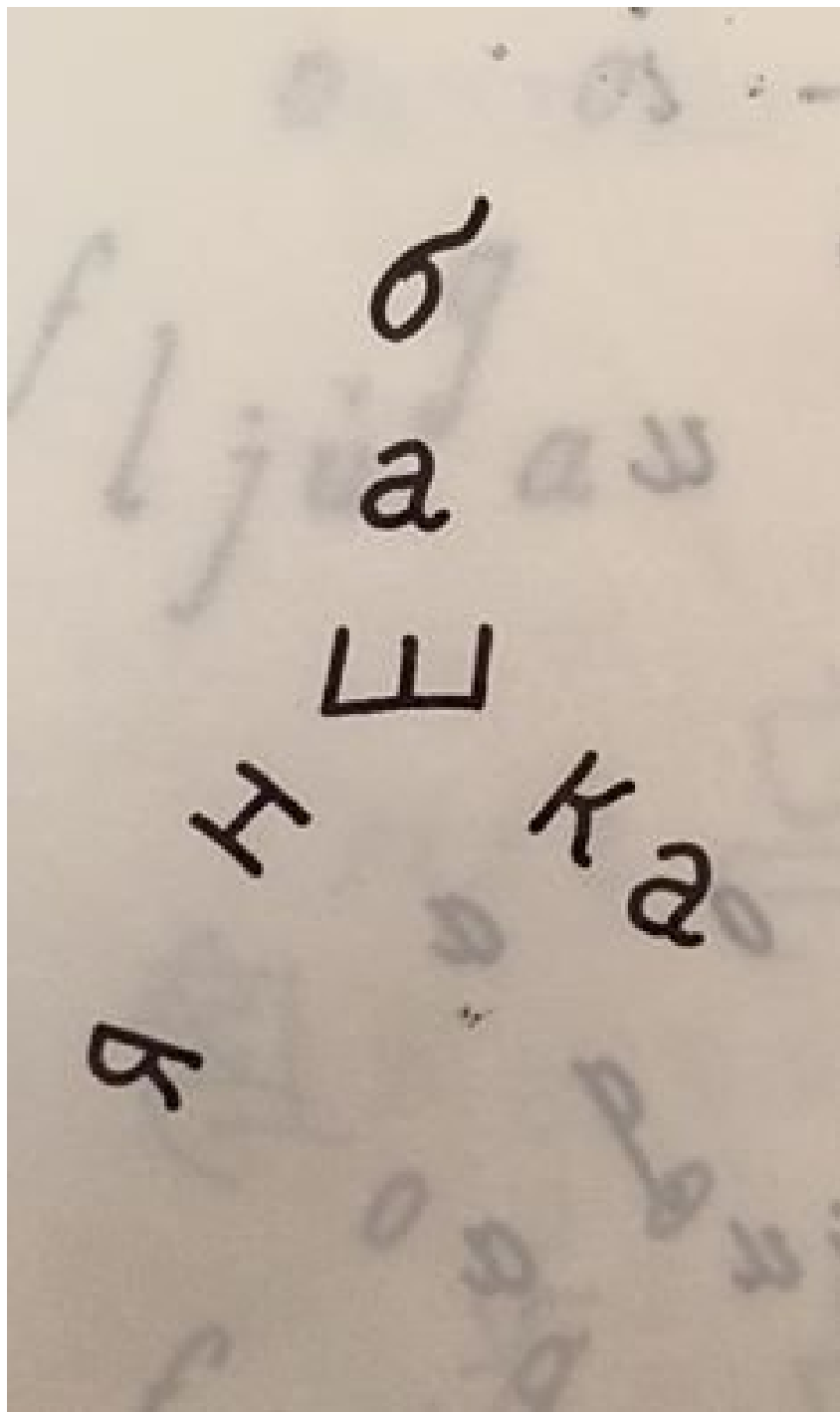


Paul Nagy: I base my illustrative art by copying the tarot. The way I learned to copy letters when I was in grade school. After learning block letters I was introduced to cursive writing, which has become deformed into a signature that is my mark. My hand makes these marks with a pen and these become maps to my identity. My unique way of putting a signature upon the things I copied. My art then is based upon my signature and my signature is the way I am controlled by my hands movements. I agree with you, Mark that much of this is culture-bound and settled into deep structures of habit, but such grooves become the identifying characteristics upon one's interpretation of such a reality that we inhabit socially and symbolically.

I do not copy the tarots: I imitate, intimate, intimidate a picture via my signatures.

Aurora Díaz Fernández A tarot alphabet, very interesting. You will find interesting stories and "forms" in those drawings.

Enrique Enriquez



Paul Nagy Fork in the crossroads with shadow brush salad

Mark Sherman Rehab and...



Enrique Enriquez If you know the rules of magic you can make poems in any language, even those you can't understand, and leave them there for others to read.

Mark Sherman Me understand. My problem is I accidentally made out one of the words. Then like George Costanza just verbalized what I was thinking regardless of it's lameness.

Mark Sherman Fork in the crossroads [and I paid for the big] salad

Paul Nagy yes a polyglypn  
even creates a machine code  
offset verse.

```
//- PolyGlyph*  
class PolyGlyph : public GlyphImpl {  
    //. PolyGlyph is a default implementation for aggregate glyphs.  
    //. PolyGlyph inherits most operations from GlyphImpl, redefining  
    //. only those operations relating to aggregates. PolyGlyph  
    //. represents children as a list of PolyGlyphOffset objects  
    //. that denote the child and the child's index into the list.  
public:  
    PolyGlyph();  
    virtual ~PolyGlyph();  
  
    void append(Glyph_in g); //+ Glyph::append  
    void prepend(Glyph_in g); //+ Glyph::prepend  
    GlyphOffset_return first_child_offset(); //+ Glyph::first_child_offset  
    GlyphOffset_return last_child_offset(); //+ Glyph::last_child_offset
```

PolyGlyphOffsetList children\_;

//- children\_requests

Glyph::Requisition\* children\_requests(Glyph::Requisition\* req, Long n);

//. Return an array of requisitions for the polyglyph's children.

//. If the given integer is as large as the number of children,

//. then the given pointer will be used for the result array.

//. Otherwise, an array will be dynamically-allocated that

//. the caller should delete.

void visit\_trail(Long, GlyphTraversalRef t);

//- child\_allocate

virtual void child\_allocate(Long index, Glyph::AllocationInfo& a);

//. Determine the allocation for the given child given the

//. allocation information for the parent.

//- fixup

virtual void fixup(Long start, Long delta);

//. This operation is called when a list item is added

//. or removed, meaning that the indices in all offsets

//. must be updated.

//- change

virtual void change(Long index);

//. Note that the request of the indexed child

//. may have changed.

//- modified

```
virtual void modified();

//. Note that the child list has been modified. A polyglyph
//. will normally cache its requisition; if so this operation
//. should invalidate the cache.

};

class PolyGlyphOffset : public GlyphOffset {
public:
    PolyGlyphOffset(PolyGlyph* parent, Long index, GlyphRef child);
    ~PolyGlyphOffset();

    //+ GlyphOffset::*
    /* FrescoObject */
    Long ref__(Long references);
    Tag attach(FrescoObject_in observer);
    void detach(Tag attach_tag);
    void disconnect();
    void notify_observers();
    void update();
    /* GlyphOffset */
    Glyph_return parent();
    Glyph_return child();
    GlyphOffset_return next_child();
    GlyphOffset_return prev_child();
    void allocations(Glyph::AllocationInfoSeq& a);
    void insert(Glyph_in g);
    void replace(Glyph_in g);
    void remove();
    void notify();
```

Pip Trump Club 9 April 1, 2015

```
void visit_trail(GlyphTraversal_in t);  
void child_allocate(Glyph::AllocationInfo& a);  
//+
```

```
SharedFrescoObjectImpl object_  
PolyGlyph* parent_  
Long index_  
GlyphRef child_  
Tag remove_tag_;
```

```
GlyphOffsetRef offset(Long index);
```

Paul Nagy <https://www.facebook.com/notes/corey-narkissos-springer/excerpt-from-book-2-polyglyph/10152459144363648>

Corey Narkissos Springer Excerpt from book 2: "Polyglyph"

.

It would be

Remiss of me

Not to kiss

You;

It would be

Akin to

Stepping out of the ocean

Just because

the goddess, Oshun,

had blessed our foreheads

With rain;

And, for the first time,

I must again



reiterate

How the literate

In me

Literally

Reads

The polyglyph engraved

At the juncture

Where thighs meet

As instructions

On how

You should

Be treated.

It reads:

Metered doses

Of

Meteors,

Milked;

Magic,

Applied

Majestically

To lips

Like balm;

A palm

Cupping the nape

Of neck,

Guiding,

As psalms

Did

to those lost

In the wilderness;

A wild

Abyss

Demanding to be

Filled;

A will

Of its own;

A mine,

That is yours

Of course;

A course

Begging

To be plot:

A this;

A kiss;

A now:

A how,

Where,

when,

While;

Wow...

Why are my

Lips

Still

Moving,

Even as time

Itself

Seems

To have

Stopped?

And,

Fuck,

When did we

Drop

To our knees?

When did our

Clothes

Like leaves

Blow away?

When did

Pleas

Start to play

In voices

That sound

Remarkably

Like our own?

When did bones

Cease to

Give our

Bodies form?

When did

Chloroform

Become our

Oxygen... gen... gen... gen?

Anyway...

All of this, to say:

It would be  
Remiss of me  
Not to kiss  
You;  
It would be  
Akin to  
Stepping out of the ocean  
Just because  
Oshun had blessed  
Our foreheads  
With rain.  
- Narq

Taken from: "A trickle of Sunlight over de Sea", by Corey 'Narq' Springer

Fortune Buchholtz "We believe in the theater as a place of intense experience, half-dream, half-ritual, in which the spectator approaches something of a vision of self-understanding, going past conscious to unconscious, to an understanding of the nature of all things. . . .only the language of poetry can accomplish this, only poetry or a language laden with symbols and far removed from our daily speech can take us beyond the ignorant present toward these realms." - Julian Beck

Annie Kaye baraka

Ed Alvarez Paul Nagy, that code was awesome

Bird on a mountain, leans, sperm of a soul.



Mark Sherman

Imaginary Invalid



I happened upon this Daumier drawing today. I saw it with new eyes and keep thinking about it.

Mark Sherman I thought, "how odd and good".

Then I discovered there was a well-known play called the Imaginary Invalid (sometimes called The Hypochondriac) by Molière which premiered more than 200 years earlier.

[http://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/The\\_Imaginary\\_Invalid](http://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Imaginary_Invalid)

How odd and good.

The Imaginary Invalid - Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Sometimes when I do a figure drawing I don't think works I salvage it by turning it into a clown. Then I like it. I don't know if it's a subconscious Daumier influence. But the evil clown or sad clown or clown-hero "archetype" seems to be an old one. The comedic foil. The face we put on our fears. Or the fool, the only one in the court who gets to tell the truth (usually, or purportedly) without consequence.

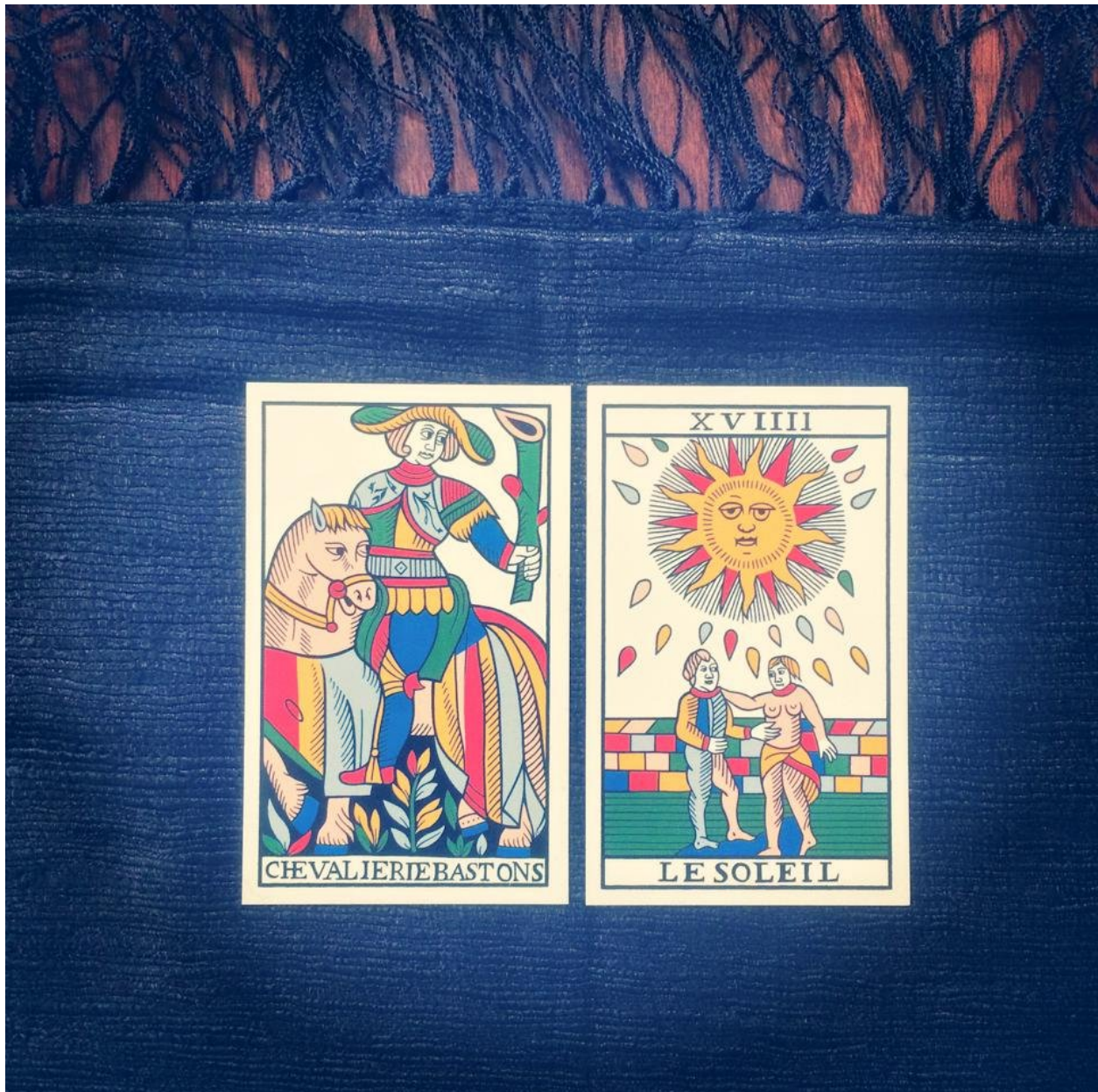
The Imaginary Invalid (French: *Le malade imaginaire*) is a three-act comédie-ballet by the French playwright Molière with dance sequences and musical interludes by Marc-Antoine Charpentier. It premiered on 10 February 1673 at the Théâtre du Palais-Royal in Paris and was originally choreographed by Pierre Beauchamp. The play is also known as "The Hypochondriac", an alternative translation of the French title.

"Molière had fallen out with the powerful court composer Jean-Baptiste Lully, with whom he had pioneered the comédie-ballet form a decade earlier, and had opted for the collaboration with Charpentier. *Le malade imaginaire* would turn out to be Molière's last work. He collapsed during his fourth performance as Argan on 17 February and died soon after."

Paul Nagy Hypochondria is an archetype of the impaired persona, along with other self-diagnosed maladies, other forms include half-hearted suicide attempts, threats to abandon or leave, malingering, guilt-generation. They are masks or bandages for the deluded-self or the wounded-self. Motive for the sacrificer and sacrificee. The fool or clown is a deformed physician and laughter a remedy for stifling compromised self-regard.

Luca Shivendra Om

"Light my Fire"



Markus Pfeil Or, the fire is already lit...they guy in le soleil poses as to catch a spark, but really waits for the girls breast to pop by his hand. The guarding knight gets ready for intervention.

Paul Nagy Where are those little tykes? I think I see them over the wall. I will turn around and find them. I will pummel them with my club to let them know that it is not time to play but work in the full light of day.



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Yves Reynaud with Jim Maher and Gregory Jensen van Etten

Voici les quatre fabuleux de.... Marseille et non de Liverpool. Les Beatles c'était pas mal aussi !

F. Chosson, P.Madenié, F. Heri, C. Burdel.



Here are Fabulous Fab Four from.... Marseille and not Liverpool.

Beatles was also not too bad !



F. Chosson, P.Madenié, F. Heri, C. Burdel.

No problems for ordering Madenié and Chosson. Burdel and Heri will join the Band by end of May coming. You may start ordering Mad and Chos in first instance. Heri and Burdel will be open for selling by end May. See on my Web page <http://tarot-de-marseille-heritage.com>



Luca Shivendra Om Yes!

Markus Pfeil Madenie tries to figure out what he could give Chossons Lion to appease it. Heri on the way to Burdel to get his gold nuggets weighed and appraised. Finding the right thing.

Yves Reynaud Well done Markus !: Your reading is clear and pragmatic. May be I done this "quarter spread" unconsciously by placing this images/decks to make a nice picture. In fact I think that I just "invented" this square spread and it may well works like you done it : side to side reading and/or may be read by crossing reading too: i.e Bateleur vs Mat or any combination depending from: eyes directions, faces expressions, symbols connections ect... Happy Sun Day ! Yves Reynaud



Luca Shivendra Om



{ The beauty of symmetry } "From bond to connection" OR "A dialogue between souls" OR "How has an ordinary relationship evolved"

Bonnie Cehovet The trick is in the middle card - all is happening through the ability of the individuals to accept/flow with a "Foolish" outlook.

Draji Arora To choose!!

Khadijah Carolyn The first card looks to me like freeze stay where you are. Frozen together. Then there is this gentle push and each one can cross the water or go over the wall in her own time or when there is enough energy (soleil) , momentum and desire to transform.

Paul Nagy My eyes are drawn to the small figures on the two side cards. The two imps tied to the dais prevents them from interacting with one another. If they are to be freed from their restraint. The Fool will take them from the underworld into the garden of the sun where they are freed to discover each other, and true intimacy without the burden of demonic service. The Fool is the orbit of the sun, the eye of the wide gaze, whereas the central Devil represents dark fires, confined spaces and a reversed hierarchy, the terrestrial aspects of Plato's cave. Again, the Fool has escaped from the cave of the underworld to discover the open world of the Sun.

Do the shadows of the cave follow us into the bright light of day?

If we read the cards from the other direction. The bright helpful intimacy of the two children of the Sun behind the wall, discovers the Fool and follows him inward, backward against the forward outward motion, a way of reading introversion as the opposite of the Fool's manifest motion to determine, or fall into the cave of the Devil where the dim light of the Devil's torch ties the imps to his dais.

I want to explore issues of intimacy and the unconscious forces that may be preventing the free flow of love and wonder.

Ed Alvarez Khadijah Carolyn, Di-S or dis. The frozen blah bable ler frozen at the center of hell's lowest unmovable. Only exposed to the light of the heavens can that path melt and be made.

Oh Orpheus, can you bring your soul's mate to the other side of the Styx.

Very nice Paul Nagy! Di-able, twice able, forward/backward able. S- oieil, the great snake eye! Mat, walked upon.



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Timothy N. Evers

Bloop.



Enrique Enriquez I agree 100%

Pip Trump Club 9 April 1, 2015

In search for the utopian minimal gesture, the TAROT must leave the table.

Bonnie Cehovet Enrique - You do this so well!

Paul Nagy The foliage escapes its image.

I do not copy: I imitate, intimate, intimidate a picture.

I do not copy the tarots: I imitate, intimate, intimidate a picture via my signatures.

Timothy N. Evers

Swing.





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Timothy N. Evers

They had something to say





Ed Alvarez

Polarities meet, clash, and separate.

Only to join again.

Hello friend. Hello enemy. Hello. Hello



Luca Shivendra Om Interesting: two separate towers in the Moon card become a wall in the Sun. The principle of construction wins.

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Paul Nagy with Enrique Enriquez and Audrey Layden

We spoke of words until our heads dropped-off













Pip Trump Club 9 April 1, 2015

Timothy N. Evers

Gloop.



Pip Trump Club 9 April 1, 2015

Paul Nagy shared his photo.



This photo is highly symbolic. The balding man with thumb in pocket in short sleeved shirt looking at tablet; next to the longhaired woman, sweater cloaked, arm by side, with name tag a long scarf around neck, looking at camera. The wall holds thermostat, plaque with occupancy limit as 80, braille or light switch, fire alarm, covered wall lamp. Two bare hands hold the tablet image of the couple with sharper focus than the picture. That this image in the tablet trumps the definition of the couple themselves initiates the symbolic possibilities, the rest is on the wall and rests in your imagination.

Devon

Thoughts on this string:

I'm doing a reading for a new mother and I asked how a child can help this person progress in their life.

To me it seems that a child can help decide which direction to take financially to support her new life as a mother. Taking account of the troubles that may arise whatever she decides on.



Luca Shivendra Om "The new mother has to face the Thing as it really is now" OR "Grounding an Ideal" OR "The weight of an idea"

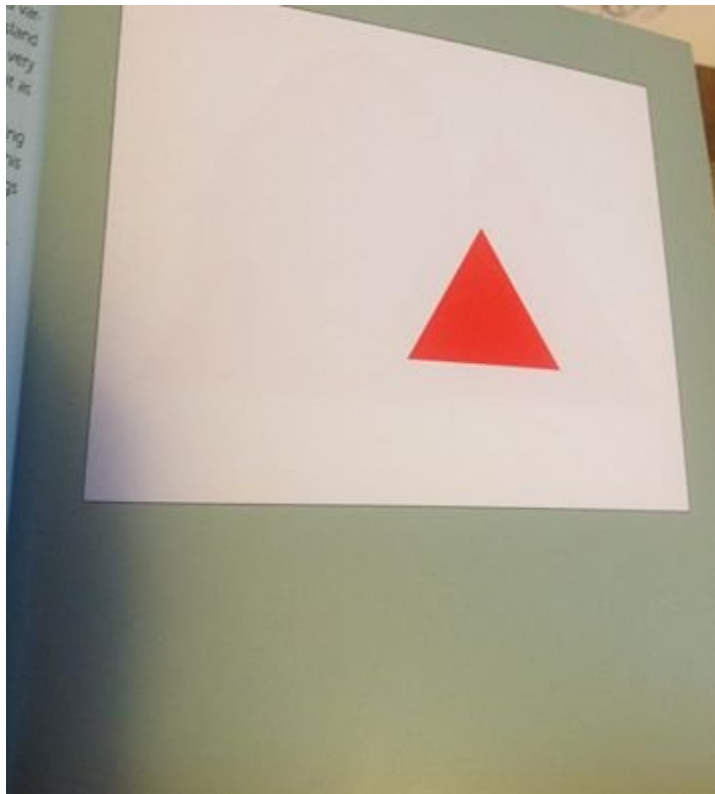
Mark Sherman That ace there is kind of intense. Without knowing the mother, and simply in the context of the cards, the ace seems to me to suggest the need for profound decisiveness in taking ownership of the situation before moving forward. Otherwise the horse is just looking at its feet and "moseying" while the rider is trying to watch the sun (son? money? both?) and holding a stick while some sketch dude takes notice and has a sword.

(But I've been described as a glass-half-empty kind of guy more than once. So take with a half-grain of salt).



Mark Sherman

In a story about the sea is this a sailboat, a shark fin or the bow of a sinking ship?



