



THE TENDERFIERCE DIARIES OF MYOUR GAPE

excerpt B

The Snail's Gait

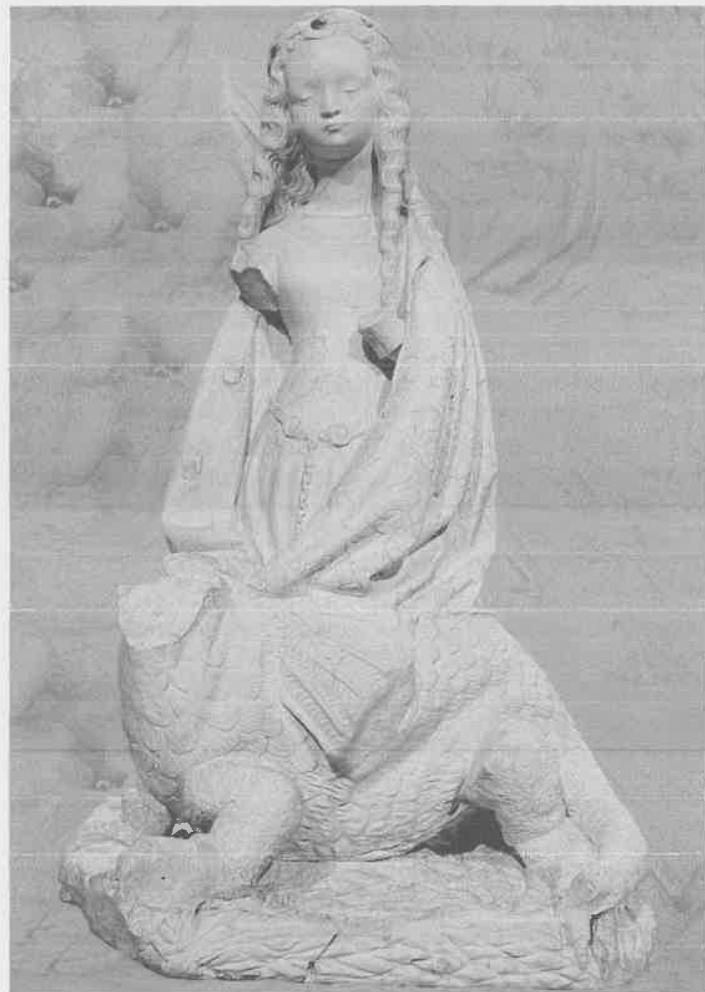
in memory

In the hottest hour
of this endless blaze

20 02

I, wisdom, dwell in prudence
and possess knowledge and discretion

I love those who love me
and those who seek me find me



THE TENDERFIERCE DIARIES OF MYOUR GAPE + EXCERPT B - THE SNAIUS GAIT + THE ESTATE OF MYOUR GAPE " 2025 +
THE TENDERFIERCE DIARIES OF MYOUR GAPE + EXCERPT B - THE SNAIUS GAIT + THE ESTATE OF MYOUR GAPE " 2025 + THE TENDERFIERCE
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Feel the need

22 02

To arrive today in a country without
Remembering

— SNAIL DIARIES OF MYOUR GATE + EXCERPT B - THE SNAIL'S GATE + THE ESTATE OF MYOUR GATE IN 2021 +
— SNAIL DIARIES OF MYOUR GATE + EXCERPT B - THE SNAIL'S GATE + THE ESTATE OF MYOUR GATE IN 2021 + THE TENDER
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OF MYOUR GATE + EXCERPT B - THE SNAIL'S GATE + THE ESTATE OF MYOUR GATE IN 2021 + THE TENDER DIARIES OF MYOUR GATE

I am love

and this overbearing tenderness
the brave precarious force of a flower

an overbearing tenderness in my soul for the sake of clarity

an overbearing tenderness in my soul there are two ways I can go about reacting to the current social and political climate

an overbearing tenderness in my soul [1] I direct my material and mental resources toward solving the following: How can welfare be created in a way that is consistently anti-fascist?

an overbearing tenderness in my soul [2] I prepare for violence, the intensifying currency of this trade. Violence is the currency vertiginously appreciating in the chasm that rising social inequality has produced in the West — everything else risks losing all purchasing power very soon, very quickly.

