

ORGANIC KNOWLEDGE

BY
JOE VIVIANO

This brain is my organ; my mouth is what I control; my fingers are what I control. By social relation, it has come to refer to itself with signs as a matter of existential necessity as it participates in a competition of sounds (speech) and signs (writings) which grant it access to spaces in the world. I speak a physical force; I write a physical force, this is the wisdom of the sophists (Gorgias); for when signs are seen by the eye they are physically hit by the light from the page. "Concepts have meaning only if we can point to objects to which they refer and to the rules by which they are assigned to these objects." this is the essence of Mach's philosophy in Einstein's words. For a concept to make sense, you need to have an operational definition for it, one that describes how you would observe the concept in operation, hence I will always refer to natural operations to elucidate for my listener my thoughts concerning organic knowledge. To write this speech, I must interface with a paper, to hear it we must interface with a speaker, and with my speech I may refer to objects in nature; thus I may say the word "duck," thereby evoking imagery in the mind; however, the mind itself is never injected into the mind of the duck by the stimulus of my words, as proved by the unintelligibility of this word stimulus sound to the duck to which I refer. Such a duck would not be able to know what my words mean, not because it lacks intelligence but, more sinisterly, because it has not suffered the trauma of being human; conversely, a human listening to sounds intended to refer to the duck cannot suffer the trauma of being a duck by the words about the duck; one can speak about the duck until they are blue in the face white hot with rage; one can dissect it (this kills the duck) and show off its organs to silence the questioning voice, which bends to ask a the question, what is it like to be a duck (dead); but still no pleasure will be imparted by the words; no sense of being the duck will be known; no organic knowledge is learned from this cruel act proposed in the pursuit of "knowledge" rather a build up of word trauma signs accumulates outside the human unit as ammunition to be unceremoniously dumped into the young human minds: signs we call "human knowledge." A human knowledge that is merely a stockpile of answers to these questions. Operationally speaking however these signs only function as the stimulus to send human beings into action; for we must do something; we must say something; and when we say something we in fact say some word one at a time, as Aristotle himself recognized when he pronounced the republic to be necessary for our physiological inability to say "mine" and "not mine" simultaneously. The political arrangement proposed by Aristotle was a republic where by the politicians would represent us (the people), even though they are not us, and can never be us; the human organism is masked over by a human organism that pretends to represent it, that is to say for systemic biological reasons. Since representatives are not who they pretend to represent, fully, there can only be the pretense of representation; the pretense of communism; a story of representation or communism is told and the affected minds are driven to believe it by their mental possession by sounds, but they never achieve the equality they seek nor can they since they, physically, do not, cannot, occupy the same points in space (spatial equality, like a black hole, would kill us). Thus man is always allocating; always shuffling himself around; always sequencing words and therefore men; always using himself and therefore misusing himself; always socializing and complaining about socializing; and so, in the interest of improving his constant state of socializing and complaining about the consequences of socializing he constructs interfaces for himself to improve his (spatial) social standing; for he hopes to eventually acquire for himself a paper license by which to gain access to everything natural: this is the over-arching goal he has in mind behind his participation in the voting booth when he elects his innately hypocritical representatives, voting himself down, voting himself behind and beneath the representative which masks himself over, voting himself ever-further into the paper interface which hardens into a mechanical interface today. Our quest for knowledge, if we are to understand it as a quest to answer questions, presents itself operationally simply as an attempt to put down any given question, maybe the question mark in its entirety, as an excitation mark for producing human responses. This is the only value the question mark has for us: as a weapon against our own. Here we see now why Socrates was executed, because the powerful feared that he would wave his question mark scepter over the world for eternity. If the lack of knowledge could be used to justify traveling to spatial locations in the world in the pursuit of research we would all carry the question mark in our pockets to show to whoever blocks our path, so they may step aside. However this never happens for us; we are never allowed to wander the globe since the globe is fully owned by states and their aggregates; everywhere you go you observe humans looking at their papers to see what they can