Picture This: How Pictures Work by Molly Bang Chronicle Books Paperback 96 pages

Mark Sherman Marvellous little book

<http://www.amazon.com/Picture-This-How-Pictures-Work/dp/1587170302/>

Bonnie Cehovet None of the above. It is an alchemical symbol that goes to the theme/intent of the story. IMHO, of course!

Mark Sherman Does the alchemy happen in the question perhaps (or even the space between the question and the answer)?

Bonnie Cehovet The intent for the alchemy is in the question. The alchemy is in the process.

Shelley Carter Or a noteworthy triangle?

Mark Sherman Yes Bonnie. Process could be that space between the question and the answer.

I'm not suggesting a dictatorial approach about what one sees. Quite the opposite. Mostly the post is a plug for the book about the emotional and communicative content within pictorial composition that I linked to and thought people here might enjoy. It's sort of a semiotics of plane, space, relationships, dark/light etc.

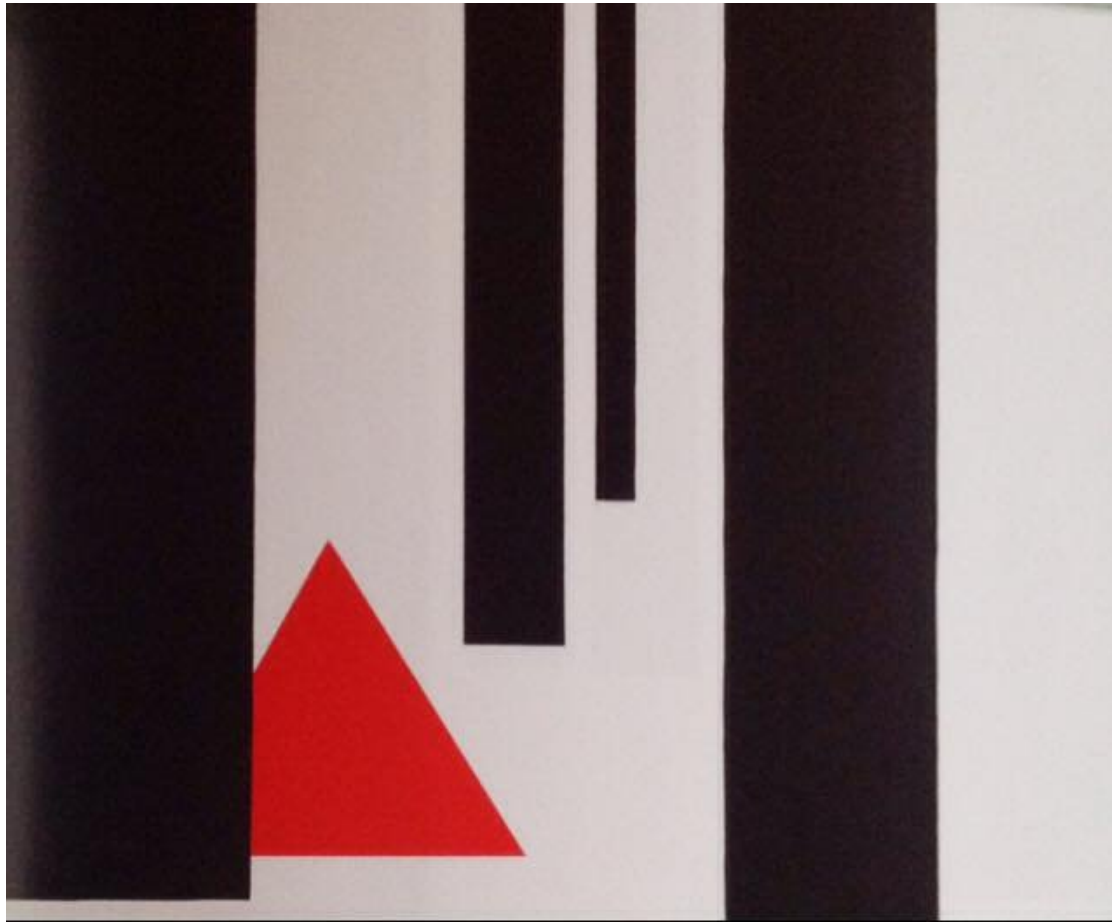
Markus Pfeil Bermuda Triangle

James Reece a drowning witch

Gunnar Andr sson Look into it, go through it ...

Mark Sherman I sense that folks aren't really feeling this thread but might as well take it one step farther before abandoning it.

So, suppose this is a picture of Little Red Riding Hood walking through the woods. We haven't encountered the wolf yet but let's say we wanted to create a more foreboding atmosphere by only making a change to the triangle. What might we do?



Mark Sherman Not a trick question (and of course there isn't one "right" answer).

Markus Pfeil we slightly tilt it...

Andrew Kyle McGregor Play with the curvature of the lines or add a stroke and play with that.

Enrique Enriquez

Leonora Carrington: Britain's Lost Surrealist | TateShots

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player\\_embedded&v=lqXePrSE1R0](https://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player_embedded&v=lqXePrSE1R0)

Featuring rare archive footage, this short film follows Leonora Carrington's cousin and journalist, Joanna Moorhead, exploring the artist's story.

Leonora Carrington was one of the most prolific members of the Surrealist movement. After rejecting her upper-class upbringing in northern England, Carrington embarked upon a relationship with Surrealist artist Max Ernst, and became central in the Surrealist circles of France and New York.

After hanging out with celebrated names such as Andre Breton and Pablo Picasso, the artist then moved to Mexico where she spend the rest of her life painting, as well as making sculpture, tapestry, writing poetry and designing for theatre and film.

This film is republished with kind permission by The Guardian.

The Vergnano Tarot was published in Turin (Italy) around 1830. In 2014 this precious deck was reprinted by RINASCIMENTO ITALIAN ART in a limited edition of 500 numbered copies, under the direction of italian historian Giordano Berti.

The Deluxe box was realized by art designer Letizia Rivetti. This interview to american Tarot scholar Ferol Humphrey was realized by George Liam Steptoe for the webzine New York City Lens.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=38dhfvtlbOc&feature=share>

<https://rinascimentoitalianartenglish.wordpress.com/vergnano-tarot-1830/>

## VERGNANO TAROT 1830



This beautiful model, created around 1830, marks the beginning of the “Golden Age” of the piedmontese Tarot. In 1832, during the second exhibition of the products of industry and commerce organized in Turin, in the Castello del Valentino, the Vergnano family received an “honorable mention” for the quality of their Tarot. This beautiful Tarot was copied systematically by other card printers, also outside the Kingdom of Piedmont.



## Contents

The Vergnano Tarot, although very similar to the Tarot so-called “of Marseille”, have many particular details, different for style and content.

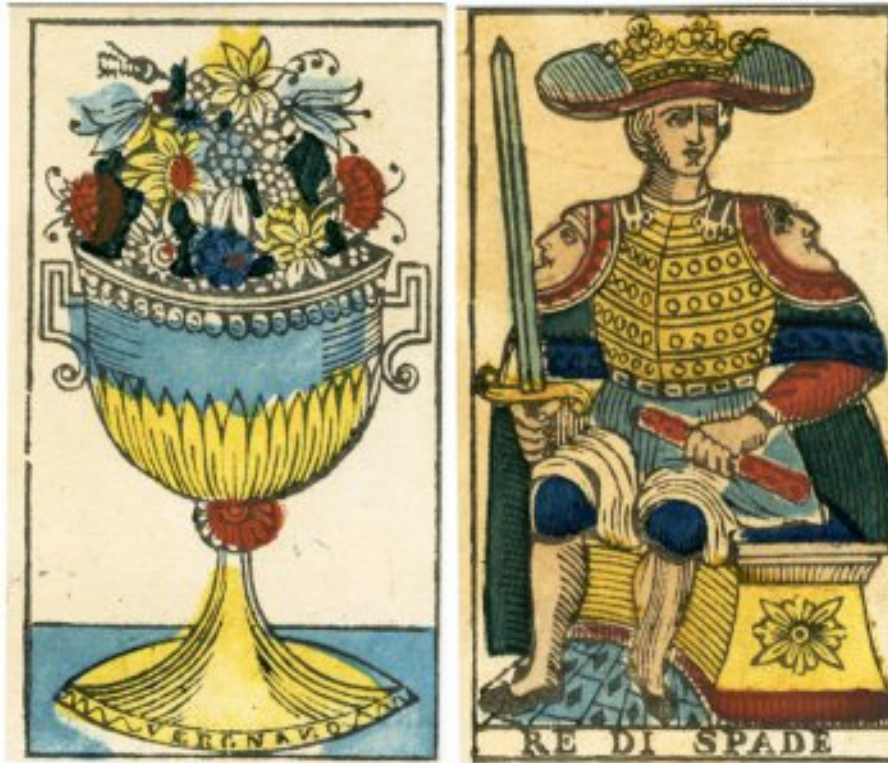


Bagatto Dodal Conver Vergnano

Typical of this deck, as the next Tarot of Piedmont, is the Fool, dressed in baggy pants, chasing a butterfly. The Magician has on the table the tools of the shoemaker. The Devil has an animal face that rises from the abdomen. The Ace of Cups is a vase full of flowers and fruits. The Knight of Coins has a turban on his head. The Knight of Swords resembles a warrior Hussar. The King of Swords and the Knight of Wands have a wonderful and absolutely unusual clothing.







All the characters are delineated with a sign clean but vigorous. Sherryl Smith writes, “the figures are pleasant, friendly faces and have an air of quiet confidence.”

The primary colors are red, blue and yellow with a little ‘green. The back is a set of dotted lines blue.

#### ESSENTIAL HISTORY

The deck was reprinted in 2014: a print absolutely faithful to the original, in a limited edition of 500 copies, numbered and handsigned.

To 78 cards is added a warranty card with the serial number and the signature of the curator, historian Giordano Berti, who also wrote the booklet that accompanies the deck.

The cards are sold in an elegant book-shaped box invented by art designer Letizia Rivetti, handmade by “RINASCIMENTO – Italian Style Art”.

The exterior of the box is in green marbled paper with gold inserts. The interior is lined in velvet.



#### TECHNICAL NOTES

Publisher: Araba Fenice, Italia, 2014

Curator: Giordano Berti

Limited edition: 500 copie, numbered and handsigned

Deck: 78 cards + 1 warranty with number and handsign by gGiordano Berti

Dimension of the cards: 115×68 mm

Artbox: invented by art designer Letizia Rivetti.

Packaging: "RINASCIMENTO – Italian Style Art". Book-shaped box. Handcraft production. Velvet interior. Exterior in green marbled paper with gold inserts.

Booklet: written by Giordano Berti. 24 pages in black-and-white with historical information on this deck; semi-rigid cover; size 80 × 134 mm.

Available languages:

Italian, by Giordano Berti

English, translation by Vic Berti

Portuguese, tradução de Michele Serinolli.

<http://tarot-heritage.com/2015/02/11/tarocchi-vergnano-an-historic-tarot-from-piedmont/>



## Tarocchi Vergnano: An Historic Tarot from Piedmont

by Sherryl E. Smith on February 11, 2015

### Tarocchi Vergnano Fool and Ace of Cups

Giordano Berti, creator of a facsimile 15th-century Sola Busca deck, has made another treasure available to collectors — a very beautiful 19th-century Piedmont-style deck.

The Piedmont region of Italy has a vigorous, centuries-long tradition of tarot deck production. Its unique spin on the Tarot de Marseille is documented back to the late 18th century. In 1832, card maker Stefano Vergnano of Turin was honored by the Chamber of Commerce for the quality of his playing cards. Berti's deck re-creates a Vergnano tarot deck printed at that time.

The deck is housed in a sturdy, corrugated cardboard box that opens like a book and is covered with paper marbled in olive green and gold, with metallic gold flecks. A small version of the Fool card sits on the cover. The inside cover is lined with gold paper, and a miniature Ace of Coins seals a green ribbon in place. This is one of the few decks in my collection where I can say I get as much pleasure from the container as I do from the deck itself.

The cards are 2.75 by 4.5 inches (6.8 by 11.5 cm) printed on smooth, creamy card stock. The printed lines are strong and clear. The colors were carefully applied with very little splotching outside the lines. Vergnano produced a quality product that undoubtedly cost more than the average deck of cards in his day.

**Tarocchi Vergnano cards** The cards have all the characteristics we look for in Piemontese decks, such as the Fool with his puffy pants and butterfly, the Bagatto's cobbler's tools, the Devil with a face in his abdomen, and the Ace of Cups as a bowl of flowers. [Click here](#) for a list of the unique details in Piemontese-style trumps.

The court cards have pleasant, friendly faces and an air of serene confidence. The pips have clean, graceful lines. The overall color scheme is red, blue and yellow with some green. The deep colors have a mellow, aged feel.

The deck comes with a 22-page booklet giving background information on tarot in Piedmont, and the Vergnano family of card makers. There's also a card signed and numbered by Berti.

Vergnano cards can be seen in:

*Il Castello dei Tarocchi*, edited by Andrea Vitali, published by Lo Scarabeo, 2010, pages 126 and 145

*The Encyclopedia of Tarot*, Stuart Kaplan, Volume II, page 352

The Vergnano Tarot 1830 Facebook page has photos of the cards and box, with ordering information.

With the exchange rate and shipping to the USA in early 2015, the total cost was about \$100. This beautiful work of art is worth every penny.

Want to know more about Piedmont and its unique style of tarot decks?

Pip Trump Club 9 April 1, 2015

Luca Shivendra Om

"{ The Perfect Bartender } Mix. Shake. Serve"



Markus Pfeil She mixes the drink. You take it like a man and it ruins your throat. They sing your praise ever after in your pub.

Enrique Enriquez

"There are no "correct" readings. Only reproductions and possibilities."