So I might just need to be prepared, in case I'd want to keep my stake in the game.

an overbearing tenderness in my soul I mean 'welfare' concretely—I mean wealth, purchasing power, financial and social wellbeing. How can one get rich both in spirit and capital? Can one, or is capital the sin, period, and abolition the only way? But would't that be cultural lobotomy? And capital, being nothing but an idea, just a Lernaean Hydra whose new heads would keep rising from the cut? How does one get capacious without having to essentially buy into the global economy of war? How does one relate to money in a way that is both productive and actually other than capitalist?

an overbearing tenderness in my soul welfare-making is the only discursive tool that matters because it is the only discursive tool that can actually grant power—to have power is to have the people's prolonged attention, credibility, the standing from which it is possible to work a vision into existence, no vision being realizable without a collective—because welfare, not ideas, is what people ultimately care about, what holds them together once they're brought together. Welfare—at the end of the day, people—the billions people you share a world with but will never even get the chance to learn the name of—just don't *really* give a shit about anything else. And I get it. Welfare is a smart thing—welfare is intelligent, it's like, a beautiful, elegant idea. Suddenly something could *consistently* turn into so many *other* things. On welfare upon welfare, those reasonable expectations are built which allow us all to survive. It's like a condition. People can care about anything else because they care about welfare. It's like air. It's the same as air. Like it costs air to breath, it costs money to live. Communities cost. Everything costs. I am tired of being broke, of hearing there is no budget while money is everywhere, the backdrop to everything. And invisible. Does it get more taboo than asking someone to look through their bank statement? What is intelligence without emotion, without tact, without timing, without a vision for what is to come? Intelligence is not accumulation.

an overbearing tenderness in my soul we tend to forget just how hard, if possible at all, it is to actually provoke structural change from a position of lack of power. This is already a surveillance state. Move the wrong finger, and you will be chased down and locked up in no time.

an overbearing tenderness in my soul there's a lot of subtext when I write 'antifascist' but I'm mainly thinking of a way of generating welfare that doesn't benefit from and doesn't constantly reinforce inequality. A method of welfare generation that does not assume scarcity and that, somehow, can be grounded in a notion and evidence of subjectivity that does not focus on our distinctions, separateness and appearance of self-sufficiency as organisms, but on the contrary, that benefits from remarking and enhancing our inter-dependence. Exchange itself was perhaps a promising beginning. Two people, each with something the other needs, meeting to mutual benefit. But somewhere since, the way was lost. Now we need a method of welfare generation that benefits, directly, from our being environment to one another. From this porosity. That benefits from acknowledging that everyone you are looking at is also you, that you *are* that person. That doesn't benefit from seizing them and having control and power over them—actually, that is *damaged* by seizing them and having control and power over them.

an overbearing tenderness in my soul now, as a very first step it is crucial to acknowledge that before being structural to the economy, inequality has a structural equivalent in contemporary subjectivity, in a personal, psychic, and linguistic sense, i.e. in subjection (of the object to the subject, of the other to the human, and so forth).

an overbearing tenderness in my soul 'personal': this word is key. It is from the formation of the subject in their personal sphere—in their daily, intimate life—that one should begin. That, is somehow the engine. That everyone is a world. That we are all responsible.

an overbearing tenderness in my soul Thomas Hobbes envisioned the social contract as individuals surrendering freedom to a sovereign entity for protection and order. This vertical power structure inevitably breeds fascistic tendencies: power centralization, the government of scarcity, and reinforcement of separation between subjects are all features that are inherent to sovereignty. And the subject—you—always considers itself to be sovereign, whether over its own pain or its own pleasure. The classical economic subject (rational, self-interested, autonomous) is fundamentally aligned with fascistic power structures because it reinforces separation as the primary mode of being, thus appreciating violence. It is precisely this reinforcement of separation that ensures violence will always be the most efficient way through
Instead, welfare creation should happen through horizontal networks where value would somehow emerge from connection rather than extraction...

an overbearing tenderness in my soul money must transform from a store of value to a measure of generative connection. Currency should become a flow-indicator rather than an accumulation metric...

