

CHAIN INTERREACTIVITY

HEAT BUT NOT LIGHT

Instead of ‘abstraction,’ ‘materialism,’ ‘moral law’ and ‘urizenic mind,’ Blake could have simply said “concept” — as the reason why we entertain our doom with a greater energy than that with which we engage in our flourishing in peace.

To hate the hate-able, in the name of freedom, as a force for good?

We want happiness but not the causes of happiness. We want to be free from suffering but not the causes of suffering. It is always for a good reason that another’s good fortune is not felt as one’s own. We want to be the same as bliss without cultivating a basis beyond the confines of individualism addiction.

Informed imagination becomes furious: nutrients are boiled down and burned down until valueless and pathogenic. (In Ayurveda this is called *bhasmaka roga*—indigestible *ama*—while the West refers to autoimmunity and toxins.) To overrule reason, Blake succumbs to the chronic overheating and melding of mind and emotions. In *The Four Zoas*, Orc (who is molten and morphing revolution) is found “Despising Urizen’s light and turning it into flaming fire.” While in *America A Prophecy*, Orc appears:

Intense! naked! a Human fire fierce glowing, as the wedge
Of iron heated in the furnace; his terrible limbs were fire
With myriads of cloudy terrors banners dark & towers
Surrounded; heat but not light....

From *The Four Zoas*, Orc, self-immolating:

... *the folding Serpent*

*Of Orc began to Consume in fierce raving fire; his fierce flames
Issu'd on all sides, gathering strength in animating volumes,
Roaming abroad on all the winds, raging intense, reddening
Into resistless pillars of fire rolling round & round, gathering
Strength from the Earths consumed & heavens & all hidden abysses,
Where'er the Eagle has Explor'd, or Lion or Tyger trod,
Or where the Comets of the night or stars of [eternal] astitial day
Have shot their arrows or long beamed spears in wrath & fury (5: 3 5 8)*

Revolution is fire. Jesus is the nondifference of embodied-imagination and love, overreacting. Revolution can’t be love until turning into revolution-dependent love.

Each word arising is revolution. Righteousness and bias (heaven and hell, or nirvana and samsara, if you will) are interchangeable. Realizing this is itself a terminal-species tone of voice tuner, in the wonder of and caring for the shared space that brings everything about. Breaking the air tones that form us.

Perhaps the most direct ideological heir to Blake's merging of Imagination and Democracy is the interwar writings of John Dewey (e.g., *The Public and Its Problems* or *Creative Democracy: the Task Before us*. "*Imagination is the chief instrument of the good.*" Its actions result in a "*thoroughgoing and deep-seated harmonizing of the self with the Universe.*") Dewey's work also, in effect, marks the coda of Democracy with its basis in Enlightenment values, as the egalitarian principles of human rights, individual freedom, and representation had become the confounding terms—the means—of oppression.

After Dewey, modern democracy and public discourse succumb to the Edward Bernays of the world and their manner of manipulative public psychoanalysis and mass hypnosis. "*The conscious and intelligent manipulation of the organized habits and opinions of the masses is an important element in democratic society. Those who manipulate this unseen mechanism of society constitute an invisible government which is the true ruling power of our country.*"

Truth serves spin. Whose truth is whose?

If you say welfare, if you say handout, if you say entitlement, even those who need help will vote against social programs — the same programs in relation to which...if you say safety net, if you say earned benefit, if you say eliminating poverty and child-hunger and homelessness, if you say dignified aging and dying, those same voters, and even those who need no help, will support and protect to their last breath.

UNDAWNED

"No greater damage has been done to civil rights than by the severing of singular and systemic."

Tracing neural activity across ideologies and predispositions reveals that it is *reactive vocabulary* that ultimately perpetuates war. The reactive vocabularies of two sides, given the same audiovisual input, the same content, inflame higher-order polarization in the dorsomedial prefrontal cortex. What follows is not necessarily truth-conditional or cognitive. Perhaps it could be said that implicature is its own fact; it's what you mean that I hear as a truth, your relative truth. Expression that intends to injure, insult or offend, regardless of the facts, is veritable as just that: the force of derogation. Every time someone says "radical" "nutjob" "elitist" "snowflake" "settler" "extremist" "DEI hire" "whistleblower" "milksop" "sycophant" "progressive" "social justice warrior" or other terms of virtue-signaling, promoting one's own awareness by shaming others who played no part in their premise, the war machine rolls on, well-oiled by the blatantly metalinguistic.

Feudalistic societies whose folk might even prefer to fight for the egalitarian principles of their declared enemies, no longer lose more wars than they win.

Do democracies *cause* peace? Does peace cause democracy? Do democracies have less internal violence?

Democratic Peace Theory (i.e., democracies do not attack each other) stems from Kant's *Perpetual Peace* essay. "If the consent of the citizens is required in order to decide that war should be declared...nothing is more natural than that they would be very cautious in commencing such a poor game, decreeing for themselves all the calamities of war."

