

SPECULATIONS

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Draft Five

Man can do everything but make a birdnest.
— Bachelard

“Understanding” is a vague concept.
— Wittgenstein

Juoksentilisinkohan (Finnish: I think I shall wander about a little
without a particular destination.)

When Goethe went to Italy he traveled part of the way in the company of an Italian captain: “As I would often remain silent and pensive and thoughtful, he said to me once: ‘What are you thinking about! One ought never to think, thinking ages one! One should never confine oneself to a single thought because he then goes mad: he needs to have a thousand things, a confusion in his head!’”
— Ortega Y Gasset

SPECULATIONS

The *STRUCTURE* of a play ought not be viewed as a fixed thing, but as a mutable one.

I mean, the structure of a play conceived of a moving point:

vvvvvvvv . vvvvvv

passing over– or through– time, from inception to end point; so that what it is relation of part to who(o)le [Oh Mereology!] changes continuously and continually;

changes because space is filled with invisible lines– as theatron. (Da Vinci) This is why vertical narrative is possible.

This is why monologue is inherently demonic.

This is why only the wicked walk in circles. (Augustine)

~

Drama takes place in phase space. The continuum of phase-space is to time as time is to space.

Theatricality takes place, as it were, perpendicular to time, along the phase-space continuum. We do not know what we are doing.

Thus neither theatricality nor drama takes place in time, although of course they do.

Time (clock time, I mean) is of the essence only in appearance, not in APPARENCE. Time is only apparently an expression of space; the reverse is also true. (Einstein)

Real thinking as well, lies outside time, occupies an outside-time, "that eternal moment that medieval philosophy approached in the *nunc stans* of the mystic". (Arendt)

~

All plots are not stories. All stories are not plots.

The ARISTOTELIAN is the story unfolded as plot.

The STRANGE is the story perpendicular to the ARISTOTELIAN which unfold in phase-space, not in time, and hence cannot be told in terms of plot.

~

One might also say: theater enacts the great vanishing and perishing; this is correct because theater, being a vanishing and perishing thing, must exist more in the mind than in the world; we love best what has been removed from us.

~

The Already known is the completion of knowable action (AK = KA).

Perfection stands to the AK as AK does to the unknown.

Knowing is touching.

Knowing is touching, yes, but the unknown also happens, has ways, forms shapes and yes even the habit of a certain kind of tenderness.

The perfect is the radiant; she indicates what is beyond, perpendicular to the square of the Already known: A new dimension— i.e. the strange. The strange fills all phase-space perpendicular to the four dimensions of familiar appearance.

If the Strange is what fills Appearance, Charm is what draws us in. Although these two forces operate in tandem they are not the same. Their work together inaugurates a state of mindfulness wherein drama, considered as an act of theater (not theatre) can both happen and be noted. As such.

So; *STRANGENESS* is what fills Appearance; and, thus, is what keeps us there, where we find ourselves. *CHARM* is what draws us in; and, thus, is what is there when nothing else is.

These two forces (Strangeness and Charm) complete and amplify theater beyond the tragic (impossible in our time) and the Comic (now mostly a musty relic of obviousness, obvious incongruity, the Already known [perfected] humor of the *GEEZER*).

The theater of the Already known is Sentimental Melodrama, which is also Geezer Theatre. (Wellman)

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All theater is nested; no other than nested theater is possible, although a certain species of Performance can be non-nested.

Performance (Art) of this sort (considered as a form of theater) is, however, situated in a foam of undecidability. He is an augmentation of a phantom, and therefore initiates a moralism without a moral. P(A) is a spectre. (Blake)

~

Theater may be nested in a time, a practice, or a culture. This is the What About of the theater.

Space within the theater is, as it were, magnetized by the nest, so recognized. And this is the work of both Strangeness and Charm. And the theater— a place for showing, *theatron*, is thereby endowed.

All theater space is thus filled with an infinity of lines— or vectors (Valery on Da Vinci)— which determine the cogency (or lack thereof) of the theatrical Apperception. (Kant)

This Apperception is not an idea, nor a concept; it is a geometrical solid, of crystalline architecture, and in these pages it will be denominated an “Apparence”.

All theater rests on an awareness of Apparence.

Character, plot, division of entities, coming into and going out of, and especially the matter of What About, all these too are part of this coming into awareness.

Personality is not character, though the latter may employ the former.

Personality is one of the scatter-effects of Character.

But Character is refined (*duende*, *yugen*); personality is not

(personality is like the weatherman on local television).

What scatters, occupies; scatter is the enabler of that which fills the Appearance, insofar as it is the enabler of what is, and what is shown, the theatrical.

Thus theatrical space is a hole filled with something else, something much like theater, but different. Of the same color, but of a different hue.

As a process, this process begins, goes for a time – the wiggle – and then stops.

As a practice, this practice is the doing of Appearance, and what is revealed is like the prayer in the heart of the devotee; what is revealed is boundless, which is a perfection beyond all the perfections of the Already known.

Appearance is, thus, both dimorphic and self-similar. Cecropian. Tiger Swallow-tailian.

~

Appearance is the actor who knows his lines, and therefore faces the abyss of the Already known (the AK is a naturally occurring anti-matter) with perfect equipoise and an amiable demeanor. He is in possession of what he knows, and not the other way around—he knows what he does *not* know; that is, he practices knowing in the sense of a respect. In this matter, we of the audience are what is wanting, and our mindfulness completes the equation. Truth is the inner-most.

Theatrical truth looms enormous, although she exists only on a micro scale.

Unlike the world of the AK the theater is, in this sense, a study in bliss. Apparence must be calm. Otherwise we are in the wrong place— a theatre perhaps.

All other nestings are false. They divulge their origin being phantoms of the will, perverted contemporary personality. The long underwear of personal expression.

Apparence vanishes, or rather flees into Hoole Space, which lies perpendicular to time.

Apparence can be made to flee into the precinct of Hoole Space, but it cannot be destroyed. No no no.

We admire self-confidence in actors because we are reminded thereby. Egg and dart sequence. Cosmos. Cosmetic. Decoration. A bliss out of which the antitheatrical world would tumble us, buck naked, as a mere foundling babe

—

into the vast and cryptic wilderness of Theatre.

Theater is not theatre; he is other than that, a condition of radiants.

If we are lucky we awaken in a HOOLE. Hoole's hole. Where the howl is taken up.

The howl is inaudible to us, the contemporary, being nested approximately in a region of folly, of acoustic shadow; but being wildy the HOWL is a true howl, indeed. Never forget this fact; for this fact is the only fact, and sets all supposes on their noses.
(Frost)

Apparence knows the front door can only be approached by the back door. Thus all true actors approach the front door by the back. This is what they do however they talk of the matter. Indeed if they talk of the matter, they commit an error of redundancy, and are like to be pricked on the thumb by a thorn. Thus compromised they yell and they yelp. They yelp for help.

A yell is like a yelp, but it is not like a howl. Yelps are beyond help, howls are not. (Ginsberg)

(*Nota bene*: Whatever they are howls are not *howells*. [circa 2001] Howells are mere djinns, creatures of the Times' geezerly obsession with managing what is new, under the auspices of the Already known.)

The crie of the yelp can never be stanchèd; can never be stanchèd because it is not nested.

He must remain a bogey in the realm of the Already Known. A mere motive—.

So: Scatter is the flow of intelligence through a visible space.

Scatter both reveals and conceals.

Scatter reveals the theatrical topos with a mathematical precision, albeit along the continuum of phase-space, which is called the M Continuum (M as in Malarkey), and which lies perpendicular to the line of experience, that likewise corresponds to the most commonly held conception of time.

Scatter conceals the theatrical as well; becomes a felt presence, the enabler of what is termed the “uncanny”. This presence is a kind of theatrical presence in the absence of what is not, not nested in the Aristotelian, the theater of plot.

Scatter shows us only the outlines, as a kind of event, but also as a species of presence. But as we do not know what it is, we do not know what to do about the matter.

This not knowing about the matter is intrinsic and inescapable. This outcome of the fact of Appearance cannot and must not be resisted.

Plebeian theater (theatre) is a theatrical resistance to, and against, appearance, in the name of appearance.

A question is framed.

A question is raised.

(A question is ignored)

...

Plebeian theatre cannot conceive of any question so framed, so raised. The theatre of our time is, for the most part, a theater of question-begging; plebeian theatre is a theatre of the Already known.

The AK knows where it is going, and why.

The AK is not subject to scatter. The Plebeian eye sees only what has been before.

This theatre, theatre *qua* theatre, is tautology.

Theatre *qua* theatre imagines the world is there merely to be mirrored; there is no prink in her pronk. Theatre *qua* theatre knows nothing of the What You Will of theater. Theater *qua* theater.

That is because the What You Will of theater will always go another way; go another way, as though she were a small, dangerous creature, chittering and snarling. perhaps venomous.

This creature, Black-Tufted Malabar X, knows the world is a terrible terrible place and wills a compact between special instance and wild time. This creature, this X, glories in the splendor of apparence (and indifference), and keeps her weapons her dreadful things her weapons in perfect working order and in crack shape. All in her dreadful box.

The proposition I do not know what I am doing while in the act of doing I do not know who I am nor what is not tautology; this proposition reveal an exchange of charm for strangeness. A supersession of apperception by the force of the square of what lies off; off there, and is radiant (and is the Radiant); the *radiance* of apparence that is perpendicular to the most conventional frame of reference that comes to mind.

Hoole space is the space of howling.

Structure is that part of the play conceived of as the Already known. Therefore Structure is that part of the play that is like some other play, usually that is better or is deemed (by someone eminent in such matters) to be so.

The question of Hoole Space is related to the ontology of theatrical holes, but because of the intension of theatrical airlessness is in effect equivalent to the square of the latter extended at a perpendicular from the familiar.

All such question are complications of what is called conventional structure.

Conventional structure is a redundancy in fact.

Conventional structure is a redundancy, in fact, since if it were not conventional there would still be structure present.

There is *a/ways* structure present.

Structure reveals her plan and purpose as a fractal, at infinite depths.

