Orthoparadoxy, continued

by Michael Theune

History consigned to the dustbin of information.

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In this age of undifferentiation, the boundary, the limit, and the edge are the halo, the corona, the aura.

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Dissolution as solution.

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Reductio ad absurbum.

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Socrates: I am wise because I know I know nothing.
Bataille: You don’t know shit.

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We believe in the authentic mostly because we think we see it in other people.

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Via media versus via Medea.

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Value can always be preserved in risk.
Smashing the blue guitar.

It is no longer enough to be attentive; attention is the natural piety of a comfortable middle class. Now, one must be alert; alertness is the natural piety of the hunter and the hunted.

Is irony the only mean between faith and detachment?

The infinite distance between studying the mystics and being one.

He hated himself for thinking such shallow thoughts, yet for some reason he thought his hatred special.

To be a successful post-Romantic: die young, take notes.

During the revolution, the cathedral goes up in flames, and, after, the flame goes up in cathedrals.

Sometimes you have to spit on the world to make it shine.
So many are alive only for the sake of their salvation.

Because either they present a once-vital teaching as something outmoded to a changed world or else they present a changed world with an updated version of “the teaching,” all disciples are, in some way, betrayers.

The reaching after any object is the stretch before sleeping.

The world is the dead thing that takes one’s place for now.

Does vertigo increase or decrease the further one falls?

Perhaps the positivists were right; proper description may be our only deliverance, a formal greeting that exhausts us...

The flower will not be lifted. Still, must one bow to it?

*The cut worm forgives the plow...* Mr. Blake, the worm drives the plow.
Today the dream is different: the turning point of the still world.

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Many poems are only an inch away from greatness, but that inch must be traversed at light speed.

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If form is, as Coleridge said, a method of proceeding, let's not call form a container but instead call it a reactor.

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Before induction or deduction there must be seduction.

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Today realism is no longer admired for its resemblance or representation. Realism is admired for the sense of masochism there is about its creation.

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Two thousand years before any theory of "the spectacle," the Bible already proclaimed that something always happens where two or three are gathered to look on.

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Television: the status quo unleashed.

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I imagine Icarus sailing through a solar eclipse. 

To be continued . . .