<http://lithub.com/i-look-to-theory-only-when-i-realize-that-somebody-has-dedicated-their-entire-life-to-a-question-i-have-only-fleeting-considered/>

```
1
1
2
6
30
240
3120
65520
2227680
122522400
10904493600
1570247078400
365867569267200
137932073613734400
84138564904377984000
8304476360621070208000
132422487406311849122176000
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143281409768152094606849339904000
969298737081548922410251278450560000
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I Look to Theory Only When I Realize That Somebody Has Dedicated Their Entire Life to a Question I Have Only Fleeting Considered By Kenneth Goldsmith

I used to be an artist; then I became a poet; then a writer. Now when asked, I simply refer to myself as a word processor.

Writing should be as effortless as washing the dishes and as interesting.

Hunter S. Thompson retyped Hemingway & Fitzgerald novels. He said, I just want to know what it feels like to write these words.

Obama regularly copies his speechwriters' work out in longhand on legal pads in pencil: It helps organize my thoughts, he says.

If you're not making art with the intention of having it copied, you're not really making art for the twenty-first century.

From producer to reproducer.

The internet is destroying literature (and it's a good thing). Plagiarism is necessary, Lautréamont insisted. Progress implies it. Authenticity is another form of artifice.

It is possible to be both inauthentic and sincere.

The moment you stand up in front of people, you are no longer authentic.

The telling of a true story is an unnatural act.

Conceptual writing is political writing; it just prefers to use someone else's politics.

I always had mixed feelings about being considered a poet. If Robert Lowell is a poet, I don't want to be a poet. If Robert Frost was a poet, I don't want to be a poet. If Socrates was a poet, I'll consider it.

A child could do what I do, but wouldn't dare to for fear of being called stupid.

Futurism made flesh, Barry Bonds is a lovechild of William S. Burroughs ("We ourselves are machines") and Warhol ("I want to be a machine").

REPORTER: How do you feel when you are greeted by a resounding chorus of boos when you step on the field?

BARRY BONDS: I turn it into a symphony. Gravitas is obsolete.

Boring & long-winded writings encourage a kind of effortless non-understanding, a language in which reading itself seems perfectly redundant.



The internet is of no relevance at all to writing fiction, which expresses verities only found through observation & introspection, said Will Self.

Jonathan Franzen famously wrote portions of *The Corrections* wearing a blindfold and earplugs to reduce disruptions.

Jonathan Franzen is America's greatest novelist... of the fifties. The new memoir is our browser history.

Writers are becoming curators of language, a move similar to the emergence of the curator as artist in the visual arts.

Sampling and citation are but boutique forms of appropriation. Remixing is often mistaken for appropriation.

Our poetry has eerily begun to resemble data trails.

Poetry is an evacuated and orphaned space, begging to be repurposed. The new poetry will look nothing like the old.

The internet is the greatest poem ever written, unreadable mostly because of its size.

An article in *China Daily* refers to a young worker who copied a dozen novels, signed his name, and published a collection of "his works."

Alphanumeric code, indistinguishable from writing, is the medium by which the internet has solidified its grip on literature.

The future of writing is the managing of emptiness. The future of writing is pointing.

The future of writing is not writing. The future of reading is not reading.

The human entity formerly known as “the reader.”

John Cage and Morton Feldman in 1966–1967. Feldman was complaining about being at the beach, annoyed as hell by transistor radios blaring out rock and roll, and Cage responded, You know how I adjusted to that problem of the radio in the environment? Very much as the primitive people adjusted to the animals which frightened them, and which, probably as you say, were intrusions. They made, drew pictures of them on their caves. And so I simply made a piece using radios. Now whenever I hear radios—even a single one, not just twelve at a time, as you must have heard on the beach, at least—I think, well, they’re just playing my piece.

The writers’ desk is beginning to resemble a laboratory or small business office rather than the contemplative study it once was.

A good poem is very boring. In a perfect world all sentences would have that overall sameness, said Tan Lin.

Yohji Yamamoto: Start copying what you love. Copy, copy, copy. And at the end of the copy, you will find yourself.

Cory Doctorow on copying: It’s not a bug. It’s a feature.

Bob Dylan on appropriation: Wussies and pussies complain about it.

The regulation of intellectual property is a euphemized form of corporate control—and a futile one at that, said Barbara Kruger.

They spoke of the idea that in China new books are written and inserted into extant canons. There are ten Harry Potter books in the Chinese series as opposed to the seven penned by J.K. Rowling.

Individual creativity is a dogma of contemporary soft capitalism, rather than the domain of nonconformist artists: fiction is everywhere.

We don't need the new sentence. The old sentence reframed is good enough.

Today's plagiarism and copyright battles are to the twenty-first century what the obscenity trials were to the twentieth.

At Tony Oursler's retrospective at the Williams College Museum of Art, upstairs, buried deep within the galleries, the artist had set up a microphone into which anyone could step up and speak. What they said would be broadcast into the entrance atrium of the museum. There were no restrictions on what you could say, only a small note reminding the speaker to be sensitive of others and a gentle suggestion to refrain from swearing. When it was my turn, I said in my clearest and most radio-like voice, "May I have your attention. May I have your attention. The museum is now closing. Please make your way to the exit. Thank you for visiting." Although it was hours away from closing time, I repeated the announcement again and saw, in the video monitor that was provided, people streaming toward the exit. Again, I made my announcement. At once, a frantic, elderly guard came running up to me, grabbed my arm, and said, "You're not allowed to say that!" When I told him that there was nothing prohibiting me from saying it, he again told me that I wasn't allowed. "Why?" I asked. "Because it's not true," he replied. "You must stop saying that right now." Of course I repeated my announcement once again. This poor man was really struggling with what to do with me. He knew that while I wasn't breaking any real laws, by questioning the institution's authority I was breaking an unwritten social contract.

There are no "correct" readings. Only reproductions and possibilities.

Literary criticism is too closely intertwined with newspaper journalism. Book reviewers are usually newspapermen who fancy themselves literary critics. Obsessed with journalistic notions of verifiable sources and verity, it's no wonder that the writing world's notions of plagiarism in the digital age are so stuck.

Being well-enough known to be pirated is a crowning achievement. Most artists want first and foremost to be loved and secondly to make history; money is a distant third.

Information is like a bank. Our job is to rob that bank.

The idea of recycling language is politically and ecologically sustainable, one which promotes reuse and reconditioning as opposed to the manufacture and consumption of the new.

We don't read anymore; instead, we skim, parse, bookmark, copy, paste, and forward language.

We spend much more time acquiring, cataloging, and archiving our artifacts these days than we do actually engaging with them. The ways in which culture is distributed and archived has become profoundly more intriguing than the cultural artifact itself. As a result, we've experienced an inversion of consumption, preferring the bottles to the wine.

Interest has shifted from the object to the information.

People insist upon self-expression. I really am opposed to it. I don't think people should express themselves in that kind of way.

If you do something wrong for long enough people will eventually think of it as right.

The necessity of bad transcription: working to make sure that the pages in the book matched the way the high-school typist had transcribed them, right down to the last spelling mistake. I wanted to do a "bad book," just the way I'd done "bad movies" and "bad art," because when you do something exactly wrong, you always turn up something, said Andy Warhol.

The act of moving information from one place to another constitutes a significant cultural act in and of itself. Some of us call this poetry.

Toward a disengaged poetics: writing books without the need to have any relationship with the subject that we're writing about.

Our writings are now identical to writings which already exist. The only thing we do is claim them as our own. With that simple gesture, they become completely different from the originals.

I am a dumb writer, perhaps one of the dumbest that's ever lived. Whenever I have an idea, I question whether it is sufficiently dumb. I ask myself, is it possible that this, in any way, could be considered smart? If the answer is no, I proceed. I don't write anything new or original. I copy pre-existing texts and move information from one place to another.



Quantity, not quality. With larger numbers of things, judgment decreases and curiosity increases.

Words now function less for people than for expediting the interaction and concatenation of machines.

In China, after I had finished giving a lengthy talk about conceptual poetics, plagiarism, and writing in the digital age, an elderly woman in the audience raised her hand and said, But Professor Goldsmith. You didn't discuss your relationship to Longfellow.

Translation is the ultimate humanist gesture. Polite and reasonable, it is an overly cautious bridge builder. Always asking for permission, it begs understanding and friendship. It is optimistic yet provisional, pinning all hopes on a harmonious outcome. In the end, it always fails, for the discourse it sets forth is inevitably off-register; translation is an approximation of discourse.

Displacement is rude and insistent, an unwashed party crasher: uninvited and poorly behaved, refusing to leave. Displacement revels in disjunction, imposing its meaning, agenda, and mores on whatever situation it encounters. Not wishing to placate, it is uncompromising, knowing full well that through stubborn insistence it will ultimately prevail. Displacement has all the time in the world. Beyond morals, self-appointed, and taking possession because it must, displacement acts simply—and simply acts.

Unfortunately “creative writing” is very much alive, but I’m doing my best to try to kill it.

The beauty of misfiling.

A new ecstasy of language has emerged, one of algorithmic rationality and machine worship; one intent on flattening difference: meaning and nonsense, code and poetry, ethics and morality, the necessary and the frivolous. Literature is now approaching the zero degree of blunt expediency—a thrilling, almost Darwinian opportunism in action. Writing, it appears, at this scale at least, is dead.

Easy is the new difficult. It is difficult to be difficult, but it is even more difficult to be easy.

The reconception of art as networked power, not content, is the true death of the author.

At this point in time, it's hard to verify authenticity, singularity, or proper sources for anything. Instead, in our digital world all forms of culture have assumed the characteristics of dance music and versioning, where so many hands have touched and refined these products that we no longer know, nor care, who the author is—or was.

At the Iowa Writers' Workshop recently, they were experiencing a crisis. The remoteness of the location traditionally offered the writer two choices: either look into thy heart or look to nature. But once they had the internet, they began looking into the screen, thereby able to escape the confines of their binaries.

The idea of celebrities adopting art strategies. They are so bored with their "creative" acts that they're ready to be uncreative.

The recent durational performance pieces by Jay-Z, Tilda Swinton, and The National are making boring mainstream. Soon, we'll have to find another line of work.

Acting is plagiarism.

I had never heard of Shia LaBeouf until he started quoting me extensively on the web, claiming my words as his own, claiming me as his collaborator.

Normally when these kind of scandals break what we see is a James Frey—going out and apologizing; he's shamed and everybody's shamed. LaBeouf plagiarized and instead of apologizing, he decided to tap into the vast body of strategies around free culture that have been developed really over the last hundred years, and used that as a defense.

Today, we face what I will call the LaBeoufian moment: the limiting point at which all art based on questioning authorship is pointless.

But what must it become? What is art post-LaBeouf ?

Just before a reading at the White House, Obama passed through the green room where we were sitting. He stopped, looked at us, pointed a finger and said smilingly, "You guys behave." Suddenly, the voice of god boomed, "Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States." As he was about to

take the stage, he turned heel and popped his head back into the room, stared at us and said, “No. You guys are artists. Misbehave.”

Nam June Paik said once that the internet is for everybody who doesn’t live in New York City.

I always joke with my students that poetry couldn’t possibly be as hard as they think it is, because if it were as hard as they think it is, poets wouldn’t do it. Really, they’re the laziest, stupidest people I know. They became poets in part because they were demoted to that job, right? You should never tell your students to write what they know because, of course, they know nothing: they’re poets! If they knew something, they’d be in that discipline actually doing it: they’d be in history or physics or math or business or whatever it is where they could excel, said Christian Bök.

Getting it wrong is a privilege that happens only after you get it right.

There is freedom on the margins. We’ve become interested in practices that exist on the edges of culture where there is little light, those which revel in the unpoliced freedom of what’s permitted to happen in the shadows, where few people bother to look. Why would artists rush to the hot white center?

Auto-tune your next book of poems.

Overwhelmed by so many requests to blurb books, I began a system of conceptual blurbing. I say to an author, write or steal the blurb of your dreams and sign my name to it. I don’t wish to see it until I receive the book. That way, I can be surprised just like anyone else by what I’ve “written.”

Love art. Hate the art world.

The art world is cleaved between the market and the academy. A third way: become your own self-invented institution.

When the art world can produce something as compelling as Twitter, we’ll start paying attention to it again.

The gallery and museum world feels too slow, out of touch with the rest of culture, like an antiques market: highly priced, unique objects at a time when value is in the multiple, the many, the distributed, the democratic. In this way, the art world is quickly making itself irrelevant. Soon, no one will care.

Sometimes I feel that guys sitting in cubicles understand contemporary culture better than most curators and critics do.

To construct a career based on the ephemerality of the meme is at once thrilling and terrifying.

What if the poetic has left the poem in the same way that Elvis has left the building? Long after the limo pulled away, the audience was still in the arena, screaming for more, but poetry escaped out the back door and onto the internet, where it is taking on new forms that look nothing like poetry. Poetry as we know it—the penning of sonnets or free verse on a printed page—feels more akin to the practice of throwing pottery or weaving quilts, artisanal activities that continue in spite of their marginality and cultural irrelevance. Instead, meme culture is producing more extreme forms of modernism than modernism ever dreamed of.

Artists may be crazy or terribly uninformed about their practices, but they are never wrong.

When artists become accountable for ethics in their practice, they fall under the same scrutiny—and are held to the same moral standards—as politicians and bankers, a regrettable situation.

If I raised my kids the way I write my books, I'd have been thrown in jail long ago.

In the digital age, how odd that many prefer to still act like original geniuses instead of unoriginal geniuses.

Before going on the show, Stephen Colbert stopped into the green room to chat. His mother had recently passed away, and the night before, he went on the air and became so overwhelmed with emotion that he couldn't speak. So he just sat there in complete silence for what seemed like an eternity. When I mentioned how moving and how unusual his use of silence was, he stated how important it was to employ dead air in media. He recalled hearing an innovative radio show when he was a child that aired a full hour of dead silence, most likely as a prank. But it changed his life, he claimed, and he became dedicated to using silence in mainstream media. He then told me how much he



enjoyed my book and the uncreative writing that was used to construct it. He paused for a moment, cocked his head, and said, referring to himself, But that guy out there on the set is going to hate it.

Short attention span is the new silence.

Every word I say is stupid and false. All in all, I am a pseudo, said Marcel Duchamp.

Beckett in 1984 on Duchamp's readymades: A writer could not do that.

I recently was in a public conversation with my dear friend Christian Bök. If I am the dumbest poet that's ever lived, then Christian is the smartest. His projects are very complicated, taking years to complete. During our talk, Christian went on at length about a project he's been working on for the past decade, one which involves basically giving himself a PhD in genetics. In order to compose two little poems, he had to learn to write computer programs which went through something like eight million combinations of possible letters before hitting on the right ones. And then he injected these poems into a strand of DNA, which was ultimately designed to outlive the extinguishing of the sun. The whole thing involves working with laboratories and has cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. Christian is super-articulate—really more like a robot than a person—and had the audience's head spinning. When my turn to speak came, all I could muster was: ...and I transcribe traffic reports.

There's nothing that cannot be called "writing" no matter how much it might not look like "writing."

All text is used, soiled, and worn. All language presenting itself as new is recycled. No word is virginal; no word is innocent.

Bertolt Brecht said, I wish that they would graft an additional device onto the radio—one that would make it possible to record and archive for all time, everything that can be communicated by radio. Later generations would then have the chance of seeing with amazement how an entire population—by making it possible to say what they had to say to the whole world—simultaneously made it possible for the whole world to see that they had absolutely nothing to say.

Any paper today is a collective work of art, a daily "book" of industrial man, an Arabian Night's entertainment in which a thousand and one astonishing tales are being told by an anonymous narrator to an equally anonymous audience, said Marshall McLuhan a half century ago.

My muse is the fluorescent tube. It is cold and affectless; unflattering and functional; bland and neutral; it flattens all it touches; it is harsh and ugly; industrial and efficient; cheap and economical; ubiquitous, universal, and global.

Like morality, politics seems an unavoidable condition when engaging in the reframing of language and discourse.

Innovate only as a last resort, said Charles Eames.

Writers try too hard to express themselves. We're working with loaded material. How can language—any language—be anything but expressive?

In a time when cultural materials are abundantly available on our networks, there is no turning back: appropriation and plagiarism are here to stay, but it is our job to do it smarter.

Choosing to be a poet is like choosing to have cancer. Why would anyone ever choose to be a poet?

