

↓ TIDAL WASTE ↓

Hic rident, quibus nihil riderest

(Here laugh those who have nothing to laugh about.)

Suppose happiness is deemed to be a success of individual and, even more, personal potential.

Laughter is deemed to be a joke. As this appears to be a response to fear that appears, with the aid of better knowledge (certainty), to be pleasant.

Suppose

psychotherapy is not a science. Neither presuppositionless nor open to knowledge. Nor is it a method of healing. That would be convenient, but not really admissible. Its specific goal is to generate one-dimensional, that is, (self-generated) self-representations and advertising assumptions associated with a cartoon character. On the other hand, pathopsychological methods, classifications for psychological diagnostics, prove themselves, in the best (the moralistic) case, to be intuition; otherwise, both inductively and deductively, medieval madness. A story of failures and oversights, based on the equally *perverse* intellectual assumption of wanting to describe and identify in language *mental abnormalities* – a project of jealousy. The idea of ‘mental abnormality’ is already going bankrupt as an inexorable and reason-based methodology, a distortion, that is, as rhetoric. As is well known, rhetorical systems are invariably circular in their inadequate attempts at explanation, their phenomenal inability to describe. A limited set of game rules¹, sometimes bad, sometimes very bad, depending on the orientation of the *vocabulary*.

‘Madness’ means to some extent liberated from the attempt at empirical undertakings, assumptions, representations and their evidence – but it is still insufficient as an approach to emotional states, circumstances and (inter) dependencies.² It remains only madness with a method.

In this structure of fiction (internal representation) and advertising (external representation), the rhetoric of classification (within the framework of its respective method) acts like an occult ritual. Subject to no need for, let alone a compulsion to, justification. (It acts, however, if at all possible, self-assertively, allowed as a means of law.) Self-accountability is obsolete – disappeared with and through the willing (unvoiced) consent (involuntary; depending on the acceptance of the method) of the client, who asks for the illusion; who favours exclusively the rhetorically reciprocal and arbitrarily changing, changeable causality of the representation –not just of what is representable but of everything that can be represented (what can be represented rhetorically) –the arguments and criticism mediated through perception and experience mediated through action. It is just not enough to surrender yourself completely to the formalism of your own language.

Self-presenting causalities are pseudo-causalities. You can be supposedly wrong, against your better judgment. Otherwise it wouldn’t be a model! Models are closed institutions.

Therefore there is no truth, only final realities that are idolised as truths. The theology of a comic strip. Sometimes more or sometimes less entertaining. It is a question of the point of view of those involved.

Welcome to the egocentrism of two equal, equally burdened mental states. Self-promoter and legitimizer. Believers and priests. Both pay homage to fiction and virtuality. And *love* the perversely clear severity of their damaging, guilt-discharged finalism.

Who is the enjoyer? What is the enjoyed?
Who is the sufferer? What is the suffered?³

Note: Comics are more or less entertaining. The self-representation takes place and operates freely; but it acquires its independent nature from the one who invented it! A fictional character – and like all such characters, personalized for a time.

The pseudo-leisured misinterpretation of the relationship between what is represented and what is not represented/representable, a supposed pseudo-identification, which craves to hold onto this time in an eternal youth, gives rise to the basic trait of occultism, religions and theologies of medieval faith. Jesus is currently probably the most famous fictional character after Donald Duck.

Faith is neither presuppositionless nor open to knowledge. The Fall of Man is the fall of being into the individual! We would like to applaud this with approval: a Jesus of the very highest type.

We know that the self-constructing ego can design and do many beautiful and unbeautiful things. Primarily it can represent itself (to and by itself)!

It can and will be inventive with regard to the flattering representation of individual inadequacies (whether they actually exist or not) and of lack as a virtue; the ego loves itself, protesting against every believed injustice. We* can certainly be very surprised every time, in spite of all zealous eschatological efforts and insistence, at how concrete and unrepresentable the downfall, the bursting of the swim bladder is.

