

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?"<sup>1</sup> Therapy must not be a final state. Do (not) worry – be human! Whoever gives up is done for!

A

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‡What the world never contains ~ grace at the end of the caesura‡  
(The Revenant will rise up from the Dead)

“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! (...) This meaning would be the putty for holding together the discrepancy between a materially perceptible reality and *one* representation of it.“<sup>2</sup>

Where does this idea come from? A trick?

The real is that which does not form images. That forms *nothing*. Don’t ask what the world is. Ask what it is not! Everyone has access (to set theory consisting of certainties) and *nothing* is that which is not formed and also does not form/is not formative.

In reality there is no problem of alien psychic being (the “problem of other minds”). The real doesn’t form a world. Defined concisely? It is that which doesn’t forget us (Marcus Steinweg). You can’t stand back from it or refrain from it; everyone has access. Watch the sea. (Being/be watched by it!)

It is the images *of* an idea that cause problems! There is a gap between the idea and *an* image of it. A connection.

For others, I am always just an image of an idea, just as they are for me. Semblance, *seeming*, is part of the very texture of the world. It’s being of the texture of the world almost more than our own conditions! And our commitments!

It is also that regress comprising further fields of sense which wants to free the compulsion to rhetoric inculcated by materialism from the fear that finitude might yet still triumph over the

moment; the contingency of the animal over the anti-aging of the historical self, over the metaphor.  
Hello?

Besides: time is not a constituent of reality! (Kant). And no matter why we are in reality, it's not our own achievement! Everyone is beautiful in his or her appropriate world – that's beautiful. Hooray!  
Art always makes us more and more beautiful!

The grace at the end of the caesura is that our apparatus of consciousness is part of the body – and it perishes utterly.

B

We are the revenants  
And we will rise up from the dead  
We become the living  
We've come back to reclaim our stolen breath.

1, 2 R.d.P. Gruber, excerpt from “‡Tidal Waste‡”, Apsychological Raptus No. 100/241 for gottrekorder e.v., Vienna, January - April 2021.

B Lyrics of “I Am a Revenant”, songwriter: Brody Dalle © BMG Rights Management, 2002

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