do, legally, because paper has become the primary determinant for human activity. Somewhere a lofty young man is told to invent something to help humanity, so he goes to college; he investigates the spatial possibilities that are available to him and learns that no (singular) thing can fit in humanity's (manifold) hands; hands that are never doing anything together, however much the politician says so (rhetorically); becoming severely depressed, concluding that society in its entirety lies as an existential need and thus his college debts do not deserve to be paid; however, somewhere, the paper trauma is printed up and shown to a debt collector and so, to protect this system of affects to which they depend they send law enforcement officers to capture him, to make him pay. Nothing helps humanity, yet everywhere you look you see people begging for things. The advertisers beg for money. The politicians beg for votes. The babies beg for milk. The companies beg for employees to work for them. The human world is a vast begging operation. Even Einstein's papers were little more than badly inked up paper signs, held up so he could borrow a telescope he didn't have the paper power to use on his own. Paper power. Paper trauma, that is the real God of this world. Everyone is dominated by paper in this world, which is a paper world. Everyone is being choked to death with paper, loves, and chases after paper, and we all hate paper, so we wipe our butts with paper. Humans are scared of paper, ostensibly. A bird may flap its wings to fly at pleasure (nobody says animals do anything "at pleasure" anymore, because they get jealous), humans, conversely, live in abject terror of people reacting to paper, negatively. A person may see the roof a high-rise, longing to look down the sides (perhaps to visualize

himself smattering on the ground), so he looks for an entrance and finds the front door, which opens up to reveal a person holding a paper license stating that this is yet another space on Earth in which he is banned. Without the paper license, he wanders the globe as if in a daze. He wants to help humanity. Everywhere around him are signs, which he reads by mental automatism because he was traumatized into learning the trauma language like everyone else. A sign reads "end global hunger" and at once he visualizes the impossibility of escaping the world of affect; he constructs a machine to end hunger, however, still it beeps, still it annoys, still it pangs, still it hungers for humans, to maintain it when it breaks down, to care for it, to feed it. Hunger cannot be overcome, it becomes a simple fact of life; the begging signs do nothing besides advertise themselves as a special interest group interested in accumulating the capital donations necessary to pay the staff seduced by the company rhetoric; for the whole world is seduced by rhetoric and pretense and lies. "Maybe I need help," he thinks to himself, now remembering the words written on a sign to help the suicidal. Alas, there is no help. Alas, he populates a world of mercenaries and hence he is helpless. On closer inspection we see that the suicide prevention organization dedicated to raising "suicide awareness" is in point of fact only promoting itself as a brand; when it sells t-shirts, it pays its staff and advertisers; when it pays for billboards, it achieves its goal of "raising awareness," when this awareness does nothing to help the suicidal. No money is given to them. No pharmaceutical drugs are received. No paper licenses to gain access to the higher educational resources needed for daily life are doled out. Nothing happens and no money is received; instead an ambulance is dispatched and they are swiftly shocked and charged for their stay in the hospital ward. Not allowed to die, these chronically depressed, chronically unhappy people are chemically annihilated and kept alive for the longest possible time, more for liability concern than genuine concern. Whatever animals we encounter merely taunt us with their existence; for they are devoid of knowledge and facts and jobs. The lesser animal cares not to explain the universe because it does not have rival animals bending their voices in an ironical, questioning tone (confusion is what makes irony possible) drawing answers out of them. Human efforts, far from existing as proof of our greatness instead stand as monuments of our existence as stressed out animals known to kill themselves in the shortest possible span of time. After all humans have wanted to be ghosts for thousands of years, so they've wanted to be dead for thousands of years. Constantly, man longs for an alternative interface than the one he faces; rather than looking at nature and walking through nature he's left with no recourse but suicide by looking at interfaces other than nature; symbol nature; paper nature; computer nature; virtual nature. On the one hand, rhetoric encourages him to use these interfaces to understand nature; and on the other hand, they get ever-further from nature (as books get thicker and thicker) as an ever-mounting edifice of symbols is piled, compiled, compressed, and delivered to minds in the interest of improving humanity by burying himself alive. The question mark is the hook by which we pull what's behind our skin outside our skin; operationally speaking this hook, this bent voice, is