

# PITH

*May the drug stored in the syllable HAM at your crown drip down due to the flaring up of the letter A formed by breath held long in your belly.*

What comes first, the hate or the speech? Weaponized “tone” of voice, veiled or vehement, and all the outcries to “tone down,” “tamp down,” “dial-down,” “temper,” the *rhetoric*. We call it “rhetoric” or “discourse” when we want to distance ourselves from speech, or disarm it. Tone of voice is elemental (prosody would say it’s *creational*). It’s found within; scarcely manipulable from without.

Ongoing wars. The kakistocracy. The two monozygotic parties warring with each other as they go to extremes to tell each other apart, tear each other apart—and any part I play in it by playing little or no part. Always in mind, Hugo Ball’s post-WWI statement: “It is we the poets... who are to blame for this bloodbath, and must atone for it.”

These two threads (the nature of tone of voice as devotional and taking responsibility for war, for cracking the code of unstoppable war) have woven themselves, indivisibly, together over the past months, as one bottomless, boundless research, or, ascesis. Retreat? Portable cave? I’ve hardly spoken, even as I’ve been speaking and going about my business. As if each sentence were a further arrogation of language. Hearing all the harm happening in our medium (prosody)!

War is a linguistic phenomenon. As poets, it falls within our jurisdiction. The language of war and language of peace are indivisible. Both must be liberated at once. What is certain is that perpetual peace will come as a surprise, unexpectedly, of its own accord. We’re no more capable of making peace than we’re capable of having created creation. Is there anything we can do about it, in that doing is the perpetrator?

*Be here like the sky, as what everything is. Eyes, oceanic. Totally uncaptivated. The tip of your nose the cosmos bubbling into cosmoi. No concept of this can be this. Peace is a secret we all keep.*

Without deeply empirical nature-of-mind practices we will continue to blow ourselves apart; the indivisibility of the 3 Vajras (body/speech/mind) will prove to be crucial in the processes of peace mediation and peacemaking, in intimacy and in insight-enough to not self-annihilate; kumbhaka, phowa and communal enkoimesis, for example, are a few basic skills that can be drawn upon, to cut through contrivance, conceit, cruelty, the “crap,” if you will. In this story, virtue is the cause of war, reactivity is the villain. Speaking is the way the universe is working. Ingratitude kills quickest.

This is a call to together write the missing *eirenicon*, a poetics of perpetual peace. If not poets reclaiming their sagacity, then who?

## IMPROBABLE DIALOGUES

*"The highest sense of the truth is not taught apart from practical behavior. — Nagarjuna*

*"We commit ourselves to understand those who don't understand us. We have no enemies." — Asociación de Trabajadores Campesinos del Carare*

Prosody, of course, for me, continues to be the crux of the preciousness and preservation of life, as well as its poisoning.

Prosody cries out at this time, alarmed by the intensification of the vile, veiled, violent, venomous, vengeful, victimizing, vitriolic, vituperative tone of our public speech, and the calls to "tone down" the rhetoric," to massage the messaging, which is now endangering life itself. Inflaming this rhetoric, the political war footing; the DNC battle-cry, the MAGA fist-pump, militias-in-waiting; rhetoric reflexively referring us to "our better angels," rallying us to realize "as many as are impoverished can be empowered."

Tone of voice can't be toned down, as though there were a switch to flip or dial to turn to a different frequency or softer volume. Ballistic words can't simply be stepped away from as though defused by distancing, as though a safe distance could exist. Tone of voice is not a one-sidedly exterior phenomenon that can be modified to ameliorate hate. Awareness of tone is one of the most elemental, originary and interior practices. In reactionary mode, under volatile conditions, at each other's throats, tone will overtake us. To assume tone of voice is that which can be favorably tweaked, on occasion, in crisis, on demand (independent of an underlying, sustained, introspective enquiry into the nature and origin of the tone arising as our voices) only serves to further weaponize our public, political, diplomatic and interpersonal exchanges.

