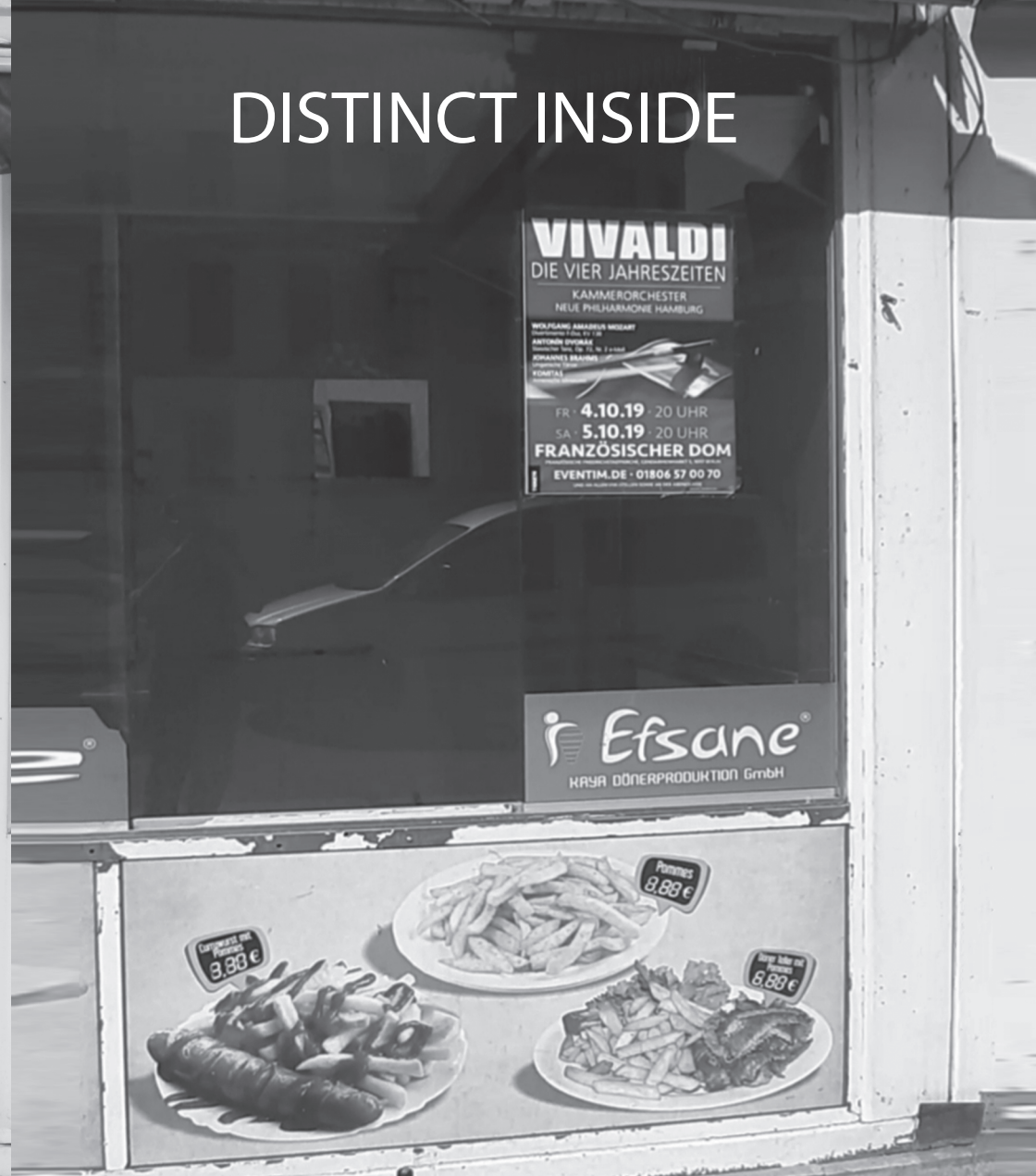


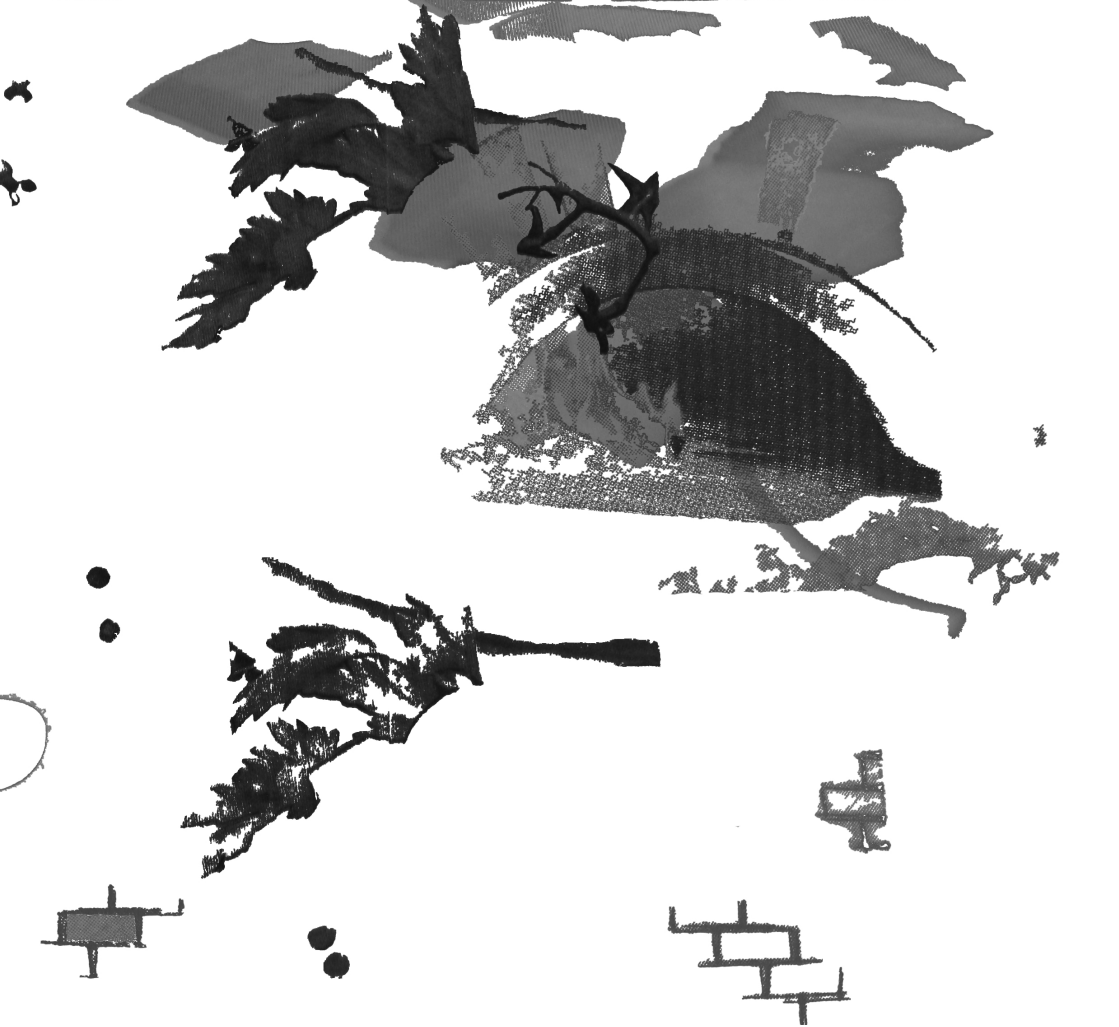