I love you. I hate this

overbearing tenderness in my soul questioning why humans tend to define identity through separation rather than connection despite our social nature. From an evolutionary perspective, distinguishing between "us" and "them" offered survival advantages. Group identification provided protection, resource sharing, and cooperation, while out-group vigilance protected against threats. This boundary-defining tendency was especially adaptive and fruitful in environments with limited resources and intergroup competition.
Identity formation itself goes hand in hand with differentiation. We understand ourselves partly through contrast with others. (How and when did difference become (a reason for) separation?) This psychological process appears in early childhood development across cultures, suggesting it's a fundamental aspect of human cognition. (When do children begin to have a country?)

an overbearing tenderness in my soul power structures throughout history have systematically reinforced separation-based identity. Categorizing humans (by ethnicity, class, nationality) makes populations easier to govern and control. Colonial racial systems, caste structures, and modern nationalisms all demonstrate how separation-based identity serves those already in power. Life is nothing but a lottery. I was drawn to love

an overbearing tenderness in my soul as for why competitive behaviors persist despite potential harm:
Competition has offered short-term survival and reproductive benefits throughout most of human existence, even while potentially undermining collective wellbeing. The individuals who acquired more resources often had better survival odds and more offspring, reinforcing these traits genetically and culturally. Our economic and social systems have institutionalized competition as the primary mode of interaction. Capitalism particularly rewards competitive acquisition and measures success through individual accumulation rather than collective flourishing. Sacrifice will never be prized enough and yet remains essential as a societal ground—someone must be sacrificed (again and again) for 'us' to advance (the whole of Christian history is based upon this premise). I am not sure as of why exactly but I'm guessing but it must have something to do with shame, and the keeping at hand of death (to 'advance' being actually just to run from the fear of death, to cast it far and away), again a sense of sovereignty and rule over death (instanced by rule over the other)

an overbearing tenderness in my soul while the harms of systemic competition are often diffuse, delayed, and difficult to attribute to individual actions, the psychological rewards of status and comparison are immediate and tangible. This creates a classic collective action problem where individually rational choices lead to collectively harmful outcomes. This is the intelligence that governs us.
The persistence of these traits despite their potential harm represents a mismatch between evolutionary adaptations suited for resource-scarce environments and our current capacity for abundance through cooperation. Our psychology evolved in conditions very different from today's interconnected world.

and who am I to assume this could or must change? And for whose sake? What have we achieved, once fairness and freedom have obtained? Do I really want freedom? Should I, can I really want something I have never known? Who are you? If you are me, if you've always been me, we are done, and what else could be asked of us. What if no one's ever wanted really to be free. What if what everyone has ever wanted is just something else than whatever took place. What if Lazarus did not want to be raised from the dead, what if Marx's worker never wanted the revolution. Just to be well and at peace. Which in the age of the average, under the rule on number, means: just welfare. And since welfare is a type of bind, the relationship between welfare and freedom remains problematic.

an overbearing tenderness in my soul so (to wrap this up) the choice is between a smart, technical, preemptive antifascism, or violence. There is *no* alternative—if, that is, you want to remain in the world. The alternative is to be outside the world, to remove yourself, something which is a privilege to even conceive of. And most of us do this all the time, removing ourselves most hours of every day, partially or entirely. Good luck to us, citizens of complicit countries, as we'll try to remove ourselves further down the trench.

an overbearing tenderness in my soul then of course, there's also another option, which is not reacting and going with it. Follow through, await the events, business as usual. So frightening stressful and kinda uncool to worry, brag, think around all this, plus you know I am busy with something else, this precious life, and this cute vision of mine. One by one you will feel your assumptions collapse behind you. Soon your freedom will shrink, and with your freedom, your ability to love. Your freedom will be reft away from you gradually, a slow process you won't fully perceive. You will soon be commanded to execute. You will say 'this is insane' and the emptiness that meanwhile will have formed around you will not answer you, will not stop you. Primo Levi wrote, "dangerous are the common men, the functionaries ready to believe and to act without asking questions,"

dangerous is preemptive obedience

Anyway

Matter loves on

Through a radiance
Paled by description

And art
literally ends

UNDERFLOOR DIARIES OF MYOUR GATE + EXCERPT A - THE SNAH'S GATE + THE ESTATE OF MYOUR GATE " 2023 + THE
UNDERFLOOR DIARIES OF MYOUR GATE + EXCERPT B - THE SNAH'S GATE + THE ESTATE OF MYOUR GATE " 2023 + THE TENDERFIER
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The ant's a centaur in its dragon world

