

Looking Awry

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I see the now. It is sterile, this time, the *entre-temps*, because it is the outside whose advent spells disaster. The outside deconstructs form and structure, leaving naked existence behind. Nothing is evident, nothing can count as evidence, nothing sheds any light on the matter, which remains obscure because of its nearness to my perceptions. Nothing makes any difference, difference vanishes into indifference, leaving only a swarming glob of existence. Impure gray. Entropic endpoint.

It is the to-come that robs us of the outside. From the viewpoint of the empty present, the present is empty of everything but absence: the presence of absence.

The absolute limit of the reduction.

The outside is not present either. It has obliterated the present—and all other times—so that the other than time, which is empty form (Kant) but also the form of emptiness—not flux or stasis—but an uneasiness in between that swarms and eddies (Heidegger) without issue—holds sway.

In the reduction of time to impoverished waiting, in the tension that is the remainder, there is again the outside, already in. Always so, as the *a priori* to the logos, meaning, good sense, and oneness. Anteriority as such.

Expectation of the to-come, that it will come to pass that which is hoped for, a messianism, in that which is now is to be recast into something better than the present, already in comparison with what expectation would have occur.

The now: sterile, barren, fallow, the desert: the interval, empty of life. The place where a higher life can appear, one more intelligent and vivified. *It is the time of the hidden third.*

The *entre-temps* also signifies the crossing of a line. To cross it is to transgress. In the fog of transgressive value—which lies not so much beyond as between good and evil, at mid-day, at the ‘shortest shadow’, chance rules. Events are brought off by strange attractors: unlikely influences, random associations of forces, untimely interruptions, anachronisms, calls back from a future actuality. Perhaps they are less events and more non-events. Nothing happens but there is much ado.

This while’s effeteness has to do with how it produces nothing. Production is infinitely deferred—by material conditions, metaphysical commitments, ontological holdings—but ‘will get done once this is over.’ Like time’s outside, the between-time has no beginning or end.

This is the underside of eternity, which we can feel in suffering: ‘Will this never end?’ The voice speaks of a passivity more than the passivity of inattentiveness. To be effete is to be unable to bear, for instance, a child, offspring, successor, fruit. Nothing can follow because nothing precedes. *Time has come to a stop*, not in the sense of an arrest or halt (where it continues in a state of cessation), but in the sense of incoherence or nonsensicalness.

Time in itself does not cease but becomes other than time, time of the other, the Other’s time. ‘Time is out of joint’, which means that it is no longer available to join, disjoin, or conjoin with phenomena. It remains unlawfully unto itself, outside of itself, not of the world.

It is now when ideas age without maturation, unable to come to a statement of what they are about. They abound, they swarm, each polarized into itself and its opposite. Contradiction leads to confrontation, always without resolution. Despite all attempts at exclusion, the outside, in the guise of the hidden third, infiltrates discourse. It rewires the depth grammar of the language we use, altering the picture by subtlety and nuance.

The values of truth and falsehood suffer distortion so that speaking, no matter how carefully articulated, betrays the intention of the speaker. A copy can no longer be distinguished from an original. It is more proper to say that everything is a copy without an original. It is the age of the simulacrum, when the only truth is there is no truth.

Where is the force to reconcile the swarming pairs of opposites? Within the *entre-temps*, reconciliation has been deformed into not, irreconcilability, but the other of reconciliation that disrupts and corrupts any intention of reconciliation, and in such a deceitful way that it remains undetected. This is a bad day for peace-lovers, but also (in a different way) for war-mongers—for it isn't as though one meets the other as adversary, attacker, avenger, or the like.

One never meets the other but askance, awry, obliquely, at a sharp angle, going out the door. One can suppose that some esoteric board game works with this 'almost'-meets aspect. A planned-for meeting is necessarily deferred if you see the ship's wake from the dock.

The time between is without an absolute. There is no God, which is to say that God exists in his own absence, as *deus absconditus*. God is here present but there absent. We suffer most directly, not from the absence of divinity, but from the lack of evidence of that absence. This is in part due to a reckless faith in name and form, whereas since the interval has corroded language from the inside, the signified does not match the signified.

But mainly, testimony and its signs have been swept away by the disaster—unless it is to signify the suffering displaced by idols, fetishes, and narcissism. That too remains

invisible. The dissatisfaction of finitude remakes life a race in pursuit of pleasure and avoidance of pain. Thinking, which has a natural affinity for contemplation of the heights, is reductive and tends to glorify the human at the expense of the cosmic. ‘Man, the measure of all things.’

Errancy is rife. It creates an atmosphere, so it has a creative force, but one directed against the truth function. In perception it fosters illusion. In thought, it is false consciousness, that is, the thought that equates itself with consciousness while at the same time limiting itself to representation of the real. In feeling, it is the cultivation of refusal and resentment as it turns away incoming, affirmative energies that are offered.

Theories that claim to explain why change has taken place are popular. Convoluted and conspiratorial, they assume that there is something to be done, by way of reversal and amelioration. One thinks of change as a mistake that ought not to have happened, if only one had followed a course of good sense. A blindness to the involuntary, necessary movement of the shock prevents perception from taking in what is offered. A hyperbole of will.

One would like to say that hope lies with attestation, with bearing witness to the disastrous lack of direction and guidance. It isn’t clear what testimony can be given when nothing takes place. Is the witness immune to the absolute disruption of perception and itself? When truth as a value ceases to be unproblematic, what is seen too becomes groundless, prone to the suspicion that it is untrustworthy.

To be witness to its own lack of trust does not remedy the lack, but leaves one frustrated at the double distortion. Seeing that one fails to see becomes a formula for despair rather than an indication of effort needed. Effort itself has turned into useless hand-waving, a magical gesture that brings about nothing intended. The awakened witness sees nothing to be seen, can effect no action, and falls into self-frustration.

We seek for clarity in order to understand the human condition, and find something else, wonder, as well as the reaction to it, clearly described by Kant as a hyperventilation of reason in the face of the Greater—the sublime.

The unknown is shifty. There is no hold on it, if it even exists. One can say that the unknown is a story perpetrated by the ego, to divert attention toward something made-up that is completely compelling in action and plot.

There is something other than the unknown to seek and that is consciousness of the known. I know but I don't see. Strange lot.

Awaiting illumination.