

Fifth Column Heuristics

"may Famine may never visit your markets"

REDUNDO REDUNDO BEACH

2019

Fifth Column Heuristics is...

- 1) affixed
- 2) motivational
- 3) manufactured
- 4) possessive
- 5) sculpted
- 6) confident

“Immensity.”

—Gaston Bachelard

“Time.”

—Henry David Thoreau

Chapter 1

“A functional transformation”

You will have to trust me. I have been doing a lot of thinking.

Every heuristic affixes a vocabulary constituted and consulted before each interactive unit

of the day. An art of would-be distinctions embeds each day in a duration. Hardly an intervention at all, this is enough to create a compounding fictionality and intrigue, like a light fog on a winter night. A novel is only a rough attempt to retain an

original context as long as possible. But to balance words and shapes of equal proportion, that is what bequeathes a story. What we need less than artists and writers is artists and writers telling us about anything at all-ideology, the culture

industry (there is no such thing now or ever—it's an illusion) the inner workings of networks and algorithms. All of this will go the way of alchemy soon enough. Institutional critique is dead, or it never was alive. Virtual reality is

dead. New media is dead. Algorithms, the internet, rhizome, all dead. Rather than community, think of each person as a commodity detached from anything Marx ever said. I love living as privately as possible with all my property. This is not

an ethical claim, it is
an ontological one;
One that I laugh at and
nonetheless believe,
as do you. There are
many products to
enhance our livable
lives, but very few that
are not affiliated with
some form of
personal growth.
Growth is a latex film

Over your lived
content. A
motivational
supplement to your
limited days.

Therapists and life-
coaches sail around
pure abstractions, and
they don't see what
we see, the fucking
pirate flag. No one
sees what we see.

And that is the
ultimate elitism.

Scrolling at different
points in the day, the

Fifth Column

Heuristics addresses
waking moments in
your personal history
and puts them to
work. It is not at all
similar to a cup of
coffee, hashish, or

cocaine. It is not ambient. However, it is less structured than expression and more complex than allegory. It is internalized and your head is grounded. It is a mental block. In this heuristics there is a personal museum,

archive, arcade, and every book you will ever write, curated to suit your role as a contributor.

Chapter 2

“goal ”

—Mike Kelley

In sleep, fantastic ecologies make us believe that together we share foundational structures of a cultural mind. Here, morality is no longer a shape, it is a

poetry that flutters and dies like an engorged fruit fly. To speak of mortality is not the same as to speak of death. Both are a marker of the speaker's age. If all contemporary poetry isn't some attempt to be exactly what you are not, and to speak to exactly how you wish not to be

spoken to, then it's not worth anyone's time. I go to the Whitney Biennial and all I see is some bullshit. What is consumed is only recognized as such by a life dread, internal to each apparatus, each body. To speak this way is to believe in no speaker and no speaking.

A Fifth Column Heuristics
rewrites the cultural
apparatus around itself,
while turning against
itself. Laughter is not
anything but a symptom.
Within it, there is fire. All
poetry is built from
inflammable columns.
Fifth Columnists show
off charred wrists to
anyone who dares to

look. An alternative to showing nothing to anyone. In this way, everything slowly becomes more productive and less satisfying. Words can help you form passive integrated motions that can be clicked without the structuration of actants. Like miniature slabs

presenting a totality of a mental search that says that something about limits and capacities and data that is not right. The belief in technology might be a sacrifice of what is beyond looking. I want so badly to describe the middle point beyond worldviews. Something of this point exists in the

construction of bad schemas. Do you recognize that the whole of anything under your thumb is refracted backwards into the machine before it reaches you? It is important to give something back to this vitality as if you were a muscle to be flexed upon each interpersonal

reception. The social channel is changing every millisecond and therefore your dynamic vocabulary probably should be refueled from time to time. But it can't have anything to do with artists and writers with whom you cohabit. Get as far from them as possible. From out

there, a Fifth Column
Heuristics can help you
act as a caricature and
carry out your piece in
falsifying what is left of
the enlightenment and
the anti-enlightenment. I
often find myself drawing
genitals as a form of
relaxation. It's important
to reject the urge to play
a puppet. When people

think wrongly of me, I try to encourage them as much as possible until what they say becomes true. Life, at this point, is utterly indifferent to theoretical breakthroughs, which are tattoos of personal motives. The ethics of the Column has been debated by others

smarter than you, older than you, and it is worth clinging to to get into the too-personal. Once a single promise has been made, the sky clears and equality shines again. But the course is already prefigured. The question goes back to the individual, once again. The heuristic will

determine how you line up your thoughts.