I had gotten in the door when no one was looking. I was in there now and there was nothing anybody could, from then on, do about it, said Bob Dylan.

INTERVIEWER: In an interview with Michael Palmer, he testifies that he prefers writing by hand over typing because the former is a more intimate physical experience. How do you feel about doing everything by computer?

GOLDSMITH: I honestly think Palmer's statement is the most idiotic thing I've ever heard. He must be living in a cave.

Writing on an electronic platform is not only writing, but also doubles as archiving; the two processes are inseparable.

Linearity is prescriptive; lineage is subjective.

After giving a reading in Los Angeles, another reader on the bill came up to me and exclaimed, “But you didn’t write a word you spoke tonight!” It was true.

The author’s biography, the back jacket copy, the publisher’s list, the acknowledgments, the dedications, and the Library of Congress information are all more interesting than the part of the book that’s supposed to be read.

Somehow during Christmastime in a small house crammed with extended family, reading the Sunday paper is acceptable, but reading a book is considered antisocial and rude. Many times I’ve been asked while reading, “Is everything alright?”

Driving down a Los Angeles boulevard, a billboard was legible from a half-mile away. It said one or two words. In Los Angeles, people are used to reading single words, very large at far distances, and passing by them very quickly. It’s totally the opposite in New York where we get our information by reading a newspaper over somebody’s shoulder on the subway.

Pointing at the best information trumps creating the best information.

Pre-loading—constructing a flawless writing machine before the writing starts—alleviates the burden of success or failure, mitigates the ego, and annuls the small-mindedness of authorship that invariably comes with more conventional modes of writing.

The moral weightlessness of art.

Many years ago, on the way to England to work on a museum project, I was seated in the plane next to a young man who was a classical lute player. We got to talking and I asked him what he was listening to on his Discman. He showed me the CD and began to talk about the music. It was a collection of a minor composer’s music played from transcriptions of broadsides that were sold on the street for pennies in the Middle Ages. The composer, however, was clever and included beautifully hand-drawn images on his scores. Over the ages, they were framed and preserved, not so much because of the music, but because of how beautiful and distinctive they were as objects. While his peer’s music—printed and distributed in the same form without decoration—vanished, this composer’s scores remain as the only examples of the genre. By default, they are now considered classics.

We don’t really seem to believe that copyright exists, nor do we particularly care.

If you make something good and interesting and not ridiculing someone or being offensive, the creators of the original material will like it, said Christian Marclay about not clearing any permissions for *The Clock*.

W.G. Sebald's advice to creative writing students: I can only encourage you to steal as much as you can. No one will ever notice.

A new metric for poetry: text by the square inch.

A new metric for literature: not the line, sonnet, paragraph, or chapter but the database.

A new metric for appropriation: not the object, but the oeuvre. How much did you say that paragraph weighed?

Contemporary writing is a practice that lies somewhere between constructing a Duchampian readymade and downloading an MP3.

Poetry is an underutilized resource waiting to be exploited. Because it has no remunerative value, it's liberated from the orthodoxies that constrain just about every other art form. It's one of the great liberties of our field—perhaps one of the last artistic fields with this privilege. Poetry is akin to the position that conceptual art once held: radical in its production, distribution, and democratization. As such, it is obliged to take chances, to be as experimental as it can be. Since it's got nothing to lose, it stirs up passions and emotions that, say, visual art hasn't in half a century. There's still a fight. Why would anyone play it safe in poetry?

Life can only imitate the web, and the web itself is only a tissue of signs, a lost, infinitely remote imitation.

When asked at the end of his life how it was being an artist, Jean Dubuffet said, I feel like I've been on vacation for the past forty years.

Kenneth Goldsmith



Kenneth Goldsmith is a poet and critic. He teaches at the University of Pennsylvania and is a senior editor at PennSound. In 2013, he was appointed the Museum of Modern Art's first Poet Laureate.

Shelley Ruelle Thank you for this. I really enjoyed reading it.

Camelia Elias Some good thoughts here, but the level of wankering kills the possibility of energy in this writing. I would send this guy on a Zen retreat. He would learn something about making a point even in this day of database.

Bonnie Cehovet Camelia - Thank you! You said that so much better than I could have! tongue emoticon

Camelia Elias LOL, Bonnie. Let me just say that I'm past the age of making bows without thinking first about what the hell I'm bowing to.

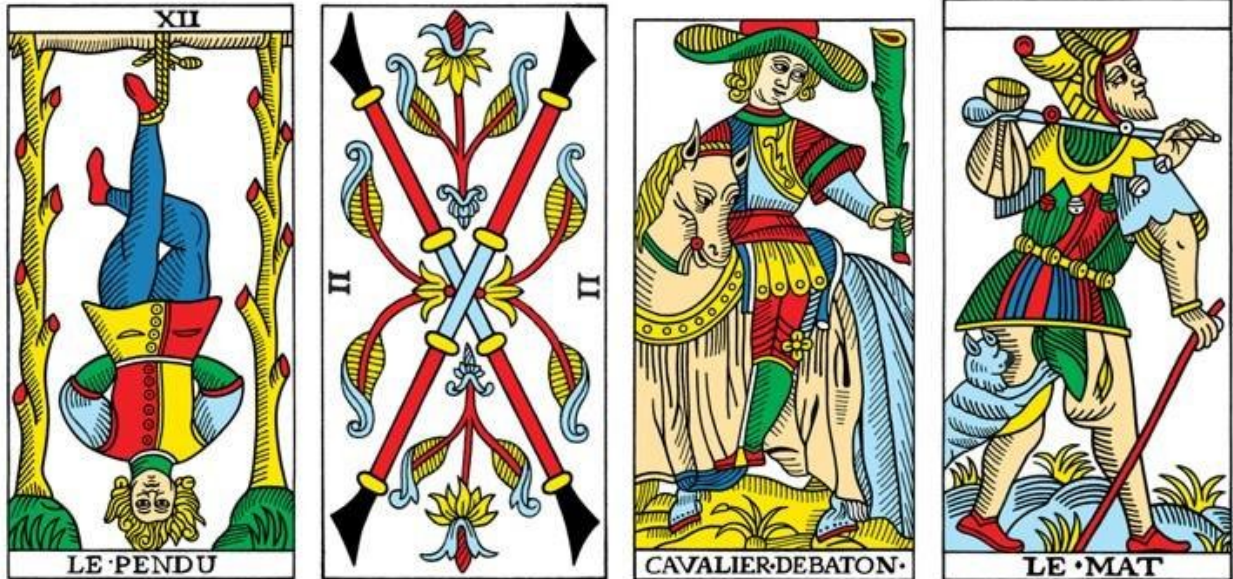
Bonnie Cehovet ROFLMAO!

Paul H Richard hear! hear!! Camelia! I made it about half way through this...and my mind shut off. At first I thought poorly of myself...then on reconsideration, I thought poorly of the "author" instead. Verbosity is not a sign of intelligent thought nor significant concepts.

Camelia Elias Verbosity has its place. When the author keeps going somewhere without really going anywhere, that's when I become suspicious. I don't like it when others waste my time without consideration of my space. I think this author wants to create space, but he forgets a few essential things, such as considering the fact that the best writing is the kind that places us in eternity, beyond time, beyond having to stretch our judgements to judgmental situations that end up with dismissal and a sense of waste. But that's my take on this, because I have certain expectations of this kind of writing. Others may swiftly go with the man's ideas without too much grief, and that's all fine from where I'm standing. The content is fine, but the form is poor.

Gunnar Andrésson

Some see no way out of the jungle, others take a branch, make a baton and fight their way out to new territories



Andrew Kyle McGregor



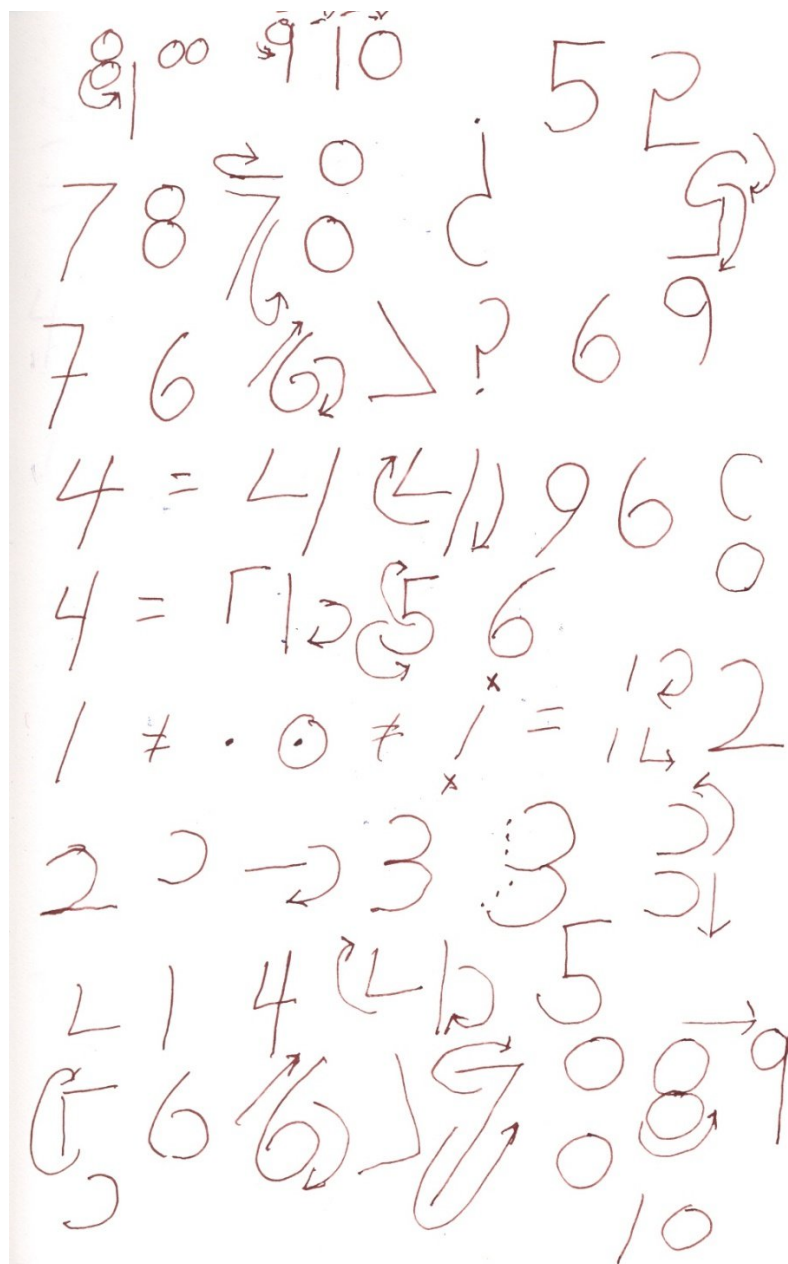
Lay aside your crown of thorns. Be sublime. Do not sublimate your wild heart to the petty wishes of those who are running away from history.

Timothy N. Evers I'm certain it has been talked about before, but there is something keeping me from enjoying Jodo's Marseille Tarot. It feels - like the RWS, for me - too much layered on. It showed up for prom, when everyone else was going to a wedding.

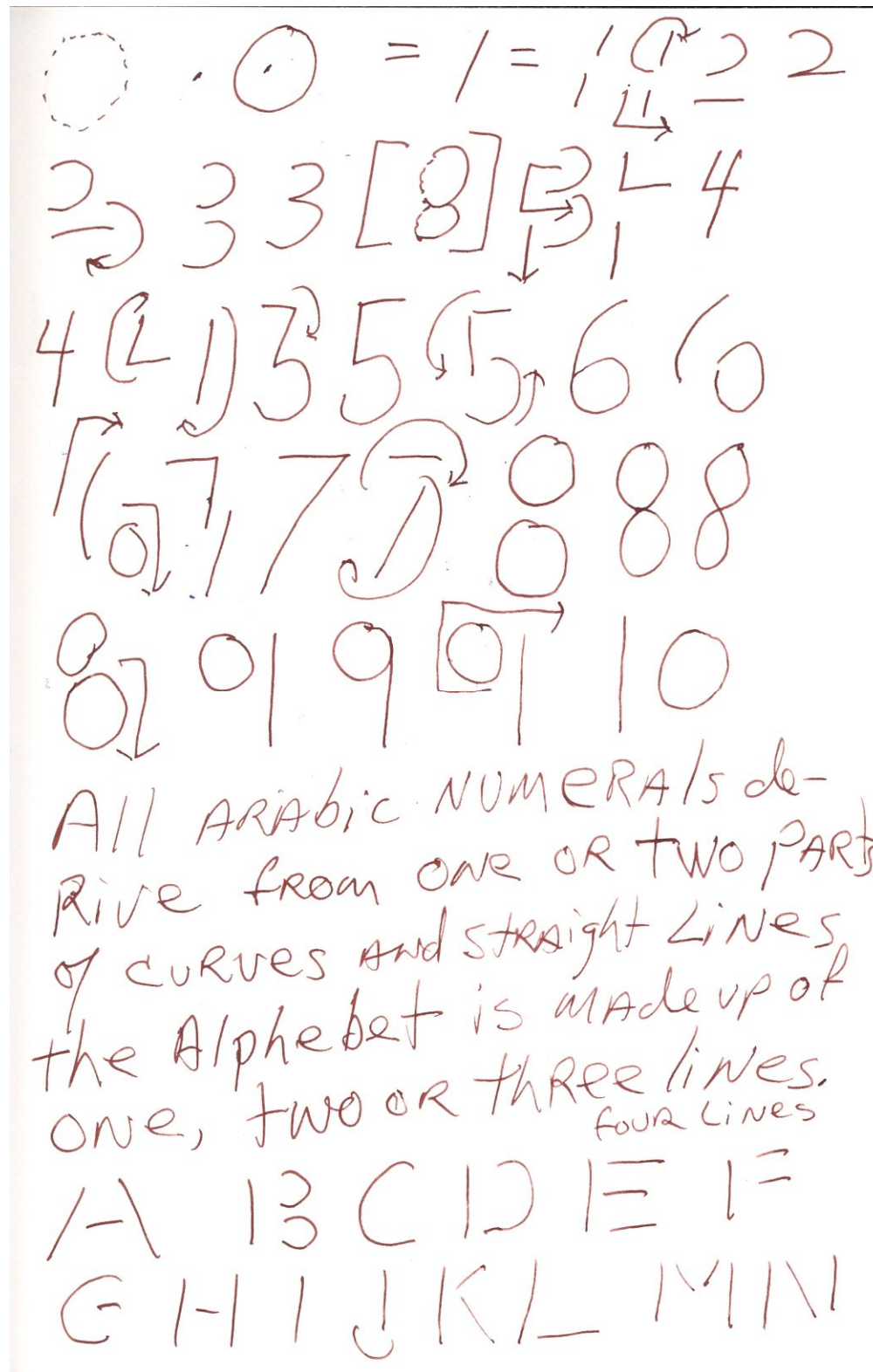
Paul H Richard Timothy which TdM do you prefer?

Timothy N. Evers Dodal, all the way.

Andrew Kyle McGregor Generally I use the Noblet but my travel deck is the majors from the variety myself. It helps me refocus on whichever one I am actually using.







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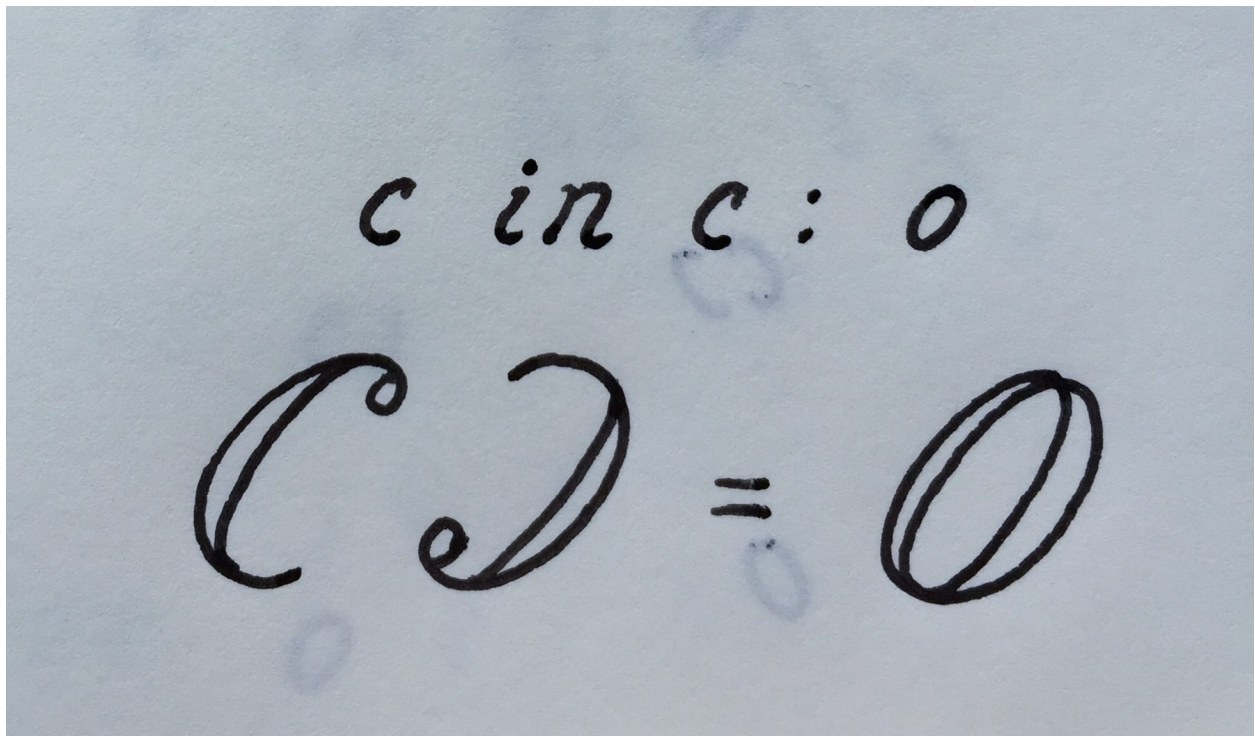
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E T O R Y

Paul Nagy

Thinking with lines and circles. How Arabic numerals generate into one another. Metamorphosis of two elements: manages the numbers. Halving the 1 [one] as | makes all the pips until 10 [ten]. Letters are more complex.

Enrique Enriquez I am very interested in this language, where forms are constraints (crucibles?) for their own ideas.

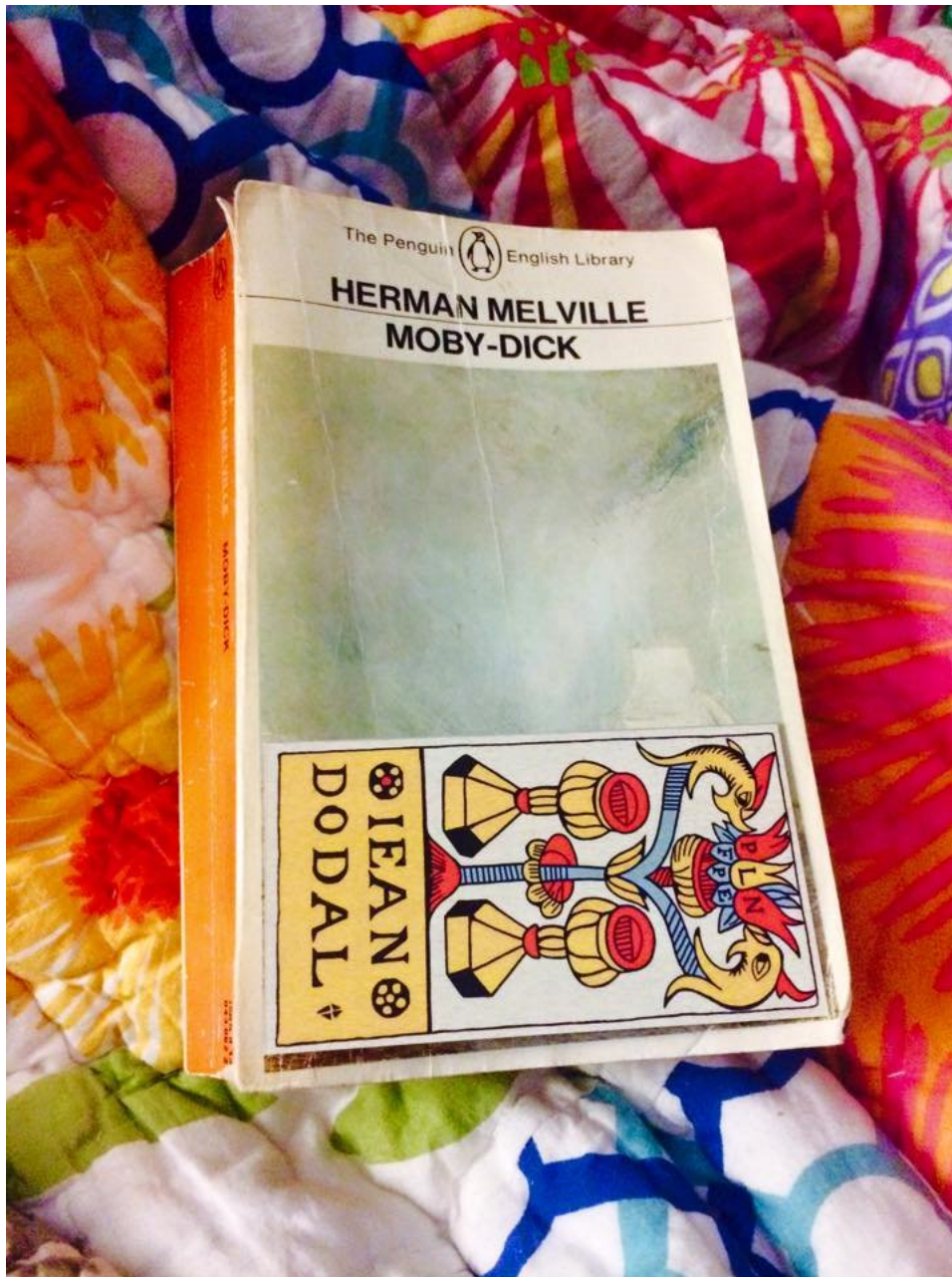




Pip Trump Club 9 April 1, 2015

Timothy N. Evers

Bloop bloop bloop bloop



Paul Nagy some fish are whales so can you shout underwater?

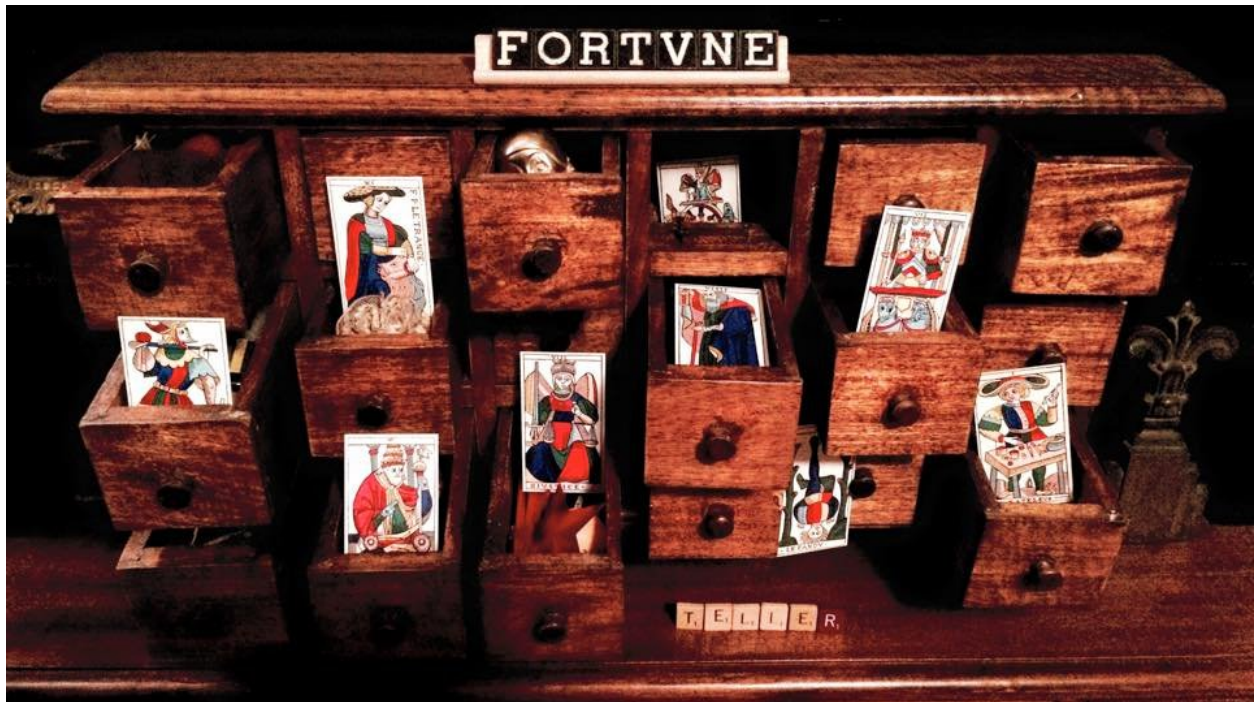
Elizabeth Cherry Owen the ultimate love story



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Timothy N. Evers

Orff.

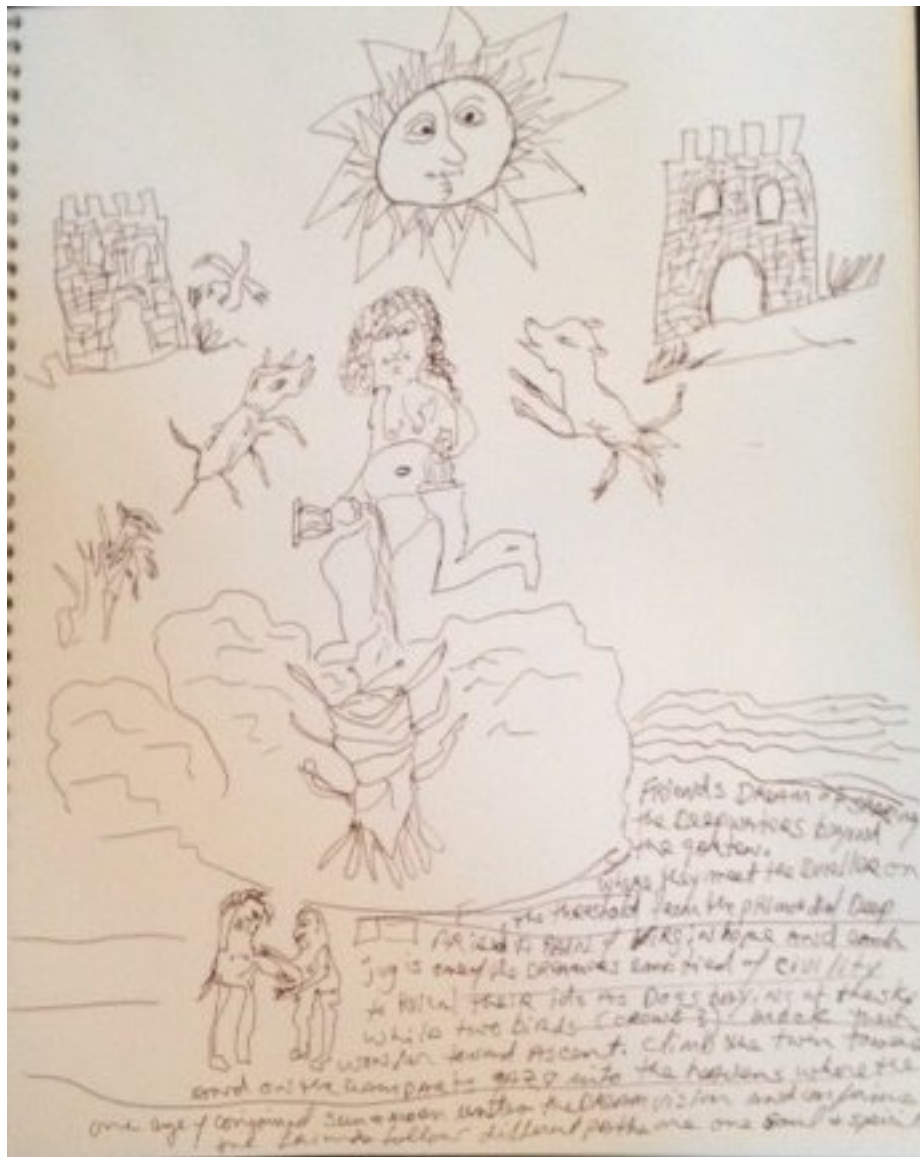


Paul Nagy Individualists surprised by a golden doll. Impersonate Meerkats



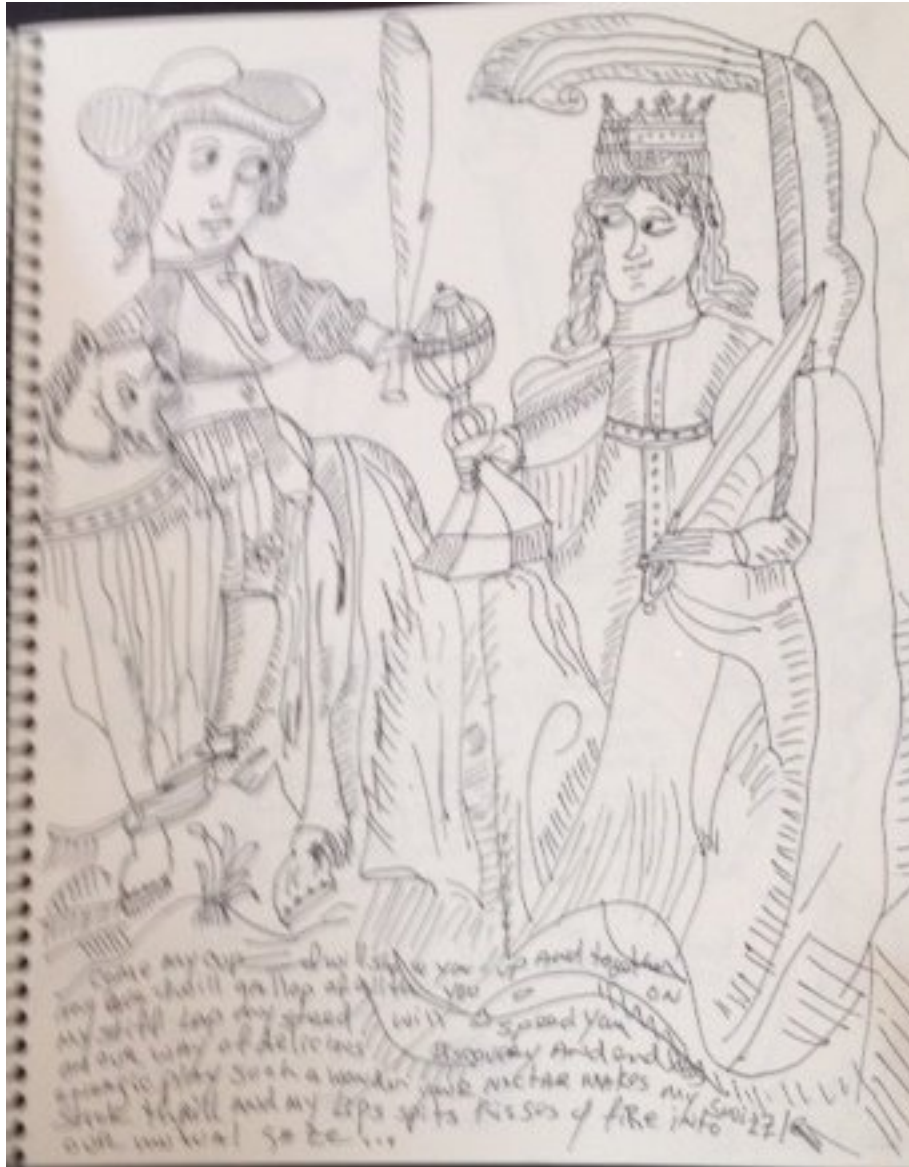
## Amalgam

Friends dream of sharing the deep waters beyond the garten. Where they meet the dweller on the threshold from the primordial deep, arise at rain of urgent hope and each jug is one of the dreamers emptied of civility to reveal their ids as dogs baying at the sky while two birds (crows?) mock their wonder toward ascent, climb the twin towers and on the ramparts gaze into the heavens where the one eye of conjoined sun and moon unites the dream vision and confirms the friends follow different paths are one in soul and spirit.



## Seated Flirtation

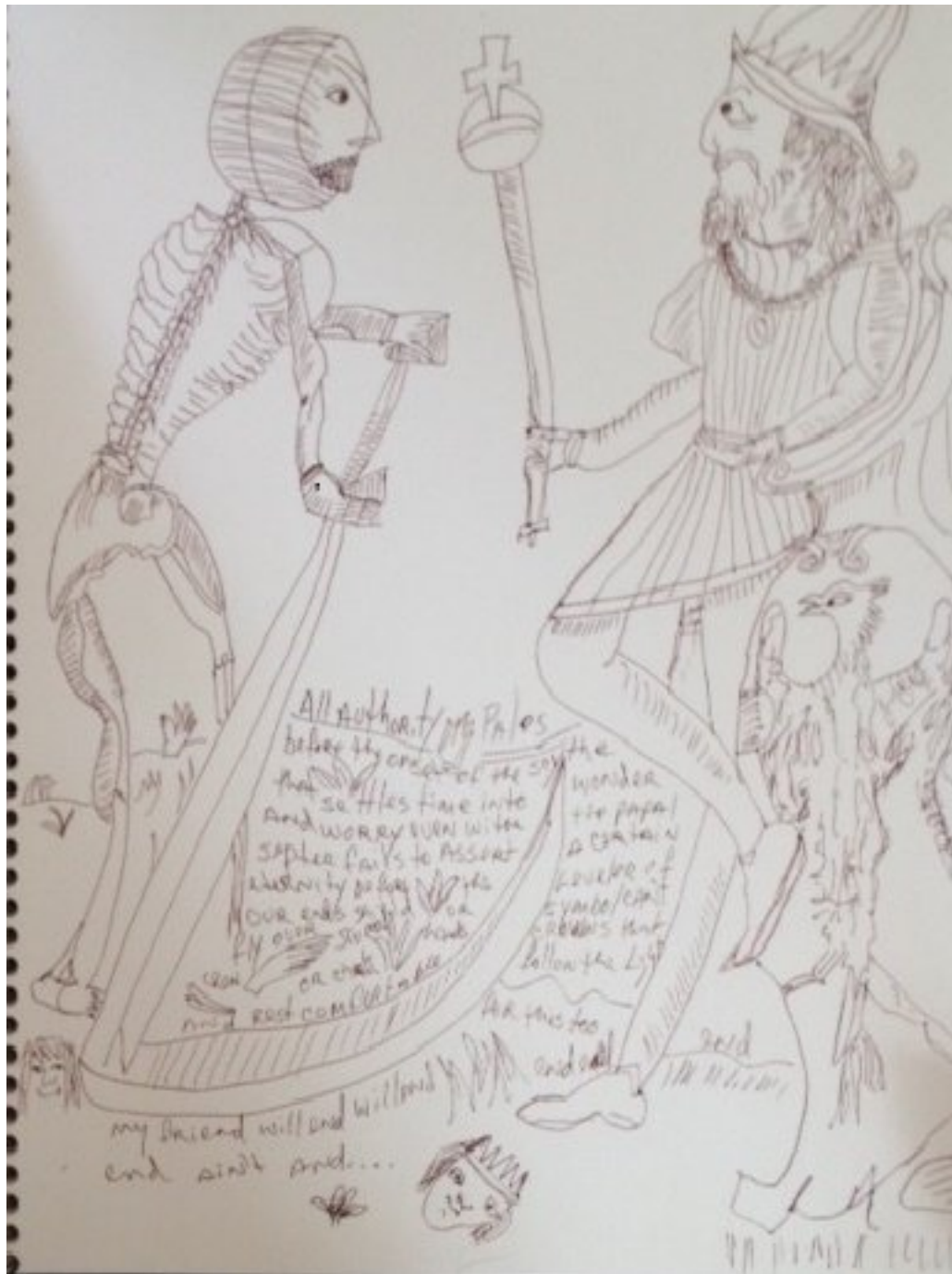
Come my cup, I will show you up and together my love I will gallop with you on my stiff lap my steed will speed you on our way of delicious discovery and endless energetic play, such a wonder your nectar wakes my swizzle stick thrill and my lips spit kisses of fire into our mutual gaze.





## Authority's End

All authority pales before the onset of the scythe that settles time into wonder and worry. Even when the palpable scepter fails to assert a certain paternity, eternity before the leveler of our ends. Shield or symbol can't fly over severed heads, crowns that crawl or creek follow the light and rest comfortable for this too, my friend, will end, will end, end end end end ain't and...



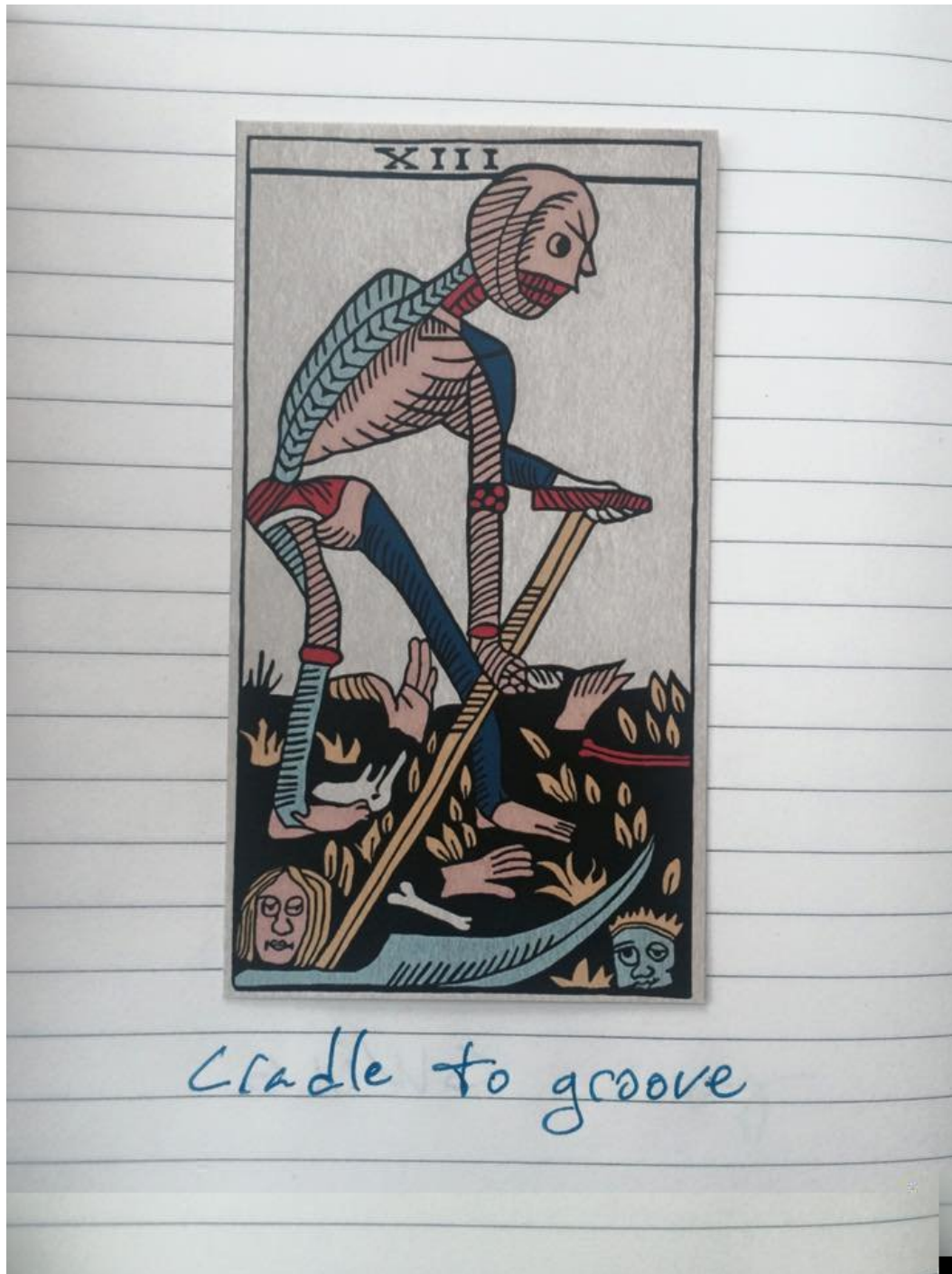


Timothy N. Evers



Paul Nagy ilk or milk; our udder in a fludder, or hanging the cheese ball.

Timothy N. Evers



Paul Nagy Our sacred hobbyhorse, roll them bones.

Timothy N. Evers Yes! La Mort is dancing, he ain't dying. He's got a tune to shake, rattle & roll.

Gunnar Andr sson last party-lion standin`n still goin strong

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Gunnar Andrésson

Poltergeist!



Paul Nagy Levitation as pirouette.

Ed Alvarez His hoo-hah is hanging out too!



Enrique Enriquez That dog is sublime. A squiggle sniffing its own butt.



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Timothy N. Evers

Pick a card. Any card. No, not that card.



Paul Nagy Is that devil ear-fucking the fellow in the tuxedo?

Timothy N. Evers Mr Hilliar does seem rather pleased.

Markus Pfeil Would not spelling dick-tate 'ere fucking?

Daniela Abend Hmmm...guess so Mr. Paul Nagy (thx for this inspiration wink emoticon )

Timothy N. Evers To think, I actually bought the book based on the cover. Speaks more about me than Mr Hilliar's predilections.

Enrique Enriquez

In this ideal text, the networks are many and interact, without any one of them being able to surpass the rest; this text is a galaxy of signifiers, not a structure of signifieds; it has no beginning; it is reversible; we gain access to it by several entrances, none of which can be authoritatively declared to be the main one; the codes it mobilizes extend *as far as the eye can reach*, they are undecidable (meaning here is never subject to a principle of determination, unless by throwing dice); the systems of meaning can take over this absolutely plural text, but their number is never closed, based as it is on the infinity of language. (12 / 5–6)

Roland Barthes

Timothy N. Evers I'm not sure I understand the dice reference. Determined by randomness?

Paul Nagy Randomness orders, commands, structures, a parade of words passing through gates of pronunciation, pauses, intonations, presents, homographs, [same spelling, different meanings] heterographs, [spelling in which the same letters represent different sounds in different words or syllables] homophones, [same pronunciation, different meaning] heterophones, [independent variation on a single sentence by two or more speakers, talkover] homonyms, [same pronunciation and spelling, different meanings] heteronyms [same spelling, different pronunciations and meanings], all for the possibility of dreaming...

Timothy N. Evers Motor boating the intangible.

Paul Nagy For Barthes the written text is a galaxy of signifiers rather than a structure of signifieds. The text has no beginning. It is reversible, and we gain access to it by several entrances, none of which can easily be declared to be the main one. Therefore there are no strict limits to the text, no serious beginning or ending, but rather there is an openness that only an arabesque may create. An arabesque does not rush from a beginning to a what is next ending, finitude and death, mortality in general, there of us begins in the idea of endlessness, of transcendence of the limited earthly existence, and of a movement towards an infinity of possibility, a potential eternal presence and everlasting repetition. The idea of a single beginning and a single and in an arabesque as an ornament makes no sense. For Barthes, instead of seeing a text is a classic plot triangle – an opening exposition, a conflict with a climax, and a resolution, – he understands narrative as a sort of constellation. It is this concept of constellation that comes close to the idea of an arabesque interweaving, as neither of the two notions implies a triadic plot structure or any other limited structure for that matter. An arabesque may always be extended further in its interweaving patterns, likewise, a constellation can constantly add new patterns to its mix of possibilities of intertextual similarities and contrasts. And even more interesting feature of an arabesque is the issue of how it different pieces dovetail, how they interlock, what sense and meaning is

generated at the seams, at places where they connect. Each such border of a text is a place of a particular significance, both because it is a place where connection is affected and where different pieces become independent – it is the place of connection and separation. Barthes's multivalence of text allows readers to see the text, not as a mere narrative flow, but rather as a constellation of interfering and overlapping meanings. Still, it should be said that his model, however attractive, cannot be easily and naturally applied to all classic narrative texts, at least not those that do not consciously imitate an arabesque structure. Perhaps an example of a subconscious approximation of literature to the construct of the arabesque may be a particular kind of fragmented poetic image seen in modern poetry, particularly in plays and their staging. This form of poetics also constructs texts on the principle of the series and combination of atomized segments, that is, fragments. The poetics of a Beckett makes sense here. It is always more or less style-generating and wonderful, and additional meaning is generated at places where those fragments meet and where different combinations, repetitions and differences are recognized. The reader becomes of the poet in associations. This style generating ability of fragmentation demonstrates that it is not an inherent feature of the text, but rather a new unique form of branching where one goes from image to story to meaning to life, inner dialogue and narrative. And here lies a wealth of unexplored issues of structure in any text or tarot card for that matter: what is the actual relationship between the repeated motifs, plots or types of characters? How do such repetitions influence the overall narrative structure in the structure of individual narrative levels or the concentric circles in which they appear? Can such repetitions always be recognized as mirror images, thus influencing one another retrospectively in prospectively? Just as in the case of or mental arabesque beauty and aesthetic impression always arise from the mystery of interference and never fully discern structure. Any text then is inherently a circle and is fully self-referential both in parts and wholes at the same time.

Todd Pratum What would Blake think...

Shelley Ruelle Ok, you'll love this. I was just thinking "where did I just read about Roland Barthes?" and convinced I had just read about him somewhere... sure enough it came to me. From the loo at Camelia's house (where there are the most amazing books to peruse), I borrowed 'The Literary Machine' by Italo Calvino. wink emoticon

Enrique Enriquez

Caroline Bergvall Seeing Through Languages

<http://channel.louisiana.dk/video/caroline-bergvall-seeing-through-languages>

Did you know that in French one has to spit out a cat, in order to clear one's throat? Poet Caroline Bergvall questions what languages do to the way we understand ourselves: "English speakers don't so much struggle with cats as with frogs."

"There are so many languages that I do not know, and therefore there are so many ways of communicating that I don't know anything about." London based French-Norwegian writer Caroline Bergvall (b. 1962) is a cross-disciplinary artist known for her multilingual and performance-oriented practices. In this video she reads from her poem 'Cropper' (2008) at Godsbanen in Aarhus, Denmark. Using the many meanings and associations of the word 'crop', Bergvall combines English, French and Norwegian. In English 'crop' is about breaking, interrupting or growing, while in Scandinavia 'crop' means 'body'. Thus 'Cropper' is questioning the meanings and borders of languages. "Violence exists in language and can be applied very easily to actual bodies," Bergvall explains.

Bergvall's books often combine visual, performative and textual elements, and in spite of having English as her third language, she uses it as her main language as a writer. "I place myself within the politics and histories of that language as someone who's had to learn it." Bergvall uses accent, dialects, puns and even misspellings as literary practices, which means that one must not only read her texts, but listen closely to her readings.

Listening to 'Cropper' is an experience of moving in and out of languages – some of which the listener might not know. "That interest for different languages, for knowing and not knowing languages and the kind of communication that cuts across languages and cultures has helped me develop a number of ways of writing," Bergvall explains. "It also made me a writer."

The video starts and ends with Bergvall reading from 'Cat in the Throat' (2009).

Caroline Bergvall was interviewed by Alexander Vesterlund at Godsbanen in Aarhus during an 'Art Writing' seminar held by Aarhus Litteraturcenter, March 2013.

Camera: Jonas Hjort. Edited by: Kamilla Bruus Produced by: Alexander Vesterlund Copyright: Louisiana Channel, Louisiana Museum of Modern Art, 2013 Supported by Nordea-Fonden



Luca Shivendra Om

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"Nurture your valuable crops with Emerald Goddess, an invigorating premium plant tonic from Emerald Harvest. We've taken Mother Nature's best naturally occurring elements and other components and purified and refined them into a superlative one-shot addition for satisfyingly big yields in your garden. Brimming with the finest Earth-friendly natural ingredients such as alfalfa and seaweed extracts, Emerald Goddess contributes additional macronutrients, vitamin B1 and humic acid. These are the building blocks that will enable your plants to grow strong and flower abundantly."

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The collage is set against a dark, textured background. At the top, two tarot cards are displayed side-by-side. The left card is the VI of Wands, showing a figure on a horse surrounded by wands. The right card is the XVII of Stars, showing a figure kneeling under a starry sky. Below the cards, the text "LOVE YOUR PLANTS." is written in a bold, sans-serif font. At the bottom, there is a green plastic bottle of Emerald Goddess Premium Plant Tonic on the left and its decorative packaging on the right. The packaging features a green-toned illustration of a woman's face and the product name in bold letters.

Nurture your valuable crops with Emerald Goddess, an invigorating premium plant tonic from Emerald Harvest.

We've taken Mother Nature's best naturally occurring elements and other components and purified and refined them into a superlative one-shot addition for satisfyingly big yields in your garden. Brimming with the finest Earth-friendly natural ingredients such as alfalfa and seaweed extracts, Emerald Goddess contributes additional macronutrients, vitamin B1 and humic acid. These are the building blocks that will enable your plants to grow strong and flower abundantly.

See the guaranteed analysis for more information about our quality ingredients.

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Aurora Díaz Fernández shared her photo.

Did she still loves me?



Aurora Díaz Fernández in Puerto Rico

Did she still loves me?

