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In the Curtyard: Orchestrated Reduction of the Fantasm (2015)

One cannot have one's own house

The rings are an axis emitting a hyperbolic space, revolving around the cytoskeletons within our brains, our bodies like the style and stigma of a flower protrude into existence.

The vertices are infinitely far away so light will never reach them. But that this divinity speaks is the subject. On the surface-fa(ca)de-visage – the grimace of the animal like the swirling liquidity of a dream which has not yet been spoken, proceeding speech, the drift which has not yet submitted to the law – our pompous magistrate who is all formality and ritual, his sadism secreted away - behind his back he hides his whip hiss.

The innocent wide eyes, gazing upwards, a beautiful soul in the worst sense beseeches the silent and still sphere.

This pampered saint misrecognized the pleasure he extracted from a situation he coordinated. The benefits of being split allow for his endless complaint, all the characters complicit in refusal of the code key. The race is run.

You cannot say the impossibility is at any specific place in the picture – the impossibility is a feature of the whole structure. Like the drain which causes the swirl of water, counterfactuals effect the action despite never having occurred. Not unlike the unconscious – that which keeps being not written. The contingent is that which stops being not written. Witness the grinding of the spheres, the distress in skin and thought, mishandling the emblems and talismans on the field of play.

Down the shadowy corridor a nameless creature, without predicates or attributes, only doesn't wait nor sits silently. A skull, a reminder of some forgotten encounter one takes such circuitous routes to arrive at again. Superposed microtubular computations isolated from the warm humdrum of politics, that's the refrigerated calculation, pure as an ice-pick. This frightful enemy, epidermis, joyfully shed wholesale and step lightly into the sterile isles of Euclid's library. Stay in the small rooms for as long as possible, which is a perfect graphic depiction of resisting entropy, a logarithm of a volume. Entropy is a measure of disorder and has a direction in time.

A corpse dissolves into architecture, the gravestone which carries signs into the future, a mechanism of meaning churning through biological soup. Once upon the theatrical stage, gelatin heaps coagulate.

"It is only when there is a profusion, when the jungle of the fantasm is completely apparent, that we can obtain it as a sentence with certain grammatical variations."

– Jacques-Alain Miller

The beams and embers of a lodge

Born in a rouge frothy bath, spilled on the tile floor, the cry heard echoing through the architecture. Figures like Corinthian columns mark the field of negotiations. The shifting of a slide rule in the darkness crept blindly past the gatekeepers breathing his lips pooing eyelids. The court drama unfolded like a ruler, regal measure, where all actors played with their parts there. Onanism on the carpet oriental, oriented to the grid.

Below the moonlight, within the walls of the curtyard, a constellation of characters gathered puffing steam from the holes in their faces.

The axis of being resides within the microtubules. Seen from any other realm it has the value of zero, and yet from this horizon monsters are born, aberrations of logic that in time will themselves become axioms. The marriage of the sign to pain. To make sense is only to succumb to the dominating delirium. One cannot have one's own house. Only the signifier owns, the signature which guarantees property even after the body dies, the property belongs to the name and not the body. Streams of entropy running downhill.

The drama is a ploy, a red herring, to hide the abyss in the distance, the limit point which never comes closer and yet is always present logically. The hole in the fortress walls through which creep the vandals. If any safe haven remains, any square inch of amnesty, all the tyrants of the world will congregate there. Beneath the texture of the cobblestone roads run rivers of unthought morbidity. Frills line the garment of a courtier whose limbs are bent in such a way as to signify supplication and induce a stupefying state of assumed superiority. Ordered water allows for the isolation necessary for quantum coherence to exist within the brain. The construction of bodies is done with the stitching of words. The anatomy of a garment.

"Phobia, erects as a rampart, a signifier that can do anything. By this, the subject protects him or herself, guaranteeing a sense of being against what opens up as an abyss from maternal castration. He uses this signifier for doing everything, especially for defending himself as subject from the abyss which has opened up for him. While, from the other side — the perverse version of this defense — the object covers up this abyss.

– Jacques-Alain Miller

One cannot have one's own house.

Ogee of the Angustiae

The patio scenario, enacted three times daily, was a catalogue of gestures meant to keep the pain blaze at bay. Through an adjustment of ligaments, members, digits, not to mention garments and trinkets. Solid granite surface sitting on a platform was a stage on which their patent leather toes tapped in a trembling spastic parade, eyes rolled skyward pleading. Too late far too late. Confetti withheld, awards never conferred. Everyday is bustement day. The toll hike sweltering belly full melody harkening on the night wind. Marginal comments point the text dextrous finger jabbing precision instrument. A mirror or reflective facet. One holds the mallet, and shakes it at the heavens. The other bends a knee in supplication, bare foot contorted. Each pinches a bulb, nipple, testes, like a dragon. In retrospective frenzy. Remembering the deed whose consequence was.