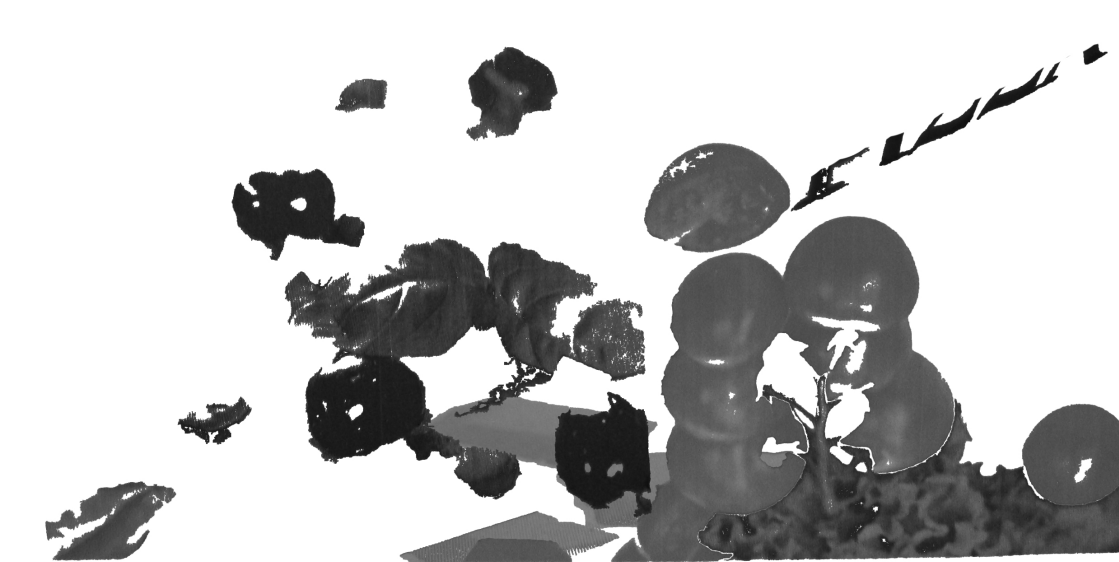
AYASOFYA MOSCHEE



