THEO-DORE'S DREAM

WEST DEN HAAG
2020

THEO-DORE'S DREAM

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SO'UP
Encyclopaedia of incoincidences, farces, tricks and mystifications[1]

Preamble (or prior notification of defeat)

SO'UP: Encyclopaedia of incoincidences, farces, tricks and mystifications *is based on a number of archive entries compiled by Mattia Denisse and instigated by the inco-incidences between images from the online digital broth and his artistic process. To these images, Mattia adds a classification system that relates to his cosmogony, his vocabulary and his recurring literary universe. From private to published archive, the entries encourage us to scrutinise the intimacy of these reverberations, seek-ing the triggers to unleash Mattia Denisse's narratives. They are, therefore, both beginning and end. Beginning because most of these images are templates for many of his drawings, or traces of his trajectory. End because they engender a re-beginning* ad infinitum *for the narratives he himself creates.*

While an editor at Dois Dias, a publishing house that has published three books by Mattia Denisse (MD) – *Câma-ra de Descompressão* [Decompression Chamber] (2011), *Duplo Vê: o Tautólogo* [Double V: the Tautologist] (2017) and *K versus K: the incomplete catalogue of Tripé publi-cations* (2019) – I thought I had certain particular fac-ulties that would help me to decode part of *SO'UP* – the mysterious referencing and cataloguing system for MD's cosmogony. I could then, treacherously, offer the reader

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1 The title of this text is based on the work *Encyclopédie des farces et attrapes et des mystifications* (1964), compiled by François Caradec, Noël Arnaud and Jean-Jacques Pauvert, which we advise you to read immediately.

what MD astutely does not – a key to decoding his work. I could not have been more wrong. The more I thought I had some answers, the more they escaped me.

Defeated, frustrated, aware of failure, I decided to use a tautological method with deviations into the absurd. Spurred on by the explicit advice of Document 00001 – "Essayé d'entrer un mot descriptif dans le champ de recherche"[2] – I observed the images and found the words that best seemed to describe them: words which, in turn, gave rise to entries for a so-called encyclopaedia. The method's method ends here. All the rest is chaotic, in-consequential, erratic, fractal and motivated by intuitions and affinities with (and without) consent between editor and artist.

Converting images into words, though recurring, is no easy task – the apparent certainty of the words hides an impossible objectivity. Contrary to the essential logic of any encyclopaedia, the order will be non-alphabetic so that the reader immediately recognises the lack of a path. Sometimes, the words multiply to form expressions.

So we will walk around in circles, or, if suffering from dizziness, backwards and forwards. In this recognition or game of words and images, one does not expect to find more than a sport without rules that lead us to ambig-uous, treacherous, absurd, farfetched descriptions – or, in other words, farces, tricks and mystifications. Unable to embrace cosmogony, we stick to the foibles in MD's language. And when only the foibles are left or the main utterances escape us, an irreparable and unavoidable stammering remains. So we ask the reader for a little patience. Eventually, a phrase, an idea, is bound to reach its end.

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2 "Testing the entry of a descriptive word into the field of research."

SO'PA

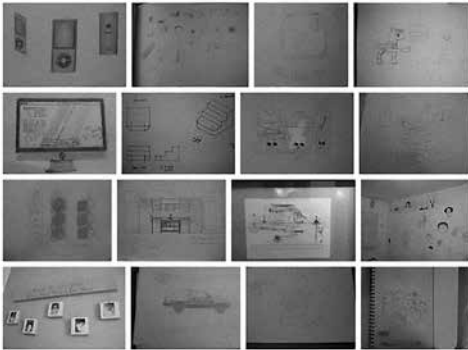*Enciclopédia 'obsoletista e tautológica*

Taille de l'image :
4320 × 3240

Aucune autre taille d'image trouvée.

Conseil : Essayez d'entrer un mot descriptif dans le champ de recherche.

Images similaires   Signaler des images inappropriées

$\bot_\infty$ $\forall$ $\exists$

M   *D*

000001
[ɐdminiʃtrɐˈsẽw̃]
$\Rightarrow\subset$ Nₒᵥₐ Tₕₑₒᵣᵢₐ Dₐ Eᵥₒₗᵤçãₒ Sₑgᵤₙdₒ C.Dᵣₐwᵢₙ   TRIPÉ ∞

Search engine

The first test of our method to decode *SO'UP* offers itself up as a clue to finding the source of where all the traces of this archive come from – the search engine.

Since 1990 and the invention of the first search engine – Archie Query Form – and emphatically since 1998 with the popularisation of Google Search, a war has been waged on language. If, on the one hand, any word or image gives rise to thousands of others, on the other hand no word or image can enjoy the benefits of programmed solitude. Words and images today are like the faces of criminals on posters in westerns: "Wanted..." But what we want is loss – a fundamental loss. This is what we are talking about. Let's see.

