

Fuck Sayak Shome¹ Edited by Sayak Shome

He drifted through a thick and obscure world, observant but incapable of action.² He was able only to watch, resigned to imprisonment in his physical machinery, his mind turning over slowly like an idle hard disk.³ “Computer terminal,” he thought.⁴ In this passage to a space whose curvature is no longer that of the real, nor of truth, the age of simulation thus begins with a liquidation of all referentials-worse: by their artificial resurrection in systems of signs, a more ductile material than meaning, in that it lends itself to all systems of equivalence, all binary oppositions and all combinatory algebra.⁵

Aesthetic contemplation is boring and historical understanding elitist⁶ but what if he was an alert student rather than a mere victim of these histories at whose conclusions he always finds himself deceased?⁷ In effect life today finds itself caught fast and frozen into the thick industrial ice that could turn us all into corpses. The rivers of truly human relations are immobile and dead, the cold is setting in, the air is freezing; our sentiments are being transformed into arteries filled with a frozen congealing blood, boulevards for the tenacious animalculae of a state of affairs in which nothing has any *raison d'être* other than an economic one.⁸ The universe is something akin to a spider or a gob of spittle.⁹

Eroticism releases, ever so slightly, great lightning flashes that, on occasion, reveal to us the true nature of a given organ, suddenly restoring both its whole reality and its hallucinatory force, while simultaneously installing as sovereign goddess the abolition of hierarchies - those hierarchies within which we habitually grade, for better or for worse, the different parts of the body.¹⁰ Sublation of inner impulses and of the bodycenter... dislocation of shame. Expression of true feeling: of despair, displacement; consequent discovery of deep expressive capacity: the man remains seated as the chair on which he sits is pulled out from under him.¹¹ The ultimate purpose of mimetic adaptation was to remain seated after the chair is pulled out, “to survive civilization if need be”¹² or is the point less “to survive civilization” than to exult in its degradation?¹³

We're bored
of those utterly insipid
theatrical performances
uninflated by any potential.¹⁴

I,..will teach you to behave,
do you hear me?¹⁵

Parody makes obedience.¹⁶

He has a tendency to persecution, epilepsy, and paralysis. He is obsessed, rejected, and maniacal, all for the sake of his work. He suffers from the dissonances to the point of self-disintegration. He turns to the public as if it should interest itself in his sickness; he gives it the material for assessing his condition.¹⁷ Schizophrenic vertigo of these serial signs, for which no counterfeit, no sublimation is possible, immanent in their repetition-who could say what the reality is that these signs simulate? They no longer even repress anything (which is why, if you will, simulation

pushes us close to the sphere of psychosis). Even the primary processes are abolished in him.¹⁸ If he acts crazy so well, then he must be mad.¹⁹

He thought, “how difficult it is to understand each other, my dear angel, and how much thought is incommunicable, even between people who love each other.”²⁰

In this state of suspended animation, he did not seem to exist in the same space-time as the event.²¹

He exclaimed, “I feel infinite wonder, infinite pity!”²²

1, 2, 3, 4 **Fuck Seth Price – Seth Price, Leopard, New York 2015** *Title, pp 7, pp 7, pp 54*

5, 16, 18, 19 **Simulations – Jean Baudrillard, Semiotext(e), Columbia University, New York 1983** *pp 3-4, pp 4, pp 152, pp 7*

6, 7, 11, 12, 13, 17, 21 **Bad New Days – Hal Foster, Verso Books, London 2015** *pp 135, pp 64, pp 93, pp93, pp 96, pp93, pp 130*

8, 9, 10, 14 **Encyclopaedia Acephalica – Georges Bataille et al. Atlas Press, London** *pp 41, pp 52, pp 79, pp93*

15 **Flowers of Evil from the French of Charles Baudelaire – George Dillion, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Harper and Brothers Publishers New York, London 1936** *pp 109*

20 **The Eyes of the Poor - Charles Baudelaire translated by Michael Hoke** *last line*

22 **The Aleph – Jorge Luis Borges** *last line*