Primary articulation of an ember, sign of the dark, named and then replicated through an imaginary refraction, duplicated facade unfolding through symmetry, like the pages of a book. Yet the story bears the mark of an original trauma, an inability of the sign to fully account for the best bit of flesh stuck in the gullet. The nameless ghost remains, haunts the domestic scene and testifies to the impotence of the law. That little grinning ghoul at front stage right, like a blind spot, an immanent horizon, rampages through our grid and disrupts the strategic order. And all the beautiful souls throw their hands up in despair, expanding the whites of their eyes – "Oh, innocent exasperation!" and are promptly and lawfully flayed and disemboweled for being yellow. Blessed are the hot and cold but the lukewarm shall be spewed from the mouth. Everything not too much.

Again we return to the primordial conception of the mark. Condemned to repetition of a salutary scene, the original solution arrived at by chance, nearly impossible to alter. What the drama hides is a vertex pulled infinitely far away so light can never reach it; and we only witness the beams as they rotate in the darkness behind our eyes and this luminescent field of entropic joy bends in on itself, within all the miniscule caverns of the body, the pores, macula, and cytoskeletons of our apparatus. Fatigue began to emblazon itself within the marrow of every actor as the party wound down.

"The restored relation of the zero to the series of numbers is the most elementary articulation of the subject's relation to the signifying chain."

– Jacques-Alain Miller

The lie that persists, the truth that insists like a coin spins a web of probabilities of various weights and unveils a depiction of sense. The dominant delirium is shared and mutually constructed and maintained. A spoken agreement not universally adhered to as one subject may find himself falling through registers, unhinged, untethered, without support of effervescent meaning, his body invaded by a knowledge not his own, expressed by phenomena whose self-evidence is horrific and irrefutable.

Whenever a logical absence, the term whose missing presence inaugurates a series of instinctual circuits aiming towards an object substitute, like a blindfold one wears so as to see, is found in all the inventory of one's pantry, on every label and ingredient, one can be sure. A tiger is as aggressive towards its prey as you are towards your soup. You would know that hunger and love are the same thing. You would be like any animal. Truly motivated.

The articulated structure of a cathedral, flying buttresses, rose window and segmented pains of glass, like the rows of teeth or the speckles in an iris against a drab desert of flesh, the beach expanse, littered w/ stones, sprouts of glass. The figures in costume enact the drama, the drama enacts them.

Out of their mouths bubble surgeon symbols, segmented like insects, iridescent and flighty, drawn towards the light, the operating theatre, courtroom or boudoir. How does one incarnate the empty reference? The king of France who is bald is the penis of the mother. The royal road motivates and haunts.

In the Courtyard

A hullabaloo arose between two or three of the protagonists, their number remaining obscure due to the various degrees of dismemberment and even disintegration, over a rather swollen symbol, almost cartoonish in its rotundity, which had either been misplaced or stolen. The symbol or tool (one never knew if it was utilitarian or merely for show like a scepter) was capable of instigating the most vitriolic responses from all whose opinions were solicited yet none of their impassioned stories appeared to match except, and even then not consistently, in superficial minutia. One said it looked like a massive virus, gently curled, floating through the hyper-violet ether. Another said it was an antique ball pein hammer, lit by a flickering oil lamp, perhaps glimpsed through a keyhole. Some said it was a bottle of beer.

Depending on how one spun this diorama there were distortive effects i.e. a scarf that had appeared to be wrapped around one courtier's neck eventually appeared as a sash around another's waist. Roles were reversed or amplified or diminished. The tyrant became submissive in the flash of an eye and since the entire scenery had shifted simultaneously this was experienced as inevitable and not cataclysmic. However no incremental variation, no matter how minute or gradual, would betray the shift *in fieri*, but only ever as the instantaneous displacement between two discrete positions. The quantum state is discontinuously and probabilistically replaced by another quantum state. This discontinuous jumping of the state is referred to as the *reduction* of the state.

This characteristic of the space only reinforced its convict's belief that something had gone missing, there was some hidden discontinuity. What we read as a continuous narrative only made any sense by dint of the fact that one piece of the puzzle had vanished. The field as a whole appeared amorphous, like a scab seen at a distance through squinted eyes, but when approached on all fours with implements of detection one could in fact count the notches on any one actor's belt. Elderly toddlers in starched shirts.

"The development of the cure is characterized by the obtaining of an increasingly pure and tragic fantasm."

– Jacques-Alain Miller

Nanking/Dresden. In the distance there arose a structure of beams and porticos, inhabited by vague flora, generic ivy, and one or two totems. Here were the ruined temples of our ancestors, forgotten and anonymous, and yet also imposing and ominous, forgotten for being ominous, imposing for being anonymous. Any fear could be projected on those walls. They housed various ideal shapes and signs, which would sometimes hover above them in the sun-pierced mists of morning, and would sometimes trot out onto the stage like a parade of little animated toys. Yin-yangs, parentheses, perfectly wrought hieroglyphics all hobnobbed around the fire pit. The ideal symbols would even latch onto an adjacent participant and eventually inhabit his or her torso.

