

Tract #21
Bruno von Ulm

"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." (HPL, *The Call of Cthulhu*)

As usual, I hail everyone and no one. Remembering the cold pit of ancient fear, I prostrate myself at the existence of this psychotic inferiority that stands before me. That metallic, stupefying rectangle! That ungainly, chaotic cadaver! This is art?

My fear is genuine, my obeisance a sham – albeit an uneasy one. Most people believe that a paternal symmetry completely trades childish fear for a polygon of order; but the mouldering servant of darkness is much more horrible than this. A modern clock still summons the antiquarian model of meaning, no longer relevant but still powerful. This is a depraved, animalistic extension of sense; a conical, malignant, distorted cyclone of madness. Oh, the frustrating history of it ALL!

When you see some ghoul beneath the eggshell of kindness and beauty, it means that an echo trembles inside the fascination exerted by "civilization." The living vault of calm frantically is seduced by a particle behind the voice. The art-anomaly has learned the salty truth about the occurrence, staggering toward a mulching voracity. Remembering the dripping canyon of a legend, I prostrate myself again. Is the work *alive*? See the gelatinous, quivering muck, hear the sluggish, polyphonous wail. Is that rubbery, pallid, scaly, hapless organ meant to be a sign of consciousness? Or is this oily, tubular, mildewed blubber, this fearful gristle of creaturely existence, just non-sentient meat? Why do we seek meaning in *things* when we cannot even find it in our minds and souls? O artists, why?

But enough! This line of thought is for the weak and diseased, and we come instead in strength. Though our voyage may not be far it will be, like a targeted artillery bombardment, *for effect*. We shall embrace fear as the condition of existence, its absence the only sure sign of death. (For even an apparently living being can be, in its complacency and luxuriating slumber to reality, *dead*.)

Free yourselves, O my brothers and sisters, those who have ears to hear and eyes to see! For no one else can emancipate the sick at heart but themselves. What is a corpse? Just you, in the state to which the universe means to revert you.

We make, we wish, we hope. Is it futile? Oh yes. But there is no choice *but* choice. And dignity can mean just one thing, the self-giveness of despair. Open your arms, my brothers and sisters. We do not sleep. We live. But like the sparrow traversing the lit interior of the mead hall, we come from darkness and return thence all too swiftly.

Enjoy it while you can. Because the rest is fucking silence.