our instrument for turning ourselves inside out and for going out of our minds. This process; this great reversal; this twist of fate against man began tens of thousands of years ago when the tongue became the instrument by which calories were saved. If I instruct you to get me a piece of fruit, and you get me that piece of fruit, then it is you that has lost the calories required to get the fruit, while I not only gain the fruit, but a bonus in calories by contrast from having spent less energy obtaining the fruit than yourself. Swept into the motion of obedience by biological weakness the human animal, rather than dying naturally of old age, maintained a dominant position of memory holder in a social order, made possible by "ordering." Indeed the origin of social inequality is socializing itself, so politics is always wrong; the catastrophe of abundance required as a necessity that humans use humans to allocate the resources accrued; and, therefore, socialize endlessly about their state of having to forever shuffle, shift, sort, sift, place, erase, on and on; the formerly hidden world of machine-driven monotony behind our skin (concealed, perhaps, for good reason) surrounds us each day as our existence and life; man, the animal of "reason" has now sunken beneath the animal level down towards something resembling the cell, such that one must wonder how much longer it will be until this process of falling comes to an end as we proceed to plunge ever-further into the depths of chaos; if human as statement-giving, reason-giving, animal (once we lose the ability to "communicate" with the mouth, we will not be reasonable animals anymore) can survive much longer without some suicide or radical transformation. Indeed, when considering suicide and transformation there seems to be little respective difference, so it makes little difference if some depressed teenager blows out their brains; it's all the same; humans are animals that, rather than knocking horns instead knock arguments and marks, so it's no tragedy he took his own life for bad grades; he was simply too weak to live. And there's little reason to cry about it; our cries are saved to be used against us in a court of law (universal law); Hemingway confessed that being a writer was simple as sitting down at a typewriter to bleed, so now we are forced to drink his blood. But why read? Why are these books important if they are not instruction manuals to world peace (do only lofty minds set this criteria)? In truth no death is a tragedy as there was no potential for them or anyone to help humanity anyway, whatever brains blown out are swiftly acquired by rival organisms; the disintegrated being is thence incorporated into parallel systems hostile to itself (and so, finally, it comes to know them); in fact by consequence of the brains function as weapon for organic defense approximately none of the mechanisms constructed by it do benefit to the environment and only serve as puzzles to torment rival minds, the stupid minds. Let us be honest with ourselves it is a historical fact that genes have this tendency to fashion material into weaponry, animal weaponry, animals that can do no good! Personal neuroticism therefore guides the whole sum of human activity and nothing else; minds, often aloof and absorbed in the selfish interest of constructing some written mechanism to compete with their contemporaries, to silence them, to kill them, but not to benefit them and never to benefit them. Of course, it is not my intention to construct a doctrine of social pessimism here, rather I find this all too

necessary, for, if we cannot produce some ethic by which to compensate for our warlike nature, then I fear that whatever artifices we have inked up will turn against us as nature's revenge (for every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction) takes us apart, as we took cells apart (the eternal return of the same)! I say, whatever future we produce must be worth the full extent of its history, I mean that human history of burning people alive, that history of evisceration, that history of torture, that history that comes down to the exploitation of our biological sensitivity to the degree that verbal threat is all that's required to make a human act "morally." Beyond the human (organic) system however there exists a trillion parallel systems converting matter into fuel to energize themselves; still eerie to us, they stand as a writhing wall against his psyche and life, incomprehensible, inaccessible, the parallel forms of life envelop him as he, too, attempts to wrap his mind around them through self-evocation with words; here I observe the human organism engaged in an act of artifice and therefore world domination by interfacing with paper, in fact looking down and away from nature, by twisting away (towards the shadowy inked up paper, the wall of the cave) he pretends to be interested in understanding nature while hypocritically encasing himself in paper nature. At last we understand the meaning behind the ancient Jewish phrase "study is its own reward" because by engaging in this paper labor man learned to distance himself from manual labor. Naturally this does not imply that some "conspiracy" has occurred, as mortality makes multi-generational conspiracy impossible; instead there is a chain of incidents recorded by an animal