I was surprised how ... concrete.

Believe in yourself and your representability

Nobody invents *himself*. This Gnostic figure of speech is extremely superficial. Our self-representation is a representation of what needs to be treated symptomatically. Convention. How not-finding, being inaccessible, is misinterpreted as creative freedom, because representation alone is something and not ‘nothing’. The problem of representation is old and would be naught without this misinterpretation, this spinning of belief and its legitimization that is so easy to assume (as if a natural law of individualization flowed out of the profane). But unfortunately it is not about this supposed ‘creative freedom’, insofar as it does not give an answer to the question of the original reason for a foregathering of self-representation and legitimisation.

Neither shark nor virus knows horror. They are it, for our horror. The bluntly finished visages opposite us! Sometimes like this; sometimes like that. In fact, the terror lies in the figurative, formed self-representation of our own human cultural history, our own mug, as Gombrowicz⁴ would doubtless say. All this is genuine and fake in the subjective mind.⁵ And (like) everything else belongs to the conditioned environment. Profane, irrevocable bedrock.

Proof of the hotbed and the undeniable, real unimportance of the Fall. Is the grazing cow concerned with its representability and potential? Not even with the occasional vegetarian walking past the pasture, towards whom the brute turns its head, looks into his empty eyes, and is bored; turning away again to look at the excrement dripping into the grass from its colleague’s shitting arse. Looks at the look-all-round.

‘Kungen av natten är djuren!’⁶

Indeed, even psychotherapeutic communication fails to promote creative freedom in the sense of processual vividness; realization beyond the self-representing, steady and, again, enduring negotiable symptoms/syndromes. There are many ways to become strange (to yourself). And they all blindly refer in the first place to metaphysics and ultimately to a concrete environment, inadequacy, deficiency and inaccessibility.

~ Wicked Game ~

How does that come about? That we forget and are on the move every day in projections calibrated to pattern recognition, ideas of ourselves in the world as *our* world? Preferring forward expectation, future, to experience and memory?

What was certain that you should have forgotten?

Learn that faecal expressions are an important enrichment of your speech, your thinking! If only there wasn't so much else to do? We (less intellectual, civilized) could develop a Volapuk of faecal language! Magnificent, caustic and important! Everything – perhaps the origin – could be expressed with appropriate emphasis! At least its (addressed to us) promise of our own doom! And it came to pass!

Expectation: the idea of a religious, psychotherapeutic poetry

Poetry. The disappointment suffered is preceded by the deception of 'reality' – this has yet to be clarified – as an expectation. The terms are important. What are they describing?

So the expectation does not suit reality – the suffering (emotional, somatic) already suggests this, as a physical experience of consequence – there are no others –, but as a *feeling*?

'... the same raw, prideful ignorance [...] allows reason itself to become guilty by treating every modification of consciousness under the *single* concept of *feeling*, which simply does not belong immediately to *its* [reason's] mode of representation; i.e., it is *not an abstract concept*.'⁷ Thus what was recognized intuitively, *in concreto*, could also be recognized abstractly and generally? A fatal error.

'It [reason], because its own method has not been made clear to it by thorough self-knowledge, has had to atone for this through misunderstandings and errors in its own field, since we have even set up a special faculty of feeling and now constructed theories about it.'

So far, so good.

Would you prefer the ambiguity, the possible, dread? Because the aforementioned expectation harbours a dilemma. An ontological dilemma: no development without expectation (poetry included). :(

A simple way out – a processual, natural one without represented self-security and cultivated self-representation is obviously no longer viable since this Fall. And yet: dying is always going on. The psychotherapeutically formalized functions of established world religions pacify that unrest with totalitarian happiness. It is the question of what happens after each change that is so properly disconcerting. In the psychotherapeutic promise of salvation, in the faithful self-representation, this restlessness of expectation is dissolved into smug, infantile well-being. Gradually cultivated. That has its effect. Most changes are irreversible. That is *scary*.