The search engine is an amazing placebo, a guaranteed means of cicatrising all stupid questions (and there you are: not knowing the word to describe a wound that heals by scarring, I immediately turn to Google, inadvertently forgetting my harsh criticisms). Even the ignorant can access Google, so we predict that in the next decade this precious human quality will be eradicated. For these and other reasons, the best and most sensible approach is to address all our doubts to the machine. When a child, of "inquisitive age", asks her first existential question, their parents are advised to sit her in front of a search engine.

But if we ask search engines everything, what will they ask us? Here's one theory: "Can I have a look around inside?" The question is purely rhetorical and shows encyclopaedia sellers' most sophisticated trick – asking to come in when they've already got a foot in the door. (Don't know what an encyclopaedia seller is? Or even an encyclopaedia? Ask your search engine). As faith ma-

chines, or oracles of the here and now, this new paradigm of the subconscious seems like a soundtrack on repeat: "I'll be your mirror!" (Velvet Underground & Nico, 1967).

It is useful here to recall Evgeny Morozov, the harsh Belarusian critic of digital corporate enterprises, who, setting out the grounds for solutionism, quotes the words of CEO-Miss-Google-Universe, Eric Schmidt: "The Web will be everything, and it will also be nothing. It will be like electricity... If we get this right, I believe we can fix all the world's problems." These sweet words gratefully reveal that the whole capitalist system is actually highly socialist and covers the entire pyramid from top to bottom. Words of hope are proffered and divulged both by CEOs and mere mortals. Millions of neo- or proto-Epicurean maxims are distilled by Google and shared on millions of screens worldwide on social and a-social media. What a wonderful world!

The search engine also achieves the feat of being humorous. In 2018, a Google search for the word "idiot" brought up an image of Donald Trump, removing all exceptions for the absurd once and for all. In 2020, we predict that the most searched word will be "spunk" (see document #000024).

As expected, the temptation with infallible machines is to find the flaw in the system. Tautologically, I typed "How do you mislead a search engine?" into a search engine and received about 2,390,000 results. The first, like an oracle predicting the start of a major war, said: "Don't Even Try to Mislead a Search Engine."

Without a hint of intimidation, Mattia Denisse has been trying to choke the search engine since 2010 by introducing banal images and awaiting revealing ones. If you enter banal images into Google, it usually gives you banal

images in return, but banal in a distinctive way. To some of MD's tests, the machine adds this warning: "No other image size was found" – proof of the search engine's despair. Motivated by the project, in 2022 MD will launch the "Irresolvable Doubt Engine" (IDE), better known as Tiamat, a localised engine with an algorithm based on *Le Da Costa Encyclopédique*. The global impact of this project has yet to be assessed.

S O ' P A

Enciclopédia 'obsoletista e tautológica

Taille de l'image :
1536 × 2048

Aucune autre taille d'image trouvée.

Conseil : Essayez d'entrer un mot descriptif dans le champ de recherche.

Images similaires

Signaler des images inappropriées

Il y a 3 jours

Before

^{TRIPÉ} ∞

$\forall$

$\exists$

M

000002

[ˈluʃ - (i)ʃˈtradɐ - (i)ʃkuriˈdɐw]

⇒⊂ E$_{stado}$ D$_a$ A$_{lma}$ D$_{epois}$ D$_a$ Q$_{ueda}$ TRIPÉ ∞

D

SO'UP

"There are days when Alfred is truly unbearable and others when he's unusually nice!" Thus begins the book *Mange ta Soupe, Alfred!*

Any soup is a mixture of elements. Making it is to obey instincts or to understand how to follow essential and precise rules. Although soup would seem to be nothing but soup, no mixture is ever like another, even if they are the same. Irrefutable proof of this is the joy we feel whenever we try our mother or grandmother's soup, even if we have made it ourselves countless times. The mixture is also shaped by the context: we might prefer one that provides a substrate of nutrients of use to its eater (according to age, gender, ideology, political awareness or eventual infirmities), one governed by the colour of the result, or another by the unexpected tactile pleasure a certain element has on the devourer's palate...

But *SO'UP* is not just any soup. *SO'UP* corresponds to the intrusion of a " ' " in the foundations of the primordial mixture.

To clarify this phenomenon, let's take a look at *sopa da pedra*, or stone soup, a typical Portuguese soup that promises, during the meal, the chance to try a hard, heavy, large and unchewable object that breaks teeth and occupies the space of other nutritional substances.

The story has it that a hungry friar collecting alms was turned away empty-handed by a farmer, to whom he said: "I'm going to make some stone broth." The farmer's family laughed at the friar as he picked a stone and assessed its quality. "So you've never tried *sopa de pedra*?" asked the friar, pricking the family's curiosity. "It's good!" he repeated. After choosing a stone, the friar began to wash it and asked for a pot. He filled the pot

with water and the stone and asked if he could put it on the fire. "It would be really good if I had a little fat!" he exclaimed as the water heated up. They fetched him a bit of fat which boiled and boiled. To everyone's amazement, the friar tasted it and said: "It's a little tasteless – have you got any salt?" And they gave him some. "The soup would be divine with a few cabbage leaves!" he said and the housewife brought a few fresh leaves from her garden that the friar washed, ripped up and added to the soup. Open-eyed, the friar said: "All that's missing is a little chorizo…" They brought the chorizo and he cut it up and put it in the broth. Then he took a piece of bread from his saddlebag and broke it into pieces to dip into the soup, which smelled delicious. He ate it and licked his lips. When the pot was empty except for the stone, the farmer asked: "And what about the stone, friar?" To which the friar replied: "I'll wash it and take it with me for the next soup!"

