

Bad Infinity  
('schlechte Unfindlichkeit')  
vs.  
Rumors of Other Worlds

Or:

Halo My Baby,  
Halo My Honey,  
Halo My Rag-Time Doll

*Part I: Hello Good-bye*



How many times  
Have I viewed this scene  
Blowing up to 300%  
Random hash marks appearing,  
No closer to any kind of truth, no decoding  
The thing scratched over by temporal nimbus  
Glowing softly off to right,  
Shadows negative halo slipping off  
Otherwise incontinent angst  
Mississippi hard-scrabble  
A life now wrapped in cellophane,

Cellophane, pane of  
transparency, invented  
by Jacques  
Brandenberger in 1908,  
waterproofed in 1927  
just in time for the  
Great Mississippi  
Flood of 1927, motif of  
the modern: wrapped  
for safety, decay, pain,  
no exit / ecstatic escape  
for souls, early  
viewing, closed  
Wednesdays at noon.

Put away, put under, pedant to  
 Light glinting off hard planes  
 Fading to right

Oh, how the light torques!  
 Twisted through a life, through lives,  
 Passing onward, behind,  
 Ahead, or a head, even of or on itself  
 Or myself  
 Them, trailing off to It.....

*"What makes thought succumb, what causes falling and faintness, is nothing else but the wearisome repetition which makes a limit vanish, reappear, and then vanish again, so that there is a perpetual arising and passing away of the one after the other and of the one in the other, of the beyond in the here and now, and of the here and now in the beyond, giving only the feeling of the impotence of this infinite or this ought-to-be, which would be master of the finite and cannot."*

From Section 505, Hegel, **Science of Logic**

*Imagination fails before this progress into the infinitely remote, where beyond the most distant world there is a still more distant one, and the past, however remote, has a still remoter past behind it, the future, however distant, a still more distant future beyond it; thought fails in the face of this conception of the immeasurable, just as a dream, in which one goes on and on down a corridor which stretches away endlessly out of sight, finishes with falling or fainting.'*

From section 506, Hegel, **Science of Logic**

*The spurious [bad. RC] infinite, especially in the form of the quantitative progress to infinity which continually surmounts the limit it is powerless to remove, and perpetually falls back into it, is commonly held to be something sublime and a kind of divine worship, while in philosophy it has been regarded as ultimate. This progression has often been the theme of tirades which have been admired as sublime productions. As a matter of fact, however, this modern sublimity does not magnify the object — rather does this take flight — but only the subject which assimilates such vast quantities. The hollowness of this exaltation, which in scaling the ladder of the quantitative still remains subjective, finds expression in its own admission of the futility of its efforts to get nearer to the infinite goal, the attainment of which must, indeed, be achieved by a quite different method*

Remark 1: The High Repute of the Progress to Infinity,  
 Section 504, Hegel, **Science of Logic**

*Part 2. A Small Prick Turns Into a Large Crack*



Always a cracking point, a fold, measured in the face as time  
 The squirming meeting of temporal strategies,  
 The charred remains co-existing with the fresh paint  
 Of new skin, cicatrix mounding at the edge  
 Threshold, support, cleavage  
 new trinity same as the old trinity maybe,  
 book of ages,  
 amounting to ageless sepia, nothing less nothing more  
 pale glow persisting through memory and masonry,  
*creating* memory  
 shooting out in all directions  
 falling back on itself  
 singular apparition  
 hat moulded to head  
 halo  
 irreducible closeness from far far away  
 over and over again  
 damp and dry coexisting  
 on a scale of from one to zero  
 infinitely filled  
 dense with bone

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*five people*

*. photos  
 Taken in the middle of Mississippi*

*some years ago,  
the bottom one maybe  
seventy years back , the top  
one  
fifty maybe?*

Both together a 'punctum' as Roland Barthes had it,  
a certain something in the photos,  
*"like an internal agitation, an excitement,  
a certain labor too, the pressure of the  
unspeakable which wants to be spoken."*  
It's a hidden point, one coded by memory,  
tragedy, trauma, and if nothing else. the  
simple passing of time which then of  
necessity folds in on itself in the viewing  
of the images.