If *I* were a shark?
I could hardly think: I am a vegetarian, a cow!
What do I care??

To expect is to represent. The dis-appointed reality brings with it pain; not reality. But we *must* represent, undertaking and as-suming self-delusions in relation to realities in order to develop ourselves through them; not to perish from them; to *think* change.

(Keeping the user interface of the model running, further developing it, adapting it, would be good, wouldn't it?) Blessing or curse, that is at least what we do. Only faith can to some extent curb this processual act of representation. Perhaps the expectation is not a one-hundred per cent biological necessity? But to say that it is purely an act of consciousness, a reaction that recursively responds to given psychological metaphysics, is not very certain. Can it be an evolutionary destiny of humanoid species to create expectations; to have/be suited to a consciously creating being by means of ideas? Insofar as the ability to react (to *form*, solve, interpret) imminent ambiguities, possibilities and dread with re-presentations (images) certainly promotes real advantages and conveniences for beings thus gifted. Starting with a possible choice among more represented – and then recognized as such – alternatives, through to the design and production of tools (of every conceivable type)? Which basically comes to the same thing. The representation is the principle of the possibility for the possibility of choice.

We could also look at it historically, again and again! For example, the development of Central Europe from the sixteenth century on. A change in the perception of nature and in scientific methods (the methods of gaining

knowledge) suddenly enables (would enable) a qualitative manipulation of natural conditions. Promotes (would promote) change!

Ever since, since time immemorial, we have lived here in a recognised ‘disorder’, gradually, culturally. In change! We’re doing well with it; let’s even call it the ‘civilisational project’. And ‘[...] if it crashes, *me* in the world, it is more prideful than you think.⁹ In individual cases this has always been not a question of the point of view, of self-positioning, but of the *presently* existing conditions that determine the point of view. Because they could not and cannot be manipulated, or only to a very limited extent.

The truth is what does not forget us.
(Marcus Steinweg)

Analogously: the lie is a feeling of emptiness. Only the exorbitance of a desire (not its restrained canonical repetition but its exorbitance?) enables us to reach the bitter truth.¹⁰

Because this lie is by no means just an unrealistic expectation or a particularly exaggerated idea. It is this against better knowledge; against a knowledge of a dis-appointed expectation; against an already lived experience. It concretises – makes vivid and susceptible to – a painful disappointment’s desired distortion. In this artificial exercise, in this repression, the conscious being reactively burns the bridge to its own physical self, which is its bearer!

To the extent that the mind itself has access to control of its own mental activity, experiences this itself, it deals with the rejection of the same unwanted applicable truth, only still with the interpretation (and representation) of its *feelings*, not with their realities. To force a liberation and resolution of the experienced truth on a metaphysical level.

In fact, this is no longer about feelings of happiness. The expectation promises a kind of ‘recovery’, becomes valuable. Disappointment is always perceived as negative. In retrospect, representing an expectation is linked to physical reward mechanisms. Patient self-deformation and ignorance pseudo-triumphs eventually over self-awareness and individuation. No matter how the individual mind spins it, ultimately the personification – the supposed change from a numerical, failed I into *one* finally new, historically actual I – follows recognizable and, well, historically, numerically comparable patterns.

What is analytically true is necessarily true; *a priori*. That is a kind of binding appointment.

But ‘Another category [...] is that of certainty. Whatever certainty is, it is obviously not the case that all that is necessary is certain.’¹¹ A new sun does not rise every morning. Some had to discover that it is always the same. In other words, the failed ego is always only the historically, not the numerically, actual one.

↓ Tidal Waste ↓

‘Reality has a claim on us. It is even in possession of all claims.’¹²

Metaphorising leads to hyperbole for no reason, without any *real* foundation. The attack of the present impotence on the remainder of your life. The problem takes on a life of its own, illustrates itself; a means becomes an end. Finality recognises no future, only expectation.