Thus, in the world of appearance, the structure of the play is that part of the Already known that resembles some other play— as has already been suggested— presumably a better one.

Structure proceeds through historical time on the principle of nested copies, each one slightly more faded than the rest.

Structure exists in the phase-space of fallen time as a cycle of fade.

In the realm of psychology this process is the evolution of what is truly felt to what is not; from an authentic form of sincerity to sentimentality; from true, unmediated feeling to the emotion which is generated as display, in the service of some ulterior motive, or most commonly of What Will Pay the Rent (WWPR).

The gradual conclusion of the whole matter (to paraphrase T. E. Hulme) is that, too often, the language of theatre puts things in a stereotype form.

That the speciousness of so-called Structure is not at all obvious is one of the effects of Scatter, scatter considered both as charm and as the strange.

We feel things in the prickle on the nape of the neck just as we realize, or are coming to an apperception of the folly of all conventional structures.

All such structures fall down in their folly.

What is left standing; standing there in the here and now.

A *tear* appears.

(A tear as in air; not a tear as in ear)

A tear appears and it is

A



Such that a gap, or discontinuity, appear



In the continuum.

This we understand or do not understand according to our separate natures.

The thing before us is what is radiant, therefore, in the space of the theater.

We are peripheral to, to appearance.

We are central to the appearance, as it enfolds us in Hoole space.

All problems are problems of perception.

(All other disturbances are Facts of Life, and hence not problems. Problems capable, in principle at least, of a solution.)

A theater is, thus, a space delimited, a small world for showing and beholding what is shown.

Theater takes place in the world of showing; not in the mind. The mindfulness of theater takes place in this showing. When this showing tips over into the realm of plausible psychological journalism (the Already known), a tear is *not* enacted, and we are stuck in the world of theatre— a geezerly outcome.

Theater also takes place in the mind; in the order of beholding and apperception. Theater does not take place on stage because the small world of the stage (so often) becomes a mere pandemonium of fart jokes, has-beens in fright wigs, fat men and tubas, the whole conboberation of showbiz, a thing to appall anyone with a mind to be appalled.

Still things happen somewhere theatrically, as we all know what we are talking about in this regard.

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None of these remarks are unfoldable in the normal three dimensions perceptible to the geezer with his clock dream of totality and social conditioning, and the doing of sixes upon sevens. Rather, these remarks are like the six additional dimensions of Calabi-Yau Space which remain for most purposes folded up. (Greene)

Folded up like the hidden parts of the sleeping cat.

Because the hidden parts of the sleeping cat are hidden does not mean that the hidden parts are not there.

It is sometimes extremely important to keep things SIMPLE.

Now, therefore, we have observed that all parts of the thing called structure fall down in folly. They do this because unlike the hidden parts of the cat, they appear to be there but they are not.

Structure in this sense is what is not-there; but remains an abstraction, a kind of boiler-plate (or theoretical template), a rule of thumb, almost, contrived to comfort the person who does not like theater but is unaware of the fact and being totally clueless is altogether innocent of the folded up dimensions of the theater (i.e. appearance and the scatter-effect of strangeness and charm); and therefore reacts only to the horrifying conboberation of the theatre, a pace alien to all other human states. Inevitably a place full of the very self-assured, men and women all talking at the top of their voices.

The point of imagining theater, and the entire experience of being within one is meaningful precisely in order to avoid the deafening experience of maniacal hubbub described above.

Theat(re) consists of maniacal hubbub more or less successfully disguised.

Theater, properly reconceived and reimagined, presents itself as an appearance; offers an experience close to that of architectural presence. An apperception, out of time (clock time, at least).

But there might be another kind of time, a time we might call *Wild Time*.

We will not consider “Wild Time” at this moment because we do not know how.

Furthermore, the structure of a play, and I am not referring to structure in the sense of the Already known, is not always the same.

The structure of a play depends upon where you are in it.

This should be obvious— your experience of an experience depends upon where you are in the experience of experiencing it.

This may seem like madness, but upon further reflection we see that it is not.

We experience theater moment to moment.

That is the only way we experience anything, and it is certainly how we experience a play or what have you in the theater.

You cannot eat a whole meal in one mouthful (unless you are

horror horror not of a human order of being).

You cannot do anything all at once, unless that thing consists of one moment only.

I know of no one-moment plays; I know of one-word plays and have several times commanded my disciples to write down of their very own, and have even written down one of my own (only one) myself. This play is:

psychopannychy

; but I am not aware of an instance of any one of these plays being produced; if one of these were to be produced, the resulting show might very well possess more than one moment, because one word may very well consist of more than one moment. Certainly psycho-pannychy does.

Now this moment may resemble a point thus:



; but this moment is not simply a point since if it were a mere point it would remain a mere figment: a basic and unreducible simplicity at odds with any notion of architecture and of a space to be filled (architecturally, intellectually, emotionally).

But the *phase-space* of the moment extends perpendicularly to the arrow of clock-time; in clock-time the moment is not extended but remains curled up like the six dimensions of Calabi-Yau space, like the hidden parts of the sleeping cat.

A *point* is like the black hole that has no hair: it is irreducible.

(Witten)

A moment possesses hair, and is therefore like the hidden parts of the sleeping cat.

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In all this a key concept is multi-dimensionality; if theater is not to be the crested idiot of theatre we must think of theater as a multi-dimensional art form, as architecture, as sculpture (Sculpture and architecture are one [Gaudier-Brzeska]); theater as extension not expression (mere personality).

Of Gaudier: "...his stillness seemed an action". (Pound)

Character and moment and action are one; what is proposed by one is accomplished by another.

Character and moment and action are, in this sense, interchangeable; only each affects a not knowing of the fact in order to maximize each his and her inmost nature, hue, reflectivity. Each of these elements is like the tilted tile, a tessera, the smallest element of a mosaic.

The purpose of theater in this regard is to oppose thought to thought, with ideas as tesserae, so as to generate more thoughts. Apperception. Epiphany. Thoughts and more of them, a profusion of epiphanies in the order of their appearance— as appearance— in the small world of theater.

Theater is not a means, it is an end in itself. Like truth and democracy. Theat(re) regards the art only as a means, either toward a preestablished and implicit *moralism* (as in much of the current and faddish British work), or to the end of a set of preconditioned responses; each the opposite side of the coin of

the Already known (Geezer theatre, i.e., showbiz).

In theater, in a world of lines running perpendicular to clock-time, we have a dialectic of perceptions; perceptions, connections to apperception; apparence.

Apparence, a profusion of tilted surfaces, the momentary, tilted, on a slant.

Theater is alive with surprises, as the *GOOSE* discovered when she fell down the wrong hole, the hole of Hoole, Hoole's hole, a Ho(o)le, and was devoured by small, fierce creatures with wicked claws.

We, being human, want to know why we are doing a thing while we are in the throes of doing it. This want is our disgrace and also our nobility, since without it, we would only be fit for throwing away like trash, like the "abominable branch" Jonathon Edwards wrote of that so reminded him of himself on a bad day.

Our disgrace because stupid, doomed to frustration, as pointless as gilding the lily.

If the poor *GOOSE* had not confused *HOOLE* space with holes in general (and with the ho(o)le of her sad end in particular) she would never have come to be so awfully eaten.

—

But, but always there remains the question of what is nested in what.

For one kind of time may be cunningly nested in another, curled up so we are not aware of her presence.

For time is wriggly.

For time possesseth a definitive attitude.

For time likes to hide, like the Black-Tufted Malabar X's, small fierce creatures who live in the Hole of Hoole.

For time likes to hide because sometimes time likes to work in secret.

Sometimes time does not wish to hide, but that fact is neither here nor there.

For time likes to hide because she becomes bored with space; there is such a lot of space and most of it mediocre and even an abomination (like the branch).

Space gets very worked up in the stupid pleasures of being three-dimensional.

Time frowns on all this.

Time frown on all this, and sends a wiggly warning.

Times knows the parable of the inchworm. Space does not.

Time could have told Lear (King) a thing or two and would have said something timely obviously timely. Like what the foolish say Lear is far from foolish. What the fool saith possesseth ins and outs.

For time understands these ins and outs, ins and outs which run in all directions perpendicular to the square of clock-time and so are like the coiled up dimensions of Calabi-Yau space and like the hidden parts of the sleeping cat.

(Because when I talk about “time” I am talking about *Wild Time*.)

Time knows everything. Time knows this and that.

Time knows everything worth knowing including the fact that Fred’s tomato head is made of cloth. Even Fred does not know this fact (apperception).

Fred does not know this, but time does.

Fred, being a Christmas tree ornament, is afflicted with wooden-hair syndrome, and hence is stupid.

Time knows fiddle from faddle.

Time knows shadow from hole.

Time knows dust from love, and was not ever fooled by either.
(Quevado)

Time knows only the wicked walk in circles.

Time knows how to hold the moth wing without touching it too hard.

For time knows touching is knowing.

For time kowtows to no knowing such as the mob knows.

The democracy of objects is a call to action for time’s disciples.

For time can indeed tell the difference between Jonathan Edwards and any old abominable branch.

Time can; can Jonathon Edwards? No he cannot.

This is how theater works. Time and space move slowly and silently but the animosity between is of an unimaginable intensity.

Profusion devours one; then the other.

In the small space of a theater we call this instantiation *theater*. This is what we call it because that is what it is called.

When a thing possesses a name it only makes sense to use that name.

Time speaks very slowly, so as not to be misunderstood, but speaks with an incredible softness.

We don't hear any part of this saying unless we are a saint, a person illuminated by a god. Unless we are in the presence of what happens in the theater.

Space thinks, Something something something.
Time thinks, This will kill that.

2. Due

Repression likes to hide (perpendicular to the square of the Already known).

Why this is I do not know; perhaps it is because things are not just thrown, they are yanked. (Heidegger)

Yank is to throw as charm is to strange.

The matter of this matter constitutes the ins and outs of appearance.

What glides there but is of an unseeable dimension.

Repression like to hide because once it is found out it may no longer repress.

What kind of repression would that be?

Worse yet, without repression what kind of theater would there be? (There would be no theater at all, only theatre. More precisely, a theatre of the *begged question*.)