The " ' " placed in the middle of the SOUP follows this same order of ideas – it is the intruder that always accompanies us and stops us from achieving encyclopaedic enlightenment. In Document #00002, a veiled image of what seems like a power cable gives rise to a dark street, the clearest sign that we are on the wrong road.

S O ' P A

Enciclopédia 'obsoletista e tautológica

Taille de l'image :
2048 × 1536

Aucune autre taille d'image trouvée.

Conseil : Essayez d'entrer un mot descriptif dans le champ de recherche.

Images similaires   Signaler des images inappropriées

∀   ∃

M   000003   **D**
[ʒɐ'nɛlɐ - 'luʃ]
⇒⊂ Sans Portes Ni Fenêtres   TRIPÉ ∞

DREAM

The images the search engine returns allow us to offer an image any destination. But attention all megalomaniacs: beyond a world of infinite possibilities, we see the emergence of a basic and insoluble insensibility – an image is an image is an image.

In a passage from *Theodicy,* Leibniz refers to "Theodore's dream". This fable narrates the plight of Sextus, condemned by Jupiter to wickedness and unhappiness unless he renounces his destiny: to be the next king of Rome. Sextus refuses to abdicate and submits to his fate. Theodore, a priest in the temple where this episode takes place, recognises Jupiter as the greatest of the gods. However, Theodore hesitates. Couldn't Jupiter, in all his grandeur and kindness, allow Sextus a different fate? As a result of this existential doubt, Jupiter sends Theodore to consult Pallas, his daughter. Theodore leaves immediately for Athens and sleeps in Pallas' temple. He dreams. Surrounded by majestic rays, Pallas reveals that Jupiter has sent him to receive her precise instructions. She explains to him that there stands the Palace of the Fates, a magnificent pyramidal palace which houses the representations of everything that has happened and everything that is possible. Having researched all of these possibilities before creating the world, Jupiter chose the best world possible and, from time to time, returns to the palace for pure pleasure, recapping and rejoicing in his decision.

Following this, Pallas presents Theodore with every Sextus that exists, with the exception of the one that Sextus himself is living. In these worlds, Theodore finds a happy and noble Sextus, one content with his mediocre state, a Sextus of every kind and in a great variety

of forms. Pallas then accompanies Theodore to one of the palace's halls. On entering, Theodore finds the Book of Destiny, the history of each of these worlds, written on the walls of the world hall. By putting his finger on a fragment of these lines, like on a timeline of an audio-visual device, Theodore sees everything that the phrase describes in unimaginable definition. Every time they walk through a hall, new scenes play out before Theodore's eyes. At the top of the pyramid is the word chosen by Jupiter: the best world possible, the world of an unhappy Sextus. At this exact moment, Theodore wakes up.

Slyly stalking Theodore, we enter bedroom #00003. We look at one window and immediately look at every window.

S O ' P A
E n c i c l o p é d i a   ' o b s o l e t i s t a   e   t a u t o l ó g i c a

Taille de l'image :
4000 × 3000

Aucune autre taille d'image trouvée.

Conseil : Essayez d'entrer un mot descriptif dans le champ de recherche.

Images similaires   Signaler des images inappropriées

TRIPÉ ∞

⊥   ∀   ∃

000004

M   [sale - ˈpɔrtə - kuʀɔˈdor - ˈsõbrə]   **D**

⇒⊂ S\ans P\ortes N\i F\enêtres ⊂ H\istória U\niversal D\os C\orredores   TRIPÉ ∞

Head (on a plinth)

Louis Auguste Blanqui escaped the death penalty and the cold and damp stump of the guillotine, but he couldn't escape the endless corridors of the Château du Taureau. The prison was a fearful ellipse–shaped fortified island located somewhere on the rocky coast of Morlaix, where Adolphe Thiers' executive government – a transitional government between Napoleon's Second Empire and the Third Republic – sent all those whose ideas were more dangerous than their persons. A slow death in the cells of Taureau avoided the birth of a martyr, the most feared situation for any oppressor.

