

In the Name of Science

(1) *He considers himself a genius.* (2) *He regards his colleagues, without exception, as ignorant blockheads.* (3) *He believes himself unjustly persecuted and discriminated against.* (4) *He has strong compulsions to focus his attacks on the greatest scientists and the best established theories.* (5) *He often has a tendency to write in a complex jargon, in many cases making use of terms and phrases he himself has coined.*

Yes! Descartes, Newton, and Einstein were wrong, and Hawking, finding Einstein wrong, is wrong. The atomists, especially, and all of them, were wrong. Wandering, woolly, and, let's face it, tardy Democritus, old simple-minded Boyle, Dalton (*Dalton!*), Rutherford (the Growler), Bohr...all wrong.

None of them even suspected, and their contemporary progeny remain blind, eyeless, but there it is for the eye—any eye at all! Or, perhaps they may be excused, partially, though never forgiven, since it is for obviously not at all any eye at all but rather only one eye, one eye in particular, to first sense (in *offingsense*, one could have it), then feel (stage two: *duplusfelan*), then see (*core-grabbing*).

But what is to be expected?

None of them knew that mushrooms—our clouds and fungi—point without words or gesture, hew sky-paths and forest-tracks. And yet they attack eye, assault ear, promise death, promote life, emit a thick, crass funk of tar and peanuts, open doors old and new, close eyes tired but trembling, incite dreams of simple, worldly glory, as well as call forth the occasional night terror—which, though loud and perhaps even startling to those (i.e. *the outside ears*) around the sleeper himself, is to the sleeper himself completely silent, unsigned, though hardly, if at all, less terrifying for that silence.

To that one, the eye, *offingsense* may begin with a more or less “random”—some words and terms, though utterly preposterous, are nevertheless foisted upon us as if givens: we use them, though our every “atom” cries *havoc!*—a more or less “random” series of “events”: a vigorous hike through summer's still, rotting forests; another round of pondering the many ways the world hurls rejection at its most noble denizens; a bus ride through the city of ghosts; a visit to the “regional” “academy” of “science fiction” “art;” the ignominy of a veritable landscape of borosilicate: test tubes, pipettes, Erlenmeyers, graduated cylinders, funnels, beakers...—all of which must be washed, autoclaved, dried, sorted, returned to cupboards and racks, all by noon, all before noon if one wishes to hold onto one's “livelihood,” if one wishes to avoid the screeching, yet again, of the “Director,” the Director who lords it, who lords everything, above one and all but especially over one...one still un-named?

Where, where is the honor in that?

But, conjoining any two of these “random” “events,” producing an “example,” *offingsense* for the eye in question (the eye in *fact*, rather!) begins its miraculous work! Forest rot and *H-Bombs over the Boroughs* may not appear—although there it is: there!—to have anything in common other than the “accidental” overlap of “geometry,” but *offingsense* begins to hint, to hunt, to prepare one for taking, holding, seizing something else entirely, something far beyond mere shape-listing or even shaping.

And once *offingsense* has done its preliminary furrowing, *duplusfelan* intensifies, draws near, makes close, paves the way for an entirely new *earthmeasure* by letting one, the eye, not only sense but now feel—in every “atom” of its tissue—the approach of unchanging, real truth. Just as we can feel the sponge, living or dead, “natural” or artificial,” take in and let go its water, the one, the eye, feels in constrained flow (in *floodbinden*) the Earth and *its* truth, undirected by any means—let alone by any shrieking!

Then, through this flood of feeling, a flood that fills all one’s extremities, *core-grabbing* begins its work—the final work: the eye begins to find its traction, its grip: once unsheathed, the eye becomes more powerful than swords, more authorial, more energetic, than words: once the eye opens, it sees, it takes in more than simple geometry, takes in as does a sponge all that is visible but unseen: the eye, almost at once, takes in everything, not this thing or that, things here or there, but all...*core-grabbing* is an integral calculus!

For science, atomism in particular (as always!), our “Death Caps” are, but of course, “natural,” while our “White Deaths” are absolutely (absolutely!) not natural, un-natural we are told! But how far from the truth science (especially its lap-dog, atomism) has strayed can itself only be hinted at.

In a simple observation or “find”—such as one may “chance” upon while checking the correct use, meaning, and history of a “random” word, a word a “Director” throws around as if it carried all the weight of the world!—in such as “find,” the effect of all three (*offingsense*, *duplusfelan*, *core-grabbing*) rush over one, with hardly (hardly!) a moment of time in between—calculus again! Our scientists, and those who Direct our science today, know all-too-poorly, and so see nothing at all. For them, the atom is merely indivisible, and as they hunt farther for higher infinitesimals of infinitesimality—there to find in some far-off future the absolute and eternal limit of infinitesimality—they move farther and farther from the truth: perhaps indivisible, but not merely so, the atom is *that which cannot be cut*.

But then at once, the core grabbed is not a mere limit of indivisibility but *the exact opposite!*

Lunkheads! Simpletons! Blockheads! Goons!

Directors!

Not *limit of indivisibility* but *indivisibility of limit!* It is not that at *some* scale the atom cannot *be* cut but that at *every* scale the atom *cuts*—and so, conjoins: what appears to the blind (unseeing) as every number of unconnected events is instead the intimate conjoining of absolutely

everything. The Death Cap, natural? Rubbish! The White Death, man-made? Hogwash!

Directors? Baloney!

What the atom means, Dunderhead, is that *natural* and *man-made* are both gibberish, and gibberish equally so...

Hence silence and gesture. Sky tracks, forest paths. Hence life, death, doors. Hence eyes. Hence, mushrooms.