Expression is a closed system. The heuristic is

Chapter 3

“Aspire To Affix to
Despair”

Watching plant scents
twist and distend in light
takes a rigor that is

approximated when one composes an allegory. But remember that conceptualist allegories should be belittled. The impulse forms into the shaped aura that you would like to become and that making hints at. And you can see conceptualist allegory from a mile away and

the people who wrote them. Each interaction should trigger a montage of simulations, hovering about a horizon line, until you are sinking through your eyes. Tell me something about the network of literature. I am dying to know. Tell me something about the expression or non

expression of selfhood. I am dying to know. More interesting than the artwork is how it is viewed from outside. Within any network of nodes, first and foremost is the ultimate fetish of untruth. To carry yourself out of this house haphazardly and inexactly is never an ironic or insincere

situation. It allows you to be yourself and be swept up into the impurity of a play of materials, an impure consumerist state where bodies flank the sidelines of your knowledge game. Everything in your core wants to pull you back. The wretch is in everyone. Everything

you say has to have been considered in a search somewhere, so it goes. That search can be found at any moment; it reveals how your thoughts are merely products on a shelf. No one person can tell us anything we didn't already know about love, in a quirky way. But the

supermarket is a staid postmodern metaphor, as is postmodernity itself. If most of what we think has been overthought, the problem is in the lines of ascent outward in the product. Duchamp figured out that beyond allegory lies dynamics, by which he really meant concentration. The

concept of structure
goes downward
eventually reaching
nothing, which scales
back into everything. You
can try to correct your
corrupt thoughts on
allegory with the subtlety
of learning, private
schools and art. Without a
filth column heuristics,
your legacy will never

shine through, and your tone will never know its best course. If this sounds vaguely nationalistic good, all fifth column subjectivity is actionalistic. An art critic once said that Carl Andre's bricks in a row appeared dumb to audiences but they were actually the result of a

Complex intellectual process. Complex intellectual processes should be avoided. Ethical claims are not learned, they are inherited. Filth Column Heuristics takes you towards where you want to go but never lets you get there. By that I mean you are somewhere

scenic perhaps, with something on your mind. With glee at the moment the fake dumb and the real dumb become one, in one body you make for the rocks. It looks through you with glee at the moments in which you struggle to control your anxiety and embarrassment, without

reward and never in a communal way. The commons and the undercommons--hokey ruses but brilliant tools to conceal nothing but the program under the guise of a basement.

Basements are where you get molested. Not at all in line with a Fifth Column Heuristics. In

fact, there is a solidarity in Heuristics but not the sort that counts for how the term is used now.

This is the reality that Ponty discusses: that of the mundane real that undergirds the fate of all work. The real history of art and literature is the immense body of fraud. Failure is neo-communal

and anti-community. Not recuperating your failures is a subtle attempt at no more subtlety. Attempts that go too far in one direction and crash miserably should be recognized and applauded. Heuristics is a chronometer beating in the face of all literature.

Everybody knows that communism is a lie and so is community. It should be something that exists that is never spoken of and certainly never the ground of values.

The slate is never wiped clean. To start from where you know not, is worth your time. Things

can only be done if there is a wrong way, which you should pursue, to its furthest ends. In turn, you might not believe in your own work. And the balance is crucial. You must not believe in what you see. The view on the other hand, is something entirely different. Once you believe you're truly

Wrong, truly truly wrong,
and the product before
you is utterly devoid of
trappings, then your
aesthetics is finally worth
considering. Only once
you've been humiliated to
your core you should
stop speaking and set
out destroying the men
who speak. But if you
have gone along

successfully in everything you do, then we should never listen to you. A heuristics takes us there, to a place that will bring a further darkness to total darkness. The most potent of all columnar forms is Descartes's "I."