 Although surrounded by guards instructed to shoot as soon as he approached his cell windows, and thus deprived of the freedom granted by glimpsing the sea and the stars, it was in Château du Taureau that Blanqui wrote *L'éternité par les astres* [The Eternity According to the Stars] (1872). His theory goes like this. The universe consists of infinite star systems. But nature, like a video game programmer, has a finite number of bodies at its disposal but one that allows an incalculable number of combinations. Faced with the infinite expansion of uni–verses, nature is forced to repeat each of these combi–nations. Each star exists in infinite number in time and space. But its time is limited, which means that both it and all beings in it share the privilege of perpetuity. Each human is therefore eternal in every second of its exist–ence. On this, Blanqui says: "What I write now in a cell in the fort of Taureau I wrote and will write under the same circumstances for all of eternity, on a table, with a pen, wearing clothing. And so for all.... The number of our doubles is infinite in time and space. In all conscience, we can hardly ask for more. These doubles are of flesh and

blood, or in pants and coats, in crinoline and chignon."

L'éternité par les astres lets Blanqui, a man of action brutally deprived of it, to look through the window of his cell – after all, the possible can never be confined to re–ality. If the universe repeats itself infinitely, then Eternity duly acts infinitely and imperturbably in the same exact way. All events coexist in a reality that is cosmic and not just mundane.

Jupiter did not chose the best of the possible worlds between the corridors and halls of the palace of the fates (vs *Dream*) after all; all worlds are the same and there seems to be nothing more liberating for a man in jail.

S O ' P A

Enciclopédia 'obsoletista e tautológica

ε *TRIPÉ* ∞

⊥   ∀   ∃

M   000008   ***D***

[pɔˈgadɐ - ˈliɲɐ]

⇒⊂ L$_a$ F$_{emme}$ D$_e$ L$_{oth}$ ⊂ T$_{raversser}$ L$_e$ R$_{ubicon}$ ε TRIPÉ ∞

Foot

Ladies and gentlemen, it is the foot which allows humans to feel unique! It is not their cognitive skills or even their cultural diversity: it is moving on foot, and on just two, that sets them apart from other species. But allow us, for a few moments, to raise a doubt: is this anatomical particularity really as crucial as all that?

Which therefore brings us to its origins. Bipedalism is the mark of the hominins generation, and it is very hard to determine when the feat began. The mark of human-kind is sought in fossils. The older the fossil, the less intact it is. It is therefore difficult to determine whether the bone characteristics that allowed the footprint to be recorded were actually the same as those facilitating bipedal locomotion. The fossil that raises no doubt and shows us, finally and definitively, a bipedal man belongs to the Australopithecine and was found in Tanzania. At 3.7 million years old, it shows us a long trail of footprints without a single hand mark. But don't imagine bipedal-ism saw the immediate end of the path of barbarism. The Australopithecines essentially lived in trees and had the healthy habit of hunting the species that defines contem-porary man – the famous Homo sapiens. If that fact alone isn't enough to shake our belief in the foot, we'll leave the rest of the story to the academics who, better than anyone, know how fraught and dangerous it can be to live with just a big head.

S O ' P A

Enciclopédia 'obsoletista e tautológica

ε *TRIPÉ* ∞

∀

∃

M

000012

[tɛˈpet(ə)]

D
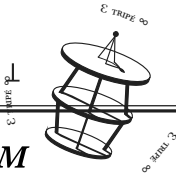
⇒⊂ A M$_{aldição}$ D$_o$ L ⊆ L'E$_{mpeureur}$ T$_{otomato}$ ε TRIPÉ ∞

Locus

From a pessimistic perspective, when a point cannot be determined due to its conditions, and when a considerable number of these points exist, they are what geometrists call a "locus". From an optimistic perspective, the locus is the place where all points satisfy a certain condition, i.e. a set of points doing exactly the same thing (see *Head*).

S O ' P A
Enciclopédia 'obsoletista e tautológica

$\forall$

$\exists$

TRIPÉ ∞

M   000013   *D*

[kɐˈfɛ]

⇒⊂ E$_{nsaio}$ S$_{obre}$ o E$_{strabismo}$ D$_e$ D$_{yeu}$ TRIPÉ ∞

Coffee

Simples, bica, expresso or *cimbalino, curto* or *à italiana, longo, duplo* or *abatanado, pingado* or *cortado,* with *cheiro* or *cheirinho* (the latter normally meaning with a drop of *aguardente), café turco, galão de máquina* or *de moagem, garoto, meia de leite, carioca de café*, cappucino or americano. This is the list of coffee variations available in Portugal, the basic lexicon any potential barista must master.

To this list can now be added café-emoticon.

Emoticons, pictures for long-distance digital communication, seek to add emotions to the text that are reserved for face-to-face communication and avoid misunderstandings when writing something that could hurt someone's feelings.

Following this line of thinking, the café-emoticon is the language preferred by all coffee-addicted loners. It can also be useful in messages between barista and customer, complementing the habitual witticisms of "Better latte than never," or "Take time to smell the coffee."

S O ' P A
Enciclopédia 'obsoletista e tautológica

TRIPÉ ∞

∀

∃

000016

M

[ʒjuməˈtriɐ - ˈoʎu - iduˈletu]

D

⇒⊂ E$_{nsaio}$ S$_{obre}$ O E$_{strabismo}$ D$_e$ D$_{yeu}$ ⊂ C$_{ompendio}$ D$_e$ G$_{eometria}$ C$_{litoridiana}$ TRIPÉ ∞

Poker

Inv. 45AD78937: game of poker, prize for the Eternal Player, and false eye for eye-bluffing techniques (desert of Oran, Homerian period, 1000 BC) – Museum of Archaeology, Istanbul.