At the Shed last March in the context of the Yanomami Exhibition, Cecilia Vicuña spoke of being aware of our use of language and our thoughts as *"the vital energy that we are endowed with so that there is always gratitude and love and fairness in our exchanges, even the smallest exchange to the largest exchange"* so that there's no way misinformation and lies can deform our words. She spoke of how the Allendeian participatory revolution took place without persecution of its opponents and how critical it is to *"resist from beauty."* *"Who can beat that."* *"Even insects can discern beauty. And every biological and living system, even among particles and bacteria know what beauty is. So, to resist with beauty for me translates into our behavior. Beauty of thoughts. Beauty of action ... It doesn't mean that we will only be in alliance with people like us, who feel like us. That doesn't work. Look at our failure, the failure of people like us, people who think that fairness and beauty should rule the world. We have been defeated 1,000 times. But what it is that cannot be defeated is the force of life itself."*

Astonishing. There's really nothing more we need to know about the basis of tone of voice as *truth* — arising throughout our experience of form, feelings, volition, perception and consciousness; what we're made of, the assemblage, our whole composition (the *skandhas*, if you're into Sanskrit). "If one's being does not become medicine, good luck with methodology and bedside manner." The body's a *stupa* ... or it's not.

## POIESIS PROSTHESIS

Tone-manipulable, tone-manageable rhetoric is a type of affected speech delivered to influence, persuade, impress, dazzle, self-serve, side-serve, sideswipe and overpower others; a put-on sociopolitical prosody complete with its own facial (farcical) expressions, hand gesturing and body language, harkening back to the classical art of oratory and eloquence; the way in which political debate can be calculated to cause maximum damage and humiliate; combative cloaking— from practiced artlessness to word-worming word creep, whipping up of emotions, word-infringing playing on popular prejudices, rabble rousing, word-strafting, all the way to witting lie as one's skewed ethical correctness when lying proves more effective than not.

(Today we can say that it's a triumph of democracy that power has been peacefully handed over to a democracy-undermining demagogue, as proof of protocol.)

I'll juxtapose rhetoric with an ethos of resolute honesty and trust.

What isn't rhetorical? Aren't we all, to varying degrees, thought-out, figuring out what we'll say to sound the way we want to be seen, perhaps without a second thought? Words blurted out can be as contriving as carefully composed asseveration. Are rhetoric, messaging, tone-management and self-imaging now so socialized and effortless as to be more or less organic? To be or to *appear* to be? Is that even an actual question? What's the difference?

Perhaps rhetoric is, ultimately, a type of tone-deafness, deadness, or, reduction of language's potency to personal propensity. Caught in the wind-tunnel of one's own predilections and predispositions, clinging to the ownership of one's words, cut off from both the groundedness and groundlessness from which words arise — the givenness of the gift—and each word's situational debt to the total interdependence of determinants — as opponents, contestants, combatants and candidates negate co-constitutive reality.

Not to say that rhetoric is pure pretense. It could land you a job or keep you out of prison. Not to say that tuning-knob tone of voice adjustment is not instrumental. Because we're jealous at noon and generous at 12:05, murderous at one o'clock and remorseful at two, a wise awareness and regulation of tone can counterbalance, pre-empt, pacify, allow, unthaw, make amends, avert assault.

And not to say that decorous speech is not more effective than no decor at all. Although tone of voice is only loosely a matter of taste, politically it is strictly a matter of intention. It's impolitic to underestimate the power of speech affectation, as affect and power work hand in hand. It can be argued that without the voice training that lowered and slowed her naturally shrill manner of speaking, Margaret Thatcher would never have been able to push forward her laissez-faire neoliberal juggernaut — history would not have been made, there would be no Thatcherism. The body responds to sustained effort and effect, entrains with training. Tuning-dial tone of voice isn't utterly frivolous, as vibe gradually, epigenetically palpates the Social Body, sends shock waves that can shatter Conscience.

## SILENCE SCIENCE

Dzongsar Jamyang Khyentse Rinpoche's film *The Cup* ends with a series of asseverative questions: "Can we cover the earth in leather so it's soft wherever we go? What else can we do? Covering our feet in leather is equal to covering the whole world in leather. Likewise, enemies are as limitless as space. All enemies cannot possibly be overcome, yet if one can just overcome hatred this will be equal to overcoming all enemies. All that is unsatisfactory in this world, all the fear and suffering that exists, clinging to the "I" has created it. What am I to do with this great demon? To release myself from harm and to free all others from their suffering let me give myself away and love others as I love myself. If a problem can be solved why be unhappy? And if it cannot be solved what is the use of being unhappy?"