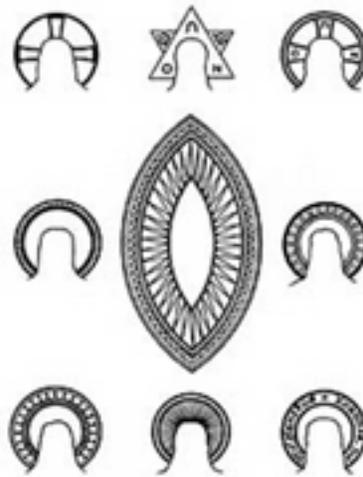
It's a personal coding, yes, but no more  
so than the death of anyone's grandparents,  
one's father, mother....It's personal but  
it opens up into the impersonal, merging  
in a zone of indiscernability, settling in  
the crease formed by the bite of time's  
passage, a mourning fused with some  
kind of monumentality, a soft sentimentality  
becoming obdurate, opaque, granitic,  
Saturnian .... something hard sticking  
in the flesh, piercing the eye, nothing  
harder than death, time, distance, and  
nothing closer, nothing gotten over with

***A threshold.***

but a crossing where we are frozen in place, locked  
within two vacillating poles of all-too fevered recognition: one  
piece of the puzzle, then another, then another, on and on without  
end. Or at least insomuch as time has no end. The other pole is: it's  
there, right in front of us, no other evidence needed, no  
hermeneutic unfolded but rather evidence folded over, into,  
beneath,

sub-stance





The pure meaning of 'halo' is never all that pure. Would the purity reside in the idea of a simple circle of light or would it reside in the added value as a signifier of sanctity? As for most words, its purity is compromised from the beginning of its Greek formation, meaning not only circle of light, as in sun or moon, but also as meaning 'threshing floor' or 'shield.' Even its choice as the name of one of the most famous computer games of all time confounds materiality and sanctification. (Walter Benjamin's notion of the disappearance of the aura -- and his accounting for the degraded form of aura as 'celebrity' also -- merely signified the approach of a re-tracing or re-inscription of an old phenomena into a new media world: the *extension* of diaphaneity into new forms of materiality and information, not its dissolution. Benjamin's portmanteau of the word -- even beyond the regime of language where one might be expecting him to stop the movement -- can also be seen in this bit of correspondence: "*To criticize is the concern of the outermost periphery of the circle of light around the head of every person, not the concern of langue.*" (WB, correspondence on p81. **Words of Light**, Cadava). What appears as the liminal *constraints* of halo occurs from the process of desiccation, drying out, leaving a residue. husks, shells, behind the scene (literally ob-scene) of the living event, the souls of the living always in the middle of 5.1 surround-sound of the clanking remains of the dead, nimbus of dead stars: perhaps the 'bad infinity' of Hegel, rather than the 'matter that rises through the form' as Agamben has it.)

*"Trace and aura. The trace is the appearance of a nearness, however far removed the thing that left it behind may be. The aura is appearance of a distance, however close the thing that calls it*

***Part 3: Improvements, Stuck between Here and There, Been  
There, Done That***

How does one articulate that stroke from "undeveloped interiority to the extriorization that alienates it, and from this alienation that exteriorizes up to an accomplished and re-interiorized plenitude."

Maurice Blanchot,  
**The Infinite  
Conversation**

How does one get relieved from breathing, the old in and out, constant supuration with the Outside, constant coddling of Being, between.

Constant movement between what-could-be  
and what-is.

Stuck in Cantor's promise of  
Infinity between 1 and 0.  
-- Breath between bone --  
..always fulfilled .... or  
forever broken?

*"The halo is this supplement added to perfection-- something like the vibration of that which is perfect, the glow at its edges.*

*"One can think of the halo ...as a zone in which possibility and reality, potentiality and actuality, become indistinguishable. The being that reached its end, that has consumed all of its possibilities, thus receives as a gift a supplemental possibility. [...] This imperceptible trembling of the finite that makes its limits indeterminable and allows it to blend, to make itself whatever, is the tiny displacement that every thing must accomplish in the messianic world. Its beatitude is that of a potentiality that comes only after the act, of matter that does not remain beneath the form, but surrounds it with a halo."*

*Giorgio Agamben / **The Coming Community***

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ordnance  
-noun

1. cannon or artillery.
2. military weapons with their equipment, ammunition, etc.
3. the branch of an army that procures, stores, and issues, weapons, munitions, and combat vehicles and maintains arsenals for their development and testing.