S O ' P A
Enciclopédia 'obsoletista e tautológica

⊥   ∀   ∃

000018

M   [ˈlɐpɐdɐ - pɐˈpeɫ - ˈplĩtu - lɐˈmɛlɐ biʃˈkojtu tɐˈmɐɲu 20]   *D*

⇒⊂ Eₙₛₐᵢₒ Sₒᵦᵣₑ ₒ Eₛₜᵣₐᵦᵢₛₘₒ Dₑ Dᵧₑᵤ   TRIPÉ ∞

Aphorism

Of all the self-help books, I always, and ineradicably, suggest *The Wisdom of Insecurity* by Alan W. Watts. It is nothing more than a self-help book for intellectuals sceptical about self-help books. In addition to inducing us to accept insecurity, it also tells us that wisdom derives from it. *The Wisdom of Insecurity* takes its starting point as the Law of Reversed Effort, as described by Lao Tzu: "When trying to stay above water, you immerse yourself; instead, if you try to dive, you float. When holding your breath, you lose it – which immediately calls to mind an ancient and much neglected saying, 'Whosoever would save his soul shall lose it.'"

At a time when life seems governed by insecurity and uncertainty, the author advocates that sanity is to be found in the radical recognition that we have no possible salvation. By treating insecurity from completely different perspectives to those underlying our culture, Watts distances himself fundamentally from the principles of religion, philosophy and metaphysics – what the author calls "the need to put legs on a snake". After all, only dubious truths need defending: "Those who justify themselves do not convince, that to know truth one must get rid of knowledge and that nothing is more powerful and creative than emptiness – from which men shrink."

S O ' P A

E n c i c l o p é d i a   ' o b s o l e t i s t a   e   t a u t o l ó g i c a

∀

∃

⊥

TRIPÉ ∞

000019

M

[buˈraku kwɛˈdradu - buˈraku ʁəˈdõdu]

D
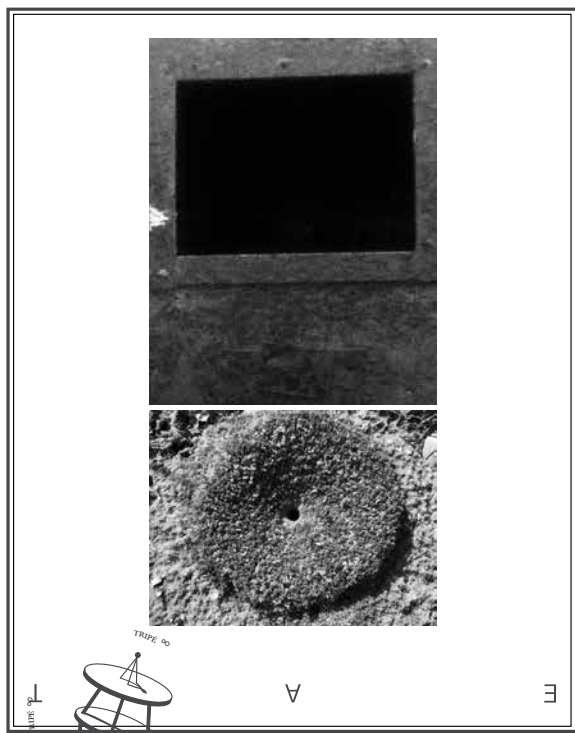
⇒⊂ Compendio De Geometria Clitoridiana   TRIPÉ ∞

Hole

Everything is a pattern; the same pattern, but with vari-able holes.

It is important, therefore, that we focus on the holes.

There are predictable and unpredictable holes. We'll focus on the unpredictable ones – speech marks, for ex-ample. What are speech marks if not gaps, cracks, holes in the language that underline the hiatus between what seems to be and what actually is? They are the marks that show, unashamedly, that language is primordial fallacy.

When the first human invented language, new words would appear between the non-words and the forest's trees out of pure necessity. It was a question of life or death. Afterwards, the words had to be written down, so that people and things could be remembered. To keep the idea alive that written words are things spoken by their reader, orthographic signs were invented.

