

Missed Opportunities

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Business

Money has become a media. Media is manic. Once it is out there, creating havoc with the possibilities that people search for and demonstrating how meaning emerges through desperation, it cannot be reigned in. If money were still a currency, we would bother enough to sit on it. With the heat of our body it would have become warm enough to come back to life. The oldest token of currency known to humans is human life itself. If currency notes were to come to life, it would be a kind of return.

Media is manic because media is dead and it can never come to life.

Through all the archives, in the dimming light of the records and their contents, there are only obsessions and their traces that can be found. Obsession is in the act of production. We have to obsess over gathering of the particulate message dispersed across the landscape. Otherwise there is no site to access the distilled and concentrated message that is circulating through the channels of the cosmos. Unless we take the pain to obsess over the scraping and collecting of the shreds that we find, we

have no way of ever putting together a single message. Words are puzzles. Yes, but these puzzles do not want to be solved. These puzzles will only get more jumbled and more difficult to navigate as we lose our hold on our memory. At this point we can still remember the point of transition. But at some point in the future, we will forget where we come from. We will forget how we ended up here. Without this memory, we will not even know which way the exit is.

The time we live in will soon be over.

In remembering this time, we loop back to this moment. Only in looping back, we can truly be here. In being here, we get to access all the layers of this waking moment. One of these is the latent memory. The stench storage. All the dreams we ever dream are stored here. If we get triggered in a specific way, we switch to this dream world. Our world becomes beautiful and harmonious. Dreams are always good stories. Humans are fractured every time they try to tell stories. Dreams are stories that are not written by anyone. The kind of auto-poetic cinema that dreams engender is too rare to have a school of thought dedicated to it. This is how genotype becomes phenotype. Although

we should not consider
jargon, business could
have been about exchange of
glances. Instead it is about
going broke.

Conversation

Every time we try to communicate, we expose ourselves. Exposure is dangerous as well as highly potential in an exponential way. There is a possibility to trigger a reaction between the two worlds that get locked-in together because of this exposure. When our species first rose above functional and low-level communication of the animal, we quickly got distracted. Whereas communication could have allowed us to reveal our secrets to each other and allow us to compare our perspectival frames in order to isolate and remove the frame to be able to visualise the world as it is and not be stuck with seeing it as it seems. But we did not do that. We passed up the opportunity and today we are stuck with treating communication as something that we cannot accept at face-value. We have to read into what we say to each other. If we do not read, we do not know.

Switching lanes causes accidents. But following the trail of the singular lane we are in also closes our world. In our closed world, we assume that everything we see has fixed dimensions and agree to operate at specific magnifications. We render a

dynamic, vector universe into a static, raster form. By making this misunderstanding, we impose a metric grid where none exists. And by referring to this grid, we insist that everyone who engages with us also refers to this grid. This is not just a reduction. Reduction is fine, as it is we do not have the means to parse everything in the frame. In order to make the world liveable, we have to agree to make sense of some parts of it a refuse to deal with the rest.

When the slow forces us to crumble and turn away from the frame that offers us a deluded sense to a frame that offers us only the incoherent. The orgasmic is so fleeting, we don't want to squint in order to have it all come together. We want to be able to view the assemblage casually. Investing too much resource in understanding and making sense never seems meaningful. We are interested in skimming the surface, to get a taste. We are not interested in jumping in. What will we do if all the time in the world to offer to you? We will not have thoughts enough to deflower, we will not have enough windows to smash. How will the raw disregard spill out from us to you? When will you recognise us rightly - as a lost cause plugging away relentlessly and not as some

flag-waving saviour?

The beacon is lost. And so we have nothing to do, no script to follow. When an actor does not have the script, she demands the script. When the director refuses to script, she is not doing her job. NO direction is possible in refusing to direct. Even the flavour of nothing is a flavour, there is no default, no vanilla, no basic.

But then where is the specification sheet? Where is the map? If the map cannot be published, how can we be asked to be coherent?

