



if the number of the alphabet be perfect,  
how can one character express multiple letters?

The text a cloudy pillar, vouchsafed in the wilderness,  
its dark side an intimation,  
pre-Cambrian prints made by a less evolved ancestor,  
the general scope of the subject, a gale to impede navigation,  
a calculation made for the English tongue.

If it is the nature of substance to occupy space,  
then there seems to be no valid cause for a change  
of dimensions—  
mark well this place, this property of opposing and perverting,  
all there concluded arrant and absolute,  
exceedingly small in ordinary circumstance,  
this mean appearance, these sordid  
surroundings,  
the doubts and horrors we did not reveal,  
a world of desolation, a brooding madness.

1.

World-system as standard unit of analysis, as narrative, as theories yet unproven. There is a complexity inherent in the system which cannot be reduced to *simpler variables*.

*The most merciful thing in the world, I think, is the inability of the human mind to correlate all its contents. We live on a placid island of ignorance in the midst of black seas of infinity, and it was not meant that we should voyage far.*

A matrix, within which social institutions operate, within which conflict arises, a container for individuals, for delineation, for the delineated; conversely, a permeability of borders that cannot completely contain.

*probable suppositions, the cipher, its opposite*

I have kept things back, principal things that relate to bodies,  
to certain subtle points, a hideous and incredible rationale  
to apparent chaos,  
a devilish wrath, experiments and theories  
that sometimes go wrong.

Letter found under letter, the manner of monosyllables,  
these rules of deciphering the true expression of power,  
the trace and rise of archaic religions, their blossoming  
into diverse and antagonistic forms—

We have generally become capable of assimilating divine ideas,  
monstrous growths and hideous distortions,  
the Day-Star showing itself, clouds that darken and overtake the sky,  
all due steps taken toward extinction;  
the barren shore, ice barrier in background, where myriads  
sprawl across cakes of drifting ice.

A decrepit cylinder with no windows, a curious bulge  
about ten feet above aperture;  
suppose that location is not entirely a myth,  
but not quite the definite thing it is made out to be,  
a catastrophe that submerges islands,

earthquakes continued without interruption—

It is from this point of view that our space and that of the nebular differ;

the reckoning of inches and pints, a sight turned giddy, a falling to the pavement.

2.

Heterotopic spaces.

A brief discourse in the span of sublimation, on entering the corpse-city of R'lyeh—*built in measureless eons behind history by the vast, loathsome shapes that seeped down from the dark stars.*

Physical or mental spaces that are real, and exist along side and interact with, and in opposition to, other spaces, within which juxtapositions of incongruous elements can coexist, a garden, for example, where Japanese maple trees entwine roots with American oaks, where the spirit of the thing can yield *simultaneous pictures of an octopus, a dragon, and a human caricature*, where dead Cthulhu can simultaneously wait dreaming.

sub-lime, *verb: Chemistry.* to volatilize from the solid state to a gas, and then condense again as a solid without passing through the liquid state.

*...great Cyclopean cities of Titan blocks and sky-flung monoliths, all dripping with green ooze and sinister with latent horror.*

*by multiplying, dividing, &c.*

The tongue was the basis,        the introduction of modifications,

    a discrepancy revealed in the standard of motion

when we compare lengths and distances

as measured by terrestrial observers—

    we multiply mass and velocity to give momentum,

divide energy by time to give horse-power;

    this world is not to be analyzed into isolated particles,

into featureless interspace.

We decided to explore the more decrepit upper parts,

climbed aloft into the maze,

    where the chambers opened ruinously to the polar sky,

a vast variety left untouched, the power of possible combinations,

the abundance of different alphabets left for this lower world,

    this prodigious descent, these signs and gestures,

a name for the sake of simplicity,

    for when things are just ripe for execution.

By prayer and by fasting the sandstone had given place

to a vein of cephalopods, corals, teleosts, and sharks,

a struggle for supremacy very near its end.

We had not given up our zeal to glimpse the abyss,

the multitudes in the valley of that great circular place,  
but how to make the requisite incisions,  
without violence enough to upset the structural niceties.