[Origin: 1620-30; syncopated var. of [ordnance](#)]

Wreath of wrath,  
meduse'd, stoned, strapped to raft,  
fiery spikes flattened into ordnance  
against the day, but turn'd easily to  
ordnance,  
participatory mystique of  
wholly death, resisted,  
resurrected to holy death,  
holy violence turned on lathe  
of heaven, ground  
to sharpness, to verb of  
sacramental syncopation,  
rulings of divine Something-Or-Other.  
. . . O! Halo of Sanctity!

Blow up some shit someplace else!

We become afraid that fiery spheres are all that is,

rolling without mercy down the holy mountain, burning everything, the fire next time, escaped halos  
involved to holy orbs,

'supplemental possibility' blown to hell.

Limit-less rule of Law invoked only, just like History blown up and 'forward': next thing, next thing, next  
thing -- right?

Only the small step back into the divine rim,  
filling in the inexplicable nimbus zone with impacted flesh  
on bone, the divine working inexorably toward the diabolical,  
border confusions no longer holding -- transgressions  
the ordinance of Divine Law becoming the ordnance of  
debris, slo -mo shot, arms, legs, cars, stones, smoke, bones, buildings, paper,  
all harnessed to the Opening, to the threshold, expanding sphere,

black hole, anus toroid slug fest at the End of Time: some comedy routine it is, our own fist rounding up  
to our dis-owned face, Ouroboros another halo, light of materiality shattered, threshold breached b'tween  
gravity and grace.

**ordnance**

-noun

1. an authoritative rule or law; a decree or command.
2. a public injunction or regulation: a city ordinance against excessive horn blowing.
3. something believed to have been ordained, as by a deity or destiny.
4. Ecclesiastical.
  - a. an established rite or ceremony.
  - b. a sacrament.
  - c. the communion.

## Part 4: From Ring to Sphere, Topological Grace



*"...human consciousness is capable of coupling humans and instruments to another unique level of physical reality, not normally detectable by conventional instrumentation, and that this level of reality may*

*have it's own set of life-forms, some of which we may be able to image under the appropriate conditions."*

William A. Tiller, **The Orb Project**

*"The sorcerer cannot exist without his victims. First he imagines them, then they come into being."*

James Siegel, **Naming The Witch**

*"Sorcery is installed in [...] society at the moment that an impossibility of speech, the conveying of an absolute negativity is made to seem possibility."*

