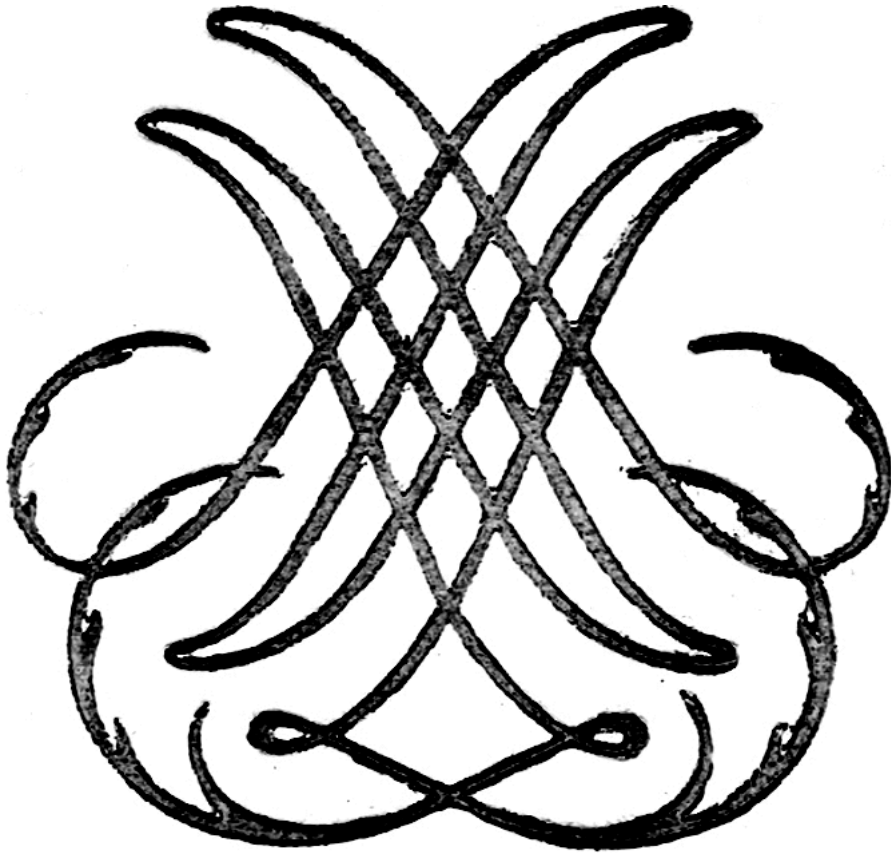


excerpt B



the snail's gait

in memory

19/02

In the hottest hour
of this endless blaze

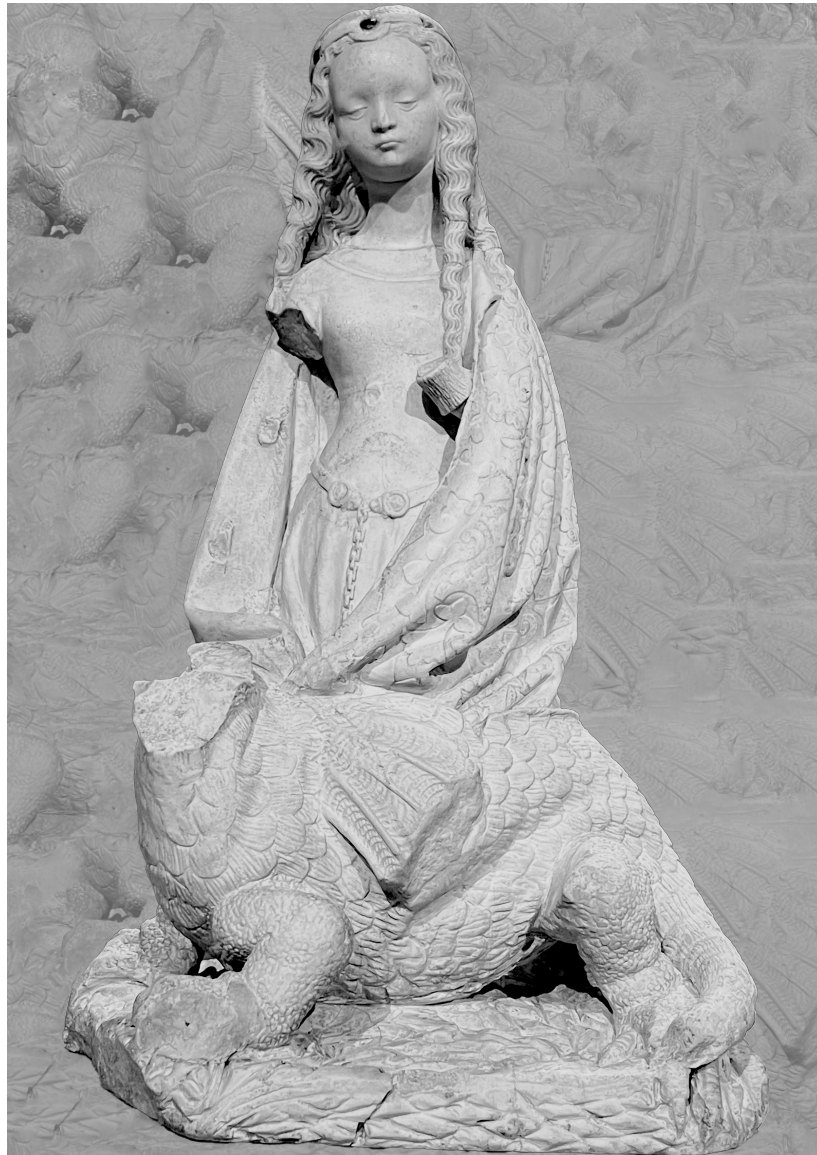
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20/02