Commerce

When we were young, we thought that money was the answer to all our problems. With a little effort, we imagined we will be past all our struggle and soon have more than enough money to spend. Having money to spend is a kind of privilege in the system. If we draw our privilege from something other than money then we are not really on the same ladder. We are not really geared up to reach the same place. Our sense of grief and our sense of joy are both calibrated against our sense of profit and loss. Our sense of profit and loss is based on the numerical distinctness of money. But if we discard this fiction, if we do not think about what we can hoard and whom we can cheat and what we can get away with, the narrative is much simpler. If there is nothing that we are trying to do, if we do not have any plan as such, it is much simpler. But to not be executing a strategy also betrays a lack of vision. And betraying a lack of vision is not becoming of us. It exposes our innocence. Innocence has been thought to be an irrational state. How can anyone truly be innocent in this strange and crooked world? We have toyed with denying innocence for a long

time. Now for some time, we are not going to deny it. We are going to be simple minded and not plan ahead. We are not going to pre-visualise how situations and events are going to pan out. Enacting innocence in these times of sophistication and complication seems to be a choice that will not yield any benefits. The benefits will be there. Maybe not in terms that can be easily represented in our world, but as a non-contextual element which does not fit any meta-arch of meaning of our times.

Commerce could have been a way for us to exchange knowledge, but instead we are stuck with only the exchange of tangible things. We have hesitated to place a specific value on strands of knowledge. We have mistakenly thought that knowledge is beyond value. And still our antennae make us chase those who freely share knowledge. We know when there is a flow and when there is not. We know when there is something to learn and when there is not. When is nothing to learn we make things up. Because we cannot tolerate boredom. What we make up is our life. We are not particularly interested in the act of ascribing meaning to our life and how we live it. Because of our disinterest, we are not easy to manipulate. But this means that not many

trade with us. And if not many trade with us, we cannot accrue a value. This bothers us. We want to correct this situation. We can correct this situation by finding a way to narrate ourselves as a commodity. Commodities have exchange-value. And to participate, you need to have an exchange value.

Examinations

Evaluating and ascertaining the worth of another is our obsession. We want size others up only for the sake of figuring out if we are in any danger of falling in our own eyes. Examinations could have been about testing ourselves, they could have been about realising what we can muster time and time and again. Examinations could have been rehearsals, but instead they are events of finality. We regret your obsession with wanting to know us. You can't operate under ambiguous terms, you have to know whom you are dealing with. But can we look at this obsession of yours more closely? Are you comfortable with putting yourself up for close examination in the same way as we offer ourselves to you? But you say that you never signed up for this. You say that you owe us nothing. But neighbours have a right to pry. Because walls are thin and you cannot afford to insulate yourselves. If they are aware of your existence at all, why not give them real primetime access to your whole life? And that is the moot point, if we are so painfully aware of each other, then how is privacy even a feasible idea? Whom are we going to protect ourselves from? And which is

the safe haven that we are going to withdraw to? The urge to withdraw has been variously analysed in the course of our history but we look at it as an impossible fantasy. There is nowhere for us to go. We are stuck with this mess. We can try to block off thoughts inside our head, attempting to run into some clear uninterrupted channel for us to smoke our pipe dream. But there is no clearing available. We have to feel at home right here in the middle of nowhere. The concept of home has withered and exhausted itself and is no longer anchored into a place. We are now tent-dwellers. We also have a weak memory. Wherever possible we will hitch out tent because we can and also because we don't remember where we should go back.

They could have examined the fruits of our passion, the holes in our heart. But they chose to examine the fine grain of our intellect, instead. We do not agree that over time the intellectually rendered feeling is more reliable and that the texture of simple emotion is simply untenable. We have felt and feeling has often guided us better than logic and we have to find a way of puncturing logic with feeling. The constructs of logic can allow feeling and feeling can in turn trigger logic. Logic is

a kind of feeling that has internalised fear. The fear of going wrong, the fear of losing track, the fear of coming up with nothing. If for a moment we allow us to crash to the ground and manage to banish all fear from our mind, then we will be in our most lyrical and lucid element. We need to break down.