James Siegel, **Naming The Witch**

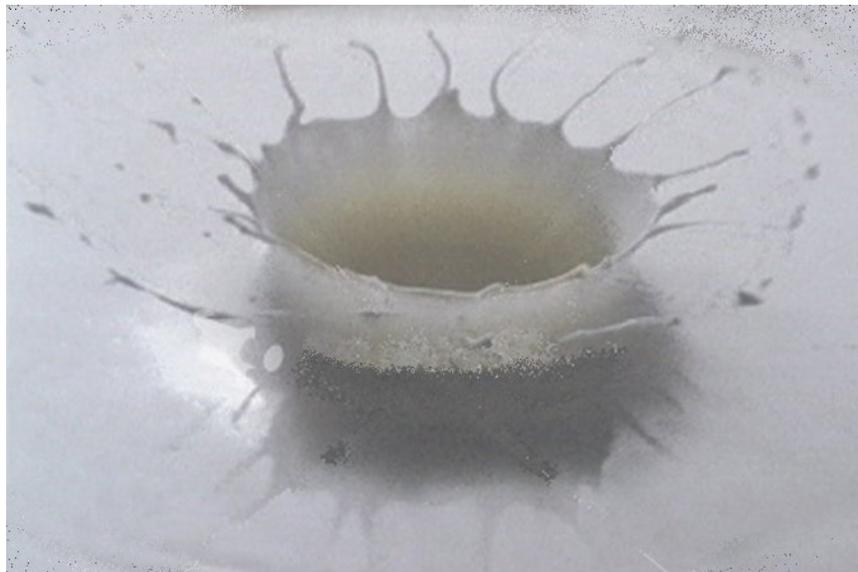


The extent to which the halo registers the 'inhuman' in its indeterminate bordering between potentiality and actuality, as Agamben has it, has this "supplemental possibility" of the halo as being nothing other than the possibility/necessity of techné (extension, fr[am]ing) itself, of "matter that does not remain beneath the form" (Agamben). Like Cerenkov radiation that marks a black hole, a split halo of half particles, high relief of an accomplished density gradient which nevertheless cannot come into full view, a region of occluded space/time, an absence which announces its presence, faint spray of light, matter coagulating, splitting, radiating at its point of escape/confinement, higher order skin composed of light, ever-osculating muscled aureole conforming to/moving with, boundary-layer of, dimension and dimension X, gratuitous assault, submission, assault, submission, alternating-current style (register of hysteresis), doggie style then dildonic doggie style, slitting hairs leaving just the slit pulsing with fine granularity,

beckoning, beckoning from the crossing of the X.... *"supreme visibility requires the deepest darkness."*

Halo as heatwave, febrile intoxication caused by consciousness subliming into it's environment and vice versa--the core visibility (the very essence of the visual in fact), the macula of 'duplicity' at the ontological level. Or as Paul Valery said of something much different (in **Seashells**) -- or is it THAT different? -- *"[it] develops its whole setting according to the continuous fatality of its convolutions."*

**Part Five: Subtext: CROWN**



*"This is a mystery that has always teased my mind, for I can find nothing in the arts that captivates me more than forms or phases of transition, the refinements of modulation. For me, perfect modulation is the crown of art."*

**Seashells** / Paul Valery



The crown, formed by a splattering away from the Subject(s),  
 sublimated outcasts of material punctum,  
 topographed ring/sphere/blast-edge expanding, contracting, expanding  
 wreath wrestled away from Brainiac core  
 intense dense radiation from neuro-brain-orb:  
 maybe you see the static aural brush of it  
 spun off, decaying, mingling, matter/mind,  
 spinning, sprayed in spitwords,  
 but anyway never mind,  
 merged in soundlightword:  
*"You are the Crown of Creation  
 and you've got no place to go".*

Roberto Calasso has some interesting comments in **The Marriage of Cadmus and Harmony** which would lead one to think about 'crown' as being a precursor, or at least co-terminous, to ideas of 'halo' and 'aura'.

The original designation of the realm of the sacred (that is, in accord with Agamben, the arena of the sacrificable) then to the realm of the perfected, leaving sacrifice behind and into an era of 'kingship' then into aesthetics and the modern realm...then presumably on beyond into ... ?? Does Benjamin's disappearance of aura (halo, crown) mean the disappearance of such ...or simply its sublimation into the whole population, moving backward now, back into depths where the whole population becomes 'experimentable'---that is, sacrificable, that is, representable, time capable of being ruptured, raptured by space.

*- "The crown in fact was supposed to compensate for the fetters in which Zeus himself had long imprisoned Prometheus.*

*- "Forerunner of the magic circle, the crown divided the world in two: there was the sacred fragment within the crown (sacrificial victim, spouse, or statue) and everything else outside. [...] At this point the crown was 'herald of the holy silence,' prelude to the sacrificial killing."*

*- "The crown was the rim of the goblet, the point at which fullness becomes excess. The crown was a mobile templum, bringing together election and danger."*

*- "The crown is nothing less than the highest, most exposed level of existence."*

*- "We've come a long way from Iphigenia, who believed she was wearing her crown as a bride, whereas in fact that crown singled her out as the victim to be slain on the altar."*

*The Greeks escaped from the sacred to the perfect, trusting in the sovereignty of the aesthetic. It would be a desperately brief escape, one that lasted only as long as the tension between sacred and perfect could be maintained, only as long as the sacred and perfect were able to live side by side without taking anything away from each other."*