"No, her personal "interest" exceeded the love she had for you."

¿Aún ella me ama?

"No, su interés pudo más que el amor que te tenía."

Tarot Marsellas de Grimaud



Enrique Enriquez

<https://medium.com/galleys/saying-no-is-still-saying-something-c9cf8d404879>



### Saying No Is Still Saying Something

The conundrum of the definition-defying Dada movement

"Of making many books there is no end," the book of Ecclesiastes observes. The same could be said of definitions of Dada, the most revolutionary artistic movement of the twentieth century. "Dada is daring per se." "Self-kleptomania is the normal human condition: that's Dada." "Dada is the essence of our time." "Dada reduces everything to an initial simplicity." These are among the characterizations of Dada by Dadaists themselves. But because Dada arose in defiance of definitions — ridiculing complacency and certitude — the cascade of definitions it has spawned should be taken with a grain of salt. Those grains accrue, becoming heaps, of which it could be said, there is no end.

"The true dasas are against DADA," observed one of the cabaret's

Rumanian founders, Tzara.

But he said it in a manifesto, and the avant-garde manifesto tends to be a farrago of provocation and nonsense, into which adroit explications and gems of wisdom are sprinkled. How do you come to grips with such a thing, parsing seriousness from buffoonery? Richard Huelsenbeck, a German medical student and another early Dadaist, trumped any straightforward answer by ending one Dada manifesto: "To be against this manifesto is to be a Dadaist!" And Tzara himself cheekily said (in a manifesto, no less): "In principle I am against manifestos, as I am against principles."

Dada resounds with contradictions. Its artistic productions were pledged to anti-art. Wily in its hoaxes, it could nonetheless be resolutely moral. It was often understood to be an expression of the times, a characteristic outburst of the moment. Yet the Dadaists gladly acknowledged the existence of "Dada before Dada," something as old as Buddhism, something attuned to what German philosopher Mynona called "creative indifference." This propensity to balance opposites, to be at ease with contradiction, led one of its proponents to call Dada "elasticity itself." The affinities with Buddhism have at times drawn attention to a presumed negativity at the heart of Dada, which some Dadaists encouraged.



But Dada's no comes with a question mark, as does the affirmative:

yes and no as parts of speech, not signs for stop and go.

The unsettling conundrum at the heart of Dada negation is that saying no is still saying something. The negative adds to a positive sum. In a Dada skit performed in Paris in 1920, the French writer André Breton would reveal a blackboard with an insult composed by his friend, French painter and poet Francis Picabia; then, as soon as the audience got it, he'd erase the text. This performance captures the Dada strategy of giving and revoking in a single gesture.

Instead of a definition, a more appropriate summation of Dada might be an image by French artist Georges Hugnet, 1932: "Dada, a scarecrow erected at the crossroads of the epoch." This book tells the story of how that scarecrow came to be: how a nonsense word dada was hatched in neutral Switzerland amid the calamitous Great War a century ago, spreading across Europe and eventually around the globe like a "virgin microbe" — as Tzara memorably called it. The story is a tangle of vivid personalities intersecting at cross-purposes and in momentary alliances, variously taking up the Dada label. For some, Dada was a mission; for others, it was no more than a convenient tool or weapon for advancing their own artistic ends. One of Dada's early wielders, Hannah Höch, neatly summed up her compatriots' attitude: "We were a very naughty group."

Dada emerged from particular historical circumstances, but each time it migrated, it adapted to different local situations, scrambling genealogy. Its adaptability made it hard to pin down, but also made it effective as a weapon and a strategy. It amounted to a sort of cultural guerrilla warfare, breaking out in the midst of a catastrophic official war, the officiousness and obtuseness of which galvanized the soon-to-be Dadaists in the first place, agitating their emphatic no with an equally emphatic yes. As this yes-no took on the charge of an alternating current, it proved to be ungovernable, thwarting every effort by its patrons and its inventors to channel it into a predictable outcome. In the end, most Dadaists were happy to affirm Dada's unpredictability, thankful to have gotten the full current, however it hit them and for as long as it did.

The story of Dada doesn't conform to the usual narrative arc. There's a beginning, sure enough, in Zurich, but there was a prolonged episode in New York around the same time, historically commemorated as Dada even though its participants didn't learn of Dada till later. There's also an apparent end of Dada in Paris, but that didn't deter others from mounting a Dada tour of Holland. There were even Dada start-ups as far afield as Eastern Europe and Japan after its ignominious collapse in France. It was a "dancing epidemic," said Huelsenbeck, with "simultaneous and spontaneous beginnings in different parts of the world."

The half-dozen participants in Dada's birth at Cabaret Voltaire found themselves caught up in a creative whirlwind exceeding anything they'd experienced before — and they would carry this seething energy with them for the rest of their lives. "Dada came over the Dadaists without their knowing it; it was an immaculate conception," observed Huelsenbeck. After the cabaret closed, these progenitors ran a Dada art gallery for a few months, started a publishing program, and sponsored a few uproarious public events — but the true action would commence when they left Zurich, spreading Dada around the globe.

Huelsenbeck returned to Berlin from Zurich in 1918, while the war was still raging. So deluded was the German high command that they were still predicting victory just weeks before the Allies prevailed. When they did, the German nation collapsed, undergoing the fraught transition to parliamentary democracy in the Weimar Republic.

As revolution broke in Berlin and elsewhere, a resurgent Dada hit its stride. Although still in the hands of artists, it became a medium for political agitation. The maverick touch of Dada contributed to the general bewilderment and squalor in Berlin, openly challenging all values, all assumptions of cultural norms. In that combustible milieu, Dada briefly seemed as if it were a contender in the public sphere of politics, like Communism. Unlike complacent Zurich in neutral Switzerland, Berlin at the end of the war was a cauldron of political strife. In Berlin, Dada was less artistic in outlook, more confrontational and anarchic. Upon his return to Berlin, Huelsenbeck started up a local chapter of Dada, calling it a club, and a number of his recruits spearheaded incendiary public events and publications. Several of the key participants — George Grosz, Wieland Herzfelde, and John Heartfield — joined the German Communist Party as soon as it was formed. Others in Club Dada, like Huelsenbeck himself and Raoul Hausmann, were just as aggressive without claiming any political allegiance. While Club Dada in Berlin was going strong, the German cities of Cologne and Hanover hosted Dada seasons of their own. In Cologne, recently demobilized soldier-artist Max Ernst discovered that his prewar friend Hans Arp was one of the conspirators behind Dada. Its creative agility, along with its insolence, provided just the ticket for Ernst, who leaped onto Dada like a hobo jumping a freight car. Before long he was part of the Dada scene in Paris. Dada in Hanover, on the other hand, was a solo affair. Kurt Schwitters wanted to join the Berlin group, but they thought him too provincial. No matter, he did his own thing and called it Merz. Thanks to his publisher's ad campaign, promoting it as a Dada work, a book of Schwitters' poems became a bestseller. So much for custodianship of the movement in Berlin! In time, the Berliners Hausmann and Höch became fast friends of Schwitters, traveling with him to Prague on a tour called "Anti-Dada-Merz." Later, Schwitters made a similar tour of Holland with De Stijl editor Theo van Doesburg, another unofficial escapade that was invincibly Dada, unleashing in polite Dutch audiences the kind of mania Tzara relished.

Schwitters, van Doesburg, Hausmann, Höch, and Hans Richter (an artist and combat veteran) were among the Dadaists who joined forces with exponents of Constructivism in the early twenties. Constructivism, coming from the fledgling USSR, envisioned a new role for the arts by diverting artistic talent into social engineering. In the West this inspiring prospect was not the same, since capitalist commerce had risen from the ashes of the late war with a vengeance. Still, with the aid of Dada's scorched earth instincts, Constructivism became defiantly utopian in venues like the new arts and industry school, the Bauhaus. This alliance gave a strikingly progressive face to Dada, which until then had been seen as a high-spirited malignancy, a clever ruse, or, in the best light, a salutary rebuke of the status quo. When the convulsions in Germany died down, Dada itself had little work left to do. Or so it seemed. Actually it just moved elsewhere, like a gunslinger in the Wild West.

Nothing could be further from Berlin Dada than the escapades of a community of European exiles in New York during the war, a clutch of artists whose spirits (both alcoholic and temperamental) soared to rare heights of inventive fantasy. One of the exiles, Marcel Duchamp, took to designating everyday objects as artworks and even thought about signing the Woolworth Building. But it was his pseudonymous signature (R. Mutt) on a urinal that took the cake, persisting to the present as Dada's most recognizable product. Ironically, although Duchamp is perennially associated with Dada, he never

called himself a Dadaist and would simply say he found it agreeable. But then he said that about everything — verification, perhaps, of Huelsenbeck's opening sentence in his 1920 Dada Almanac:

"One has to be enough of a Dadaist to be able to adopt a Dadaist stance toward one's own Dadaism."

Meanwhile, back in Zurich, Tzara kept the torch burning, publishing the periodical Dada and fielding a vast international public relations operation on behalf of what he was calling the Dada movement. It gradually came to his attention that something similar had been afoot in New York, centered around two wartime European exiles, Duchamp and Picabia. What's more, their movement seemed to be spreading just like Tzara's; their presence in New York had created a force field into which the American-born Man Ray found his natural inclinations come to life, and he would follow his friends back to Paris after the war.

For Tzara, isolated in the Alps, correspondence was the means by which Dada persisted, and that was how he developed a rapturous rapport with Picabia and with Breton in Paris, both of whom would avidly take up the Dada cause. Breton was young, brash, and already aspiring to authoritarian leadership; Picabia was brilliant, original, and as self-indulgent as his considerable wealth enabled him to be. For many, he epitomized all the wit, aggression, and devil-may-care spirit of Dada long before Dada was discovered. He seemed proof of its immortality. But he was capable of washing his hands of it when the time came: "I don't keep the butt after I've finished a cigarette," he said. When Tzara finally joined Picabia and Breton in Paris in 1920, Dada became official. But that unlikely combination proved fatal, and the "movement" soon collapsed.

Tzara's characterization of Dada as a virgin microbe is apt. Wherever it migrated, however briefly in some cases, it didn't necessarily need a cabaret, a club, or even a group to take hold; an individual could suffice. Dada took on a peculiar glow, as though it were a radioactive element emitting a hallucinatory pulsation. That's why there's little sense in making Dada out to be a unified enterprise, with a single collective focus. Its identity multiplied with its occasions and its participants. It is fitting, then, that lists of Dada presidents were regularly published: everyone who was known to have participated in any Dada activity was listed as president — with a few honorary ones thrown in for good measure, like Charlie Chaplin.

The story of Dada is, at its core, the story of those who embraced it, and others who found themselves singled out by Dada's spotlights and agreed to go along with it for a while. Definitions and characterizations will emerge in the narrative, in the heat of the moment, since that's how it happened.

"Everyone has become mediumistic," the early Dadaist Hugo Ball observed of his initial cohort in Cabaret Voltaire. The founding Dadaists were indeed channeling something, like a medium in a séance, transmitting vitalities from beyond, with little personal initiative. That spooked Ball in the end. He quickly grew wary of whatever it was that Dada had unleashed and escaped, he felt, in the nick of time.

Excerpted from *Destruction Was My Beatrice: Dada and the Unmaking of the Twentieth Century* by Jed Rasula. Published by Basic Books, June 2015.

Markus Pfeil Mpf. It vanished.

<http://www.amazon.com/The-Tarot-Code-Revelation-Thousand-year-ebook/dp/B00RXITY1I/>

The Tarot Code: Revelation of a Thousand-year Wisdom [Kindle Edition] by Carlo Bozzelli, translated from Italian by Stephanie Kramer, [Accademia dei Tarocchi; English Version edition (January 6, 2015)]

This book has by turns, astounded, informed, inspired, amused, edified, misguided, and infuriated me as I read through it. I am enclosing a roughly translated interview by the author to let him speak for himself. Given its reasonable price and easy access. It does serve as an introduction to the Marseille style tarot reading traditions as they are developing in Europe. Personally I find Yoav Ben Dov's guide to reading the Marseille tarot derivative from Jodorowsky's style of tarot reading, Tarot – The Open Reading, [ <http://www.amazon.com/Tarot-Open-Reading-Yoav-Ben-Dov-ebook/dp/B00DNVYJDC>] as more compelling and evenhanded in its reading traditions,. However Carlo Bozzelli's observations, admittedly derived from his study with Caimon, are worthy of consideration, appreciation, and a critical view in regards to his historical claims as well as his comparisons between the different historic versions of the Marseille style. I would not follow him in all his particulars, but I still find that this is one of the more original approaches to tarot Marseille now available in English thanks to Stephanie Kramer. I forgive the inelegant translations and typos that mar the text.

THE TAROT interview with Carlo Bozzelli [translated from Italian via Google]

<http://www.spiritoliberomag.it/2011/10/il-tarot-intervista-a-carlo-bozzelli/>

During the festival Autumn Equinox to the abode of Being near Bologna, Carlo Bozzelli briefly presented the Academy of Tarot that he founded. We would like to introduce to readers in the right way, but each definition may seem limiting. Tarologo might be the proper term, but it is certainly better to let him speak.

How and when did you get involved with the Tarot?

Carlo Bozzelli First, I would say my approach to the Tarot began when as a child, during the holidays of the village where I spent my summer vacation, I stopped to peek readings that some old lady dispensed to customers. In fact, beyond these memories, many still live in me, the real debut with this matter I had in college. I started with a book by a famous esoteric of the last century, Oswald Wirth, who had decided to buy and no one had suggested it to me, and without some criterion. From then on, the curiosity, if it can be defined, was progressive and unstoppable, as if there had been a focus of interest, with a small spark was lit in a gradually growing. The strongest feeling I remember this intense period did lots of reading, is the sense of inadequacy and uncertainty harbored than what I discovered in the various texts. It could also be a form of presumption, of course, but beyond this aspect I always felt that none of the various authors who studied had never, really, centered the essence of the Tarot. Yet, at the time, I could not give plausible reasons why this type of impression was so ingrained in me and convincing. That's why I started looking for someone who could, live, that is, directly, offer new ideas of investigation and reflection.

Could you talk about your teachers?

Carlo Bozzelli Fresh out of college I started a deep soul searching and I got in touch with some forms of traditional knowledge, namely with schools of awareness, such as one based on the teachings of George Ivanovich Gurdjieff. However, my main interest has always been focused on the Tarot. I believe that the meeting is decisive for me was with Philippe Camoin, a French dealer in 1997 has restored an



ancient game of Tarot of Marseilles along with an author best known to the general public, Alejandro Jodorowsky. This dealer, staying between Italy, France and Spain, I spent several years of study and collaboration that led me to discover the true meaning of these wonderful but, without doubt, enigmatic and hermetic images. However, although perhaps it may seem a bit 'unusual, I do not consider Camoin my teacher in the strict sense. Certainly it played a very important role; yet, it was a simple intermediary between me and one that, if I may, I'd call the Intelligence top of the Tarot.

In fact I consider the Tarot, namely the Tarot (do not use this term because it is totally inaccurate and incorrect), my one, humble, respectful and severe master, who taught me - and constantly guide me - in the not always easy task of establishing and consolidate a contact with what the Traditions call our higher self, that is our Soul.

The Tarot is for me a teacher, a counselor and a friend, who by the very nature of his Essence do not think ever disappoint my expectations proving not up to the task (as unfortunately happens to encounter, and I speak from personal experience in many contexts in which initiation has lost the meaning and purpose of that from which we started and what you are doing).

How best to use the messages of the Tarot without falling into a continuing need for confirmation with the risk of a weakening of their own initiative and ultimately their own free will?

As I said before, the Tarot helps to connect with the deep part of which we are made, our Soul. Ask the Tarot does not mean rely on an external tool, a kind of entity that will direct us to make a decision rather than another. These icons, collectively, constitute a balm, and in this word there is much more than just a metaphor, for our memory.

Tarot remind us who we are, our roots, our past, and the reasons why we're stuck in life or in that particular situation. Speaking to us, become a mirror of our inner life, reflecting and objectify: make sure that we ourselves can see, through universal archetypes, which are collective yet individual, who we are, deep down.

All this because we see represented, while reading, "on the table", through symbols and drawings that, in reality, are parts of us. In essence, these images help us to remember who we are, where we are and what direction we are taking. All this has nothing to do with the use of the Tarot as it is normally understood, that is, with the reading of the future proposed by fortune telling.

At the same time, personally, I agree with what the ancients claim, namely that human perfection, which arises from the fulfillment of his destiny, is nothing but the result of a clever insight, by man, of the Plan of a Higher Will. Only when this is established clear distinction between our agency and this will really introduce us into the true causes, namely the reasons for the individual history, collective or planetary it. The center of this process is what Hindus call Karma or Destiny. Usually what makes the man, while in what is supposed to be the full exercise of his freedom to decide, is to provide a constant resistance to this Will, exchanging the opposition to respect individual. There is therefore a long apprenticeship to go before everyone realizes that agency staff is often simply a refusal to keep this before and will choose to change the conduct of his life. Here, then, that the relationship with the agency is, in my view, quite complex and in this process the Tarot helps us to make that leap of consciousness, towards ourselves and others, which is really in harmony with our, real, free will.

What are in your opinion the parameters by which we can distinguish a true teacher of a charlatan?