Repression does not smile upon the begged question because the begged question has no poop in his pizzle, no prink to her pronk.

Repression, thus, is a crested idiot and so must don a mask and fearsome hat.

Repression can see around corners.

Repression is like Newton's *Pression*: Light cannot be pression, for then wee should see in the night as wel or better than in the day.

Repression works on a bias, by principle of slant and carom.

When you think you have figured out repression Repression goes elsewhere and you too become the Crested idiot.

(We all become the Crested idiot.)

The Crested idiot's response is a source of comedy because he does not know he does not know he does not know behind which door stands the beautiful girl and which the tiger; no, no, no; but never-theless he thinks he knows.

The fool.

All people suppose, in such a situation, that either they know they know what the outcome is or or or or at least by what procedure the correct outcome may be arrived at.

Repression knows the Crested idiot (all of us) will never guess.

Repression does not have to travel far; There are so many places to hide.

Where? you say. Ha, says repression.

What is repressed, for instance, in Shakespeare is not repressed for us, so that we have only an indistinct idea of what these plays are about. Fearful aboutness. LEAR and HAMLET and THE TEMPEST are for us end-points of an historical narration that is, so to speak, already known. Shakespeare did not know this nor did he even know he was Shakespeare. Our productions of his plays are mainly cases of the question begged and beating the dead horse. We miss the apparence of his plays because they are no longer strange. They possess charm in the way an inoffensive person does. These plays represent a threat to no-one which is why the rich and powerful love to see them produced. Love to see them produced in productions where the lily is so gilded it, too, falls down in folly. Shakespeare's lily that is. We look away in horror and say to ourselves, mayhap is this theater? If this is what theater is what have I done with my life that, that I am here and not somewhere else where this is not happening? No apparence, only appearance.

For the moment has been embalmed like the archaic bug in the amber of the classic. This is all there is. Left, that is.

Repression is still in the vicinity, only not on stage. Guess where?

Repression is still there, but no one no one no one can say where. Repression, thus, beholds us in such and such a context, as though we all (each and every one) were merely a vast collection of Crested idiots. A sea of smug, complacent, crested idiots from a faded portrait of the olden times; olden times when people possessed not only no clue, but also no poop in her pizzle, nor prink in his pronk.

The joke on us is, therefore, the joke of being yanked.

Repression has postantedated this removal so that the joke is on us. Surely the joke is on us. Certainly the joke is not on Shakespeare.

(We value Shakespeare for moments, not plots. Who can remember Shakespeare's plots?)

Plot--

Moment.

Situation Ī

A *situation* is like a nested moment, a moment which serves the same function as plot, only it is extended VERTICALLY in phase-space and not horizontally, as time. A situation is, therefore, charged with strangeness and charm; which is to say a situation is a moment that has become aware of his own apparence.

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If theater is repression how do we maximize it?

If the yanked is to the thrown as charm is to strangeness, how are we to enact a theater that is theater truly? A theater cognizant of repression?

We must always look, as it were, where we are not supposed to. This is nearly impossible in a culture such as ours, so much in lock-step with the Already known.

We must yank ourselves out of all contexts that are determined by the Already known. A prime example of this kind of context is the context or representation.

Yanked representation reveals the thrownness of our lives. (Heidegger) Desperate, bored, irritated and disconnected lives for the most part. Lives of terror quietened and habitual cluelessness.

The most powerful of all the tribes of the clueless are the crested idiots (Bierce), and these hate the theater with a terrible fervor, especially when they are themselves employed in the enterprise, parasitical to the structure of theater, as is frequently the case.

(This raises the question of the Already Knowingness of theater's nest-shitters [Big Frank's little old men, Schechner, Simon, His High Disappointedness, and on and on—they are so many and their voices are as the whispers of the crumpled Play Bills of Eld] about which more later.

The dedicated nest-shitter is a remarkable djinn of opinionatedness.)

Repressions of the Already known are not true repressions; they give true repression a bad name. Usually they comprise blocks, bottlenecks and donut and torus shaped acts of censorship. The clueless use repression (in this denuded sense) in the theater

(theatre really) to guide the unwilling to an already known and foregone conclusion.

This is the purpose of all moralistic theatre and British theatre in particular.

Where would we be without the excrementally-hued, modular sets that creak and groan, that sprawl about in a sad parody of ingenuity? Where would we be without the British to remind us of the class system (as if we colonial blockheads had no idea of such a thing)? Where would we be without the moral milling-machine that is Shaw Churchill Bond and poor Sarah Kane?

Jaws reducing all substance and all matters of interest to pulverized pulp. Grit and dust. Flour Moralized.

Flour for the better class of moral bread. Bread of the better class of nearly everything.

Faugh.

(Are not Brecht and Shaw the same? Only: The German possessing the typical angularity and excellence of the German; the Englishman possessing the rondure and excellence of the English.)

Before this vast moralistic spectacle we stand confused, and have not a clue how to behave (that we have not a clue to behave is the also the presumption of the TRULY clueless, who typically regard themselves as the modestly mindful elect; and quite distinct from all others in this respect– a myopia of the Already known).

The better class of British theatre is most perturbed by the thought that people can do quite nicely without the class system. The *Class system* is, in this regard, like the (poorly understood) *Right*

to bear arms for many Americans. A holy document, albeit one writ upon intellectual water. If people do not understand the necessity for embracing the class system they are probably hopeless colonials and monkeys just out of the tree and proto-fascist scum or something even worse: low-class by breeding and conviction. This is a fundamental bulwark of the Plebeian temperament: contempt for what is (presumed to be) beneath.

Poor poor Sarah Kane is the last integer in the mechanistic sequence: the case of the iron jaws of the Already known cracking, breaking and destroying herself because of a palpable absence of grist (for the moral mill). All the vast waste of the immoral Already known has been used up, so where do we go where do we go where do we go (and what do we do?)?

As with the moral *Mastodon* of prehistory we come to grief because of a superfluity of tusk. (McLaughlin)

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This kind of yankedness cannot easily be remedied because of the solemnity of her followers. Britannias's cultural loyalists view the world through a slit in a steel turret and the outrage they feel is genuine, if ultimately pointless (and clueless).

(Stoppard, Hare, Frayn, all the same)

(Howard Barker, N. F. Simpson, Louise Page, and the greatest of the Wilsons— Snoo—! *Not* the same)

Because one must pay attention not only to what the saying says, but what the saying *does*.

Because perhaps the purpose of all this moral outrage is precisely to reinforce the Class system, and to reintroduce the same in those regions where it has fallen down in folly.

Repression knows there is something fishy about moralism.

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For the moralism of the theat(re), despite the showbiz glitter, remains moralism – self-righteous and tiresome. One can easily make the argument that it is immoral as well.

Immoral moralism equals imperialism.

All willed things turn; the more intense the willfulness the more startling the turn.

Why do we need to tell other people what to do?

AND are they doing what they are doing badly or do we disapprove of them because they look funny and act strange?

Theater can deal with these problems better than theatre can because in the truest sense theater has not made up her mind.

Theatre sucker-punches us with the fist of the fore-gone conclusion.

For the moralism of the theatre has nothing to do with the moral teachings of Christ, Confucius and Buddha; has nothing to do with the mystery of grace and forgiveness, and transcendence. These things are ineffable; they have no purposefulness, are not tendentious as theatre moralisms are.

If moralism would put on the mask of mockery the world would be a better place, and American theat(re) might punch a hole through the painted masque to discover the world of appearance (as Orton and Pinter did). This it will never do.

The moralism of the theatre cannot give in to hilarity or mockery because if it did all attention would pass from moralizing agent to the moralized object (signified hideous other), and even to the moral principle itself which might not be able to bear scrutiny, "to bear the weight of thought". (Washburn)

Moralism says, Thought object thought object thought object.
Mockery and Hilarity say, This will kill that.

Indeed the theatre of moralism can be described, in this context, as the theatre of the misplaced repression (another version of the Already known).

The theatre of moralism supposes he knows the secret to the Problem of the Mouse and the Three Hats. This is mistaken. No one can tell where the mouse will be, and not even the three hats know. This is the quantum Law of the theater: You cannot know the velocity of the mouse (or of the three hats), and at the same time pinpoint the mouse's precise location (or that of the three hats). The mouse is wriggly and obeys no laws but those of *M Theory*. Unless you whack the mouse with a hammer in which case the mouse falls out of appearance (but not appearance).

We *feel* the effects of scatter; scatter prickles the nape of the neck; moralism prickles not the nape of the anything and makes us wonder why bother why bother why bother why?

. *Punt*

The only resemblance between scatter and moralism is that both fill the architectural space of the stage.

The moralism of the kind we know in the Western lands lead by the straight-arrow road of improvement to the concrete abutments of Geezer theater. (Wellman)

....

Now what exactedly is M Theory?

M Theory is the mother of all theories and is shaped like a house.

Other theories each and every one are nested in M Theory in the sense that they all live there.

When one theory gets tired of another theory he simply gets up and goes out the door; there are many things worth looking at in the world that is out of the door, just sitting there doing nothing (STDN).

Doing nothing is also a kind of theater.

Doing nothing is a kind of theater in the sense that when you are doing nothing you are still doing something.

Theater is a fractal phenomenon.

Theater is a fractal, in the sense that when you take all the drama out of the architectural enclosure of a place you have not removed anything. Certainly not the drama.

You have not removed the drama because drama in the truest sense is everywhere and nowhere. This is the strangest thing a person can know but it is true.

Drama is likewise a species of repression, and therefore likes to hide. Drama exists for herself alone *sub specie aeternitatis*.

Theatre says, Showbiz showbiz showbiz.
Drama says, This will kill that.