Kant sought to create a universal ingroup, one peace-preferring, transparent republican citizenry in which "the people" are supreme.

Strangely, most Democratic Peace Theory avoids the overriding issues of power and imperialism, and the democratic crusaderism of both pristine and impure democracies. It's well known that protective, preemptive democracies commonly go to war against oligarchies. (This is, to a great extent, why America, as a de facto anocracy, is so violent, *internally*.) At the same time, autocracies exploit the perceived conciliatory softness of dovish democracies.

Kant was also dead-wrong in believing Free Trade would produce a global, stable, hospitable, mutually benefited ingroup—commercial peace, in competition with the prospects of war prospects, would prevail. Democracy to this day is unable to fully face the fact that maldistributive "economic development" is a human rights violation, as well as the primary variable in determining intrastate stability.

NATO, BRICS, UNASUR, CELAC, OAS, ALBA, FEALAC, AES, CPAN are not Kantian fulfillments, in the sense that they're ingroupings formed in adversarial reaction to other, oppressive, outgroups and blocs.

North Korea is the Democratic People's Republic of Korea. China is the People's Republic of China. Hungary is a multiparty parliamentary democracy. Russia is constituted as a "democratic, federative, law-based state with a republican form of government." In terms of Democratic Peace Theory, we don't necessarily have to exhaust ourselves with statistics and data sets. We now clearly see and embody, first hand, how flawlessly an Imperialist Democracy or Oligarchic Republic may backslide into alignment with axes of autocracies.

Moreover, democracies freely divide into ingroups and outgroups (by race, ethnicity, immigration wave, historical trauma, class, political party) as though that's what freedom affords. Democracies are bloodied, self-destructive, defensive, fatally wounded, incurable; and that's when they're performing at their best. "For too long, the goal of therapy has been to help people adapt to oppression and cope with the ongoing trauma of colonial, capitalist, and white supremacist systems." (Dr. Jennifer Mullan)

All people are the same. We don't want to be attacked. That makes us all one ingroup.

Today's proud and eponymous democracy-disdaining Dark Enlightenment is upon us. Its most cynically pejorative word for our national religion is "diversity." Its amassing of power and wealth is not for the purpose of fixing anything, but for dividing from (literally exiting from the earth) either the total collapse of civilization or the Kantian realization of people as one diverse, peaceable citizenry—whichever nightmare comes first.

TERRITORIAL INTEGRITY

It's not that the 1955 Asian-African—Non-Aligned— Bandung Conference's *Ten Principles of Peaceful Coexistence* are nonbinding. There's nothing practicable in the principles that would implement them. Principles aren't the cause of war per se, they just don't have the power to prevent it. Principles, as such, are the cause of war. That which can't prevent war is its cause.

We can already all agree that we want to rid the world of war. Non-Aligned (anti-superpower) principles are all but identical to imperial principles, though far more vulnerably so. As stated by Fidel Castro in his 1979 Havana Declaration, the purpose of the Non-Aligned Movement was to ensure "the national independence, sovereignty, territorial integrity and security of non-aligned countries in their struggle against imperialism, colonialism, neo-colonialism, racism, and all forms of foreign aggression, occupation, domination, interference or hegemony as well as against great power and bloc politics."

How long can a democratic hegemon last?

Within the General Will (aligned and unaligned alike) the unattainability of the non-violence all peoples want is integral to the wanting.

Ad hominem attacks strike the substance of the argument.

Materially, the U.S. can't even come to grips (as if by definition) with its productivity, with the maldistribution of profit as the cause of the problem underpinning all democratic problems. Laissez-faire without a basis in the "letting be" or "letting roll or unfold" of the actual substrates through which we subsist—nature, compassion, wisdom—is the mode of our demise. An overactive ignorance.

How long shall we fall for the malicious misinterpretation of the apostolic "the last shall be first?" This is strictly *not* about power or violence as virtuous. It's about *mudita* and grace, or their absence. We've all been "chosen." It's miraculous. It's called *alive*. It's called *somehow being here*. Heaven is not re-hierarchization and abasement. Nor is it their contrary. That's the key.

JUST WAR IS A SERIOUS AGNI-IMBALANCE, A CHRONIC CONDITION TURNED TERMINAL AS WE OVERDOSE ON PALLIATIVE PLEASURES

"The day may come when the rest of the animal creation may acquire those rights which never could have been withholden from them but by the hand of tyranny"—Jeremy Bentham, *An Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation* (1789).

If the tables can be turned, don't build that table. Or use the table for something other than playing Kriegsspiel and planning a full-scale bloodbath. To say it could be your children under the rubble—to resort to this level of scarcely human empathetic ransom? (Empathy does require real imagination.)

From Wordsworth's poem *The Tables Turned*:

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things:—
We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

How to shake off the Ur-Burden, the *sustro*, the *wetiko*, the self-dooming? Steps to take?