Speech marks are the most powerful of these: they crave the divine and place whoever we want among us. They are always plural. They are *pluralia tantum*, as Latin linguists say, because they like company, just like "holi-days", "nuptials", "pants" and "glasses". There are three types, to wit:

1) single speech marks ('');
2) double speech marks or inverted commas ("");
3) guillemets, Latin or French quotation marks (« »);

There is no consensus on speech marks. There are those who call them a plague. They destroy the irony in irony, are the friends of hypocrites and ambiguity, and disguise what cannot be said to one's face. Which explains why, in more literate circles, there continues to be an irascible hatred for all those who, not meaning to say exactly what they have just said, insert levity with the typical mimicry of speech marks. The hole then becomes visible to everyone's eyes. **35**

S O ' P A

Enciclopédia 'obsoletista e tautológica

Métodos básicos de movimiento transversal del extremo del electrodo.. (RUSIA)

ε TRIPÉ ∞

∀

Ǝ

M   000022   **D**

[´signu - ´liɲɐ - ´letrɐ - ´kɔbrɐ]

⇒⊂ Aₗfabeto Eₓtraterrestre ⇒⊂ Nova Theoria Da Evolução Segundo C.Drawing ε TRIPÉ ∞

Observer Effect

To observe something is to change it irremediably. According to quantum superposition, a particle exists simultaneously in multiple physical states until it is observed and categorised as solid, liquid or gaseous. I'm not surprised, therefore, that so much ingenuity is dedicated to invisibility, the potential antedote to the observer effect.

The Invisible Man, a novel written by H. G. Wells in 1897 (adapted for the screen by James Whale in 1933), tells the story of Jack Griffin, a scientist dedicated to the study of optics who discovers how to control the human body's refractive index so that it doesn't reflect the light and becomes invisible. Excited by the discovery, Griffin decides to apply the formula to himself. Half way through the process, he discovers that he cannot reverse it and becomes the first invisible man. But Jack is not a victim and, in fact, prefers the other side of the barrier. Changed by the formula that allows him to remain invisible – a drug called monocaine – Griffin appears deranged, a megalomaniac who wants to prove his superiority over other people by causing as much damage as possible. After a reign of terror, and betrayed by his footprints in the snow while fleeing the police, Griffin is finally cornered in a barn. Shot and wounded by the police, he is taken to the hospital where he utters his final words: "I meddled in things that men must leave alone." His face then becomes slowly visible: first the skull, then the nerve endings, then layer upon layer of flesh, until finally his identity is revealed.

If it was today, the Invisible Man's megalomania would have made him hypervisible: he would have several accounts on social media with viral videos of his deeds and millions of follwers. When invisibility acquires language and a vehicle, the promise of invisibility also disappears for everything.

S O ' P A
Enciclopédia 'obsoletista e tautológica
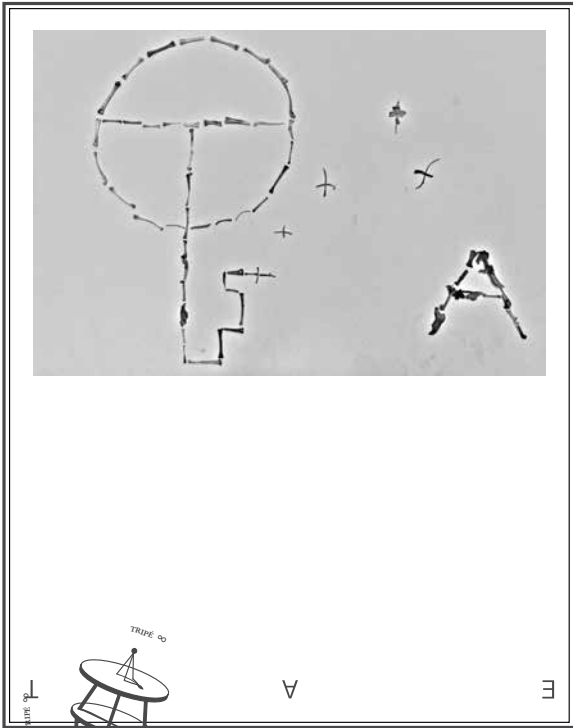
⊥ᵗ ∞ TRIPÉ   ∀   ∃

000023

[a - 'signu - 'osu]

⇒⊂ A_lfabeto E_xtraterrestre ⇒⊂ N_ova T_heoria D_a E_volução S_egundo C.D_rawing ⊂ S_em T_itulo   TRIPÉ ∞

A-of-Bones

At the beginning of time, before beings existed, there were only bones. Then, with the power that governs other forces and leads later to forms, bones formed the letter "A".

   The peace that governed the Earth disappeared forever. The first in everything, impertinent and comfortable with words, able to converse eloquently on any subject, the letter "A" was an affront to the "B" of bones, which quickly organised itself for the eminent battle that, by coincidence, began with the letter "B". Using the bones, it built a crossbow that began with the letter "C". We'll spare readers the rest of the drama, which begins with the letter "D", and pass directly to Filippo Tommaso Marinetti's poem *Zang Tumb Tumb*, which begins with the letter "Z".