# DISTINCT INSIDE



Michael Hazell  
Pawel Jankiewicz



I came to you, with humility...  
*Talk terms.*  
But what do YOU require, oh numen of...  
*Nothing. In those windows, high-up.*



Let's talk the conditions of possibility for a peculiar field for assigning values.

For the record: we're more than aware of that passage from "Super Cannes" where it came to view at first. We too are gazing into a block of air between the buildings where logic and reality curves, warped by a relativity that applies to more than time and space. Warped as if by fog of false familiarity.

Something is nurtured within the arms of this curve. With bits of "Akzent" Turkish Delights, perhaps, found by ashtrays on the tables. Nicotine administration too, in all its airy platitude. Then doodling and photography, of course. Not so much time-intensive, but simply taking time, a sign of elbow room admitted. Along with other gestures of such admission. Having that Italian caf' in Reuchlinstraße ushered in the field of consciousness, say. But also jobs, with no egoical rationale, undertaken purely in its service. Like some menial tasks at a printing house, hidden in a minor business park. All discernibly prosthetic, through their insipid-inclined olfaction catering to its needs.

It's a sort of shrine we are staring at, found along the episodic Moabit meanders. A window and a curtain through which we peeked, invited by the street-ease, perfectly unconscious of a child sleeping further on in darkness. Conscious, all the same, that bijou epiphanies can be over soon.

Mind the recent front-page fever about the "Giga" Tesla deal in Brandenburg. It comes as a threat to the existential project, which some of us would still hold dear, of quiet rolling down the slope of insignificance. The blandness of the inward-bent periphery is about to meet a challenge, and the high-tech ambient alienation is here a tough contender. Bugle calls are steadily becoming audible, and take shape of playlists of ten-hour long compartments of the office music. But this will also come in combo. With a bureaucratic-chic facilitation of none other than the German state machinery. Pre-post-Merkel, and so Brusselsed-up.

Ours is a low-cost effort to stay quiet. And thus to maintain the patency of few avid pores. Avid in downtempo, to be sure, in the cherish-relish. In a call to task of their systematization.

A fragment of this task is presented right below. It is necessarily partial, for reasons that the attempt itself will soon render palpable, if not altogether clear. In a way, it is nothing more than a sketch we would argue for. Had it not been for this curious coalescing. Of a part into the whole.

### field of the indistinct

1. a vernacular voiding in the sphere of appearance, affirmative, numbing and unconscious; the symptomatic expression haunting the subject takes here the form of the obtuse "it could be just any city", followed by a sense of doubt, disorientation and vague curiosity as to what is round the corner; 2. any landslide of the map into a commonly dreambound interplay; engendered by viscosity of the daily grind, when day falls prey to the same ol' same ol' and the flâneur sets out on the road.