Institutions

Institutions were imagined to set things into motion. But things have been in motion anyway. Of course they have not fit our search pattern very well. When we look out of our window, we see a set of random activities in play. We do not have the patience to formulate a pattern from what we find in front of us. We want to do more of what we do but we do not want to observe and appreciate what is out there. This is a catastrophic event. We keep releasing venom into the world and the world keeps becoming a bigger and bigger mess. The only problem with the world is that too many people are trying to change it. Because too many people are trying to change the world at the same time, we cannot see the world as it is. But we are seeing the world as it is. There is no parallel present. There is no present behind this present, sneaked away in some dimension that we do not know how to access.

We need to institutionalise ourselves. If we do not perpetuate ourselves, history will not do justice to us. And if history does not do justice, our miserable life and its footprint will disappear like loose sand in the wind. We do not care for our history but the narrative

should be good. We are storytellers not because we have special talent for telling stories but because we care for the narrative more than anything else. Our obsession with the narrative is the most important thing about us. We are better unutilised.

The angles between the stars are equal to some-or-the detail in our body. There is no number that is not repeated. Because infinities are limited by finite lifetimes. We will not always be there. We know the inevitable will eventually catch up.

We are often taken aback that we exist at all. Given our peculiar tendencies, our own manners are not supportive to the struggles of survival.

We are here for now, but in a moment we can disappear. But we will not be so kind. We are not going to be on the defensive just because you are on the offensive.

There is nothing about our hardware that bears the mark of our software. That our self is just a light-hearted sketch is apparent. It is so light that we sometimes feel like window-frames.

The meter is broken, so we can never measure the passing time. We have to rely on

our memory and our memory is just a dream. Our dreams get the world all wrong. We walk upside-down and figure out that that is not possible by falling on our heads.

Our water has also broken. Right here, unexpectedly, we are going to multiply. You didn't even give a shit about me, and now there is two of us. What are going to do? Take a moment.

Once there are two of us, we are going to talk to ourselves and you can listen-in.

Suicide

Living entities generally do not want to die. If they do, they believe that life is at least dissimilar from death. Life and death are only states, they cannot possibly be distinguished from each other because they are only known as different states of consciousness. These states might switch but they still remain states of consciousness.

It is not that life is signified by consciousness and death by some idea of eternal sleep. Both being states of consciousness, limit the actor's behaviour in different ways. Dead people cannot sing and dance but living people might not feel inclined to sing and dance even if they can. So life is known as a set of abilities that might or might not be actualised.

Why is a life not actualised in some way better than a life that has extinguished? With no exhibitions of any signs of life, for all practical purposes, death can be in the present. There is a lot of talk about potential. We do not like this talk.

Potential represents a concept which postulates that the complexity of the universe is such that

anytime, anything can happen. Such a high degree of unpredictability does not exist. Generally speaking we think that we cannot tailor our behaviour towards thinking that if events that happen are random. Our brief as actors is to get busy. We cannot be distracted. We cannot think outside the frame.

We can but we need not and we should not.

The events outside the frame are outside our control. We cannot cause any change in the sequence of events that unravel outside the confines of our rule-bound system. Our frame is only a confinement for defining an application area of rules.

So an un-actualised life and a dead being are not very dissimilar.

If things die before their time, it is tragic. But how do we know what is the right time? We populate unnecessary buffers of time not used for actualisation and we thereby slacken the pace of experience.

Actually the tempo of experience was much faster. But we have an ethical problem about death. We believe that it is very important that everyone be kept alive. Actually there is

no need for any un-actualised being to keep living. Nothing will seem complete. The fever of arriving at closure will guide your actions but closure might never arrive.

If you are not actualised, die. And understand death to be the same as your bland life. Do not feel bad and do not celebrate. Just accept the state change.

The way death affects those that remain alive will change dramatically if all those who are living are actualised. An actualised being will not grieve, will not miss the dead, will not feel that it is unfair. Once that happens, we will lose track of our problems with death.

People will kill themselves casually just as they will give birth to children casually. We will realise the true value of our life only in its degradation.

Co-operatives

We have desire for co-operation when we want something out of the system. When we need to give, we are competitive. Competition is just a logic that enables us to isolate ourselves and keep what we accumulate just for ourselves. Co-operation is not linked in an absolute fashion to the pursuit of a common good. Co-operating towards a common goal, having common interests or objectives or otherwise does not betray a strategic sync. It can also just be a very practical arrangement.