In other words, if a person in a play is being dramatic (which is to say *melodramatic*, at least in the context of Anglo-American theatre); and say you do not like this Being Dramatic as it is heavy-handed, obvious, and over-determined; and say you decide to take this person out and shoot him and happily do so; and say you go and take this dead person and stuff him down the hole the poor GOSLING mistook for HOOLE space and so fell down in folly and was eaten alive by small chattering creatures of the tribe of the Berkeley Silver-Tipped Fennec. And so forth. And anyhow the Dramatic Person has been removed and peace and quiet have apparently returned but only apparently because unlike appearance what is apparently the case is only an appearance and often thus a case of the unwarranted assumption. The audience notices that although the Big Person of Drama has been removed the total amount of drama per se— drama *qua* drama remains the same. Only one does not know exactedly where it is; only you *do* know it is there because the space of the theater is full of strangeness and charm: appearance. Because there is now very little going on does not mean there is nothing going on. Because if your mind and senses have not been numbed and dampened down by continual din of the theatricality of appearance, hooting and holleration, and all the other forms of extensive manifold conboberation— you will begin to feel the prickle of the uncanny as one of the remaining actors does a nothing-something with her great toe (the left one) within the house of her shoe, one of a pair of pretty red pumps.

You notice this occurrence as though it were the eruption in 1815 of Mount Tambora. Everyone else notices this moment also, for it is a true moment.

All the people who are present notice this moment because.

Because the moment extends perpendicularly to the square of clock-time; a question is raised and our mindfulness completes the equation.

There is the same amount of drama in the room as there was before.

There is the same amount, but this same amount of drama differs in that whatever it is, she is not of the Already known.

Drama in this sense is not, therefore, something the play makes happens as something the play allows to happen. This is the secret of plays that is largely unknown in our time.

We imagine we are for the most part agents of our destiny, foolish people; but the reason we are able to imagine only this is that we are for the most part instruments of a destiny that like Wild Time and repression and nature likes to hide. And like drama. We cannot flush the drama from the bushes like a sudden detonation of quail.

With our peevish willfulness, we cannot understand how things happen on their own.

The amount of drama in a place is the same, and when the amount of drama in a place changes it is because the architecture of the place has somehow undergone transformation. World works wonder, the old ones say. This transformation may be the result of our doing or not. But transformation can never be solely the result of our willing because we cannot will appearance, only appearance.

Therefore theater is a fractal phenomenon. Sitting there doing nothing.



So we have the instance of Sitting There Doing Nothing as the instantiation of a kind of theater unfamiliar to many. It is a phenomenon quite familiar in everyone's life, but unexpected (strange) in the theater where because we have plunked down our dollar we expect something, er, anything to happen.

But anything is not necessarily something.

STDN is baffling to WWPR.

Wanting something, er, anything to happen is the religion of Anglo-American theatre. *Re-ligio*: linking back. Since the something or anything we (they) want to happen is usually an instance of something that has happened before in a more or less PERFECTED fashion, i. e., the Already known.

This equation constitutes the Tooth to Tail Ratio of the American theatre; Tooth to Tail Ratio (TTR) is important because he allows us (them) to determine What Will Pay the Rent (WWPR).

However what happens on stage can never be Perfect because the TTR is never an exact one; slippage occurs.

The slippage between Tooth and Tail in the TTR is the semeiotic of theater (and theatre) and the valence of these is subject to the "Law of Errors". (Peirce)

An Apperception of errors is only possible because all things pertaining to apparence exist on a perpendicular to the straight-arrow of clock-time (Geezer); and to the square of the square of all things geezerly.

The geezer falls down in folly like Thales the philosopher but unlike Thales, whose mind was on other matters, the mind of geezer is on WWPR and stamping out other people's bad thoughts and on religion and the task of *re-ligio*, namely linking back to what was is was in order that the obvious be protected by the Already known from whatever exists out there, in the mists and wilds of Wild time and Hoole space; whatever it is that sits there (really), there in the center and knows and presumably ate up the poor poor GOOSE. Fell down in folly. Fell down in Hoole's hole, poor goose.

Geezer goes to the front of the house of M Theory, the mother of all theories, and knocks on the door; repression slinks away heh hehing to herself and lurks by the back door; geezer goes all the way round to the back door and knocks, and repression retraces her steps to the front door, quite pleased with herself; geezer not to be outdone goes round once again by the front door and knocks once more on the carefully locked screen door. Open the door, says Geezer, Attention must be paid. Attention must be paid to Shaw and Brecht (the same

fellow) and Horton Foote. Attention must be paid to J. B. Priestly and Athol Fugard. Egad, Arthur Miller, *Cet imbecile* (Ionescu).

Geezer says, Poobah poobah poobah;
Repression, snarkily stabbing flies with her push-spin, says, this will kill that.

The *re-ligio* fails and falls down in folly because of a faintness of heart.

The *re-ligio* fails because time is wriggly.

Fails because time too likes to hide.

Fails because apparence is a profusion of tilted surfaces, and would not change her nature for a wilderness of monkeys. (Stoker)

Fails because character and moment are one.

Fails because the structure of a play depends upon where you are in it.

Fails because a tear (or rip) appears in the continuum.

Fails because we are peripheral to apparence.

Fails because conventional structure is a redundancy.

Fails because theat(re) involves only the most humdrum tautology

; fails because scatter both reveals and conceals;

fails because if we are lucky we awaken in Hoole (or some other wonderful) space where the howl is taken up;

fails because all theatre rests upon an understanding of apparence, whether we understand the words or not;

fails because charm draws us in;

fails because strangeness fills all space perpendicular to the square of the square of the geezerly;

fails because the unknown is to the Already known as perfection is to the merely plausible;

fails because knowing is touching;

fails because not all stories are plots;

fails because

fails because neither theatricality nor drama takes place in time;

fails because time (but not Wild Time) is of the essence only in appearance, not in apparence;

fails because drama takes place in phase-space;

fails because theater enacts the great vanishing and perishing;
because theater being a vanishing and perishing thing must perforce exist more in the mind than in the world; and what we love best has been removed from us.

~

In this regard we are like poor GEEZER running from back door to front, in our unhousedness.

The Mother of all theories will not let us in.

As a continuum the narration of M theory is such that, at any point or set of two points, you may interpose a third point X:

A.

.B

X.

On the continuum of the narration point X serves as the *moment*, or starting point of potential digression; for if X appears a refinement of the AB continuum he also suggests another heretofore unsuspected counter-narrative, as it were;

as a potential point of departure X threatens to become a *vertical* narrative with respect to AB; another continuum altogether, a narrative not only perpendicular to AB, but in respect to which AB itself becomes a curious perpendicular anomaly.

Thus a vertical narration approaches the status of a continuum; vertical narrative approaches Epiphany (Joyce) and Vortex (Pound); vertical narration represents the ingathering of forces congruent to a moment of profound apperception. Apparence.

The tropes and figures of allegory often work in this way; as exploded moments of vertical narration. (Fletcher)

In this reconfiguring there is no difference between subject and object.

Subject and object bob for the same apple, but in the miracle of apparence do not (do not ever) butt heads; this is the miracle.

In the narrative of clock-time (the geezerly) the apperception of the vertical narrative is an intensive manifold (Hulme); in the clarity of epiphany all problems slide away and we easily experience a moment among others as the sublime radiance.

All points in the random-access field of apparence converge in the moment. Wow. An apperception occurs. Wow. This wow is the letter W; an inverse of the M of M Theory, you will note. (Bierce)

The simple simplifies the moment, just as

The simple-hearted chases out the demon of appearance of the Already known.

The simple (simply) happens.

The simple dislodges the jammed door to the six curled up dimensions of Calabi-Yau space; a smoke and mirrors moment.

The moment of simple heartedness sees two bright eyes peering in the gloom.

The demon say, Doubt doubt doubt;
Simple heartedness says, _____

In the sculptural architectural world of theater things encounter other things in due order; character creates character, and out of the house of M theory parades a sequence of objects, each one a part of a story.

Alligator. Shoebox. One dollar bill.

One potato two potato three potato(e).

God wind word

Not a very good story perhaps, Geezer objects, but a story nonetheless.

The geezer who objects: A fop without a style. His High Disappointedness. A vocal and familiar know-it-all in the world of appearance.

Stories parse the radiance of the familiar by breaking down the system of radiants (spokes) as they rush to join at the hub at the speed of light, rush to that precise point and the event-horizon of what is truly tellable; for what is tellable must, paradoxically resist, somehow, the matter of what is being told (as opposed to what is paraphraseable, and certainly what is plotable, what boils down to a mere postulate of plot).

This is because what is simple IS simple.

Because what is simple *is* simple tears (airs) exist; gaps, discontinuities, what have you.

Gaps determine the shape of what does occur just as what does not exist shapes what does; the Greeks called this potential and powerfully active nothing-ness *anangke*.

T. E. Hulme on gaps: We constantly tend to think that discontinuities in nature are only apparent, and that a fuller investigation would reveal the underlying continuity. This shrinking from the gap or jump in nature has developed to a degree which paralyzes any objective perception, and prejudices our seeing things as they really are.

Cynic, noun. A blackguard whose faulty vision sees things as they are, not as they ought to be.

Bierce's drastic moralism as well as the multidimensional architecture of his stories render him a minor author, just as the habit of seeing things as they are is, in our time, taken for a sign of clinical depression.

For the continuum
is made up of narrative gaps just as much as it made up of more recognizable (Familiar) kind of moments.

For a discontinuum
may be inscribed alongside of a continuum.

For proponents of one kind of *Classical* theatre, the art consists of formulating theatrical answers to questions of a knowable kind.

Romanticism came along and refashioned this notion so that the art becomes one of questions of an unknowable kind.

Both these approaches miss the point because they attack the matter (the question/answer idea) from the denuded standpoint of the Already known. They are situated in the ghastly denuded landscape of the perfect(!)ly geezerly.

No no no; it is apparence NOT appearance that counts. And apparence counts because Time being of the essence, the whole matter may only be approached, as it were, on a perpendicular to clock-time; thus:

True theater proposes to answer the question, yes that is absolutely correct; but the question it proposes to answer is a question that has not yet been asked; because if the question, in the precise sense of a

particular *framing*, has been asked before we are not in the realm of appearance but of the geezerly.

The GEEZER co-opts and suborns the serious in the name of the solemn; but the solemn IS solemn and thus a figure both monumental and already known because he represents an exhaustion of appearance. Repression, in the truest sense, has fled.