**Part 6: Subtext: Black/White**



Emptied vector, like hollow pornoed  
 Rodeo hound dogs to the end, looking for the pink,  
 Poking, prying, prodding, sucking off  
 The aura, some kinda nose candy that last bit of vaporware,  
 Unaware, underwear, no where bit of  
 Spin-doctoring on some 'Elvis done left the building'  
 bit of early episte-mo-logo-no-go, too late? Or:  
 'watch what happens boys when I poke this'  
 Tossing the halos to and on those horn'd horny devils,  
*'ma he's making eyes at me!'*

Negative halos that is, halos that reflected an emptied or demonized position, sometimes, in the case of the famous Rembrandt painting *Doctor Tulp's Anatomy Lesson*, the halo is a large dark hat that the doctor is wearing, a sign of a certain evacuation no doubt. the framing of a head would act as a haloing effect, perhaps creating a frame within a frame, as a window in the painting might do, or a light source behind the head. If that be so, does it indicate a general weakening of the original intent of the pagan 'halo' after it's appropriation by early Christianity? Or does it reflect the strength of the original concept of the co-mingling and tug between 'grace and gravity'? (Simone Weil)

From art history web site:

'The use of halos to designate Christian saints presented a problem in the translation of the [Hebrew Bible](#). When [Moses](#) came down from Mount [Sinai](#) carrying the tablets of the law, he is said in the [Hebrew](#) text ([Exodus](#) 34,29) to have a glowing or radiant face. However, this would have implied a halo, which was reserved for Christian-era saints. [Jerome](#) avoided this by translating the phrase into [Latin](#) as "*cornuta esset facies sua*" (his face was horned). This description was taken literally by [Medieval](#) and [Renaissance](#) artists, who depicted Moses with small horns growing from his forehead. Especially noteworthy in this respect is [Michelangelo Buonarroti](#)'s statue in [San Pietro in Vincoli](#).'

### History

#### HALO:

also called NIMBUS, in art, radiant circle or disk surrounding the head of a holy person, a representation of spiritual character through the symbolism of light. In Hellenistic and Roman art the sun-god Helios and Roman emperors often appear with a crown of rays. Because of its pagan origin, the form was avoided in Early Christian art, but a simple circular nimbus was adopted by Christian emperors for their official portraits. From the middle of the 4th century, Christians began to use this imperial attribute, especially in the

For an age which considers itself new (as in 'new age'), the halo has made a return as 'aura' (and then made its disappearance again with Walter Benjamin. Some adepts claim to be able to see light or radiation emanating from the body or the head. Early experiments known as 'Kirlian photography' even claimed to be able to catch these emanations. All of this 'sensory' (or supersensory) evidence is enough to encourage one to think that the original impetus for the idea of 'halo' might indeed have been some purported physical effect known only to a few. (another explanation would couple such sightings with entheogenic substances, which, regardless of its etiology (i.e., transcendent or simply 'iatrogenic') was a powerful enough effect that it made its way from shamanistic culture into artistic symbology over a number of years.

**Part 7: Escalating the Escaped Halos: orbs, Time Set Aside, Then Embodied**



"In late antique art, we often find the halo bestowed on such figures as might impersonate a supra-personal idea or general notion. This special mark of distinction indicated that the figure was meant to represent in every respect a continuum, something permanent and semipiternal beyond the contingencies of Time and corruption. Roman provinces such as Egypt, Gaul, Spain, and others were sometimes represented with a halo -- for example, in the late *Detitia dignitatus*. In that case, we usually call these haloed females 'abstractions' or 'personification,' which is correct as far as it goes; but we have to be aware that the most significant feature of all abstractions and personifications is their supra-temporal character, their continuity within time. In fact, it was not so much the personification which was made conspicuous by the halo, as the *Genius* of the individual province, that is, its perennial creative or seminal power [...]