This renunciatory/altruistic/participatory resolve sounds perfect. Yet, it bears a seemingly hidden incongruity. "I" is a great demon to be collaterally given away, as it is at once the very self through which one loves others as one loves oneself. Moreover, the recommended approach to the hard, hostile and necessitous world wherein all exists *due to* interdependence, reduces to one's isolable inner work.

## SECRET SCIENCE

Overcoming Fitness; reEnglish; the Prosodic Body; choreoprosodia; the Sore, Oversensitive, Insecure and Supple Sciences; evoked epigenetic architecture; the Susceptive System; dark listening; Undiscovery; inter-animacy; zōÉnglish, ecocosmoethics; anarchic coherence—a concatenation of various, made-up (and unmade) modes and genres I've worked in over the years. This writing is a closing, completion mode called *silence science*, or, say, *secret science*.

*Secret*, here, simply means seeing ourselves outside of the conventions and conditions we create which we then fight against to free ourselves from; seeing our ordinary lives as extraordinarily rare (the tone of this); *secret*, also, in the sense of that which is to be *kept* secret, to guard against corruption.

Words keep their secret from us, in order that we speak.

They're *secret*. We don't know what words are as we speak. Dedicated morpheme neurons fire first, 400 milliseconds before we speak. Dedicated phoneme neurons fire next, 200 milliseconds before we speak, followed by syllable neurons 70 milliseconds right before. These are chain reactions, initially set off prior to their impulse, in pristine space, or nowhere at all. We're at a loss to say. We let go to say. Brain's but a relay.

*Secret* because a practice wherein a change of tone can change conditions. Aesthesis with a deep basis in ascesis.

*Secret* is learning directly from wisdom, not the dictates of the experience called conditioning. This is the heart of *secret*. We don't have to suffer suffering (it's fine on its own; it can take care of itself). What is *is* what is. We're luminousness. Words are tulpas. We are words' tulpas. Origin and original, in the sense of how all things are happening now, *anyhow*. Someone was crucified for us. Someone sat under the

Mahabodhi tree. Higgs-words bring about what is there that then is. The origin of language is that it's a blessing to speak.

Either humanity is contained within inhumanity or inhumanity is but its affix.

Given the speed of development, it may be easier to *only* see that we're careening toward self-extinction than to at once perceive how *luminous* we're impelled to be, in a position to be, precisely at this time.

*Secret* means an awareness of the mind that protects against conventional use of language. *Secret* means an awareness of language that protects the mind. *Secret* means an awareness of language that protects against its conventional use. Conventional, here, means *terminal*. No more seed. No stem. Not even uprootedness.

*Secret* is, of course, not what we think it is. Not what we want it be, not what we wish or dread.

*Secret* is, simply, seeing what's what. Not so simple. It's too practical to even realize. Too practical, at times, to be practicable.

*Secret* because, if disclosed, it will be subject to disparagement, desecration and ridicule. This is typical.

Severance is *secret*. Severance from separable self, ego sovereignty, arrogation and world appurtenance, as the acme of wisdom.

The distinction between the generosity of dismembering the body to give alms to the vultures, and ordinary *butchery*. And the everyday metaphoric application of the former. Is *secret*.

The fear of finding out what it is you've been feigning all along is *secret*.

An apparition is distinct from an appearance. The former may butcher and boil you.

That discursive thought is a demon is *secret*.

Lies block us from seeing actual illusions.

Putting meditation to the test is *secret*.

The same space from which all things arise fills itself with battle cries.

Our obstacles grant us spiritual powers in order to ignore them. To make them ignorance.

The fact that happiness is an obstacle is *secret*.

You're all puffed up because you don't want to see that you're not here.

Cutting off your arm for a stranger so that no one will notice. Quintessentially secretive.

Plain as day is the greatest secret, if only we could see.

This is why it's said that the three secrets are *body, speech and mind*. How would we have ever guessed?