Because the theater of the GEEZER beggars description real representation (and not a mere parade of simulacra) has fled.

Smug, complacent, and full of the Certainty of the Knee-Jerk (CKJ), the GEEZER goes to the theatre, and in the solemn presence of the Already known is confirmed in his and in her assumptions. Repression could probably tell geezer a thing or two, but has already fled into the night, cackling.

The cackling of the fleeing REPRESSION is the same as the howl of the person at the brink of Hoole space.

Wouldn't we all like to stand at the brink of Hoole space?

Wouldn't we all like to howl?

To howl each in his own her own way?

This is what repression is for: To stand on the brink of Hoole space and to howl.

But no no no. The writers and speaker of the public theater of our time, of the smug, knee-jerk and complacent find alike their account in confirming the masses in their brainless errors and brutish prejudices; in glutting their omnivorous vanity (the masses') and inflaming their implacable race and national hatreds. (Bierce)

Just because the serious IS serious does not mean it is solemn. This is basic.

A play like a person is a *local disturbance*. A local disturbance may be serious (It is always serious); but it is never solemn.

In other words: Ascription of motive is not a prerequisite for, but an outcome of drama.

Will is the beginning without suppositions. (Edwards)

The very willing— and in the theater appearance and not plot is the body of that willing— is the doing; when once she has willed, the thing is performed. This proves the deep connection between theater and the cipher or hoax. The cipher has a double meaning, one clear and one in which it is said that the meaning is hidden.

In the theater this saying that the meaning is hidden is called acting; it is double.

The full and fixed connection between the things signified by the subject and predicate of a proposition, which affirms something to be true

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are all of one moment, “of one blood”. (Edwards) One apperception. Appearance. This is motion in one place. The syntax of the play.

Syntax! Even the most visual of visual plays possesses this syntax. All plays are plays within, and upon, the spacio-temporal.

Theater is the syntax of the moment enacted in mindfulness of the sculptural-architectural. We want to answer the question, What is it all for?

So once again we have the instance of *Sitting There Doing Nothing* as the instantiation of a kind of theater unfamiliar to many. Another way to skin the cat is to consider the notion of the Impossible Play.

The Impossible Play shall have no truck with anything that falls within the realm of the Already known. The decidable. The play, let us say, shall consist mainly of dumbshow and lyric. (Oldest definition of *Tragedy*: Simple mythos and ridiculous language.) On the other hand, all must be done so as to remain completely *natural*. Repression loves to nestle cosily in what is completely natural. The point being always the question of where we are.

Where we are in phase-space, as the whole matter unfolds.

For the question of where we are is the answer to the question, What is it all for? The demon of WWPR is decisively driven out (whining and yelling), and we have once more the apperception of full appearance (in apparence).

We know Repression is there too, but are careful not to pin him (or her) down.

We are close to both hoax and cipher.

We are close to these but are close to being puzzled, also.

An example of the Impossible Play is *ANTIGONE* by Sophocles. (Another is *LEAR* by Shakespeare, perhaps the greatest [and most

unshake-spedearianesque] of plays because although a penetrating study of the ultimate geezer, it is almost entirely without a taint of the geezerly; hence there is an impossibility to the thing so that Anglo-American theatres avoid it (wisely); for most attempted productions fall down in hapless folly. Perhaps the play reminds the avatars of geezer theater of certain truths they would just as soon forget.)

ANTIGONE is impossible; impossible because the play consists entirely of contradictions: Between age and youth; state and individual; gods and humankind; man and woman; duty to principle and duty to loved ones. Hopeless and thoroughly impossible. (Steiner)

The story of ANTIGONE has at first no plot; then a bunch of it, but corny, melodramatic plot such as you find on TV sitcoms; then no plot at all. Vertical story.

Antigone, poor about to be dead cold hearted wiseass girl, in her tomb is the best instance of a vertical story I know. There is too much of her, just as there is too little of ISMENE.

Character in the theater is a fractal (as drama is) in that the *room* of character repeats at smaller and smaller levels of scale, within (strange without seeming so) the same instantiation, but.

So Sitting There Doing Nothing is not beanbag.

But, but character can also be fractional (In the theater as in the world); and usually is.

People are not spherical.

People are fragmentary; people are local disturbances. They do not do as we expect, although in perfect duopoly mode it is possible to map out certain axioms governing the behavior.

There is, therefore, an equilibrium point. (Nash)

There is a lot of terrible theater that is terrible because the acting is simply too full and the characterization too round (and frequently bumpy). This creates a situation like the real-life situation of the room-filling personality. (Farber)

We need to be less than 1/1 in many contexts. Any physical act requiring grace and lightness may require that be at 1/2 or at 1/4 or at 1/10 even; in so far as we are a true character *qua* character, a creature in the act of impersonation (even of the self).

Once more, in the theater, this saying that meaning is hidden is called *acting*; it is double.

Anglo-American theatre is in this regard like the loaf of bread I once baked, but which alas could not be eaten because it was so dense and heavy you could not eat it. This loaf of bread could only be used as a door-stop. This loaf of bread was indeed useful as a door-stop, but became strange and was therefore thrown away.

The obverse situation obtains, however, in the case of ANTIGONE. This girl character exists on the mathematical plane of $4/3$ say, or 2.75 even. She is too much, and there is nothing you can do with her (in terms of narration) except stuff in a hole and hope she will not get out (which she will). Which is why Sophocles is such a genius of a play writer.

That is why Antigone is an impossible play.

As for LEAR (King, not Jonathan), he is very much like Oedipus in Lear's version (Jonathan, not King) in his book *Open Minded*: guilty above all of the chronic crime of the Already known— incuriosity (as if he had read too many columns by Frank Rich; hook line and sinker).

The worlds of both ANTIGONE and LEAR are not worlds of the Already known, but two meditations upon each of these *situations*.

Instead, they are, like ours, worlds of the unforeseen.

Ours – it is a broken world.

Nobody know anything. (Henry James)

The world is a smashed world, a world of fragments.

Repression loves to hide in the cracks and holes of the broken world.

This world is puzzling because it cannot be fixed in mind or eye.

Appearance cannot fully elucidate the nature of a broken world.
Apparence can.

New York circa 2001 is not so much a visual culture as a blind one.

Appearance blinds us.

We see nothing and feel nothing because to do so would be truly terrifying.

Some years ago Richard Foreman staged THE BIRTH OF THE POET at the Brooklyn Academy and many people had probably for the first time in their lives a real theatrical experience and they hated it (they were at the very brink of Hoole space) and threw tampons on the stage and once they were outside probably felt better. Whatever.

Appearance blinded them to apparence.

The encounter never took place. There was no apperception.

The world still is a broken place and walking out of a theater cannot fix it.

We are who we are.

We are who we are, even if and just because the world is a broken place.

One sign of this fact is that there is no *measure* to things in the theater (measure, *metra*).

Theater is a flibbertigibbet. Theater flaps about in the night making strange noises.

Theater frequently reminds us of things we would just as soon forget. Things about ourselves.

Therefore, we do not like theater.

Theater says, Complicit complicit Complicit.
We say, Go away go away go away

Theat(re) on the other hand looks down the Anglophile nose upon us and, by implication, all things of this world.

Theat(re) is a staged act of profoundest disapproval.

Theat(re) refuses the charge of being lewd and scandalous— mere showbiz (Tertullian) — by stepping out of the dialectic; this is the gift of the Postmodern to the hopelessly Modern.

The theatre of the Postmodern acknowledges that history possesses a dialectic, and that there are certain political consequences of this (Marx); and that we are, in a certain sense, the culmination of these historical forces (Hegel).

However, Postmodernism wishes to step, as it were, off of the carousel of history so that he may more fully *display* his disapproval.

Repression smells a rat and is not fooled by all this. There is a brutality to all this. Just as there is a brutality to all instances of the moral question begged. A species of sadism.

This stepping off of the carousel of history is the accomplishment of Critical Theory. For where Critical theory attacks the world it is perhaps talking about itself.

Critical theory is like Marxism. But unlike Marxism, Critical theory conceals all assumptions. Assumptions are someone else's problem because. Because the object of the critique of Critical Theory always possesses assumptions, mostly unexamined. These constitute an unavowed ideology. Critical Theory does a number on the unavowed ideology of others because there is so much of it. Indeed, everything in the world that is not Critical theory is full of unavowed ideology.

Critical theory does not like theater much because frequently things happen and if a thing happens usually it ought not have done so, or is a cover-up for some other things, a suspect signifier and obvious indication that there is present an unavowed ideology. Also there might be scantily clad young people on stage, shamelessly being exploited.

Women, people of color and all classes of the aggrieved are the main victims of this exploitation. Cocks in cock-fighting contests also.

Theatre stands outside of history and like Archimedes would move the world with a lever.

Theatre cannot move the world though there are some who say so.

Theatre refuses the complicity.

Theatre looks down her long arrogant nose at us (like Bertolt Brecht and the Beatles).

And says, You whoever you are, are not very cool; however, if you listen and act more like me you will be a bit more cool; however, you will never be as cool as me (or us) because, because, you are and shall always remain clueless and uncool, a loser.

This is the kind of theatre that predominates.

This kind of theatre predominates among those who do not like theater.

If Shakespeare Aeschylus Racine Zemi were alive today and making plays the geezer of our time would not only *not* approve they would not recognize these authors for who they are (were).

Complicity scares those who predominate.

Complicity implies a notion of tragedy.

Complicity (our own) reminds us that we live in a broken world.

Complicity implies that there is no measure.

Critical theory cannot reveal his assumptions because to do so would entail recognition of complicity.

Postmodernism thinks the dialectic of history is a bad joke and knows full well the only way to avoid complicity is to step off of the carousel.

For such as these, and many others, and the practitioners of Critical theory some one else is responsible.

For the moralist of the theatre all moral problems resolve down to a simple algorithm of the type: Jews are good; Nazis are bad. Duh.

The task of this kind of theatre is to allow this algorithm to be made manifest. The problem is, simply: Who is the Nazi? Who is the Jew?

Theatre says, Measure measure measure.
Theater says, Complicity complicity complicity.

In our time, this is the difference of opinion.