S O ' P A

Enciclopédia 'obsoletista e tautológica
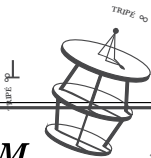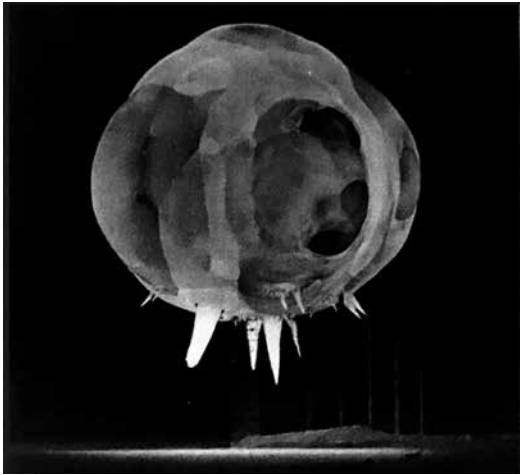
∀   ∃

000024

M D

[ˈsignu - *iˈmagu*]

⇒⊂ T~ratado~ D~o~ O~vo~ ⇒⊂ M~étodo~ P~ara~ M~atar~ B~orboletas~ ⊂ S~em~ T~itulo~   TRIPÉ ∞

Word – Thus does power work

On a beautiful spring morning, between her regular breakfast of a cream bun and the customary scams, Pipi invented the most important thing of all – a word. While knowing that only a professor emeritus, an indomitable politician or a leader of unquestionable authority could aspire to such a feat, Pipi didn't lose heart and assumed that the word was there – "spunk" – ready to be spread.

Next, Pipi travelled to the city to ask consenting adults if they had seen a spunk. She asked doctors, her arrogant aunt (and her arrogant friends), a drunk wandering the streets, the seller of her favourite cakes and a grocer. Nobody knew what a spunk was and this fact made everyone visibly uncomfortable. Proudly, Pipi returned home and decided that, of all the things that already had a name, a spunk would be a small beetle.

S O ' P A

Enciclopédia 'obsoletista e tautológica
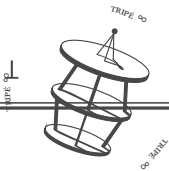
TRIPÉ ∞

∀   ∃

000032

[ˈaʀɑsɔʀ - kɐˈvalu]

⇒⊂ Compendio De Geometria Clitoridiana ⇒⊂ Ensaio Sobre O Estrabismo De Dyeu   TRIPÉ ∞

Hrönir

"Centuries and centuries of idealism have not failed to influence. In the most ancient regions of Tlön, the duplication of lost objects is not infrequent. Two persons look for a pencil; the first finds it and says nothing; the second finds a second pencil, no less real, but closer to his expectations. These secondary objects are called *hronir* and are, though awkward in form, somewhat longer. Until recently, the *hronir* were the accidental products of distraction and forgetfulness. It seems unbelievable that their methodical production dates back scarcely a hundred years, but that is what the Eleventh Volume tells us. ... The methodical fabrication of *hronir* (says the Eleventh Volume) has performed prodigious services for archaeologists. It has made possible the interrogation and even the modification of the past, which is now no less plastic and docile than the future. Curiously, the *hronir* of second and third degree – the *hronir* derived from another *hron,* those derived from the *hron* of a *hron* – exaggerate the aberrations of the initial one; those of fifth degree are almost uniform; those of ninth degree become confused with those of the second; in those of the eleventh there is a purity of line not found in the original. The process is cyclical: the *hron* of the twelfth degree begins to fall off in quality. Stranger and more pure than any *hron* is, at times, the *ur*: the object produced through suggestion, educed by hope."
Jorge Luís Borges (1940), "Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius"

   For more information, insert "*hronir*" into the search engine.

S O ' P A

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000034

M ['ser - ɪʁɛ'sẽw̃ 'eɾe'sẽw̃ - 'paseɾu - 'aɬmɐ - li'bɛluɬɐ - 'kɔɾdɐ] *D*
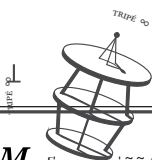
⇒⊂ A Qᵤₑda dos Fᵢlósofos ⇒⊂ Eₛₜₐdₒ Dₐ Aₗma Dₑₚₒᵢₛ Dₐ Qᵤₑda   TRIPÉ ∞

Paralellism

A mere erect line is enough to define the possibility of
a parallel. When faced with a bull, it remains erect, but
everything else takes fright. A bull's horns, two other
parallel lines, impose the possibility of death. Seeking
parallelisms in everything may well be the bull before us.
Try, at your own risk, looking at the image of the dragon-
fly, the second image in Document #00034.

S O ' P A
Enciclopédia 'obsoletista e tautológica

TRIPÉ ∞

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M

000036

[kɐ'lor - 'fogu]