### conditions of possibility

*definitio fit per genus proximum et differentiam specificam*, but not here; the conceptual support of the field in question tends to disobey the conventional construction of the intensional definition; not only because it seems to take its root in Moabit, in the *differentia specifica* one might argue, unaware of its immediate generalization in the very field, but also because groping in the dissolution of cognition, produced by the excess we might term **in-distinct**, or better still, **distinct**

**inside**, an inner self-deploying definition that, through the hyphenation caused by reading, allows for the fixation around the indistinct, this groping often takes recourse to the paraconcept and its more relaxed a musculation; hence drifting, humming, snoozing, dabbling are part and parcel of its sense.

### philosophical pulp

apart of cheap diners, waiting rooms and streets deprived of public space, the proper site of such thought's dissemination should be Arminius Markthalle and that quirky corner stall with the so-called *Groschenromane*, or *Heftromane* (*Littérature de la gare, literatura wagonowa, dime or airport novel*), if only its philosophical patois did not expose it to a sure put-down; but its being not so obvious as a reading material doesn't preclude it from being exhibited as an object; therefore, thinking the indistinct along the lines of an installation sets the locus of its philosophical testing in the lab of the aesthetics, primed by the art brut, arte povera and naïve art, although not all the way;

**pulp aesthetics**, as foregrounded in the developments laid out by Q. Tarantino: pulp /'pʌlp/ n. 1. A soft, moist, shapeless mass of matter. 2. A magazine or book containing lurid subject matter and being characteristically printed on rough, unfinished paper;

note to self: a quest into the luridness, i.e. both: 1. lighted or shining with an unnatural, fiery glow; wildly or garishly red, as in *a lurid sunset*. 2. wan, pallid, or ghastly in hue; livid.

**Miles Davis**, in one of the late '80s "60 Minutes" programmes, shows to Harry Reasoner his, very much abstract, painting: "This is a sports car", he points with a finger, explaining, "This is a light and this is a prostitute." Here Reasoner chuckles. But Miles goes on, unmoved<sup>1</sup>: "And this is an airplane", he says and then withdraws his finger. "Is the prostitute going to get a ride in the sports car?", Reasoner asks. To which Miles tilts his head, saying: "She might". The reasonings given in the field of the indistinct might parallel those lines, rendering something that is achievable only through a narrative and its dynamics<sup>2</sup>, and yet being at ease with splitting and creating forking paths that would employ the notions of an established art critique, like that of a "directional tension", for instance, and then suddenly

### nothing

and then **purgatorio**, understood here, as in Dante, as one flush of a shlong over the the sea; in the case of the indistinct, a blunt admission of the need for further inquiry is the key requirement; "Ontologically", says Badiou in his challenge to Critchley, "the truth is a construction of something new. [It]'s not a judgement, nor a justification. [It]'s a construction of a new multiplicity in a concrete world." Is there overlapping of the truth with the indistinct? "There is a formal and very precise concept of what is a truth". This new multiplicity is a generic subset. There is genericity of the truth. It's a multiplicity without qualitative determination, which is not particular, which is universal in some sense, and one can give to this concept of truth a completely precise definition. He gives also a logical definition of what is a truth. "[It is] the set of consequences of a perturbation, of disturbance, in the organization of appearing". Of the world. "Particularly, [it's] a set of consequences of the fact that something that before the event existed in the world in the minimal sense of existence, becomes existence in the strong sense. [It is] always something in relationship with the modification of the intensity of existence of something in the world." "A sublimation of something which was like an inexistent of the world". On that score the indistinct would be a shard. An angle taken on a truth.

<sup>1</sup> Miles is perfectly aware of the wobbly base of the Reasoner's reasoning, manifested in the journalist's remark „I have some confidence in my admiration of his music, not at all in my judgement of his painting.”

<sup>2</sup> Lacan in *Position of the Unconscious*: "This organ must be called "unreal," in the sense in which the unreal is not the imaginary and precedes the subjective realm it conditions, being in direct contact with the real. That is what my myth, like any other myth, strives to provide a symbolic articulation for, rather than an image."