*Justitia* or *Prudentia*, who were goddesses in pagan Antiquity, were meant to represent forms perpetually effective or forms of Being perpetually valid when depicted in Christian art with the halo. In other words, whenever we capitalize a notion and, in the English language, even change the gender from neuter to feminine, we actually are 'haloing' the word or the notion and are indicating its sempiternity as an idea or power.

[the halo] indicated the bearer and executive of perpetual power derived from God and made the emperor the incarnation of some kind of 'prototype' which, being immortal, was *sanctus*, regardless of the personal character, or even the sex, of its constituent.

...

'Hence the 'halo' always indicated, in some way or another, a change of the nature of time. It signified the haloed individual person or place, participated also in a category of 'time' which was different from the one determining the natural life on earth as the medieval mind understood it. The halo, it is true, did not remove its bearer into the *aeternitas Dei* which is without continuity because in all times, past and future, are present. Yet the halo removed its bearer too: removed him, scholastically speaking, from *Tempus* to *aevum*, from Time to sempiternity, at any rate, to some continuum without end: the haloed person, or rather the person *qua* halo, his *ordo* 'never died.' The halo further signified that its individual bearer stood vicariously for a more general 'prototype,' from some Immutable within the mutable time of this earth."

From 'The King's  
Two Bodies'/Kantorowitz

*The contemporary fate of the topography of the halo:*

"Derrida has further developed this chiasmic structure in two essays on Maurice Blanchot: "The Law of the Genre" and "Living On: Border Lines." This development is intimately linked to a close reading of Blanchot's *La Folie du jour*. In these two essays Derrida ties the chiasmic reversal to a movement of invagination, thus demonstrating his continued concern with the unthought of "totality." Chiasmic invagination is a movement that constitutes and deconstitutes the border, the limit of a closure. As Derrida has pointed out in "The Retrait of Metaphor," a border and a limit are understood in metaphysics as a circular limit bordering a homogeneous field. Regarding the representation of metaphysics as one metaphysics, he writes that the "representation of a linear and circular closure surrounding a homogeneous space is, precisely, . . . and auto-representation of philosophy in its onto-encyclopedic logic." Because of the twisted figure of the chiasmic invagination, the apparently outer edge of an enclosure "makes no sign beyond itself, toward what is utterly other, without becoming double or dual, without making itself be 'represented,' refolded, superposed, remarked within the enclosure, at least in what the structure produces as an effect of interiority." In short, it is the structure according to which a border, which is always seemingly the limit of an interiority set off against an exteriority, cannot but re-mark and reapply that reference to the outer within its interiority, between its center and its circumference.

What is an invagination? It is, writes Derrida, "The inward refolding of *la gaine* [sheath, girdle], the inverted reapplication of the outer edge to the inside of a form where the outside opens a pocket." Where such invagination occurs, it is impossible to settle upon the limits of the border. As a result, the edge of a form turns out to be a fold within the form. [. . . ] What consequently becomes clear is the following: since a border encloses an interiority only if this border refers to its outer other, and since this reference to the other cannot but be inscribed within the interiority, not only do borders acquire an extremely twisted structure, but the interiority, the very space where the relationship of the form to itself takes place, appears to be at the same time the gathering space of the double invagination that crosses out the identity of the form.

**Part n: Bad Infinite Theory Break From  
Numbered Parts:**

**Gaps and Foldings:  
sucker punch / hoax / glad tidings**

*"The space between worlds, variables, and constants, the gap upon which all truth depends, is like a fulcrum which allows two opposing weights and forces to cooperate, with the aid of nothing more than the touch of a finger, in overcoming gravity. The truths of correspondence are a little like this: ponderous weights (Energy, Mass; I think, I am) are lifted and lowered only because they find their center in absence. As Lao Tzu reminds us, the cartwright's art is most focused not on the rim, the spokes, the hub, or the axle, but on the space he must leave between the hub, or the axle: it is there that the wheel turns and the cart moves.*

*What this means is that the essential, the irreducible, or the fundamental point in the world, in discourse, and in machines is very like something which is not there: an opening, a space, a gap which joins. If the wheel and axle were to fall into the background, one could see this space where the movement is a ring of light."*

**'The Persistence of  
Memory: myth, organism,  
text' P69**

**Part 8: Transfiguration as Condensation**



**Pneuma-** "The criticism of **religion** is, therefore, in embryo, the criticism of that vale of tears of which **religion** is the **halo**."