"Life writing" is a hoax. Life is a sentiment in a sitcom. Sitting in place

for awhile the other day,
I was reminded of a
misprision that led to the
name of my sitcom, the
Janine's. A recapitulation
of the excess fragility of
our places must be
taken into account. It's
not so easy to
manipulate one's place in
the eyes of the ones you
love. To destroy your

career with a few sentences, like a bad metaphor flying too close to the sun. You might begin to work with wood. But do not make beautiful objects that work. You need only stare at the wood and consider something about it that takes it into a darker place. Take

knowledge "colonize" it into an anti and laughable critique. Finally you will do something that will last and wipe away all of this nonsense. You might explore some concept or other, wildness, antipathy, terror. The Janine's explores the terror of ownership as a process

of sexual dispersion. It is a sitcom with great potential. It knows that within one's own mind everything is much different, like a cartoon about how the libido extroverts itself in a bodysuit; smut of the universe. Your eyes are a Cartesian blanket, poignant and fading away

without intense discussion. It's up to you to make the water take, to watch it form each molecule, to balance its salt with your voracity. The Janine's stages this description in the possessive. A Filth Column Heuristics prepares you for one moment on the tip of the

watergun, perfectly happy as you fade backwards alone, forever. The terror of becoming a part of the heuristic, is another person's heuristic. This terror reflects on that which is the flip side of Stephen Stills' song: Love the one you're with, or, be careful what you wish for. You shouldn't

want it any other way.
And I wouldn't tell you to do it unless I wanted you to do it, and to enjoy it, unless I didn't want you to do it. So I encourage you to do it, to fall backward and lay there. Soon you will realize that all of the art combined in New York City and other places around the world

never really was there at all. It was never anything but a kind of spelling. A Fifth Column Heuristics is the way into another dimension that you haven't even wanted to pursue. The intellect is dead, as is the phrase "words matter." All worthless leftovers from the 20th century. It is a

publicity and popularity
contest under the guise
of truth. Not because it is
bad but because it is
accumulation. The
moment one tries to pin
that accumulation to a
cause, (as Marxism and
its contemporary variants
does) motion freezes.
The moment of
submitting yourself to

pursuing the pathological failure and a perverse form of self-sabotage, the moment of incredible long-durée benefits, which you should celebrate for yourself. It is not bad to actually live instead of talk. Others have found a certain kind of knowledge there. The perpetual rotation in Fifth

Column Heuristics
(choosing a word and putting it there) requires careful attention and modulation that at times seems incoherent, and at times bodies forth as sentimental bad art. And in this sentimentality, by definition, Fifth Column Heuristics is the least believable of the major

aesthetic movements.
But thus it will live
forever. You might bring
your own expectations
forward and just say how
you think you should act,
since I know that is what
you ultimately want to do.
It will disappoint you,
that is for sure. Try to
keep administering its
concentration to each

moment you are in, as it is happening at the moment, and within the person who lacks all situational awareness. The trick that neurologists will eventually discover is when talking with someone we can “vanish.” Say you've written a few important

things. Let this mystery suffuse others' thoughts of you, and in your belief through them, your work will stand. This crackling illusion has led to many settled outcrops in the ocean of literature and art. Deep down you can't know when it will happen, but you can know that it will happen

soon enough. You should not try to escape but instead dive in with pure enthusiasm to the work at hand, which is a kind of uncomfortable activity, one that requires a constant re-enactment of yourself working. Watch entertaining things and feel good about them, and befriend people in

organizations, but not too closely. It's important not to settle into the right ideological, critical style. Walk barefoot across the rocks they've covered with mussels. If you find yourself in a palace, relax there and consider how to make it even more extraordinary. Adjectives like extraordinary convey

exactly the mindset. It will never work, luckily. The costume will only be remembered as your dress. Fifth Column Heuristics gives a time-frame to your words. Or rather, it puts a stopwatch to your words. It meets you and leads you on excursions in very uncomfortable and

not-at-all picturesque waves. In micro-ornamental facets, you retreat into it. What is sad is that major shortcomings are what the intellect craves, more than the radical expression of its intellect. But that is the state of the majority of people in the world, and that's why

they are not timeless artists, like you will soon be. Can you be reduced to expressive clarity with an analytic model to boot? I can match your internal temperature with my own 1-2, a synthetic motherboard of time in which you are a model

and I am a successful
modification in reverse.