**3.**

More on Foucauldian space, this time with crisis and deviation.

Sacred or forbidden spaces, spaces reserved for those in a state of crisis, as in conflict with societal norms of mental health, physical hygiene, useful age, though not by fault of their own; giving way to spaces of deviation, for those same to be contained, for those too, who willfully transgress.

Containment, fear of borders, of their permeability. What fragility is made visible if such spaces bleed through? What barrier between these contested zones?

The *Core* dominates without being dominated. The *Periphery* is subjugated to all. In between, the *Semi-periphery* is both dominator and the dominated; it strives for the *Core*, its economy at stake. The *Semi* then, the place in between, a border within borders, a membrane penetrated by the economic systems of the *Core*, in fear of bleed-through/out from the needs, the aspirations, of the *Periphery*.

*Danforth's present breakdown*

It may be the effect of this later study,        the revived memories  
and vague impressions that introduced fundamental changes  
in our ideas of time and space,  
                 the limit to the velocity of signals,        our bulwark against past and future,  
                 the sacredness of this region, its temples honeycombed  
for retaining residence as a base of communication.

I am forced into speech, into paroxysms and the shake  
which fetches up dirt;                    every child was required to pass through,  
                 their measures would contract,  
and become less in a certain direction—  
                 have there been disputed methods for discovering such works;  
                 an immense black cloud, the destruction of everything,  
                 inhabitants, houses and vegetation alike.

A connection existed,                    something unnatural in these moods,  
we had lately lost, and before long would lose another,  
                 a slight misunderstanding,  
that what you describe as a green oblong, I would, a red square,  
and so on.

4.

The place where meaning collapses, where the jettisoned object is radically excluded, the Kristevan *abject*: the physical response to such threats against subjectivity, the emotion, the horror, the vomit on seeing or feeling or smelling a corpse; the threat a recognition/realization of the fragility of the subject, the body, the mind, in society, the law.

*They, like the subject and material, belonged to something horribly remote and distinct from mankind as we know it, something frightfully suggestive of old and unhallowed cycles of life in which our world and our conceptions have no part.*

A metaphysical threat from the periphery of “our world,” whose conceptions are opposite these “old and unhallowed cycles of life.” What threatens to bleed through from this *horribly remote* space?

*porosity of matter*

It was just about midnight,

the experience no indication of a now which is not here;

and we might well have abandoned the idea,

faced with choosing between a number of frames of space

with nothing to guide our choice,

a sufficient conviction, accused of having made league,

or some other known practice

decorated with skulls, short hair, and thick woolly lips.

We redoubled our efforts, our melting apparatus,

sunk bores and dynamited

where no one had before thought

of securing such specimens, this forge

out of which come the instruments of war,

a universal reckoning that does not follow strictly

all the time lived;

experiments in breeding and cross-breeding,

in artificial heat used to force their development,

these operations a new base, an eastward flight,

dislodged of the air, ancient habitations fall according to promise,

such things dug out of mines, now but seldom mentioned.



5.

Bring out your dead.

Viruses occupy a liminal space; they are neither fully living nor animated automata, they don't eat, excrete, or have sex. To reproduce they bind to other cells, penetrate their membranes, insert their own DNA into the host cell, and subvert its machinery to replicate millions of copies of themselves. The process is violent, messy, and prone to replication errors and mutations; the act carried out through permeable membranes.

Heterotopias can be defined against the utopias they are not; the impossible perfection, the unattainability, to the real, lived heterotopic space. They are entangled, but individually defined, between them a border, distinct, though permeable.

*Over a fourth of those who reported anything, reported scenes and half-sounds not unlike those which Wilcox had described; and some of the dreamers confessed acute fear of the gigantic nameless thing visible toward the last.*

*a decentering of the human*

I do not mean to suggest that we should entirely rewrite physics,

eliminate all reference to frames of space, or any quantities referred to them—

it was as if these stark spires marked the pylons of a gateway

into forbidden spheres and complex gulfs of time and space,

a great ice barrier to inland points,

the singularity of matter, a ripping up of what had previously been discovered;

this apparent poverty of illustration, only properties of a body,

its registering apparatus the subject of a failing incarnated in the race,

the rules of chiromancy, such bloody fortune,

a most admirable artifice in the restitution of all things.