Measure, no measure.

Complicity.

A broken world.

We either are who we are or we are not.

Spirit is action; to dramatize is to think against the self. (Kierkegaard and Hegel)

How are we to read the *Mechanism* of the world? How are we to portray the world?

The pressure of that which is “outside” language, this is the force that fills what has been incredulously deemed empty.

That pressure is repression. What fills that empty place is appearance.

Because the world is broken we cannot get our representations right.

(Indeed, to say someone else is responsible is to step off of the carousel.)

The pressure of that which is outside language effects language nonetheless.

This can happen because in the theater as in life (theater is not like life; it *is* life) we cannot will such and such an outcome, except on a trivial level.

Other outcomes determine what moment what event what realization what slight but infinitely significant physical gesture (such as the indignant flaring of the little finger).

The willing will cannot be fully expressed in the act, as measure, except in the realm of what is already known.

Architectural-sculptural necessity determines all acts of the agent expressed as will.

The arc of this process is what causes wonder.

Wonder is the occasion of passing from one state to another.

In the apperception of wonder the distinction between mind and matter is set to one side; unless we are dead to the world we are touched to the heart

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and nothing more is seen to be done. Space and moment are filled with what they are filled with.

Repression has done her work rightly.

Repression has, therefore, created the theatrical manifold.

Accordingly, there are two kind of manifolds (Hulme); those which can and those which cannot be taken apart.

There is another way of regarding the matter; for there are several degrees of manifoldness depending, for instance, on the degree of strangeness and charm.

Depending on the degree of explainability and non-explainability.

Depending on whether a manifold can be unfolded in time (or time as though it were space, i.e. *phase-space*).

Depending on the scatter effect, which is the flow of intelligence through visible space.

Depending on the nature of the questions raised.

Depending on the nature of the question framed if it is different from the question raised.

Sometimes appearance and the apperception of that appearance are dimorphic, and have to do with the gap or tear that is revealed; the discontinuity that has been inscribed and the question that is framed.

This discontinuity appears on a perpendicular to the square of the narrative of the Aristotelian, and falls under the rubric of the strange.

The strange is the new dimension that is formed.

We are all aware of the strange, but there is no easy way to talk about this in terms of appearance.

This radiant is the perfect; he indicates what is beyond, perpendicular to the square of the Already known.

Charm is what occupies the space so filled.

Charm and DETAIL form an intensive manifold.

In the world of Appearance DETAIL functions much like Dramatic Action on the plane of the Aristotelian.

Dramatic action on the plane of the Aristotelian drives out detail.

Dramatic action drives out detail because it is like the actor who is in fear of being upstaged.

When we are in fear of being upstaged then we do our best to upstage everyone and everything else.

The foreground is a perpetual crisis.

The foreground is a perpetual crisis and the background disappears.

This crisis is a perpetual Roaring Boy and a darling of the plebeian.

The better sort of plebeian who is the crested idiot.

The crested idiot fancies himself superior because he is interested in the only sort of detail consistent with the predilection of the Roaring Boy: psychological detail.

How is psychological detail different from other detail?

Psychological detail is usually nested safely (and solely) within the precincts of the Already known.

We experience the *Aha!* of recognition.

Psychological detail reminds us of what we already know we think about ourselves.

Psychological detail allows us to stop thinking.

Repression flees as soon as psychological detail shows up.

We relax and stop thinking and shed a tear (ear) in sentimental regard for our self when we were young and naive and perhaps a little innocent.

A false picture appears (an interior appearance).

A false picture appears and appearance is gone.

Psychological detail allows us to take ourselves seriously, and more importantly, our assumptions.

(Serious means solemn)

The theatre of WWPR is always at bottom a theatre of assumptions because these assumptions must be shored up.

Attention must be paid to these assumptions (even Critical theory will not get too near; too close to a real examination of these; Critical theory is deeply respectful of the theat(re) of WWPR because at bottom it is a solemn theatre, just as Critical theory is a solemn theory.

(Critical theory is the embodiment of Adorno's "stink of art" – without the art)

Solemn is akin only to solemnity (*note*: this was not always the case. The *solempne* used to be close to the luxuriant, the silly, the love of pomp for pomp's sake).

Contemporary solemn says poop to all pomp.

This saying poop to all pomp, however, is in the service not to repression, but to WWPR and CKJ.

But repression has fled so we do not have theater, but only her phantom lookalike, theatre.

Still a false picture of the world remains false, even if people do not think so.

You cannot (so easily) take the salt out of salt water, and make a neat little beaker of water and a neat little pile of salt. You cannot so easily do this because salt water is an intensive manifold.

You cannot undo an omelet either because it too is an intensive manifold.

We cannot make things always do what you want.

Things want to do what they want to do not what we want them to do.

Irony is not a language game as some suppose (Brantley, Douglas, Jefferson, Rich, *et al.*); she is an actual force in the world.

Irony is the crookedness of the teacup's crack where repression dwells. (Rilke)

Some discussion of irony and the taking up of the howl will perhaps come later in this little masquerade.

Psychological detail therefore is the detail appropriate to the theatre that predominates (Geezer theater).

In Geezer theater the broken world is replaced by one apparently fixed.

In the theatre, the world is replaced by explanations of the world.

In this theatre, the plebeian may remove all shoes and relax.

All assumptions, particularly virtuous or fashionable ones, will be shored up.

(In the realm of the Already known, Virtue and fashion are the same)

Appearance replaces apparence, and all that is strange vanishes.

Nothing is threatened.

A picture is presented, often a fairly adequate picture as pictures go.

No one is offended.

No one is threatened by the abruptness of a tear (air), a gap, a discontinuity.

No one is threatened by an IDEA.

We are in the pleasing mental world of *Philistia* (Philistine, noun. One whose mind is the creature of its environment, following the fashion in thought, feeling, and sentiment. He is sometimes learned, frequently prosperous, commonly clean and always solemn. [Bierce])

But to present a picture of a fixed world (even with a tidy little manageable mess in one corner) is not the same as making that picture a fact.

The representations of appearance stand to fact as the Already known does to the Coming to be known.

Facts are fluid.

The world expands to fill space.

What we know (in the theater as elsewhere) is a continual and continuous expansion to fill space.

All theaters are spaces, spacio-temporally speaking, and as such are filled with an infinity of straight lines.

In the regard, knowledge in the theater can never be complete, else it devolve into mere appearance.

The Already known comes to a complete stand still in the vice-grip of an Infinite Regress.

Appearance mirrors appearance, each in the other's mirror: infinite regress.

Infinite regress is a species of repression.

(Repression despises the Already known, and therefore is happy to wall her off from everything else.)

Infinite regress harbors the unacknowledged demon of wanting to get out of it all in one piece, safely that is.

This we cannot do, and infinite regress draws a line.

No one can leave this meeting of the Board of Directors except flat on his and her back.

Drama must take us by surprise, since she cannot take us out of this world;

Take us to a better place, yes to a better place.

What would we do there anyway (This is the folly of most notions of Heaven; they are the stuff of insipid and sentimental melodrama just because there is no repression there)?

It is thus no accident that Sentimental Melodrama is what, in our time, predominates.

Sentimental melodrama has stepped off of the carousel of history, does not want to be part of the dialectic.

(Who does? Who does? Who does? Alas, we are who we are.)

Infinite regress surrounds Sentimental Melodrama on all sides, because the latter does not wish to do anything that would jeopardize WWPR and so the only stance possible is the CKJ.

Sentimental melodrama is impossible where there is a willing without suppositions. (Edwards)

And so we succumb to Sentimental melodrama because it takes us only so far.

Surrounded by invisible vortices of Infinite regress the Sentimental melodrama imagines a time before the world came to be broken.

Theatre has thus become, in our time, a temple of antitheatricalism.

The story of the poor PEA HEN who fell down the hole, mistaking it for Hoole space



is not an instance of this kind of falling down in folly; because there is a deep truth here, for the poor dear was torn apart and maybe eaten;

and eaten most likely;

we shall never know. This never knowing is not the willed negation of Sentimental melodrama. It is an instantiation of the brokenness of the world.

It is a scary instantiation of the brokenness of all things. Brokenness radiant with repressions.

Repressions knowable and unknowable.

~

Imagine another sort of theater, that of the *scary*.

Why is there no truly scary theater?

Why is there so little theater that unsettles, disturbs, provokes?

Can it be that our world is less scary than it used to be?

No, that cannot be, surely that cannot be, can it?

We are used to the theatre that predominates, a theatre of the Already known.

No no no; we are not in a different world, only our sense of what is theatrically appropriate has changed in ways that are mysterious.

In this sense, there is hope for the theatre that predominates; hope in the sense there is something vague and dreamlike about the whole business. A falseness and deadness that under certain conditions might be said to be interesting ... intriguing at the very least.

If our theatre could understand how truly dead it is, there would be some hope (if not for the world which being broken still is still beyond hope).

(Indeed, Anglo-American theatre may be haunted by the spectre of *Lawrence's Trepidation* – the notion that we are dead, merely reanimated corpses.)

Awareness in the truest sense brings life to what is theatrically dead.

If the theater that predominates could make this jump, it might find itself able to achieve something like *motion in one place*. Theatre might become theater.

Such a change is in no way as trivial as the avatars of the Already known suspect.

Irony is not merely a stylist effect, at least when deeply conceived and imagined; irony tells us something we need to know about ourselves and the world.

This something is the fact of turbulence.

Turbulence is a fact of our condition, and in the theatrical sense this is beyond all our smart talk and affectation and blather about ideology.

Turbulence is real, and not an accident of personality.

Another Impossible theater would be that of the Impossibly happy.

A Too Happy play would tell us something.

Just as a Scary Theater would tell us something, so would a *too happy* theater.

The Happy and the Scary possess their own inner laws; laws that for some reason cannot be fully explained. They go down into what is timeless and stands perpendicular to the more familiar narratives of what can be unfolded in human understanding.

All this suggests the world of the uncanny, and that which makes the flesh crawl and prickleth the nape of the neck.