Co-operatives are an under-used legal form. People do not want to accumulate a profit but they register a company. People do not want to be non-profit but they register trusts. Social activity is so monotonous because legal forms of organisation are not understood and used appropriately.

We propose that specific kinds of activity be organised using legal forms that are appropriate. We propose that co-operatives be re-considered. But to re-consider co-operatives, co-operation has to be properly understood. What does co-operation entail?

When we think about co-operation, we think about an expansion of the idea of the self. Self-interest is included in the idea of co-operation because the self is the collective. How does an expanded self operate?

An expanded self is always in the process of self-discovery because the entire scope of the self is never fully mapped. The expanded self is a misnomer of sorts. Expansion still refers to a boundary of some sort. But sometimes no boundaries exist. The entire scope of the landscape is open. All the land that is illuminated by the starlight is under occupation. Under whose occupation? Who is the overlord? There is no overlord. The land is controlled by a force that cannot be singularly identified or isolated.

If the self is not contained. how can it be extended? This brings us closer to considering the question whether co-operatives are the natural pre-ordained form for all entities. The question has no real answer. Co-operatives imagine that everyone's agendas must be in sync. What we observe around us and within us though is that none of our agendas are in sync. We find that we all want different things. Why are we so free that we

can desire anything we want?
Can some limitations not be
imposed on us? Can we not
deforced to behave?

We respond to force with
force. For us to feel weak
and obliged to comply with
the narrative imposed on
us, we need to be coerced
and manipulated. We need
to be threatened of dire
consequences. Nobody is
serious while threatening.
Nobody is actually going to
take the trouble to destroy
us. We do not matter so much
to them. We are only matter
to ourselves because we do
not have a choice. There is
no separation within us and
we have to love ourselves
because that is the thing to
do.

Co-operatives are
proliferating a false
imagination. And it should be
rejected.

Technique

The technique that we want to discuss is not our approach or the process that we will follow in doing what you want us to do. The technique that this text describes is the know-how that we accumulate in order to process our own inertia and remain in continuous production.

Inertia is easily perceived as a problem. What stops us from doing what we want to? How are we becoming more passive rather than active. What suffocates us rather than emancipates us, what amplifies rather than muffles our voice?

Inertia is not a case of a lack of movement only. It does not betray only a comfort in the current point of stasis. We need an ability to be still as much as we need to keep moving.

Some kind of willingness to remain still is needed. This willingness stems from our urge to familiarise ourselves with the frame fully. Once we are familiar with the frame, we feel we will have a more coherent drive and will be able to figure action more concretely. Movement allows us to survey the landscape and decide the optimal action. But sometimes we do not need to make the optimal

decision as much as we need the confidence of performing a definitive action. Sometimes acting in any capacity at all is required. A freeze is not desirable and not acceptable.

Still moving objects oscillate between movement and stillness. Still moving images are like animated frames arresting time into the same instance. What happens when time gets arrested? What happens when time loses its potency? Is it even possible to deal with the exhaustion that time contains in a frontal fashion? Sometimes circumstances morph to suit the stage manager and at other times they morph to suit no one in particular. Disasters are basically unpredictable circumstances which are difficult to manipulate. And disaster have to be embraced even for the possibility of something worthwhile happening at all. Because if things cannot go wrong, they will not even happen. To negotiate with inertia, we need to make peace with the possibility that things will go horribly wrong. We acknowledge the risk, we formulate the chances for the risk to play out in different ways and then we act. How confident and forceful are we? The confidence and force of our behaviour will be the

sole determining factor that affects the post-act situation. And these solely depend on how tough a face can we present to the destabilising effects of over-whelming risk. Risk formulation is really a dynamic event. The handle that risk offers is slippery. We remain in a fragile and vulnerable state if we remain engaged with the risk formulation enterprise.

The technique that we have started talking about here deals with our capacity of dealing with inertia. And in order to calibrate our need to move and our need to be still on our own, we can escape the trap of inertia. We need to produce confidence and forcefulness, without any reason. No statistic is ever going to point towards a position of strength. We cannot keep an eye on the numbers when we are being constant requested to act.

Museum of Vestigial Desire

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