

‡ TIDAL WASTE ‡
Hic rident, quibus nihil riderest
(Here laugh those who have nothing to laugh about)

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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?
What was certain that you should have forgotten?

[...] It is the question of what happens after each change that is so improperly 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*.

[...]

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 ‘civilizational project’. And ‘[...] if it crashes, *me* in the world, it’s more prideful than you think.’

[...]

In other words, the failed ego is always only the historically, not the numerically, actual one.

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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 Zygotie Myncei, ‘Tidal Wave’, *Gorky* 5, 1998)

* Excerpt ‘Tidal Waste’, for gottrekorder e.v., Vienna, January - April 2021
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