As a miniature system of local disturbance and turbulence, the forces which created drama and a sense of what is theatrical comprise the manifold, the familiar manifold of Sitting There Doing Nothing; but if there is an appearance filling each moment each moment will not be the same. Repression will bring life to what is thought dead, and if we are who we are we will be *reminded*.

Because things happen.

Because things being things, and points are all connected

Because a continuum becomes apparent.

Because the space-temporal edifice of the new world arises out of the noise of the old.

Arises out of what has been discarded and despised. Out of junk and detritus, whatever.

All great, simple images reveal a psychic state. The house, even more than a landscape, is a psychic state and even when reproduced as it appears from the outside, it bespeaks intimacy. (Bachelard)

That what goes on in a theatrical space, or manifold, possesses thus a psychic dimension does *not* mean this dimension must be reduced to a mere psychologism of the theatre that prevails, i. e. sentimental melodrama. The fact of widespread plebeian question-begging and moronic psychobabble must not be seen as any kind of judgment on the inwardness of the human spirit, and the fact of our enduring and priceless complexity.

Inwardness and complexity are what resists the plebeian. The ongoing pursuit of this resistance has always been one of the deepest and truest purposes of the theater, theater of whatever kind, wherever it is to be found.

The more tightly theatrical space is defined, the more perfectly it is closed in upon itself (as Calabi-Yau space, as the hidden parts of the sleeping cat) the more powerful it becomes. Repression in this sense here described is architect of the imagination and Lord of the Universe; nothing we experience can touch the power of the imaginary. All theater space, in order to enable appearance, must be perfect and perfectly closed.

jkllm

11:9:01

... *and* then there is the question of PLEASURE in the theater; and the mystery of pleasure's near total absence in most contemporary discussion of the ends and means of the art. Baffled theater mutates, thus, into her frowning opposite, theatre.

Pleasure in the theater as elsewhere requires a certain aristocracy of feeling.

Things happen as they happen (Stein) and they do this for good reason, and part of this reason for doing is the pleasure of apparent ramification.

A moral on the other hand is always busy at the same place pounding a reluctant nail into an unyielding zigzag of parquet. Certainty is not and cannot be an action of human beings. Properly speaking, there is no certainty; there are only people who are certain. (Renouvier)

Certainty in all the arts is one of those pleasures that has a way of driving out all others.

—

So: It is happily the case there are two kinds and sorts of kind of pressure in motion in any up and running theatrical space;

and in the four-dimensional space of what we call appearance:

The one we have described as *Repression* (Force A) and this force, being of a being that like the 'nature' of old Heraclitus, likes to hide; and furthermore likes to hide so much that when you look for him you will not find her no not even where you seek him not even in the mountain fastnesses of Tohu Bohu where she has reputedly been hiding from who who who for some time having fled in spite from all the world's stages. (Theatre again)

For he who
abides,

abides, and theater's motto is: *A more floresco* (I flourish according to my custom); and let what is truly theatrical grow and flourish and avoid the bristle-stick of the chronic *histrionic*;

accordingly, the other (Force BB) is called *Pleasure*; pleasure, the rubicund and starling-eyed Ramificator. All pleasure, being composed of high and low desires both, is no respecter of titles and oaths and the time and space bound birdcage of appearance.

(Like truth and Democracy)

For the true parent of pleasure is the Ey-Ey (Eye) of Appearance, a bird of sublime coloration; thought by some to be a Parrot (wrongly); by some to be a Toucan (wrongly); and by some to be a Black-Tufted Malabar X (rightly).



(Here the manuscript breaks off apparently torn with great violence.)

The remaining pages, crumpled and wadded, were discovered in the nest of certain, evilish Emerald-hued *Macaws*, deep within the central regions of impenetrable, forest wilderness at Brooklyn College.)

... thus, *sub specie aeternitatis*, all theatrical presentation involves the enactment of pleasure. This is why theater is worth hating. However, the *we* who hates theater is not so different from the *we* who loves. This is true for the obvious reason that one person's X is another's Y. For each is precisely an *each one* before we are gathered up into an all.

This is the political problem posed by C. S. Peirce: That is, the question whether people really have anything at all in common, considered as the most practical *and* drastic question, in regard to every possible "political constitution of which we have it in our power to influence".

The apparatus we behold before us, the things presented that constitute the earth and heavens, considered as a machine; all these are the theatrical dream (masculine); opposing are the ramifications of theater considered as reverie (feminine); this is how Bachelard conceived the matter.

The dream is mute, and oddly inexpressive in his own terms; the reverie by contrast offers a proliferation of hints and glimpses (the *epinoia* of Pagels), hues, half-thoughts, suggestions, images, tastes and sounds, all suggestive of some further half-imagined rapture. The play of the mind considered as the heart and soul's ramificatrix.

(Play considered as a perfection, perhaps negligible, but a perfection nevertheless.)

Likewise, this gathering of each one into a common all is the perfection. Such a gathering is not often considered a species of pleasure, but one it surely is. All our prejudices and social habits confirm this fact. This fact is nowhere more evident than in the theater, which is why tyrants, blockheads, bigots of all kinds, and haters of the common people also hate the theater.

Problem is, they are not *so very different* from those who love.

In this context, the problem with theat(re) is that it presents the dream as though it were reverie. Because theatre's dream does not trust the reverie, i. e., the signifier's capacity to stop time with unlikely trains of thought, images and wisps of association (and not merely the shibboleths of psychologism) theatre herself is stopped. Or rather: theater is stopped by theatre. Stopped to no good end, but that of a doctrinal moralism.

This is this; that is that, and never are the twain to meet.

~

For it is apparent that if one does not know what pleasure is the situation is hopeless. One cannot explain pleasure to one who is lacking in that department, because.

Because.

Because what constitutes the rule of pleasure (misrule in the opinion of some, many even amongst those under the thrall of the Already known) is an appearance. The availability to pleasure considered as a basic characterological given. Not a psychological given, but a characterological given.

Sheep & goats.

Theater is therefore a pleasure. Theater is therefore a pleasure knowable to the Happy Few for whom access to the pleasurable is not a problem, is not a question of shoulds and oughts.

Because for theater one thing is as good as another, and this is the source of all comedy. Because for theater one thing is not the same as, and cannot never replace, another thing. And this is the source of all tragedy. Each of these masks, each of these *faces*, are wise, are wisdom incarnate. Because neither buys into the notion of what the Already known thinks is already known. Tautology.

Theater *does* know that there are already enough tautologies in the world without adding another.

—

Rules. Misrules and the like. These determine what is doable in the theater. As well as what is fetching.

In the theater language can *do* so much much more than simply advance plot (despite what the better class of crested idiot, c.f., M. Jefferson, suppose). And this doing is not only fetching, she is deeply theatrical.

In any event, storytelling is at its best a wayward and beanstalking art. Storytelling knows that resistance to plot is as much a part of telling a story as plot. The man who awaits us in the middle of the forest always recedes as we approach. But the crested idiots of the Times are always unaware of this. This is why they are of the Times merely, and have thereby lost their nature.

~~

Theater is a crystal.

The faces of the crystal are related each to each in a way fundamentally different from that of all points on the surface of the sphere to the point that is the center of the sphere.

These faces are planes. Planes of a crystal. The improbable faces of a moving point. The point of the present,

n

Remember,

as it moves through whatever it moves through;

that point is composed of faces,

faces which stand at similar angle, each to each; faces which move through whatever it is they move through with unequal rapidity and slowness, each to each, prolonging and shortening.

Theat(re) is a sphere.

The surface of that sphere, therefore is the question-begging, theatrically speaking, of the center.

The points on the surface form the collective point of the point of the center.

The sphere is therefore *around* (and about) the point of the center. They are its point, and therefore constitute the *belief system* of the point of the center.

Belief, noun.
Spiritual marketing.

Strong belief, phrase current (ca.2002). Pro-active hard-sell.

This is the theatre of our time, a theatre which is completely *round* and therefore surrounds a central point with an infinite array of radii; radii which constitute individually and collectively an *aboutness*.

(While theatre is a sphere; theater is a crystal; hence, the faces of that crystal are not merely about one another. Their relationship is more complex.)

Aboutness is the solid geometry of the theatre.

Aboutness is the rotten issue of our time, a time hopeless and beyond (literally) belief.

Aboutness is the ghastly offspring of Solemnity got upon Caution.

Aboutness is the ghastly by-product of geezer theater.

Aboutness is what is left when appearance has been driven out.

Aboutness is what is left when Repression has fled and disappeared into the teacup's crack.

Aboutness is the war of appearance against appearance.

Aboutness refuses to see the world as it is, a broken place.

Aboutness rejects the frangible and opaque because these are not part of the Already known.

Aboutness rejects landscape as a point of view.

Aboutness does not understand what it means to be always ahead or always behind of what is going on.

Aboutness does not bother with what is going on because what is going on is not part of WWPR.

Aboutness does not understand the landscape (of theater) as an instance of architecture revealed.

Aboutness does not understand motion in one place.

Aboutness does not understand anything that is in and for itself.

Aboutness cannot (and will not— on principle) understand the statement that resemblance is not the business of painting (and theater).

Aboutness certainly does not understand the statement (also by Stein) that in composition one thing is as important as another.

Lastly, aboutness cannot comprehend that things happen as they happen.

Finally, aboutness cannot imagine that in the aristocracy of feelings patience is the most revered.

Aboutness is the *Beach Ball Bob* of theatrical yes-men. A witless and semi-unemployable *drama-turgo*.

Aboutness is a ball that bounces, but bounces flatly.

The outs of Aboutness, indeed, lack any sort of convincing bounce.

BB Bob exemplifies the chronic case of public speaking in our time:
A brilliant *idea*



Which occurred to him once upon a time, and has been a standing marvel (for and to himself) ever since then. (C. Wright)

BBB does not understand why Darwin said, Never use the words “higher” and “lower”;

Or, in the discourse of Jesus with Nicodemus in the gospel of John:
The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound whereof but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth, and how it scattereth with strangeness and charm; so is everyone that is born of the spirit.

~

For the story that we are telling in the theater when we are telling anything is a story, perforce, that must go on for ever or not at all.