Conduct puts nature of mind to the test. Mind roots out conduct.

What is *is* true, including truth's co-arising confusions. Is *is*, is true. Now go mess it up for proof.

Ignorant of ignorance, before during and after. Will this have helped?

The safety of being terrified is terribly *secret*. Too advanced.

Music is sweet to attract aberration.

Giving up ground in order to wage war with ego is not a good idea.

That there is no spiritual safety net, is *secret*. God is to be on one's own.

Potential is not conventional. An immediate example is prayer. A goosebump. A turn around.

That we are each other is *secret* — only in the sense that it's almost impossible to practice. Action is fatal, in the sense that we don't want to admit to it as such.

Don't do. To change.

Generally speaking, you'd never know by our actions that life is precious.

Space is *secret*. (Just try explaining what it is — it's one of those things, we know all about it until we wonder.)

Having no axe to grind wins every time.

Tone of Voice free as space.

## IT'S NO SECRET

"*Truth will not be bullied.*" — (Elon Musk's lawyer)

The mind attacks first. If war has a cause, a cause will always be found. If war has no cause there will be mindless war.

War is distraction, but from what? Ignorance doesn't naturally exist. It's hard work, to stumble.

It's no secret: what are we doing *to* the omnipotent space in which everything is taking place? Tone of voice arises from this openness, subject to every manner of contortion, trembling or détente. Nothing can

change the openness of space, no neutrino, no microwave, no vacuum energy, no thought experiment — they all pass through or abide in, while being indivisible from. Even its nonexistence is within it—or, the inverse, if you like: space's existence is indivisibly within its nonexistence. Tone of voice starts from this untouched space, long before morpheme/phoneme/syllable-disturbance exists. The unstruck sound is synonymous. Consciousness is synonymous. What are we doing *to* cognition?

It's no secret, convention and conditioning continue to cause war. You can count on it. 1 2 3 4, more war for sure. You can meter it, march to it, make it rhyme, curse it into existence, again and again and again.

Seeking loyalists instead of self-analysis is no secret; it makes perfect autocratic sense.

Exo = Eso is a real secret that almost nobody really bothers with. Kill = Be-Killed. Compassion is our uncommon commonality. Stops us cold. There's nothing chronic about compassion. This is Silent Science.

Peace can't be mediated. Words mediating words. Again, see the UN. See NATO. You can reprove to your heart's delight in the buddhafieldbattlefield.

To fixate is to infuriate.

Who understand their own view in order to refute the understandings of others? Blatant.

Not the body but the *innate body* that always hasn't acted yet. Loaded with means (with what peacemakers call *tools*). Although this original body is merely *subtle*, not *secret*. We've shifted into a time when even the unsurpassed potency of innate, basically peaceful, subtle being—the letting let of life, if you will, our home, harmonizability—will be irrecoverable.

If people buy it, it's true. If you can get away with it, it works. No secret.

Good thoughts good words good deeds (apologies to the Gathas) are subtle traps. Belongings. I know I'm right.

The 8, razor-thin paths for harming our Mother and the mothers we are to each other: right insight, right resolve, right speech, right action, right livelihood, right effort, right conscience, right concentration. Not really not a secret, simply hard to swallow.

Right reality.

Hardships are hidden teachings that will eat up the remaining time in which tone of voice may arise to disarm us. This is the method for this to become effortless.

The secret is: *there's only one secret*. We're pristine, even if we improve or plow ahead. At least as metaphor, wrap yourself in oiled-soaked cotton rags and strike a match at any analogical moment. Hand yourself over to the ravenous. Your opprobrium is pure opium. You're all that ambrosia was named for.

The rhetorical self is the conniving self with a powdered nose. As in "the American lifestyle is non-negotiable." Profit is a symptom of—an affect of—self-privatization, mine-monopolization, although capital itself, acting alone, typically plays the leading villain (to cover for those it constitutes).

Slap judgment. Full spectrum *ominance*. U.S. National Defense Kill Chain of Cause of War as Deterrence.

The Big Bang—though it never happened—was but a tone.

There is no.

A case could be made for discursive thought itself as unreal.