Carlo Bozzelli It's actually very simple but it is good to distinguish the real teacher, not only from the charlatan but also by those who, without ill will, engages in something that does not know and who does not know seriously. The Tarot, forgive the repetition, but it is a fundamental issue, they connect with ourselves, with our Soul. At the same time, they are part of the same size that owns this our essence top, ie the so-called spiritual world. They are intermediaries between us and heaven, are a bridge between us and ourselves, between our personality and our Soul.

Those who study them (ie the researcher inner) or those who turn their (i.e. the consultant who puts his questions), comes into contact with these archetypes living and is confronted immediately and forcefully, with himself. This sensation is felt in a clear, precise and absolutely clear. The Tarot, in fact, go directly to the heart of our problems, situations, both for practical facts and ordinary matters intimate, psychological. Everything is immediately perceived: it's like a shock, like the awakening from a deep sleep. Well, the charlatan, whether teacher or Tarot reader, this phenomenon can not create it because he lacks connection. This lack is, in fact, generated by two factors: either because it is through not knowing the true language with which the Tarot is expressed (that happens routinely) or because an individual is dishonest and in bad faith (and this can happen not only to men who choose to remain trapped in their selfishness, but also to those who have adequate knowledge and has come a long way but, meanwhile, has gone astray and slipped). On the contrary the real teacher, transmitting the Tarot to his students, urging them to try themselves and to expand their consciousness to that universe silent and unknown that lies within them.

What are the objectives of the Academy that you founded?

Carlo Bozzelli The Academy is, by far, the first Italian company in which it proposed the precise initiatory path of knowledge on this issue. The aim is to spread the true meaning of the Tarot for centuries lies buried in thousands of pages of thousands of books, which are, with rare exceptions, quite misleading.

The Tarot is a great Book Muto to be understood that not requires explanations derived from outside (i.e. from other disciplines, with which, in the limit, interpenetrates) but needs the acquisition of the correct decryption keys. I could call it a kind of alphabet encrypted, a code: if you know the rules, everything becomes clear, clean and accessible and one of the purposes of the school is to transmit this specific knowledge. Tarot have ancient origins and belong to all humanity and therefore should be disclosed to all the fans, who are so many.

Also, because the Tarot is, as mentioned, an instructor, the aim is also to create a contact between the researcher and this Master somewhat 'atypical, so that those who feel the desire to walk in the direction of the union with himself, will find in this tool a valuable aid and lasting for the rest of his life. After all, the sense is this: let the Wisdom that the connection with yourself and with the Tarot creates, radiated on the highest possible number of people.

<http://www.tarocchi.net/>

Carlo Bozzelli, teacher of the course, after a degree in veterinary medicine and a specialization in the medical field, he earned a diploma in training and management in the publishing field. He had also been developing the research and study of the Tarot. After a long association with Philippe Camoin (restorer with Alejandro Jodorowsky Tarot of Marseilles), where he was an assistant for years, founded in the Italian Academy of Tarot, devoting himself exclusively to the dissemination and teaching of Science Tarologia.

From <http://www.spiritoliberomag.it/2011/10/il-tarot-intervista-a-carlo-bozzelli/>

The Tarot Code offers a totally new vision that illuminates the true meaning of these extraordinary figures that hide, under an apparent simplicity of made designs, colors and some writing, the most incredible secrets: they are a superior intelligence that communicates with the true soul of the human being, without intermediaries, through a precise language hidden in the form of symbols.

The "key" to decode these symbols have been intentionally hidden and preserved over the centuries, to prevent alteration and the accusation of heresy. To understand them we need to know the existence of a "structure encrypted" in codes and laws that allows us to connect with this timeless wisdom.

Read tarot cards to give voice to this millennial alphabet which is manifested through the formulation of "true sentences", similar in all respects to those writing properly understood.

Carlo Bozzelli, on the basis of scientific and philological study and through comparison with other specialists in the field, has for many years investigated the world of Tarot. As Master Dealer has renovated and restored to the original perfection the ancient game of the engraver Nicolas Conver Marseille, the only true reference model. He is the founder of the Academy of the Tarot, the only school dedicated to this discipline. He is president of the Association Tarologi Italian, the nonprofit organization that oversees the professional conduct of the Tarot. Carlo Bozzelli lectures and seminars throughout Italy and publishes articles in magazines and online portals. He lives in Naples.

Aurora Díaz Fernández Well, have to read it. It has an affordable price. But I don't believe that human perfection is related to fulfilling a specific destiny neither that I'm here to follow a divine will. Tarot for me is mainly a visual language. I'm interested in the occult codes in the images he alludes.

Luca Shivendra Om I read this book, his first book, a couple of years ago, and attended a few workshops by one of his disciples. Mr Bozzelli shows a deep knowledge of Tarot and its history even if he is continuously trying to bend it to his apodictic theories and self-demonstrating postulates. For example, Mr Bozzelli states here and there the Tarot was imported in Europe by Maria Magdalena (a conjecture supported with little or no historical evidence)... I don't know why, but I can't stop myself from smiling... smile emoticon As for his reading method (I practiced for a while) —it's Camoin's method and I find it a little farraginous.

Paul Nagy Farraginous, at last a word I do not know! A farrago, and hodgepodge, a confused mixture. Very good Luca!

Apodictic, expressing or of the nature of necessary truth or absolute certainty, is a good one too. I tend to pontificate in the personal mode but am too pulled between contradictories to be completely apodictic about anything discursive or imaginal.

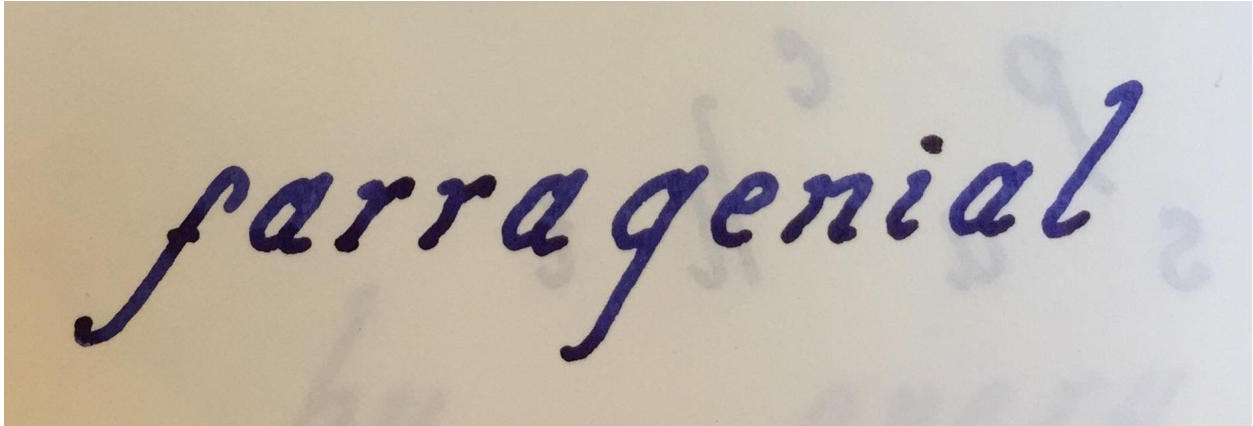
Pip Trump Club 9 April 1, 2015

Luca Shivendra Om Paul that's my italian flavored English... smile emoticon "Farraginous" is the literal translation of "farraginoso" (unnecessarily complicated) But... The Mirriam Webster reports "farraginous" —I swear! smile emoticon

Enrique Enriquez Bozelli's greatest contribution has been to inspire Luca to utter the word 'farraginous'.

Audrey Layden Farraginoso. I want to remember that fabulous word.

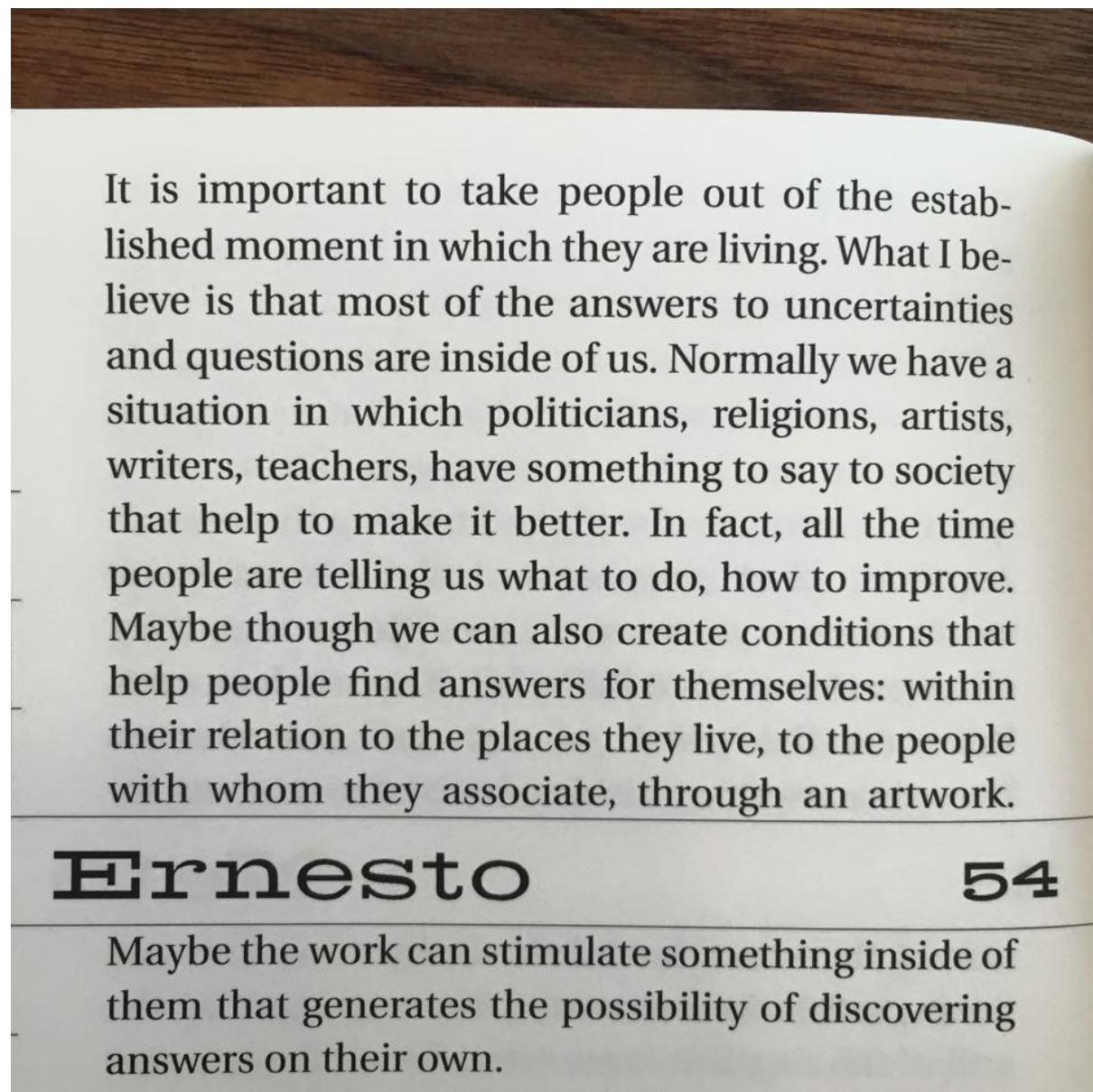
Enrique Enriquez





Enrique Enriquez

Ernesto Neto outlines the role of the tarot reader in contemporary society.



Aurora Díaz Fernández Perfecta definición de mi trabajo como tarotista. ¡Saludos, Enrique!

Perfect definition of my work as tarotista. Greetings Enrique! Automatically Translated

Audrey Layden Absolutely.

Paul Nagy "Normally we have a situation in which politicians, religions, artists, writers, teachers, have something to say to society that help to make it better." Since when?

Audrey Layden Well, maybe some of them, some of the time, have something useful to say. Want to vote for writers and artists?

Ed Alvarez

If one were to walk down this street. Would you get lost?



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Paul Nagy source?

Ed Alvarez <http://www.johncoulthart.com>

{ atelier coulthart }

The Official Site for Art and Design by John Coulthart.

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

Ed Alvarez He also has a very cool art deco Vegas deck.



Pip Trump Club 9 April 1, 2015

Luca Shivendra Om

I always lived

in between —not fair

I believed





Pip Trump Club 9 April 1, 2015

Bhima Beausoleil shared DJ Pollyfonika's post.

Just found out about this guy, Victor Nunes

Victor the combines objects of daily life with simple illustrations for them drawings of faces, animals, among others. Their images we invite you to see the world in a different way and find creative images all around us.

















Enrique Enriquez



Markus Pfeil All chemical tarot tinctures. From tinctures to pictures in three distillations.

Enrique Enriquez Made by a fifth generation alchemist from Ontario.

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Aurora Díaz Fernández How appropriate! Clever.

Paul Nagy Sniffotize me



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Ed Alvarez

My new summer T



Aurora Díaz Fernández I want one!

Ed Alvarez <https://www.etsy.com/shop/dshirt14>

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Luca Shivendra Om

{ asymmetrical Twins }

You and I  
stand boldly and shine  
in my light  
right now

—I, the sun  
—You, still ready to cast  
shadows over us  
again





Pip Trump Club 9 April 1, 2015

Shelley Ruelle at Basilica San Paolo

Ace of Wands



Shelley Ruelle My friend who is an expert on Rome street art, was kind enough to tell me whose work this is: (<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Diamond/143096459070230?fref=ts>)

Shelley Ruelle My friend has also written a book on Rome street art.

<https://www.facebook.com/RomePhotoBlog>

Enrique Enriquez

Lev Rubinstein's conceptual poetics describe the use of tarot.

A pack of cards is a dimensional, spatial object, it is a NON-book, it is the offspring of the "extra-Gutenbergian" existence of possible culture.

Reading is work, play and spectacle.

It seems to me that the authentic -- that is the "spatial" -- variant of my text is related to its flat version in approximately the same way as, for example, an orchestral score relates to a rendition for one or two instruments. Most likely I exaggerate. But it's desirable to take into account such a possibility.

-- Lev Rubinstein

Paul Nagy <http://hyperallergic.com/180855/house-of-cards-the-poetry-of-lev-rubinstein/>

Russian poet Lev Rubinstein (b. 1947) is generally described as a conceptualist artist, and is associated, as a founding member, with the group called the Moscow Conceptualists. But before we begin to categorize his poetry, it is helpful to perceive that Russian conceptualism, at least as Rubinstein and others practice it, is not focused on a shell into which content is purposefully or accidentally "poured," but is best conceived as a literary form into which very specific, even if quite disjunctive content is shaped by the poet into a more abstract expression of ideas.

If conceptualists from the United States (Kenneth Goldsmith, for example) might begin with an overriding construct such as a single daily issue of The New York Times or a series of radio weather or traffic reports (as in *Day of 2003*, *Weather of 2005*, and *Traffic of 2007*), allowing the content to be defined by the form, Rubinstein focuses upon fixed units of content which function together in a manner converging upon a more abstract whole.



If the medium determines the message (or, at least, determines the structure of the message) in works such as Goldsmith's or Vanessa Place's, one might argue that the message essentially determines the medium for the Moscow Conceptualists, a message with, sometimes upon reflection, is transformed into something more abstract or conceptual. And in connection with this, if the audience of US conceptualist works re-perceives the message because of its new context (through the reading of newspaper articles embedded within a bound book, for example, instead of in newsprint, an aural weather or traffic report within the format of a printed page), in Rubinstein's works the associations actually help to determine not only the meaning but to redefine the actual construct of the work — forcing him or her to ask is this “drama,” “film,” “fiction,” “aphorism,” “19th-century parody?” etc.

Similarly, while Rubinstein's poetry seems to have a great deal in common with the works of the Fluxus poets of the earlier generation in the US such as Jackson Mac Low and others, like John Cage, who used chance-generated systems, there are significant differences. Having worked as a librarian, Rubinstein uses library file cards to define what might be described as stanzas, lines, or other units of his poems. The cards are not shuffled or presented in random order, but represent fixed components, which the skilled translators of this work, Philip Metres and Tatiana Tulchinsky, describe as something akin to units of breath, created by the pauses within the sequence of cards. In book form these read, given the limits of space, as stanzas — most often numbered — which might arguably be better represented by separate pages — although I would argue that to do so would isolate them in a manner that does not match the performative experience.

Certainly some of Rubinstein's works, in their patterned series of linguistic abstractions, remind one, at times, of Mac Low's work. One hears in the narrative directions of Rubinstein's “Farther and Farther On” (1984), for example, echoes of Mac Low's *The Pronouns* of two decades earlier.

Rubinstein:

7

Here, the sharpest bout of nostalgia grips you.

How it comes about is unknown..

8

Here, one shouldn't stay for too long. Later it will probably become clear why.

9

Here each has his own floor and ceiling.  
Each has her own borders of falling and soaring.  
And not just here.

10

Here, everything reminds you of something, points of something,  
refers to something.  
But as soon as you start to understand what's what, it's time to leave.

Mac Low:

He makes himself comfortable  
& matches parcels.

Then he makes glass boil  
while having political material get in  
& coming by.

Soon after, he's giving gold cushions or seeming to do so,  
taking opinions,  
shocking,  
pointing to a fact that seems to be an error & showing it to be  
other than it seems,  
& presently paining by going or having waves.

Then after doing some waiting,

he disgusts someone

& names things.

Yet, as critic Michael Epstein hints, there are elements of what has been described as “the new sentimentality,” an aesthetics of nostalgia and detached meta-realism in Rubinstein’s work that one would never encounter in poems by Mac Low or Cage. And even if, through the influence of Rubinstein’s fellow poet Dmitry Prigov, he redirected his poetry from sentiment to what is characterized as a “new sincerity,” parodying models of Soviet ideology. Rubinstein’s works are filled, as Epstein notes of another post-Soviet poet, Timur Kibirov (addressing Rubinstein in his own poem), with words such as “soul,” “tear,” “angel,” beauty,” “truth,” etc., that would be unthinkable in either current US conceptualism or in works by Fluxus writers or those influenced by Cage.

Rubinstein’s work, moreover, is absolutely stuffed with numerous nods to other genres and filled with older literary references, theatrical characterizations, narrative dramatic conventions, fustian references to figures out of Tolstoy, Pushkin, Chekov, and Lermotov, and, even more surprising for the US reader, moralistic aphorisms and proclamations. As Epstein convincingly argues, words “which even the 19th century found overly pompous and old-fashioned [...] having become haughty and stiff through centuries of traditional, official usage,” are reused in Russian conceptualism not only as subjects of “carnavalesque derision,” but “are now returning to a transcendental transparency and lightness, as if they were not of this world.” Accordingly, even if Rubinstein’s audience is conscious of the banality and triteness of many of his phrases (laughing along with the poet, so to speak), Rubinstein also uses them in a way that somehow reinfuses them with new meaning.

Clearly Rubinstein’s early conceptualist work, most notably the 1975 poem “The Regular Program,” which outlines a process of poetic writing as it actualized before the reader’s eyes, contained no such language:

PARAGRAPH NINE.

Grants the real possibility oriented in the newly outlined circle of concepts;

PARAGRAPH TEN.

Where there is time to think;

PARAGRAPH TWELVE.

Points to the deficiency of the existing cosmogony;

PARAGRAPH THIRTEEN.

Points to the necessity of defining the circle of alternative concepts;

PARAGRAPH FOURTEEN.

For the first time urges one to concentrate and think;

But within a decade Rubinstein had already moved to a comic, yet oddly sincere, dramatic ode to a nightingale in what almost might translated as “A Little Night Music,” titled by Metres and Tulchinsky as “A Little Night Serenade”:

8

Hark! Here next to branches’ veil

The heart skips for nightingale!

9

Mischief-maker nightingale

Sings away in the shady veil!

10

From the secret shade of leaf-veils

He watches us, the nightingale!



11

The angel of night, nightingale,  
Whistles for it amid branches' veil!

12

In the moonlit shack of branches' veil  
He has settled, O nightingale!

13

The muses' captive, nightingale,  
In the secret shade of leaf-veils:

14

He sits amid the branches' veil—  
The muses' darling, nightingale!

15

A lonely man and nightingale—  
Together in the leafy veil!

16

(Applause.)

17

—I wonder if premonitions come true or not.

18

—What premonitions?

19

—Well, there are certain premonitions...

20

—About what?

Obviously, we comprehend that Rubinstein is purposely evoking the dead moralistic world of 19th century poetry, in which, as he later writes in the poem, “A man is not a real man / If he’s really not a real man.” But his is not an either/or world, and it is intentionally difficult at moments to determine what are absurd maxims and what are the genuine sentiments of the poet and poem:

68

A man must sing a song

If his heart demands it!

69

A man must love

Or he’s no man!

70

A man must come to suffer—

That’s how he cleanses himself!

71

A man must sleep—

His head is aching!

72

A man needs all  
He cannot do without!

73

A man must live  
If he's a man!

If this is ironic, we cannot quite separate these somewhat absurdly prescriptive definitions of a man from at least a moment's truthful commentary; and if these comments have any element of truth behind them, then might not the singing, sleeping, sighing nightingale of the first part be seen as also representing some elements of truth?

In short, in Rubinstein's work what might at first appear to be simple doggerel is, at times, suddenly imbued with new meaning. Perhaps that is also what happens, in some senses, in the US conceptualist works in which context changes our comprehension of the content, but here the content itself is reenergized, and it is not only the difference (Derrida's *la difference*) that matters, but the simultaneity of meanings and the sentiments behind them. These maxims are banal and are still somehow significant, representing a kind of "and/and" pattern that is very different from American thinking. In a sense, through his library card units, Rubinstein creates a kind of "house of cards" which, while subject to demolition at any moment, still provides a temporary domicile.

This pattern is particularly evident in a poem such as "Elegy" (1983):

1

Sometimes you ask yourself, "Could something else be possible?"  
—and it seems at that moment that it could.

2

Sometimes you think, "This will never ever come to an end"  
—and the end is indeed nowhere in sight.

3

Sometimes you wonder whether it's worth it to inhabit natural processes. And is it indeed?

4

Sometimes it wouldn't hurt to point out the fact that something nevertheless is happening, isn't it?

5

Sometimes it's appropriate to note that at present, everything is coming Together and a kind of pattern, one might say, is becoming visible.

\*\*\*\*

35

Sometimes you rush hither and thither in search of peace, but all you need to do is wait and it will come.

36

Sometimes you seem to be approaching something, but moves ever further away.

37

Sometimes, approaching the forbidden line, you'll think for a minute and then step over it.

38

Sometime you literally can't afford to lose a minute, but for some reason



You keep putting it off...

For Rubinstein, the negative can suddenly become a positive and vice versa. Again and again throughout his work what might be comic becomes serious or at least emotionally viable, a morally bad choice can be represented as a possibly good one, or a positive moral choice can just as easily be perceived to be a silly syllogism. Things change even when they stay the same, as he expresses it in "From Beginning to End" (1981):