The scene was littered with dotted lines, tracing the trajectories of past and future flights and descents. One felt as if one was entertaining one's own destiny like a boorish guest who doesn't know when his hosts are tired and ready to retire. Points were like cues for action, in the sense that they had maximum density and set the whole world, the whorld, spinning. Every facet was a screen, every limb was a member. A really trite, naïve, even tiresome constellation unremittingly enacted till all involved are blue in the face.

Cubic volume of flashing eyelashes, the meaty paw circumscribed by a copper bracelet, twelve criminals huddle around a dice game. Glyphs perform aerials, bisected spirals, flighty symbols like the asterisks of inebriation. The signs may be motivated and irascible as the harpies. Following a dotted trajectory through slices of government stasis, these trinkets can and must be considered synchronically interdependent.

The elaborate play of gesture, bristling, swelling, retreats and feints all sum to a collection of refuse. Only an appeasement gesture has the disadvantage of rendering the animal defenseless. The base of the skull presented as a gift, the wolf displaying its abdomen. Paper tiger moms erected as a rampart, like emblems of bravado, shield the breach that wasn't sealed. The aggression of one particular individual is diverted from another particular individual and canalized towards an anonymous other.

Fitted garment parts are stitched in a political arena according to habitual tracks laid down like the sediment of annihilated cultures. The sine wave of a sneer, revealing a golden tooth, as the brigand pockets a purple sphere. The unmoved mover of a gravel sky, ogee of the catastrophe, spanning the page and sheltering negotiations. Subjects in orbit around each other emit jealousy in the form of waves, ripples in waste-time.

The curvature is determined by matter and there isn't enough to close the geometry. All lines eventually meet. There is no parallelism. An arc is a straight line. The macula of the eye collects atoms of onions, like some absent regents discarded meal. Beneath the platform a skulking beast, fidelity, licks its festering wound. Saint Sebastian pleading, beautiful and naïve soul, misrecognizing the delight he sucks from a conundrum he invented, beseeches a granite dome.

Entangled actors, crouched within the vault, argue as to the sanctity of procreation. Biological manipulation of unfurling clouds, billowing, purging, bunions of the body up and out. The flesh of the world like a gross bulb of ginseng. Exorcising yet one more unit of the fantasy, another box of criticism.

The Praise of Calumny

"The best proof that it is not real is that one must make it exist, for example, in loving it."

– Jacques-Alain Miller

Tragic zeros are always isolated, beyond established tit-nips, always in an exposé position. Posterior rising post rupture. Fag spittle litters the pavement. Hindquarters folded under a pleated skirt, so many words hide switchblades. Detonate the theory of perception. The ritual presentation of the hindquarters, which for purposes of visual emphasis are often incredibly colorful, has in its present form almost nothing to do with sexual motivation. It means that the individual performing the ritual acknowledges the higher rank of the one to whom it is directed. The sign begins to divide from the object and thus becomes the trace – a precursor of the signifier that is always the signifier of nothing. The females of those species whose males have an absolute inhibition against biting females behave altogether submissively toward the entire male sex. No organic system can attain to any higher degree of differentiation without firm and cohesive structures supporting it and holding it together. One cannot have one.

What remains at the center is the fine routine of being a part of a little family. What is a staff? Something one leans on or a sign of power?

The limbs are bent in supplication, contracted in readiness, like an assassin who bows in order to reduce the distance to his target's belly. Above rises a hot spot in an otherwise dark sky. Restrain our prudence that ensures our tardiness.

Syncopation of refusal, accusal, the timely exchange of ideal regions. Thus, the impossibility of establishing pacifying relations between the hen and her brood, only the chirp forestalls the puncture descending from maternal anxiety. Nature limits suicidal aggression by prolonging negotiations. Ostracize the megalomaniac like a scapegoat driven into the barren desert dressed in the commune's sins. The object of torture retains the capacity to be an indestructible support. Therefore the regime of menace, cresting the hill, descending into a misty valley in an artificial manner, regularly detached from anguish obstacles. For a style of love traverses the amorous double break. The drone has no father! All its body cells are haploid. It is a grossly exaggerated spermatozoon. The ivory pebbles nestled in pink gelatin, vibrating like milk bottles in the back of a truck.

There on the mantelpiece a rodent prays to some ceramic totem, some future deity who promises antiseptic clarity and binary order. The Oriental rug is the grid, intricate and floral, through which some horrifically obscure grimace will find its proper name. She gave birth to a corrosive element that dissolved the homunculus. The essence of language is tense. Determinism does not equal computability. The subject is a pushing gap in our world, becoming from that which does not exist, feeding on negative entropy. Being a tube, there is a plausible possibility that it might be able to isolate what is going on in its interior from the random activity in its environment.

Hollow image. Broke baroque. We bury our dead alive.

God's power resides in the capacity to advance into emptiness.

"The fantasm is increasingly reduced to an essential instant, or the point of an instant; and therefore, it does not possess a temporal dimension."

– Jacques-Alain Miller