

CALL TO MUNITY FROM THE MANY LOST (FINALE AGAINST EMPIRIC FETISHISM)

by TREVOR ROOT

Hyperrationality becomes reaction. All can be mapped out, made sense of, found fully. And

because of this, all can be controlled. This the impetus of exploration. Not the mystery, the mastery. The many dead and madly buried at sea bear testimony to the nothingness of knowing.

Since all is duration, all is incapable of dissection.

Split not a moment more, nor another mound of earth. For those sent deep into earth the outcome is the same: hyperrationality means

my body but a factory. And then so many factories—in tandem in series. In synergistic fits of orgasmic production. Inorganic mastery as another micro-fascism. Then time is made

material, like all things, only to be mapped out. Maps as panoptic towers, though flat. Looking down on time as material means time can be mastered, held still. Held, in general, like territory.

Apportioned. All that is solid is colony. Back to the many dead

the madly buried, the first to see it clearly. The spent human resources who sung themselves adventurers then found

half-rigored with not much grip left on living; we were always raw

material. Reason for reason's sake makes the Earth a board of wires, and all that is as well. Like a child's first edutainment wiring kit, plastic board and bright rubber ringed holes for the plugging. As he's plunged in William Orren knows the plank ends. We will build a very good plank, and plop right off it. Hyperrationality makes the dying plunge an aufhebung. Congratulations collect your widow's pay. Mutiny lasts as the last solid plot against our orchestration. Ghosts hum in the recesses of reason like a factory belt just slightly off or unaligned, droning; the malcontents whose corpses bent the ink lines of coastlines into shape. But rational time prohibits the intermixing. Fix your gaze on this: the gauze strips which wrap Will Orren as he's sent down or the film strips of Eisenstein. Time has always been malleable, materially artifactual yet not material itself. The deafening sound is the unison of mutinies, the shouting out of those who know the ordering of hyperreason is contestable. The ghosts alone can know the method of control's growth well enough to stake their half-held names and say:

The mapping out is not to move but to monitor;
Make waste to the chains of Reason;
Strike, you mutineers, while you can!