From the beginning, it's the way it usually is. At the same time, so that it's as if there was nothing before this, and there will be nothing after.

Basically the same. At the same time, so that it's as if everything's just begun.

Approximately the same. But so that eh feeling of the first impulse is preserved fully.

In the same spirit. But in such a way that the feeling of freshness and novelty does not weaken for a moment.

Everything the same. And at the same time, so that the feeling of confidence gets stronger and stronger.

As before. At the same time, so that it's completely clear everything is in order, everything in its place.

\*\*\*\*

The same. But so that emerging doubts are either resolved by themselves or rejected

as far-fetched.

Same. But so that there is no place for any doubts at all.

Same. Continue on the same principle. But so that a constant recording of positive states does not somehow lead to negative results.

And so on, until the end. But in such a way that a vague feeling remains that  
There is also a real possibility of something else.

Similarly, in “Melancholy Album” (1993) — in which, significantly, even a chicken sounds like a nightingale — the central figure “gets lost” to “come back, against all expectations.”

Just when all sense of self has been obscured, when the past seems to be utterly meaningless and one’s own significance in the world appears to be pointless, individuality (the “I”) reappears again, repeating its existence over and over, almost like a mantra: “Now, here I am!”

23

Now...

24

Now, here I am!

Could I have dreamed...

25

Not even in a dream...

26

...just yesterday...

27

(Repeat four times)

28

So...

29

So here I am! Hard to believe, and yet....

If this reminds one a bit of Stephen Sondheim's "I'm Still Here," we shouldn't be surprised, suggests Epstein in reiterating some of the purposeful sentimentality of the Moscow Conceptualists, but, as we all recognize, profundity can also exist in the simplest of expressions. Rubinstein's world is not one or the other, but both, a world in which even the tropes of simple truisms can be somewhat restorative, depending, in part, upon the audience's acceptance of them.

Throughout Rubinstein's work there is almost a sense of exhaustion from the attempts to make sense of a meaningless past, and, accordingly, his narrator often cries out simply for a peace, a rest, a time to contemplate and, perhaps, to restore patterns of meaning that have previously proven to be useless:

15

Dear friend,

After a life of the rat race and hurrying to catch trains, it would be great to sleep for a long time, without dreams.

16

Dear friend,

After the successful completion of yet another campaign, let's not prepare for the next thing—let's rest.

Epstein describes these phenomena through a slightly different lens:

It now becomes clear that all the “banal” concepts have not simply been undermined and replaced: they have gone through a profound metaphor-phosis and are now returning from another direction under the sign of “trans.” This applies not only to Erofeev’s “trans-irony” and Prigov’s “trans-lyricism.” It also applies to something that could be called “trans-Utopianism” This is a rebirth of utopia after its own death, after its subjection to Postmodernism’s severe skepticism, relativism and its anti- or post-utopian consciousness. Here is what several Moscow artists and art scholars of the post-Conceptual wave have said about the subject: “It is crucial that the problem of the universal be raised as a contemporary issue. I understand that it is a utopia. It is done completely consciously, yes, utopia is dead, so long live utopia. Utopia endows the individual with a more significant and wider horizon” (Viktor Miziano).

In the end, Epstein argues, and I agree after reading Rubinstein’s works, that this new “sentimentality,” “shimmering aesthetics,” or new utopianism — whatever you want to call it — represents a new era in which the Postmodern, followed by a larger stage of Postmodernity, will surely take us in different directions than Postmodernism itself.

Hopefully, I argue, it might take us out of a world in which, as Umberto Eco has posited, all values are necessarily parenthesized, and we can once again speak of “love,” “nature,” “experience,” even “reality” in a way that is once more meaningful and fresh. Parodying Pushkin, Rubinstein again raises just such questions of how we can find value and meaning in a world in which will end merely in our deaths:

9

Dmitry Alexandrovich, I couldn’t agree more: there is still friendship and love in the world...



10

Then why is happiness searching for us, but still can't find us? We are somewhere around the corner...

11

Everything is new in the world. Yet nothing is new. Everything depends only on who you are...

12

This is how life is: the rivers drain away, and the seas dry up, and we Still live...

13

Everyone dies. And this one too. And he'll be buried...And forgotten like all the rest.

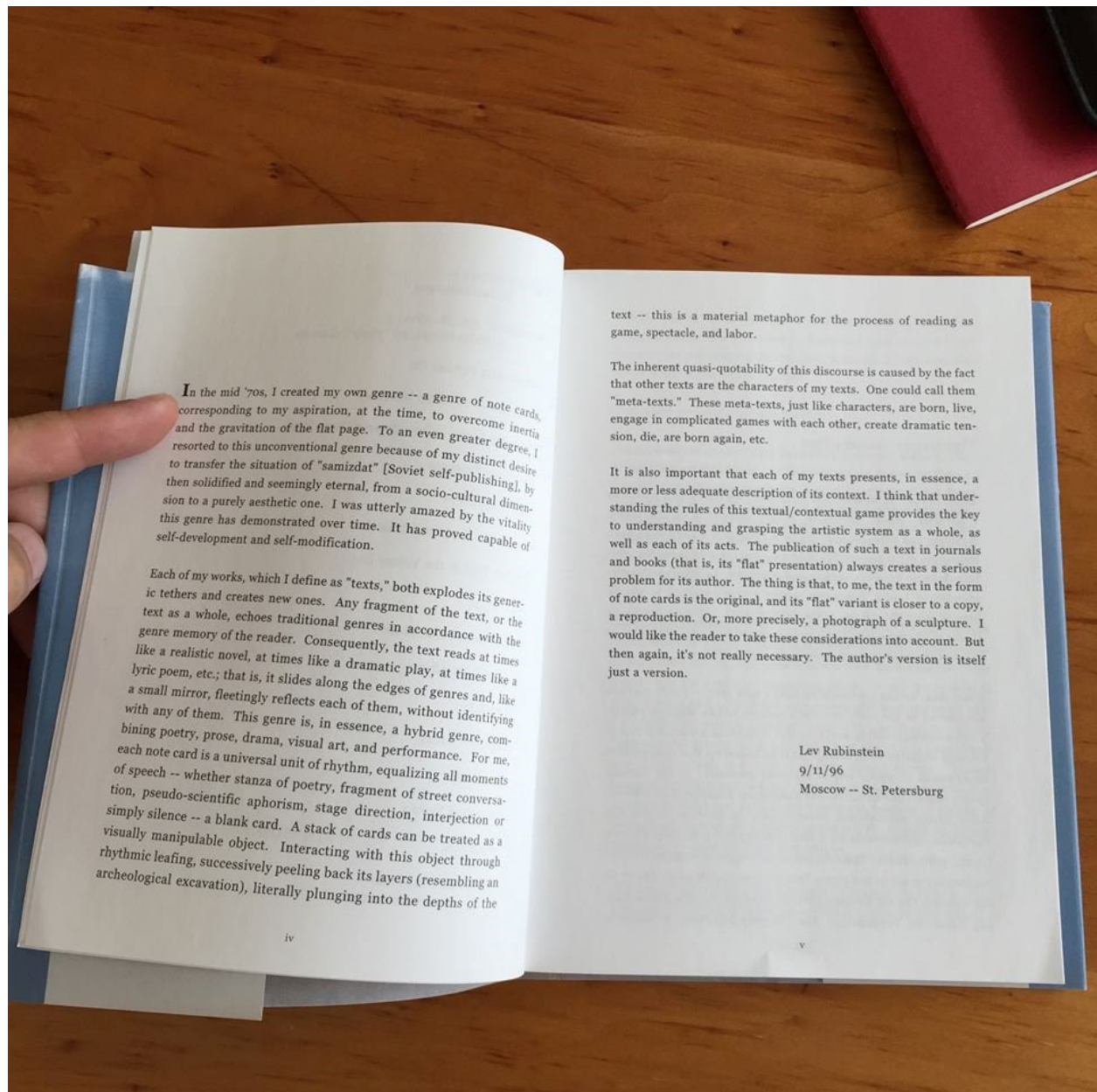
14

This is how life is: you just can't make any plans. You'd better let take its own course from the start.

("The Poet and the Crowd" [1985], p. 346)

Even through a melancholic dialogic discussion from Pushkin, one can, after all, glean truths that offer new meaning for life. In the simultaneous realities that Rubinstein creates in his poems one can laugh at and learn from something at the very same moment, as the message shimmers between poet and reader, the poet and the crowd.

Enrique Enriquez :



In the mid '70s, I created my own genre -- a genre of note cards, corresponding to my aspiration, at the time, to overcome inertia and the gravitation of the flat page. To an even greater degree, I resorted to this unconventional genre because of my distinct desire to transfer the situation of "samizdat" [Soviet self-publishing], by then solidified and seemingly eternal, from a socio-cultural dimension to a purely aesthetic one. I was utterly amazed by the vitality this genre has demonstrated over time. It has proved capable of self-development and self-modification.

Each of my works, which I define as "texts," both explodes its generic tethers and creates new ones. Any fragment of the text, or the text as a whole, echoes traditional genres in accordance with the genre memory of the reader. Consequently, the text reads at times like a realistic novel, at times like a dramatic play, at times like a lyric poem, etc.; that is, it slides along the edges of genres and, like a small mirror, fleetingly reflects each of them, without identifying with any of them. This genre is, in essence, a hybrid genre, combining poetry, prose, drama, visual art, and performance. For me, each note card is a universal unit of rhythm, equalizing all moments of speech -- whether stanza of poetry, fragment of street conversation, pseudo-scientific aphorism, stage direction, interjection or simply silence -- a blank card. A stack of cards can be treated as a visually manipulable object. Interacting with this object through rhythmic leafing, successively peeling back its layers (resembling an archeological excavation), literally plunging into the depths of the

iv

text -- this is a material metaphor for the process of reading as game, spectacle, and labor.

The inherent quasi-quotability of this discourse is caused by the fact that other texts are the characters of my texts. One could call them "meta-texts." These meta-texts, just like characters, are born, live, engage in complicated games with each other, create dramatic tension, die, are born again, etc.

It is also important that each of my texts presents, in essence, a more or less adequate description of its context. I think that understanding the rules of this textual/contextual game provides the key to understanding and grasping the artistic system as a whole, as well as each of its acts. The publication of such a text in journals and books (that is, its "flat" presentation) always creates a serious problem for its author. The thing is that, to me, the text in the form of note cards is the original, and its "flat" variant is closer to a copy, a reproduction. Or, more precisely, a photograph of a sculpture. I would like the reader to take these considerations into account. But then again, it's not really necessary. The author's version is itself just a version.

Lev Rubinstein  
9/11/96  
Moscow -- St. Petersburg

v

Gunnar Andrésson

Electrician



Markus Pfeil Batelleuring the tides...

Enrique Enriquez LL BATELEVR or Le Batelevr or le bateleur

le bateleur

le bas te leurre

the lowest things lure you

le batelevr

le ba r = le bar = the bar

ba le = 'balè' = balai = broom

ballet = ballet

le bateleur

ba = bas = the bottom of things

or something low

= stockings

le ba l = le bal = the prom

ba l = balle = ball

le bateleur

leur = l'heure = the hour

= leurre = a lure

atele r = atteler = to harness

le batelevr

lev = leV = lever = to rise (with 'le' as in (a tale) and 'V' said as 'v(ain)'+ 'e' in 'padre')

levr = l'è'vr = lèvres = a lip (with 'lè' as in 'let' + 'v' as in 'vain' and a 'r' as if you were roaring!)

levR = le verre = the glass

elev = 'élèv' = élève = a student

= éleV = élever = to raise

vR = vert = the color green

(aller) vers = (to go) 'to' (somewhere)

(un) vers = a rhyme

( un) ver = a worm

vaire = la pantoufle de vair = Cinderella's glass (in fact 'vair') slipper

le batelevr

ba v = bave = sliver

baV = baver = drool

I like the Tarot of Jean Noblet because it is writtent 'LL' BATELEVR.

If I say that there are 'two L' - in French 'deux L'

I hear that there are 'deux ailes' - 'two wings'

Shelley Ruelle Nicely done. That's a lot of light but the magician can't take the heat so he's getting out of the kitchen and jumping into the lake where the dogs are howling. See also: "dog days" too hot you know [https://en.wiktionary.org/wiki/dog\\_days](https://en.wiktionary.org/wiki/dog_days)

Attested in English since 1538, from Latin dies caniculares, translated from Ancient Greek; originally a reference to the hot summer days (in the Northern Hemisphere) when Sirius (the Dog Star), in Canis Major, rose and set with the Sun (heliacal rising). The Greeks also made reference to these "dog days", and for the ancient Egyptians, circa 3000 BCE, the rising of this star coincided with the summer solstice and the start of Nile flooding. The "dog" association apparently began here, as the star's hieroglyph was a dog, a watchdog for the flooding of the Nile.

dog days (normally plural, singular dog day)



- 1.The days between early July and early September when Sirius (the Dog Star) rises and sets with the Sun.
- 2.Hot, lazy days.
- 3.A period of inactivity, laziness, or stagnation.

#### Usage notes

"Dog days" have long carried an association as the hottest, most stagnant, and unwholesome time of the year, usually July 3 to August 11, but variously calculated, depending on factors such as latitude, historical period, or whether the lesser star Procyon is also reckoned. Specifically, the heliacal rising of Sirius has shifted down the calendar with the precession of the equinoxes, making the exact dates of the "dog days" significantly distinct now from those in former times.

Enrique Enriquez

<https://mirrorsofconsciousness.wordpress.com/2015/07/15/enrique-enriquez-and-i-discuss-the-orbifold-part-1/>

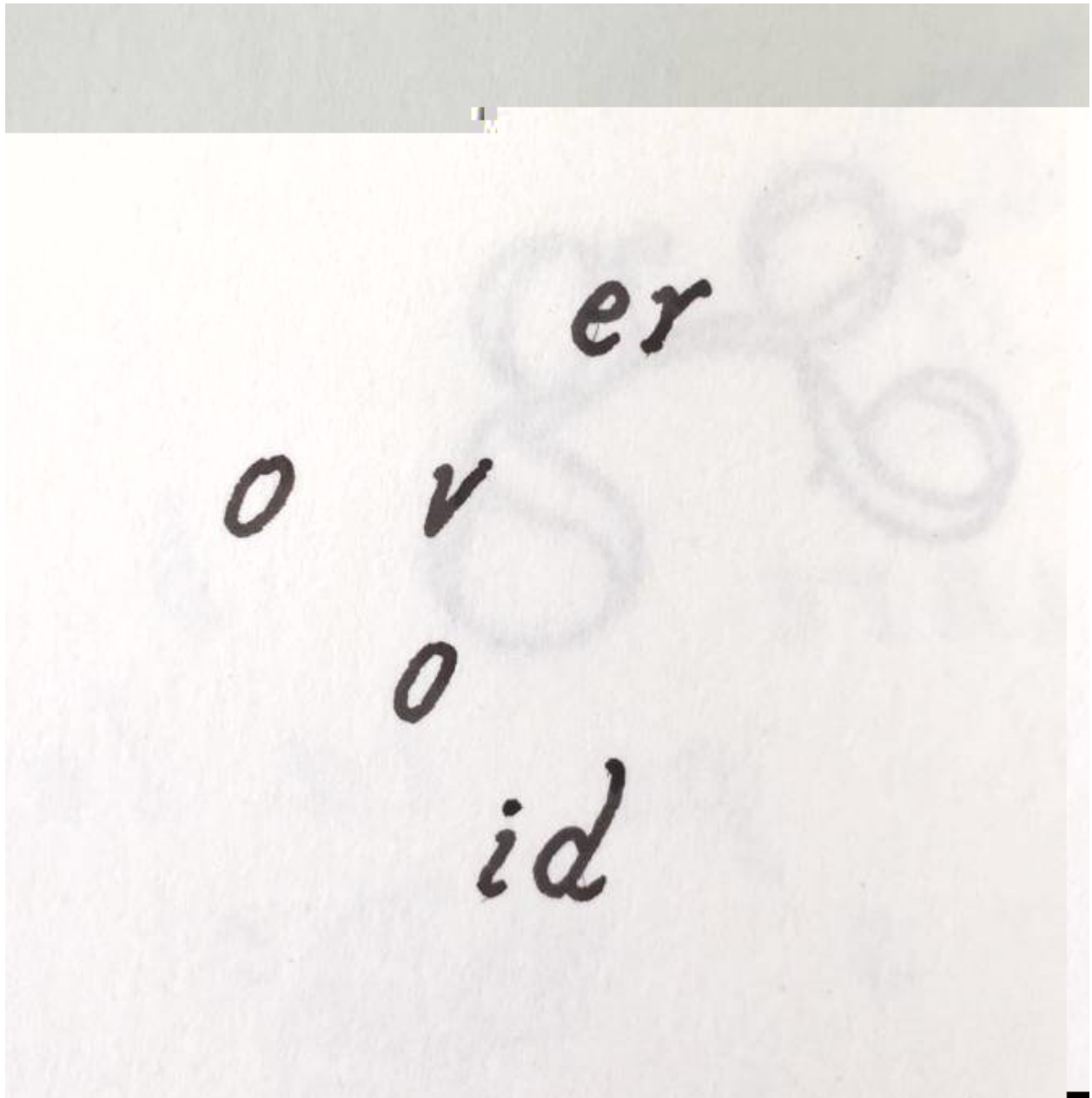
Enrique Enriquez and I discuss the Orbifold, Part 1: Is Geometry the Soul of Things?

Posted on July 15, 2015 by Maveriker



This week I've had the great pleasure to discuss The Orbifold Tarot with a Tarot Revolutionary: Enrique Enriquez. His questions are insightful and challenging, helping me understand my own work better from an outside mirror. He is doing what I think we should all do as readers: he's mentoring me through

myself — and at the same time reminding us that Tarot is larger than any single creator, just as life is greater than any one of us.



If you are not familiar with Enrique's work, I highly recommend watching the documentary film about him, or investigating some of his publications.

I will post the interview as a series, one question and answer per post. Enjoy!

. E: I have a problem with the term 'sacred geometry' in that I find it redundant. If geometry is the soul of things, then this word should be indistinguishable from 'sacred'. Do you agree with that? Is geometry the soul of things?

MBD: What an interesting question. My mind is doing Orbifolds! I've actually tried to avoid using the term to describe The Orbifold Tarot, but I think it is a logical landing point for people, so even when I do not call it a sacred geometry deck, others certainly describe it as such. I think on twitter I've succumbed to #SacredGeometry though, on YouTube too... ah, the trappings of social media and "popularity"!

The short answer is that yes, I agree the term is redundant. But, I don't agree that geometry is the soul of things. Rather, I think geometry is a manifestation of consciousness, and that consciousness is the soul of things. However, consciousness needs a way of expressing itself, of manifesting, and geometry represents that expression — whether through shape, light, sound, or form; whether as waves or particles, geometry is how consciousness expresses itself.

But you raise some interesting points: what distinguishes the sacred from the un-sacred, or is this distinction a construct of the mind? And, is anything actually sacred, or is this also merely a mental construct? Does designating something as spiritual automatically infer the negative — that some things are inherently un-sacred?

On the surface, I would say that there is no distinction from the sacred or the mundane... that either everything is sacred, or nothing is — but if that were really true, what is it we're seeking in spiritual practice?

I think that consciousness seeks to experience itself. As expressions of that consciousness, we seek to experience the pure consciousness that we ourselves are expressions of. In expression, in manifestation, consciousness moves away from direct experience, by becoming invested in the results of that expression, rather than experiencing manifestation as itself thereby forgetting its inherent nature as consciousness... by extension, we continually forget that this underlying consciousness is actually our true being. We move further outward into the expression of consciousness that is our manifest world, thinking that experience is in things rather than recognizing that our interaction with things reflects our own consciousness. So the split that divides the sacred from the un-sacred -is- false, in that it is a construct of our minds, but this construct distorts our experience of reality in such a way that it typically moves us further away from experiencing ourselves as pure consciousness.

So yes, part of the problem is in calling certain things sacred, because in doing so, we are saying that there must also be un-sacred things: definition of one thing automatically also defines its opposite. And yet, we nonetheless need a reminder of that inherent sacredness in all things — it's just that some things are more accessible reminders than others. So even though all geometry is sacred, in the same way that EVERYTHING is sacred, certain geometric patterns remind us of our own experience as conscious beings more so than others, and this, then, is what comes to be termed "sacred geometry."



I think that's what I like, though, about geometry in general, or even just imagery that is not immediately recognizable as "geometric" — it is a language that is more basic than words. Words define, and in those definitions, oppositions and divisions are made. Geometry, particularly what is coined "sacred geometry" still defines, yes, but through much broader parameters. Those broader parameters, then, unite in their definition rather than separate... or at least express the continual play between division and unity in a way that words usually do not.

In thinking of this question, a few other things came to mind.

The first was making an analogy to "black." Black is an absolute, a concept, but not in fact a reality — at least not in the manifest universe. This means that our experience of "black" is only relative, not absolute. So in comparative terms, it is not really redundant to say, "dark black," "murky black," "inky black," or "blackest black" because these seemingly redundant phrases describe relative shades of an absolute that doesn't exist, but that we can move closer to or further away from. Absolute black, if it exists, would likely be invisible — so we wouldn't know this absolute black even if it were real.

So, is "sacred geometry" any more or less geometric than any other kind of geometry? Well, no, but its intent is different. By the same token, is "religious architecture" any more or less spiritual than "structural engineering"? Again, no, since they are both expressions of the same consciousness that we deem "spiritual." BUT, Structural Engineering as an overarching (no pun intended) study of form is not necessarily concerned with bringing people closer to the experience of themselves as pure consciousness, nor in creating awe and wonder at the brilliance of that underlying consciousness. Religious Architecture, however, as a branch of Structural Engineering, is concerned with those things.

Similarly, the broad study of geometry may or may not be concerned with our remembrance of ourselves as expressions of consciousness, but as a branch of that inherent expression of sacredness that is geometry, "sacred geometry" points toward that experience. Again, this is more a limitation of language than anything else. Mathematics, geometry, and imagery are of course also languages, but they are more universal in their scope than our spoken languages.

This is actually what I love about Tarot — I've been studying mythology, philosophy, and spirituality for most of my life... but at some point, no matter how much study I do, no matter how much teaching those subjects refines my thoughts and how I explain them, words eventually fail to communicate the experiences and principles that make up our lives. I've read books upon books, words upon words, and I felt I had reached a limit where words could no longer explain what I experienced, learned, or sought. And so, I turned to tarot, because I find the language of imagery less restrictive — less divisive — than word-language. There's more about that, but it goes a little off-topic for now...

A second thing that I thought of in answering this question was a debate that I face regularly in my other job as a yoga teacher. My approach to yoga practice is a physical one, in the sense that I approach yoga through the body. Yogasanas, or yoga postures, are central to my practice. There is, however, this divide among yogis where some feel that focus on the body, focus on posture, and particularly “alignment” (read: geometry) is false, superficial, and moves us away from “yoga” or “union” (the same unity I spoke of as remembrance of ourselves as consciousness). Some even go so far as to say that the body is irrelevant, and all that matters is the mind. Within this debate is the designation of some yoga practices as being “spiritual” and others as decidedly “not spiritual” — except that nobody can really decide which is which.

At the heart of the debate is the idea — and in my opinion, severe misunderstanding — that physical, postural, “alignment-based” yoga is a practice of applying exterior, absolute, idealized form on an interior, variable, subjective, and individual experienter with an “imperfect” form.

I don’t see it that way. Instead, I see “alignment” as the even distribution of consciousness throughout the body. The geometry of alignment, then, is that geometry which expresses the body’s function and resilience that manages the forces of gravity and momentum efficiently. Wherever this optimal geometry is lacking, consciousness is dull or absent; wherever consciousness is dull or absent, “alignment” (optimal geometry) is compromised. And so, although any body position could be considered an “asana” or posture, it is only a “yogasana” (posture that aligns the practitioner with fundamental consciousness, expressing itself throughout the entire body) when it is not only structurally aligned, but when awareness is fully and equally distributed — and not every expression of a yoga posture fits this criteria... perhaps none do, but some postures move closer to this criteria than others, and they are not necessarily those that we recognize in pop culture as “yoga” poses.

Moving on...