At the time of the writing of *The Tables Turned*, 1798, as Napoleon vowed to destroy the British monarchy (as he was invading Egypt), England was preparing for a French invasion, the Anglo-Spanish war was ongoing, the Irish had risen up against British rule and habeas corpus was suspended. Fleeing to the forest is restorative, to repose in Nature as separable from human nature, and ease the mind without deep enquiry into the nature of mind. Do we have contemplative, civic practices that are whole, in which nature, human nature, nature of the mind, the nature of our actions and the nature of our fullest potential are lucidly presented as indivisible; a presence of mind capable of 'toning down the rhetoric' and disarming our public discourse?

Some say they are born warriors. There's a bigot born every minute; perhaps within each one of us. Is it our nature, or *Nature*. At last we're organic, in our anger. "Our" and "nature" are an odd couple, as though we possess what we are, as well as the *fact* that we are, in our frenzied self-solidarity.

We misknow (are too un-attuned-to) too much of nature to live outside our own laws. Mind is meant to be medicine. Yuthok is consciousness. Body miraculous. Phenomena itself, munificence. We can't create or even arrogate the truth. We live inside a fabulous fabrication. Can poetry fathom this poetics, align itself with nature as mind, creation, the co-dependence of all things, and the touch of grace?

The West, perhaps the world as a whole, has never really been presented, in a concise way, with the option to not self-destruct. Homo Terminus has never gotten it together, despite the evidence, despite the intelligence, the inventiveness and ample time and means (and perhaps, more pessimistically, *because* of such amplitude).

Typing, just now, my phone, 6:20am, March 11, 2025, blips, lights up; news flash: "Ukraine attacks Moscow. The large-scale assault comes as both sides step up fighting ahead of U.S.-Ukraine talks today aimed at finding a way to end the war." Peace is war.

The neoreactionary, corporatist, techno-crypto dictatorship didn't need to *destroy* democracy. It is simply filling the void. (Including Mars covered with neobabies.)

WHEN WE ARE WHAT WE ELIMINATE

“*Some hate can't be negotiated out.*” — Tyler Robinson (Charlie Kirk's killer)

To be hated on sight; to be so poor in spirit I purify all I touch; to harm without knowing; to have steadily taken life with each step—the insect, the raccoon family, the soil's digestive system; to clean the kitchen; to fall behind; to have a Name to call out; to have come and gone; to be measureless; to be made of all materials; to be mistaken; to be the forbidden second chance.

Nothing other than the exactness that already is; the lupin, the lilac, that there is a peony at all; soldiering on; to not even be who we are by being other than we are; afraid of contact; free flowing in friendship and family; our parents' prototype is the Almighty.

Arrested, without rights. Pee in the plastic cup. Green-bristled toothbrush next to the rosuvastatin. Orange heavy-duty nitrile gloves. A field of horses. Tractor-mounted ditch and roadside boom mower that could easily eat up three men at once. The ruins of the original, first.

Helplessness, grace in horror, that guru. Car keys. Breeze that began it all. I write to exist, otherwise I exist. All we could never have invented. Pick up spouse at bus station in rural America. Daughter I am with even when I am without. What will never change. Get a ladder, 20-footer to reach beyond the gutter. Little tub of tuna salad in every last little deli in little-town America.

Isn't mental illness? To not survive what must not be survived. Cosmos as the only authority. What we call the world, a collapse of scale. I put on a mask and then start to eat an apple. Nothing original. Gas Station Mexican Deli Propane Supplier posts: “our earth worms will catch you fish or die trying.” Who wrote the spontaneous signs we live by? Drive through donuts. Drive-through whatnot. *Not* going to pay for your insurance simply because I can afford mine 100 times over. Losers deserve to die out. Profit marginalizes.

Autonomously wealthy? The curse is at its worst when it is being broken. Transferring the curse to the soil. Breaking down waste into nutrients. To enjoy leaving, wanting to stay.

We're the first people to not grasp that our conduct keeps ecocosmic harmony, so the first to cancel inner confidence.

The nature of any substance misunderstood may be a poison, or at least a lost medicine.

Of body, speech and mind, speech is energy between material immaterial. Speech mediates *how* we are. Energy will always be volatile. Too windy, too fiery, too heavy, too sodden, too spaced out.

Too wordy.

Energy mediating body and mind is speech which is confusion, hostility and hungering. We're made of poisonous peace. Ordinarily.

The mere thought of war lodges in our bodies. We ignore even our organs.

Delegates sit, primarily.

Who we want to appear to be, the rhetorical self, shackles speech.

Talk is diagnostics. Prosody illumination. Tongue is heart is space in which all takes place.

Justified killing will never end. Senseless killing will never exist.

We mean it. We're on the move. We're in business.

Reaction is raging war lodged in the body; defeats, even, the purpose of evolution (already fatal).

To change the condition of the confusion which is the condition. Join hands.

Of those you'd sooner choke.