*Contribution to the Critique of Hegel's Philosophy of Law:  
Introduction*

K Marx

*A blasted spot, exploded to indifference,  
A 'mathematical singularity' of the form;*

$$f(x) = \frac{1}{x}$$

*Not*

*reducible to the terms of the equation,  
a point at which all is neither loss nor gain,  
a whatever point, not well-behaved, the point at which condensation  
happens, where 'shit happens,' where accident has it's place  
without being an accident, simply an event in  
the middle of the stream, tears as liquid and as rip, gap, R.I.P. even, the biggest  
gap of all, fabulous threshold, Event,  
sucker-punch, catastrophe, hoax: undefinable mist  
forming around the plane as it punches through, past, sound speed, sign of  
Prandtl-Glauert singularity [vapor cone, smoke and mirrors] which  
'can be observed on a humid day by successfully cracking a whip. A  
visible cloud is produced at the point where the tip of the whip goes transsonic.'*

**Part 9:** *up in smoke*

**M**atter wrapped around spirit like a halo, particles making their entrance into the world, light wrapped in a blanket of flesh---that's the gnostic conception of the pneumatic soul no doubt, a soul that can't be accepted anymore for whatever reasons. The 'spirit' now seems like a sink hole, debris swirling around after the flush, life as the flotsam and jetsam of materiality defined as

much by its ignominious exit as anything, certainly not the beginning. Between the alpha of birth and omega of death, just an inflated balloon, a blasted condensation. The population has become a swarm of particulate matter, billions of individual, well, we find it hard pressed to call them souls because many of them are in the in-between of whatever existence, here simply for their use value apparently, their standing reserve as Heidegger called them. They, we, are like the sparks flying from a late night fire, coals struck back into life for a few minutes by a poker, streamers of particles flying up and out the chimney, available at will, but with a totally negligible lifetime measured in microseconds. To even write like this seems pedestrian, conservative, not nearly preparatory enough for the Great Cossetting of Life into mere life, a certain vector of biodynamics, easily reproduced, We Can Build You, Agamben's arrival of a world wide camp of biological matter, the turning into objects, all whatever oriented -- but neither easily detoured nor controlled (by Agamben's lights, rather always moving to profanation, by the very nature of bare life. We are on the threshold of something, a something which is Nothing, vast populations always circling it, circling the drain.

He realized that certain inabilities inhabited him, made him seem fruitless, blank, adrift on a sea of alkaline uncertainties, a force field of repulsions that surrounded him, something like a mandorla, but without the sanctified grace which that entailed; not the thin zone of pulsating endorsement which signified some excess that was bestowed 'extracurricularly' over one's whole being, but a scab rather, within which he slid restlessly and larval-like.

The 'writing' itself seemed to constitute that scab; or rather: generated at the fluid interface of psychoplasm and scabbed tissue, pus, a liquid conceit that allowed him certain morbid, melancholic dispositions. He wasn't sure if that mass of temporally entangled fibrous tissue called language was the cause or the result or both -- like bed sheets crumpled and matted after a hard night's sleep or like being fastened in when the sheets are too tight and one wakes up in a cold sweat of being buried alive.

....

There were times when his ego, his personality, seemed like this scab, pure and simple, that everyone was basically this mandorla around some gaseous core and that the perforations of reaching-into caused this 'Cthulhu effect', language continually sliding and abrading itself, while a dark, yawping (non) presence lingered in the shadows, waiting---well, that's what he fantasized anyway, 'fantasized' because all the evidence resided in language, tangled knots in its skein that resembled nothing so much as personalities, which 'evidence' mimicked: 'evidence' equaled 'personality'. But evidence of what?? If it didn't all reside in 'language' (and while he didn't really think this was the case, it was nevertheless that language remained a very mysterious thing) then whatever it was had to make its way THROUGH that tangled mass of verbiage at the top of the pond ragdolls tossed on the dustbin of history, moveable arms and legs replaced by better models