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

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

/



21/02

Feel the need

/

22/02

To arrive today in a country without
Remembering

/

23/02

I am love

and this overbearing sweetness
the brave precarious force of
a flower

an overbearing sweetness in my soul for the sake of clarity

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

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

an overbearing sweetness 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 loosing 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 sweetness in my soul I mean 'wealth' concretely—I mean income, purchasing power, financial and wellbeing. How can one get rich both in spirit and capital? 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 sweetness in my soul wealth-making is the only discursive tool that matters because it is the only discursive tool that can actually grant power—power being the standing from which it is possible to work a vision into existence—because wealth, not ideas, is what people ultimately care about, what holds them together once they're brought together. Wealth. 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, I guess. Wealth is a smart thing—wealth is intelligent, it's like, a beautiful, elegant idea. Suddenly something could *consistently* turn into so many *other* things. On wealth upon wealth, those reasonable expectations can be grounded which we all need to survive. It's like a condition. People can care about anything else because they care about money. 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, present. 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 sweetness 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. You will be chased down, locked up //

an overbearing sweetness in my soul there's a lot of subtext when I write 'antifascist' but I'm mainly thinking of a way of generating wealth that doesn't benefit from and doesn't constantly reinforce inequality. A method of wealth 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. And transactions were maybe a promising start but something must have gone wrong somewhere sometime down the line... Now we need a method of wealth generation that benefits, directly, from our being environment. 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 sweetness in my soul now, in order to begin designing this through 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 sweetness 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 sweetness 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, wealth creation should happen through horizontal networks where value would somehow emerge from connection rather than extraction... /

an overbearing sweetness 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. Nothing happens for a reason. I love you. I hate this

overbearing sweetness 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 outgroup 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 sweetness 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 sweetness 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 sweetness 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 of number, means: just wealth. And since wealth is a type of bind, the relationship between wealth and freedom remains problematic.

an overbearing sweetness in my soul so (to wrap this up) the choice is between smart, technical, preemptive antifascism, and 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 sweetness 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

25/02

Any way

Matter loves on

26/02

Through a radiance
paled by description

/

27/02

And art
literally ends

/

28/02

The ant's a centaur in its dragon world

/

01/03

And all is well in the jungle



Whatever you do
Whoever you are
Whatever you say

02/03

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

04/03

NO
ur
so
valid

/

lo lo
ve X ss

/

05/03

Do you have someone to love?

/

you should

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

/

07/03

A labyrinth

its intelligence curls up

Like a fist in me

/

the boundaries of acceptability

Flexing like a dream around me

/

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

that sympathy of love
that pervades everything
how would anything
how would you
be possible
how would you
move why would you
make anything without it?

don't be ridiculous,

[illegible]

promise you, trust me, I love you, I love you, I have always loved you, please, please, I love you, I still love you, I love you, I

came to know you in war and in war
We continue