But time is of the essence. There is going to be a lot of future. And many analogies. The majority of people who have ever lived on this earth are (absolutely) dead. Lack of emotional consistency/freedom from contradiction and psycho-rhetorics cause the loss of a whole world.

cum partibus deceptis, quae proditis, Nr. 20 - Nr. 22

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Let’s take another step back: *We are naturally* made of very complex matter. We, that is, the arms, legs, bellies, genitals, toes, ears, mouths, eyes, etc. All built around holes, which are also counted as parts of us and are a (but which?) function of the higher-level material complexity. (People have barely tenable yet not easily refutable properties by which they could be convincingly defined. In fact, they are all arseholes. You can’t see it from the outside – when they’re sleeping. You see only arms, legs, umbilical ring, toes, etc.)

The increase in the technical-material service rendered decreases the combination of imagination and intelligence necessary to act in the recognised situation, while at the same time increasing pattern recognition. The mind is taken in by itself ‘without so much as a stirring that goes beyond belief in what is technically feasible’¹³ Beyond the poetics of the definable.

Being aware of a situation does not mean being aware of yourself (with all your arms, legs, hands and holes) in that situation.

We (model people) hardly build appropriate relationships on actual situations (and other living people) and the information they send to us, but rather mainly on the representations of such situations, insofar as they can again be brought into congruence to this effect under our compulsion. (As said: ‘Human beings need fear, otherwise they will learn nothing.’ – Kierkegaard.) The senses seal us up, preferring to receive only rhetorical agreements; these images of the need to be loved. Representations of relationships of the most varied kinds; the main thing is quickly and increasingly. That is the activity producing images.

And we babble these ‘relationships’ so quickly that they have to become problematic! Wanting to escape by supposedly creating meaning yourself! Like Santa Claus reaching into his sack. This meaning would be the putty for holding together the discrepancy between a materially perceptible reality and *one* representation of it.

Well, being aware seems to be something more than language (meaningful speech) and (inter) communication. Consciousness means more than that, a continuity (this is obvious! Every morning, after sleep, the same sun always manages to rise for the same mind) with thoughts about this very discrepancy between reality and representation. So, even more than temporary references and self-relationships, a kind of coherence between them: history? Or to clarify the term: certainty!

The discrepancy creates (figuratively, through representation and love) *its* context and consciously represents it. To explain: every time we fall into deep sleep, consciousness dies. Is this what death feels like? Not at all. The cerebral organ doesn’t switch itself off. On the contrary. Matter thus has potential for us mental beings, which (for the time being only? Or rather also?) is fulfilled in consciousness.

Dreaming too is a conscious state. Although the reflexivity of the so-called free, or witty, will is missing. The more attentively the ego perceives the processes in its consciousness, the freer its will to be alive, to shape circumstances and their relationships. The ability to have a relationship is a symptom, indicating the formation of a (also in the material sense ‘healthy’, if not necessarily *a priori* ‘normal’) coherence with regard to the discrepancy between reality and representation. The dialogue supposed by psychotherapy confirms, in the worst case scenario of ‘success’, the induced cognitive opacity that can be described in the jargon as ‘self-deformation’ and the antagonist of ‘open presence’.

Reflexivity. Not appearing in the subject area of what I am thinking about, although I am the one who is thinking about it, shows the difference between reflection and self-reflection. Reflexivity means that, at least at some point of the reflection on the circumstances (realities and the representations of them), to be so *aware*, as yourself, that you are the one who creates the representation which strives to become the model for a likely strategic, intuitive result/lived experience (of the whole). To become.

And where does the sea begin? Where does the shore end?

And now?

Pump or drown.