And all is well in the jungle



Whatever you do
Whoever you are
Whatever you say

THE TENDERFIER DIARIES OF MYOUR GATE 1 EXCERPT 3 - THE SNAIL'S GATE 1 THE ESTATE OF MYOUR GATE 1 2013 2 THE TENDERFIER DIARIES OF MYOUR GATE 1 EXCERPT 4 - THE SNAIL'S GATE 1 THE ESTATE OF MYOUR GATE 1 2013 3 THE TENDERFIER DIARIES OF MYOUR GATE 1 EXCERPT 5 - THE SNAIL'S GATE 1 THE ESTATE OF MYOUR GATE 1 2013 4 THE TENDERFIER DIARIES OF MYOUR GATE 1 EXCERPT 6 - THE SNAIL'S GATE 1 THE ESTATE OF MYOUR GATE 1 2013 5 THE TENDERFIER DIARIES OF MYOUR GATE 1

dynamic (adj.)

“pertaining to mechanical forces not in equilibrium, pertaining to force producing motion”
(the opposite of static)

from french *dynamique* introduced by German mathematician Gottfried Leibniz in 1691

from greek *dynamikos*, powerful, from *dynamis*, power, from *dynasthai*, to be able, to have power, be strong enough, which is of unknown origin

to reap what you sow

03 03

Love used to blind me

UNDEARBLE DIARIES OF MYOUR GATE + EXCERPT B - THE SNAKE'S GATE + THE ESTATE OF MYOUR GATE " 2021 + THE
UNDEARBLE DIARIES OF MYOUR GATE + EXCERPT B - THE SNAKE'S GATE + THE ESTATE OF MYOUR GATE " 2023 + THE TENDERFIRE
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04 03

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valid

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05 03

Do you have someone to love?

you should

Then I went
and walked myself
like a dog without a leash

A labyrinth

its intelligence curls up

Like a fist in me

the boundaries of acceptability

Flexing like a dream around me

UNDERFIELD DIARIES OF MYOUR GATE + EXCERPT B - THE SNAKE'S GAIT + THE ESTATE OF MYOUR GATE IN 2025 + THE
TENDERFIELD DIARIES OF MYOUR GATE + EXCERPT B - THE SNAKE'S GAIT + THE ESTATE OF MYOUR GATE IN 2025 + THE TENDERFIELD
DIARIES OF MYOUR GATE + EXCERPT B - THE SNAKE'S GAIT + THE ESTATE OF MYOUR GATE IN 2025 + THE TENDERFIELD DIARIES
OF MYOUR GATE + EXCERPT B - THE SNAKE'S GAIT + THE ESTATE OF MYOUR GATE IN 2025 + THE TENDERFIELD DIARIES OF MYOUR GATE

10 03

For four slow years
I lived on my knees

Come closer

Only ever whisper to me

make love to me

i am exhausted
i am exhausted but i keep on

doing the exhaustion

6 03

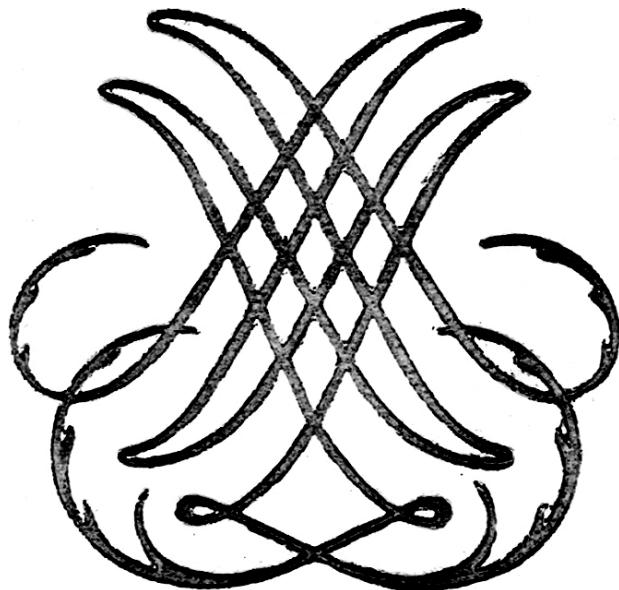
won't you please

blow through me
like a bullhorn

O sympathy of love
you pervade everything
how would anything
how would I
be possible
how would I
move why would I
make anything without you?

Don't be ridiculous,

came to know you in war and in war
We continue



THE TENDERFIERCE DIARIES OF MYOUR GAPE

excerpt B

The Snail's Gait