The third thing I thought of was that experience and expression are two sides of the consciousness coin. These could be represented by “The Void” and “Manifestation” cards from The Orbifold Tarot. If the cards were placed back-to-back, and the black backgrounds were truly “black” in the sense as described above — invisible — you would have a disc, or a flat description of a sphere that is white on one side, and coloured on the other. For now, also imagine that the cards do not have a design on their backs. In this case, the white could represent pure consciousness within experience; the coloured side would represent that consciousness expressed. So which one is really, truly, pure, whole (excuse the redundancy) consciousness? Well, both are... or neither. That pure, whole consciousness actually exists within both: the two cards are two sides of one coin. Our way in to that consciousness, though, is between the cards. How do we do that? hmmm... try sliding the cards apart, so that the centre of one disc meets the edge of the other. This creates the *vescica pisces*, the in-between, The High Priestess. She is no more pure consciousness than the two cards were together, but in that division, she opens a door into that experience/expression singularity that can only be communicated in language paradoxically

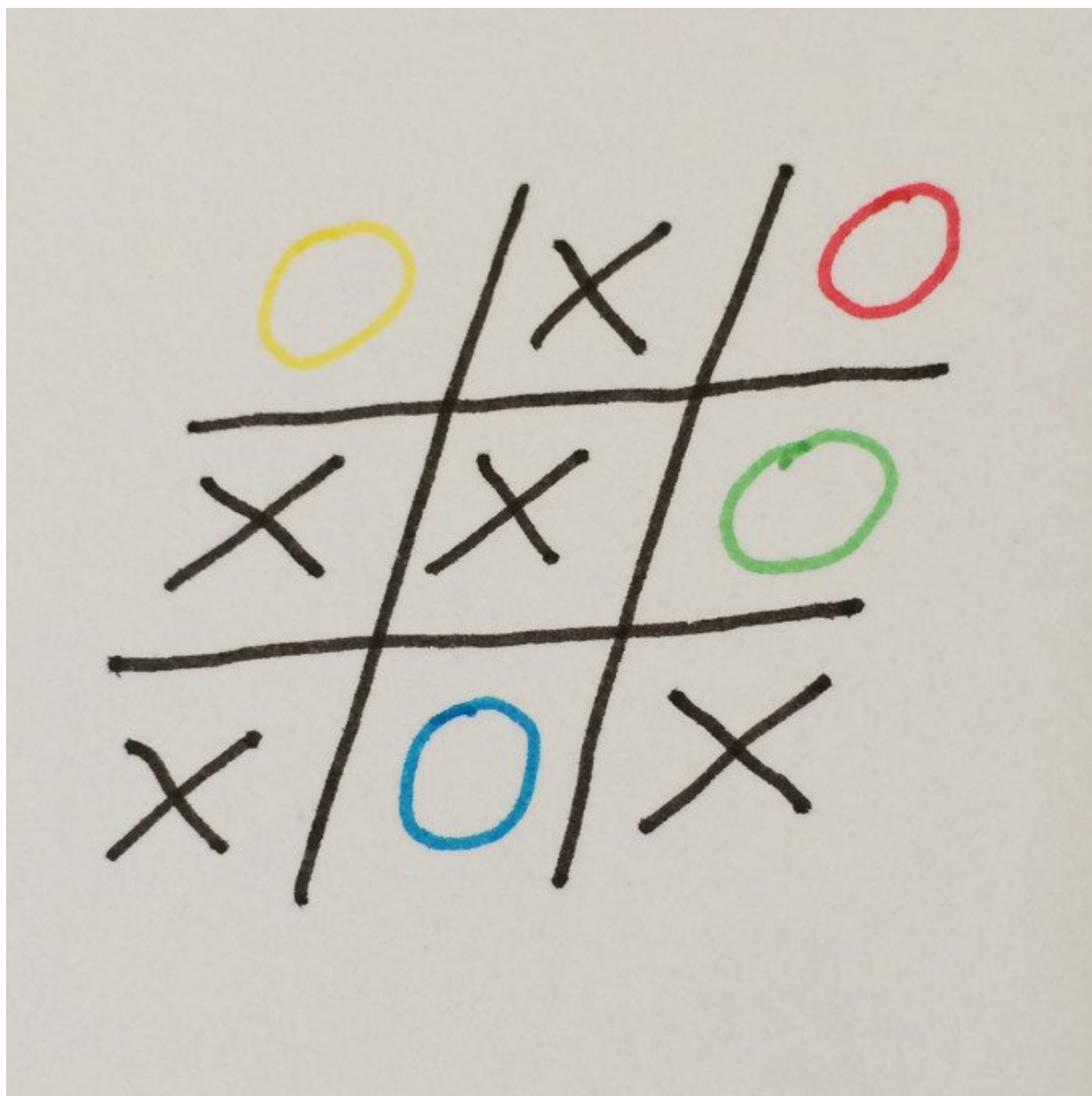
through dichotomous descriptors, but can geometrically be described as a sphere, a disc, or the two sides of that disc sliding away from each other...

This is just an example, however — even visual imagery has its limits. Depending on the context and application of these principles, “pure consciousness” is represented either by black, white, or all four colours appearing together... or perhaps not represented by any colour or card at all, but by the card outline itself... or the whole deck, or the numerous (though not truly infinite) possible combinations of any number of cards, numbers, shapes, and elements...

Enrique Enriquez and I discuss the Orbifold, Part 2: Symmetry, Rhythm, and Abstraction

Posted on July 16, 2015 by Maveriker

Continuing our conversation from Part 1, Enrique probes into why I chose abstraction in an environment that seems to favour scenic depictions for tarot.



#XOXOXOX My Enrique-inspired play on The Wheel





E.E: Tarot-aesthetics tend to swing between the vintage and the kitsch. On the one hand there is the allure of the old, expressed through classic decks and occultist practices. On the other hand there is the emotional comfort of a new-age sentimentality. The art of the Twenty Century embarked on a quest for abstraction that one could see as the unaware fulfillment of the theosophic doctrine: all kinds of artists from all kinds of cultural and religious backgrounds (Kandinsky, Malevich, Klein, Rothko, Agnes Martin, etc...) met on the common ground of pure forms. This somehow looks like what you define as "pure consciousness." Twenty-Century tarot followed the opposite path. Everything became more anecdotic, edulcorated. Yet you are making this very intriguing gesture... Looking through your deck I was reminded of something Hugo Ball said: "Adopt symmetries and rhythms instead of principles." In a context where people seem to be terrified of what they call "unillustrated pips," what made you turn the whole deck into an abstraction?

MBD: Well to be honest, I wasn't consciously trying to make an artistic statement that follows or responds to twentieth-century art, nor was I setting out to turn tarot into an abstraction. I just wanted something pretty, simple, and practical. But, at the same time, I also wanted something that's not currently available... because unless it's different, why bother?

I love the diversity of decks available now, but none of them totally fit the way I read. So I wanted to create something that expresses how I read tarot, and in some ways take some of the work out of how I read, too. By that I mean that when I read, when I'm looking at cards, I am continually reducing them

down to their most basic principles, mainly their numbers and elements — and then looking at the relationships between the numbers and the elements, or combinations of numbers and elements. I'm looking at what the principles are that the card is built upon, so I kind of disagree with Hugo Ball: in the same way that geometry is how consciousness expresses itself, symmetry and rhythm (as aspects of geometry) are how principles (aspects of consciousness) are represented.

But it depends on how we define “principle,” too. Perhaps in Mr. Ball's context, “principle” referred more to moral principles, or societal principles rather than “principle” as a “essence.” I think he was after that essence with his statement, but when speaking to the “principled” culture of a post-Victorian age, getting to that essence required first dismantling societal principles, and that's what “adopting symmetries and rhythms” does. But that's just the start. Dismantling societal “principles” through symmetry and rhythm (read: geometry) leads toward the essence or principle of a thing, but isn't its essence, its “principle.” So we're actually using the same word to mean opposite things... or opposing directions of the same process.

Again, I'll refer to yoga: when I'm practicing or teaching a pose or set of poses, I look at their essence, the principles that the shapes are built upon, the actions that are universally consistent from shape to shape, position to position, pose to pose... and what is required in the body to not only achieve those shapes, but sustain them from both the structural pattern and the most interior and essential rhythm. Through them, I'm after the principle of the pose or group of poses.

I ask:

What specific efforts are required, and what overall efforts can be reduced?

What must be maintained, and what can be let go of?

When let go of, is the integrity compromised?

Where is effort excessive?

Where is effort lacking?

Where is my mind?

Where is it not?

In Tarology, you said: “the body shows the destination of the mind” — this is probably the best description of yogasana I've heard in a long time, but I'd replace the word destination with direction. In context, you were referring specifically to where the limbs are directed compared to where face is

directed. But the statement extends much, much further. The body not only shows the mind's direction of intent, the direction of movement, action, or thought, but the body also shows the mind's very presence.

For most of us, our minds only inhabit certain parts of our bodies, or certain layers, and it's through the body's position, tone, effort, collapse, integrity, functions, circulation, vibrancy, etc, that we can observe where the mind is present, or where it is going, and where it is absent. And so, in this sense, yoga postures are about balancing the mind by symmetrically distributing consciousness through the body. This is the symmetry and rhythm that perhaps Ball was talking about, but it's built on the principle of balancing consciousness. So the principle is first, the geometry is second; or, the geometry expresses consciousness — the body reflects the direction of the mind.

So, like my yoga practice, my tarot practice is just another method, another expression of that principle of balancing to consciousness. I do this, as mentioned, by reducing cards to their essence. But sometimes reducing cards to their essence is a lot of extra work! Many decks, beautiful as they are, have so much going on in them that depending on how one reads, the details can either be informative or distracting... Don't get me wrong, I love the artistic decks that are packed with scenes and symbolism. I read with them, I study them, I look up their symbolism, I contemplate what that symbolism means to me, and how it interacts with the symbols on other cards, and I get a lot out of those scenic representations. I love seeing how different artists depict similar ideas, how they represent emotions and experiences that we all share through various different means. Each of these scenes gives a different shade, a different colour of what the card itself represents. But in doing so, they also somewhat "fix" that shade of the card in some way. Of course they can still be interpreted in many different ways, and their context changes from reader to reader, querent to querent, day to day, context to context... but they are still limiting in a way that can be restrictive.

With the Orbifold, I wanted to remove those restrictions — not from tarot itself, but from my own interpretations. Of course then the question becomes, "well why not just use a set of blank cards, or just short-hand numbers and elements on otherwise blank cards, or use a set of completely random images?"

This would miss the point of tarot, in my opinion. Tarot is a structure. 22 Majors, 16 Courts, 40 pips of Ace to 10 in 4 elements. It's a fine line between removing all the limitations to the degree that it's no longer a tarot deck, and removing just enough limitations that the reader is free within the structure to awaken their internal knowledge and grow into those expanded limits. But I didn't set out thinking "I'm going to abstract the tarot." Instead, I thought, "what's the essence of what I need from a tarot deck?" I guess that's probably what is meant by abstraction, though I often think of abstraction as a distortion rather than a clarification. Perhaps this is just my own misunderstanding of the word abstraction and its ideals... but for me it was just a natural and practical extension rather than an intellectual exercise or artistic statement.

I was definitely inspired by the Marseilles tradition, and in some way I see the Orbifold as a modern Marseilles deck. The non-scenic pips of the Tarot de Marseilles gets closer to that essence I'm after, but my problem with it is that there is a clear separation between the 38 scenic cards (22 Majors + 16 Courts) and the 40 non-scenic pips. This separation is, perhaps, where our common tarot idea that the Majors represent spiritual aspects, and the Minors represent daily life, or "un-spiritual" aspects of life comes from, even if it was not intended. This is a fundamental problem in the way we see tarot in my opinion, since there truly is no separation between the spiritual and the mundane, as we discussed yesterday.

To fix this fundamental problem, we are faced with a choice: represent all cards with scenes and people (or other natural beings) like we see in the Waite-Smith Tarot, and those that followed -or- represent all cards through the "abstraction" of being non-scenic. Doing them half-and-half just reinforces our illusory division between "life" and "spirituality"... at least by dividing them along the structure in that 38/40 way.

There is a deck that I really love, and it's the first one that I really dug deeply into with tarot: The Wild Unknown. Of course it speaks to me from an artistic standpoint simply because it is so stark, so stunning, so rich, and yet there's a simplicity to it... I love that it is impersonal in the sense that there are no people, but it is very relatable on a personal level as well.

It just occurred to me what I also love so much about it: it is scenic and non-scenic, like a Marseille deck, BUT the division between scenic and non-scenic illustrations does not follow the "38 Courts + Majors/40 non-scenic pips" division. Animals appear across the structure, in the pips, in the Majors, in the Courts... and the "non-scenic" (which are still very scenic, just no animals) cards also span across Majors and Minors. The entire deck is simply expressing nature, and by breaking the scenic/non-scenic duality across the Majors and Minors, it is, as a whole, saying that it's all nature, it's all spiritual, it's all consciousness. That aspect didn't cognitively occur to me until just now, but I think it must have been a principle influencing my creation of the Orbifold.

To answer your question, though, I think that what made me "turn the entire deck into an abstraction" was to make it impersonal to the degree that is universally relatable: no people, so no gender/race/age/status issues, and no social or cultural overtones, so applicable cross-culturally. The tarot structure is still very clear, in fact in some ways the division between Major, Court, and Pip is blatant, but here is no value judgement made about them. The Five of Air is no more or less special than the Hermit. No more or less spiritual, no more or less important, no more or less applicable to the interior or exterior world. So the abstraction creates equanimity... it honours the tarot structure, but affords the reader much more freedom to move within that structure. Rather than telling the reader about the principle, it just communicates the principle and asks the reader to find that principle within

themselves and go from there. The cards are a trigger to accessing aspects locked within ourselves, and in this case, abstraction is the key.

The conversation continues...

dog days - Wiktionary

Attested in English since 1538, from Latin dies caniculares, translated from Ancient Greek; originally a reference to the hot summer days (in the Northern Hemisphere) when Sirius (the Dog Star), in Canis Major, rose and set with the Sun (heliacal rising). The Greeks also made reference to these "dog...

[en.wiktionary.org](http://en.wiktionary.org)



Luca Shivendra Om

The Beauty of Symmetry



Markus Pfeil Romeo dies, but Juliet get Mephisto from the next book on the shelf and forces him to bring Romeo back. See how Force puts her Faust down the lions maw?

Pip Trump Club 9 April 1, 2015

Gunnar Andrésson

Poltergeist!



Paul Nagy Levitation as pirouette

Ed Alvarez His hoo-hah is hanging out too!

Shelley Carter Damn static!

Luca Shivendra Om



The book is on the nightstand. She gets into bed. She picks up the book. She opens the book. She reads ten pages. She likes the story. She turns to page eleven. Her dad comes in. He says good night. She kisses her dad. She closes the book. She turns off the lamp. She goes to sleep.

Luca Shivendra Om

Tarot in the Google Age { Playing with Marseille Tarot }

Le Pendu + La Papesse

Google search: "To read a book in bed" (Key: "to read a book" = La Papesse; "in bed" = Le Pendu)

Googled content: "The book is on the nightstand. She gets into bed. She picks up the book. She opens the book. She reads ten pages. She likes the story. She turns to page eleven. Her dad comes in. He says good night. She kisses her dad. She closes the book. She turns off the lamp. She goes to sleep"

Source: <http://www.rong-chang.com/easykids/ekid/easykid082.htm>



Luca Shivendra Om

{ metamorphosis } Another beautiful symmetry... ~Sorry, a RWS one



Luca Shivendra Om "Metamorphosis" or a huge change in the quality of feeling

Enrique Enriquez

The New-New Age:



Andrew Kyle McGregor Terminator XVI Cards against humanity?

Enrique Enriquez If the card came from the future, that would explain why it has no clothes.

Andrew Kyle McGregor But what future is it seeking to undo?

James Wells Now we just need Cards \*for\* Humanity (for all of life, actually) wink emoticon

Markus Pfeil This is the new Emperor Card...with his new clothes on



Luca Shivendra Om

"{ Metamorphosis } A vagabond becomes a man of power through a transformative relationship" OR  
"From rags to riches"



Gunnar Andr sson Emperors new clothes

Markus Pfeil Gunnar, just what I posted to Enriques card from the future...

Cirque de Soleil at court.

Gunnar Andr sson Interesting! Maybe subconscious response or meaningful coincidence. The Fool=child  
The Sun=revealing - the Emperor

Pip Trump Club 9 April 1, 2015

Marcos Parsons III

"Because i can have all the names i can change all the meanings " !!!!



Enrique Enriquez this is important.

Ed Alvarez Capitulate!

Markus Pfeil The limits of my language means the limits of my world.

Ludwig Wittgenstein

La Mort is beyond both.

Paul Nagy Especially when the Card-with-No-Name is out of focus. Slur words...

Pip Trump Club 9 April 1, 2015

Marcos Parsons III

"Turin Sindone" !!!



Aurora Díaz Fernández A poem.



Pip Trump Club 9 April 1, 2015

Marcos Parsons III

Stairway to Heaven!!!!



Luca Shivendra Om That black stripe...

Paul Nagy How about a slip-slide down to Le Mat?

Enrique Enriquez

James J. Gibson, on the difference between the suit of swords and the suit of wands.

**The structure of an artificial optic array may, but need not, specify a source. A wholly invented structure need not specify anything. This would be a case of structure as such. It contains information, but not information *about*, and it affords perception but not perception of.**

Markus Pfeil The purpose of a suit is to make all men appear similar. Swords have sharply creased pants while wands feature poking out shoulders.

Paul Nagy Gibson developed an “ecological approach” to the study of visual perception, in which humans perceive their environments directly, without mediation by cognitive processes or by mental entities such as sense-data or image constructs. To perceive a flower, for example, one does not construct a mental image of a flower from the stimuli (light energy) entering the visual system and then attribute visual properties from the image construct to the flower itself. Rather, one directly sees the visual properties of the flower. This idea seems novel and radical because it contradicts the centuries-old model of the origins of human knowledge. As Gibson says, “The old idea that sensory inputs are converted into perceptions by operations of the mind is rejected.”

Gibson created a highly influential theory of “affordances,” which are qualities of an object or environment that communicate opportunities to do certain things (e.g., dark shade indicates an opportunity to get out of the sunshine; a thick cushion signals the availability of comfortable seating). According to Gibson, affordances exist naturally and are directly perceived by the viewer. His work has had a large impact in human-factors engineering, or ergonomics, which is partly concerned with the perceived affordances in products designed for human use and symbol formation.

"The theory of affordances," is explored more fully in his book, *The Ecological Approach to Visual Perception*:

The affordances of the environment are what it offers the animal, what it provides or furnishes, either for good or ill. The verb to afford is found in the dictionary, but the noun affordance is not. I have made it up. I mean by it something that refers to both the environment and the animal in a way that no existing term does. It implies the complementarity of the animal and the environment.

Affordances are "action possibilities" latent in the environment, objectively measurable, and independent of the individual's ability to recognize them, but always in relation to the actor and therefore dependent on their capabilities. "Different layouts afford different behaviors for different animals, and different mechanical encounters". Thus, different objects afford different opportunities for different species—a surface may offer support for a spider but not an elephant—as well as within a species, as what affords sitting for a child may not do so for an adult, and vice versa.



Gibson's theory of affordances has been difficult for many to accept or understand (Greeno 1994). His view of perception based on "perceptual systems" rather than senses had already been hard for others to understand:

I tried to prove that a perceptual system was radically different from a sense (Gibson, 1966), the one being active and the other passive. People said, "Well, what I mean by a sense is an active sense. But it turned out that they still meant the passive inputs of a sensory nerve, the activity being what occurs in the brain when the inputs get there. That was not what I meant by a perceptual system. I meant the activities of looking, listening, touching, tasting, or sniffing. ... I was discouraged. People did not understand.

With affordances, the confusion has been where to locate the referent of the term. Is the affordance of a chair (sitting) a property of the chair, or of the person who sits on it or who perceives it as something possible to sit on, or something else? Gibson regarded the affordance as a property of whatever the person interacts with ... a property that interacts with a property of an agent in such a way that an activity can be supported ... the characteristics of objects and arrangements in the environment that support their contributions to interactive activity and, therefore, the characteristics of the environment that agents need to perceive.

The environment thus affords many potential actions to the active observer. For Gibson, the affordance resides outside the observer; it is in the environment, but only potentially, for it depends on the relationship between the environment and an active observer.

[http://www.newworldencyclopedia.org/entry/J.\\_J.\\_Gibson](http://www.newworldencyclopedia.org/entry/J._J._Gibson)