who reads and writes to benefit a world of words. Because speech has the power to direct human thought we can always be accused of not doing what we say if we give a command; when we give a command to do something we cannot do this something we say while saying it, because the act of saying the command, is not included in the command itself, because that would be annoying. It's in this sense that Jesus was able to freely accuse the scribes and pharisees as not doing what they say, because the act of saying is not the act of commanding; they are not living by example nor can they, because man is a speech-dependent animal: an animal that whines, hence his choice to pronounce the dog, the animal that whines, his "best friend" (obedience). Whatever professorships that tell stories about the world are essentially only stimulating a crowd with sweet speech said to compensate for the trauma of being a speech-dependent creature, when, tragically, no speech is analogous to reality, so we cannot tell a story about reality nor hope that language can aspire to be a reality more than a trauma to trigger the human mind; and yet, we have the professional storyteller; we have professors and professorships, which may soon become mechanical professorships. "Professorships, professorships!" Nietzsche himself once said, "What good can come out of a paid mouth?" He was not the first to protest against the professorships, nor the last; Socrates and Jesus too stand out as examples who protested against the professional storytellers of their day. On the one hand, Socrates went about probing people with his exhaustive questioning; insisting that he knows nothing; making evident what the character of the Sophist consists of: a talking mercenary, an angler of men. On the other hand, Jesus went about showing up the inconsistencies of the scribes and pharisees, calling them hypocrites, while training his disciples how to be fishers of men. We should therefore perceive Jesus to be a Jewish sophist, like Socrates, only better. Socrates and Jesus wrote nothing down. Socrates and Jesus did not accept payment for their services. Socrates attacked his adversaries for their sophistry, which he morphed into a pejorative that would mean one who utilizes fallacious arguments, usually for money, hence why Socrates did not accept payment for his speeches so that he did not fall into his own redefinition of sophistry as talking mercenary. Jesus, conversely, and similarly, indicted the scribes and pharisees with the charge of hypocrisy, which is one who doesn't do what they say. Now, proceeding to think in professing terms, a speaker, or instructor, or educator, if they are giving instructions for you to obey, cannot be said to do what they say, since they are speaking a command. If they stop commanding and do what they command, then they would cease to be commanders and become doers, that is to say, what a hypocrite is not. Hence we see Socrates and Jesus hit upon the same problem, but in different ways: the problem of training. But the problem of training is essentially the human condition. We are born with an experiential deficit that makes us utterly dependent on our educator, hence the feral child. Due to the exploitative power of speech for caloric advantage, education, for the sake of "elevating" man (to the level of educator) is forever at odds with itself. Rhetoric was considered the king of the sciences in ancient times, because ultimately rhetoric is what persuades the human (the most powerful animal on Earth) to act. Hence we see that "good" was simply the sound man ejaculated to signal his pleasure with a listener (recall that the word "hear" is alternately translated as "obey" in Hebrew), be it a human or a dog (something that can obey). Man can only speak one word at a time; and his tongue is concealed inside his mouth, making lies possible for him; the sign written, too, became yet another dislocation that operates as an excuse by which to excuse himself from labor. Marx wrote volumes about the conditions of the exploited, shockingly without considering who in his society would fetch him ink for his paper or paper for his ink! By ignoring the mechanics of himself as a monologist, future Communist totalitarian despots were able to establish themselves by reference to his writings (of which there were more than the people could read); a single mouth, like the Marxian monologue (every book is a monologue) would come to motivate the actions of nations with the empty story of Communism. There, trapped by the (obedient) law-enforcement officers, the poor fools would long endlessly for their "classless society" as a direct consequence of the Marxian error of not asking himself how to bring about a classless society in a society in which people classify. Of course, this is a question that Marx did not ask because then his writing would come to an end. In a Communist society the Communist dictator represents the story of communism, differing to Marx, the story of his life, the story of failure; yet, similarly, in the republic the representative "presents" 'what is asked for by the people, again and again. People squabble endlessly for a better world, but they'll only know a squabble world. The world wants to know the answer to all questions, so someday we must put down the questioning act completely, as death.