The story is either a point or a line:

A . ; or a —

The story goes on without us when we stop telling it.

The Master Illusion Builder says, This is enough for now so I shall get off of the running board for now.

Story says, I abide, I shall abide, I shall always abide.

Just as pleasure, often, has nothing to do with (mere clock) time.

Real time, Wild Time, goes on being whatever it is, and we know only what it does.

~~

Plot is a way of managing story.

Plot and story become synonymous in the theatre of the Already known.

Plots view the theatrical manifold with suspicion.

Plots view theatrical hullabaloo with suspicion.

Plot views the world darkly.

Plot views the world darkly because the world is a wicked awful mess.

Plot would like to tidy things up a bit.

Plot would like to sort things according to which go with which, and put everything in a proper box

Plots are against nature.

Plots are against nature, which is why story is always trying to wriggle out of plot's grasp like an impatient young cat (Ah yi! Ah yi!) unwilling to be held a moment longer.

Theatrical hullabaloo says,
Lapsus calami,
Lapsus linguae,
Lardy Dardy.

Story says, And then, and then, and then.
Plot says. Too much here, too little there, too much there, too little
here.

Plot believes in lines, not in the dramatic poetry of what pools or
puddles; certainly not in the apocalyptic drama of the merest point.

These latter phenomena are intrinsically unpindownable and
therefore have no cash value, and hence no reality at all in the
metaphysical system of WWPR.

Indeed, theatrical moments are, aesthetically considered, perfect
examples of the Intensive Manifold. Their manifoldness is intrinsic
and therefore they cannot be taken apart.

A theatrical point may be thought of as a musical chord.

A theatrical point happens all at once.

Because a theatrical point happens all at once does not mean it
perforce must be a *simple* point.

A point, oh let us be let us be less geometrical and call it a moment,
yes a theatrical moment! May be complex; nay, must be complex, if
only because it is inextricable.

All moments are theatrical because all moments possess
strangeness and charm and stand perpendicular to the square of the
square of the obvious and to the casque of appearance.

Indeed, experience as we all know it, insofar as we are capable of experiencing anything is a story that is composed of a set of moments.

A story composed of a set of moments may possess a plot, or not.

A story composed of a set of moments may prefer her moments scattered about in an irregular jumble. (Allard)

The jumble may be jumbled but the story remains in some senses tellable even if such a telling appeal not to the better class of theatre geezer.

We all know stories, real theatrical stories, stories that we love and savor and cackle at; and do our best *not* to reveal to the theater geezers among us because they would say no no no this cannot be denominated a story proper cannot be so denominated because such and such constitutes an instance of the heresy of motion in one place.
(Kierkegaard, as before noted)

Because no one goes to the theater to hear a plot enacted.

Some may say this is so but it is not so and the people in question do not know what they are doing in so saying.

Unless they are *geezers* and under the malign influence of all things geezerly.

In the theater we respond to moments we like and do not respond to those that are not our cup of tea.

This is the way we respond because it is the only sensible way to respond if we are responding truly and not merely Going Through the

Motions of seeming to respond when in fact we are not in any sense having a real experience worthy the name.

The function of the better class of theater critic is to protect society from the momentary. But perhaps

True responses are, as before stated, apocalyptic and therefore constitute a threat.

Going Through the Motions sees threats in every direction and rightly so because space is filled with infinite lines of force.

And these lines of force are composed of theatrical moments each one of which is liable at any moment to pop.

To become an apocalyptic event for someone who was not paying much attention to the plot of the play because.

Because the whole thing was boring.

Because.

Because moments happen. A true story is an aggregate of distinct moments, moments, a moment-cluster in the variorum of spacio-temporal continuum. As members of an aggregate they may be plotted, even if they may not always be said to conform to a predictable plot sequence.

Because things pop, are always popping.

Because the crucial point is that these moments may be plotted only after the fact, though they may be plotted before they have so to speak, occurred, as an appearance.

Because plots are one of the means of the Already known to give plausibility to the appearance of something that has happened, while attempting to maintain hegemony over each instance of what happens (good luck!).

Because What Happens is subject to the phenomenon of scatter and if a crested idiot is not lucky he and she is liable to fall down into the hole of Ho(o)le space with the poor COW.

Because apparence consists of an aggregate of points that can be plotted only after they have happened and have become, so to speak, an array.

The beauty of apparence is that it always follows from what has happened or is doing so before our very eyes.

Because what happens takes place in a field wherein vectors, or lines of force may be drawn, in an infinite array from each point to every other point.

And it is perhaps this that Kierkegaard meant by motion in one place.

Because that which is lovely, is lovely only when it appears.
(Edwards)

Because moments are just that, momentary.

Because all moments are epiphanies in the wilderness of Wild Time.
Because it is precisely in the momentary that we are able to overcome the hegemony of the Already known.

Because moments considered an epiphany take us away from all that.

Because much of what constitutes the Already known is just gassing, is just four miles of hot air. (Wittgenstein)

Because all this is so is why doing theater in our time has become such a tricky proposition. Repression has found new and unlikely places to establish her nest.

All this is obvious to the Happy Few who have rejected the lure of being about, and who do their best to remain a bit skeptical concerning the matter of what we think we know.

Because the Already known may consist of what we think we know, but in a more deeply considered sense do not possess even the foggiest notion of.

Someone has to be the Emperor of Ice Cream.

Someone has to be the FOOL.

Someone has to be totally CLUELESS concerning the nature of the nonsense he and she are uttering.

—

For one person's nonsense is another's truth; but there is no measure in this regard; however, this does not prevent both from being nonsensical. It may simply be the case that both persons are correct only in their low regard of the other. This is the kind of time (ca. 2002) we would seem to inhabit.

If in current politics (if one can call it that) the *liberal's* nonsense is called opinion, then surely the conservative's is *conviction*. Whatever. In all this, nonsense multiplies both opinion and conviction; because anything that divaricates splits along the fault lines of the crystal, reveals himself as dimorphic. We fear the

dimorphic because we are reminded that ironies abound not merely in our *lapsi calami* and *lapsi linguini* but in the fabric of reality itself.

Perhaps the fundamental irony, more disturbing than any other to the mob mentality of antitheatrical MAN is that the world was not prepared for our well-being, that she does not exist for us. Nor does he take much cognizance of us, because. Because we are boring.

If we were able to be aware of the true nature of our boring world, and of the elasticity of time we would be wise. If only the FOOL would persist in his folly. (Blake)

(To be boring is to be lost in noise, emotional static)

Because the realism of the New age arises from the noise of the Old one.

Because the theatrical arises out of what despises the theatrical. The reason does not matter.

The reason why does not matter because the reason always comes along after the fact.

Once it occurs, the fact does not need to be justified because the meaning of the moment is a theatrical event.

Because the display of the moment is an instance of something that happens.

Because a moment constitutes an epiphany, as before stated, and cannot be understood under the rubrics of the Already known.

Moments are epiphanies.

An epiphany is drama, nothing else.

The drama is an epiphany, something opens up.

Something shows itself.

Something is revealed that was there all along.

Something rears back and yells, Ah yi! Ah yi!

So: the drama of our lives, unlike the drama of the Already known, does not run on rails.

Drama is discursive and recursive. She says to herself, I wonder if I should wander around a little without a particular sense of destination (*Juoksentilisinkohan* in the Finnish language).

Because we are boring, half the time, we would not recognize drama if it came up to us and bit us on the ass.

Because the proverbial bite on the ass is also a kind of *ceremony*.

Ceremony emerges from the corpse of theatre (and other forms of the Already known) as a kind of alien chest-burster. (Vide Wellman, elsewhere)

Ceremonies go on a little, then stop, or peter out.

Ceremonies are moments *illuminated* by other ceremonies, ceremonies that happened once and are likewise happening now, in some *possible world*. (Lewis)

(This has nothing to do with the knowing of the Already known; since like theater ceremony is a *practice* based on doing, not a *belief* system of knowingness described throughout these pages.)

Ceremony is the non-linear optic on the moment.

Ceremony is the basic form of the theatrical.

Obvious ceremony, the investiture of nobles, prelates and politicians for examples, is what passes for ceremony in the public mind. But no no no, these stand to the more basic and certainly more wonderful ceremonies as dog food does to dog.

For live ceremony feeds on dead ceremony.

We are barely aware of the ceremonious nature of our lives.

(Were we slightly more aware of these ceremonies we would fall down in the hole of Ho(o)le space, like poor poor *Wiplala*. Were we very much more aware of these we would perhaps no longer be people per se. People *qua* people. We would be something else. Angles and T-squares. Protractors and other divine beings.)

The doing of ceremonies thus constitutes the main fact and purpose of our lives.

Lives considered as interim solutions— those of the solitary individual; and those of lives considered socially, as members of a community, presumably with some important things in common.

One must write *presumably* because one kind of very special ceremony is the hoax.

Indeed, no true ceremony is entirely free of hoax; for if it were totally free of hoax he could not, given the theatrical and apocalyptic nature of moments, be a true a true ceremony.

All things theatrical are dimorphic, are two-fold. In a sense, they are duplicitous.

For *Two* is the number of the Adversary (and all things adversarial).

There is nothing wrong with this.

Indeed, the hoax is good to think upon if one would seek to be rooted in a world that cares not a whit for our purposes.

Ceremony saves us from our own wrath, and the odium of our good intentions.

Ceremonies save us period.

We good people go to the grave with our dear dead friend– but we do not climb down the ladder into the ground. No, we do not do not do not do this. Why not?

We do not do this because.

We do not do this because to do so would be an attempt to grasp the unknowable by means of the Already known.

To do so would violate the rules of the ceremony.

Rules simple. Rules unwritten. Rules unwritable. Rules unspeakable even.

The one who is now dead and gone has undergone a momentous translation, has become a character in a different play. A different play from the one we know.

And we come back to the point of all this nonsense.

Ceremony is the point of all this, as the point of the arrow moves through time:

6666666666 **A** 6666666666

For plays exist in time
(not quite).

End

March 1997--;
June 2001--
July 2003

(Finally, concerning the wHo(o)le question of taking up the howl, I
propose to remain silent)