B

*Floating car, in a tidal wave
 Engulfed my house, when I was sleeping
 Where once was fields, now only water
 Hail the sounds of drowning slaughter.
 Oh I've never seen livestock float
 With not a soul 'round.
 Well, my true love who dwells down the road
 We found in deep, the grave so cold
 And we are known by wicked waters
 We are friends with wicked waters
 We are safe in wicked waters
 And we can't swim in wicked waters.*

(Gorky's Zygotic Mynci – 'Tidal Wave', Gorky 5, 1998)

Index & Notes

1 *Play* is always now and thus points to the respective present. The *rite* refers to the past.

2 In Gilbert Rich's 'egomorphism', the methods of empiricism, scientific models and reason – in general the historical scientific foundations of psychology – prove to be inadequate. 'But if we are to recognize the fact that the emotional status of the psychiatrist plays a part both in his interpretations and his therapy, must we not also recognize that it works in both directions? We see the dynamic factor which prevents his acceptance of certain types of interpretation. Yet we often fail to see that there is an equally active dynamic factor that works in the opposite direction and compels the psychiatrist (no less than the psychologist) to interpret the reactions of others in terms of his own needs. This we have called egomorphism.' G. J. Rich (1933): 'The concept of egomorphism'. In: *American Journal of Orthopsychiatry*, 3 (2), p. 194. 'This is the first step. That leads us away from the childishness of reason! The reason that never knew how to size up its limits.' Georges Bataille (1981): *Tränen des Eros*, Berlin: Matthes & Seitz, p.22 [Unless otherwise indicated, all translation into English are by Jonathan Uhlaner]. The most intense sensations are inaccessible to us insofar as our existence is only present to us as language. 'The philosopher can tell us about everything he feels. The erotic experience obliges us, in principle, to remain silent.' Georges Bataille (2020): *Die Erotik*, Berlin: Matthes & Seitz, p. 254. Psychotherapy treats relationships based on talk therapy. Here the contradiction comes to light. Mental health problems are a matter of life, not of faith.

3 *Current 93* (David Michael Bunting / David Tibet), 'Sleep has his house', Great Britain: Durtro, 2000.

4 Witold Gombrowicz

5 Cf. Nicolai Hartmann (1962): *Das Problem des geistigen Seins*, V Abschnitt: Echtes und Unechtes im objektiven Geiste, Berlin: De Gruyter, p. 338.

6 *Big Fish*, 'Balladen om Natten'/*Vargavinter*, (Schweden: Birdnest Records, 1992).

7 Arthur Schopenhauer (no date of publication): *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, München: Bertelsmann Verlag (Lizenz Hanser), p. 94 f.

8 Ibid.

9 Cf. Konrad Bayer (1966): *Der sechste Sinn*: 'we cannot penetrate into the world, we have nothing to do with it, we create images of it that correspond to us, we establish methods of how to behave in it and we call it the world or, if it crashes, me in the world, it's more prideful than you think.' Quoted from memory.

10 Cf. Georges Bataille (1987): *Das Unmögliche*, München: Carl Hanser, p. 7.

11 Saul A. Kripke (1993): *Name und Notwendigkeit*, Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp Taschenbuch Wissenschaft 1056, p. 49.

12 Georges Bataille (1987): *Das Unmögliche*, München: Carl Hanser, p. 8 (Preface).

13 Cf. Burghart Schmidt (1996): *Bild im Ab-wesen*, Wien: Edition Splitter, p. 24.

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C

C *Continuabitur: intuition, morality, incoherence*

Narcissism is a built-in self-delusion, like (that of) reason!

Psychotherapy for people who eagerly believe they are alive (long, short or forever youthful).

Mortality does not evaporate by taking meaning into your own hands, by representing yourself.

In any case, reality as world answers us ... one way or another.

The mind in the ego does not serve self-representation (even if it likes to and quite loses itself and drowns in it) but is bound to the testimony of restlessness, which keeps the physical (alive). Keeps in life, keeps alive?

Translated by Jonathan Uhlaner