When at last we plunged into separate atoms, the oppressive nearness

of fallen masonry,

our sensations were such that I marvel at the retainment

of any amount of self-control.

**6.**

Before the world was made/threatens to be unmade.

The inextricability of the sacred and the profane, the permeability of the barrier between them, the threat of contagion; that the construction of the sacred is abstraction, tenuous, in need of rituals to reinforce its fictions against the contagion of the other, the fear of discovery, of challenge, of ultimate penetration.

*...and whilst high up on the West Greenland coast had encountered a singular tribe or cult of degenerate Esquimaux whose religion, a curious form of devil-worship, chilled him with its deliberate bloodthirstiness and repulsiveness. It was a faith of which other Esquimaux knew little, and which they mentioned only with shudders, saying that it had come down from horribly ancient aeons before ever the world was made.*



*accordance in structure and growth*

It reverberated in falsetto        among the squawks of empty vaultings,  
the saints of both worlds, deceased ones whose blood  
had been sacrificed and doubtless made light—

There is only one law of nature,

        a recognition of the distinction between past and future  
more profound than the difference of minus and plus,

        the desecration of this knowledge what constitutes sorcery,  
the decadent cartouches, the particularly unspeakable happiness  
of an English nation,

                        engine of a nightmare city,  
a traditional though faint echo of a past golden age,

        confronted with something not contemplated;

        a multiplicity of frames of space, each one as good as any other.

7.

A monstrous philosophy, a cross-cultural contamination, a space where the sacred and profane loose distinction, intermingle, their borders penetrated; the body as, contagion as, the response to horror as, other world, the abject.

*On this now leaped and twisted a more indescribable horde of human abnormality than any but a Sime or an Angarola could paint. Void of clothing, this hybrid spawn were braying, bellowing, and writhing about a monstrous ring-shaped bonfire; in the centre of which, revealed by occasional rifts in the curtain of flame, stood a great granite monolith some eight feet in height; on top of which, incongruous in its diminutiveness, rested the noxious carven statuette.*

*an abstract on the discovery of witches*

It is an unpleasant subject, but can scarce be passed over,  
the flesh discarded, while parts which among us are avoided as food  
devoured,

    this disappearance beyond sane conjecture,  
the spatter-fringed blots,  
the evidence of alien fumbling—

    it was a far-reaching discovery, but one falling  
within the classical scheme,  
to deviate from time as immediately perceived,  
a license for the doing of it,

    the question relating to the power by which they were propelled,  
this churning and opalescent mass,

    their strict conventionalization, minute and accurate,  
the very conventions served to symbolize the real essence,  
the vital differentiation of every object as delineated, their devotions a bitter,  
dying, doleful ejaculate.

With the exception of submergence, interposed nerve-mechanisms  
would prevent any association of mental images with the physical cause,  
an apparition of the slain,

    this inability to assign positively to animal or vegetable kingdoms,  
not sufficient for condemnation. Every body continues

in its state of rest or uniform motion,

except in so far as it may be compelled to change by the impression of outside forces.

**8.**

**On madness.**

Purity lies in demarcation, in distance, and separation from that which is its opposite, protected by rituals of cleanliness, of abstinence, of avoidance. There is danger in the permeability of borders; the self, the institution, the fragility of their subjectivity, of their law. To transgress, willfully or otherwise, invites reprisal.

*...the derelict was sighted; and though apparently deserted, was found upon boarding to contain one survivor in a half-delirious condition and one man who had evidently been dead for more than a week. The living man was clutching a horrible stone idol of unknown origin, about foot in height, regarding whose nature authorities at Sydney University, the Royal Society, and the Museum in College Street all profess complete bafflement, and which the survivor says he found in the cabin of the yacht, in a small carved shrine of common pattern.*

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