D
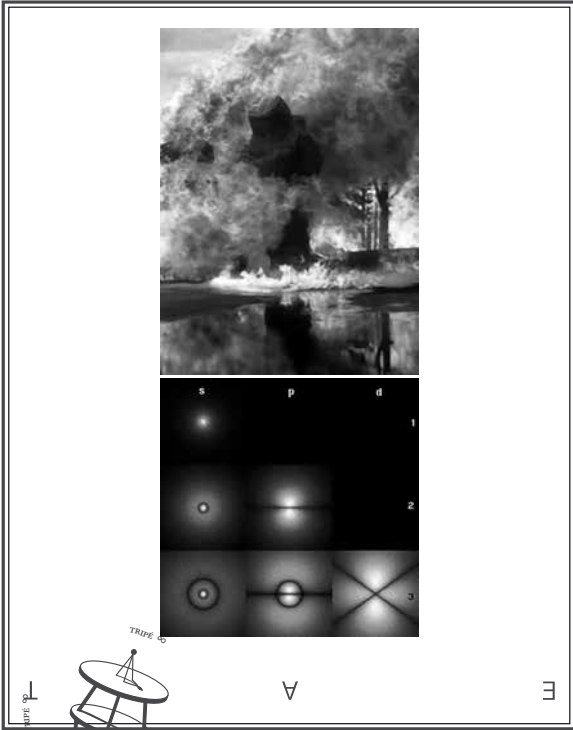
⇒⊂ A R_{oda} S_{urdo} ⊂ H_{istorória} D_{ivina} D_o F_{umo}   TRIPÉ ∞

Fire (pale/skittish/*mise en abyme*)

The title "Pale Fire" refers to a 999-line poem written by John Francis Shade at his home in New Wye, Appalachia, USA, in the last twenty days of his life. The immaculate manuscript consisted of eighty medium-sized sheets. On each one, Shade reserved the pink upper line for a number and a date. He used the light blue lines to write the text of the poem in perfect handwriting. A white line indicated a double space, and a new sheet would start a new verse. In the Portuguese edition, the poem covers 35 pages. The poem's notes, by Charles Kinbote, a writer who witnessed Shade's death, are entitled "*Aparato Crítico*" [Critical Apparatus] and cover 182 pages, to which are added another 10 with an index. It is a clear example of literary vampirism.

Kinbote's preface goes like this:

"Let me state that without my notes Shade's text simply has no human reality at all since the human reality of such a poem as his (being too skittish and reticent for an autobiographical work), with the omission of many pithy lines carefully rejected by him, has to depend entirely on the reality of its author and his surroundings, attachments and so forth, a reality that only my notes can provide. To this statement my dear poet would probably not have subscribed, but, for better or worse, it is the commentator who has the last word."

As if this awful statement were not enough, he adds a melodramatic tone at the end of the book, using the strategy of the victim – he who will always have our merciful attention:

"Yes, it is better to end. My notes and my self are becoming drained. Gentlemen, I have suffered very much, and more than any of you can imagine. I pray for the

Lord's benediction to rest on my wretched countrymen. My work is finished. My poet is dead.

"And you, what will *you* be doing with yourself, poor King, poor Kinbote?" a gentle young voice may inquire.

God will help me, I trust, to rid myself of any desire to follow the example of two other characters in this work. I shall continue to exist. I may assume other disguises, other forms, but I shall try to exist. I may turn up yet, on another campus, as an old, happy, healthy heterosexual Russian, a writer in exile, sans fame, sans future, sans audience, sans anything but his art. I may join forces with Odon in a new motion picture: *Escape from Zembla* (ball in the palace, bomb in the palace square). I may pander to the simple tastes of theatrical critics and cook up a stage play, an old-fashioned melodrama with three principals: a lunatic who intends to kill an imaginary king, another lunatic who imagines himself to be that king, and a distinguished old poet who stumbles by chance into the line of fire, and perishes in the clash between the two figments. Oh, I may do many things! History permitting, I may sail back to my recovered kingdom, and with a great sob greet the grey coastline and the gleam of a roof in the rain. I may huddle and groan in a madhouse. But whatever happens, wherever the scene is laid, somebody, somewhere, will quietly set out – somebody has already set out, somebody still rather far away is buying a ticket, is boarding a bus, a ship, a plane, has landed, is walking toward a million photographers, and presently he will ring at my door – a bigger, more respectable, more competent Gradus."
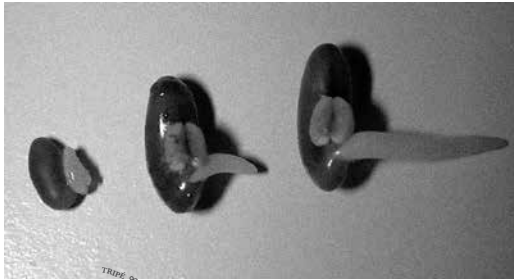
(Disclaimer: *Pale Fire* is a literary *Matryoshka*. The book was written by Vladimir Nabokov in 1962.)

S O ' P A
Enciclopédia 'obsoletista e tautológica

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M   000037   *D*

[ˌɾej'ʒɐ̃w - bru'tar - 'oʌu - beˈtatɐ]

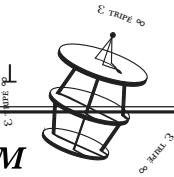⇒⊂ T~~ratado~~ D~~o~~ O~~vo~~ I~~nfinito~~   TRIPÉ ∞

Limits

If the first big question was always "What came first: the chicken or the egg?", the second big question has to be "When do things stop multiplying?"

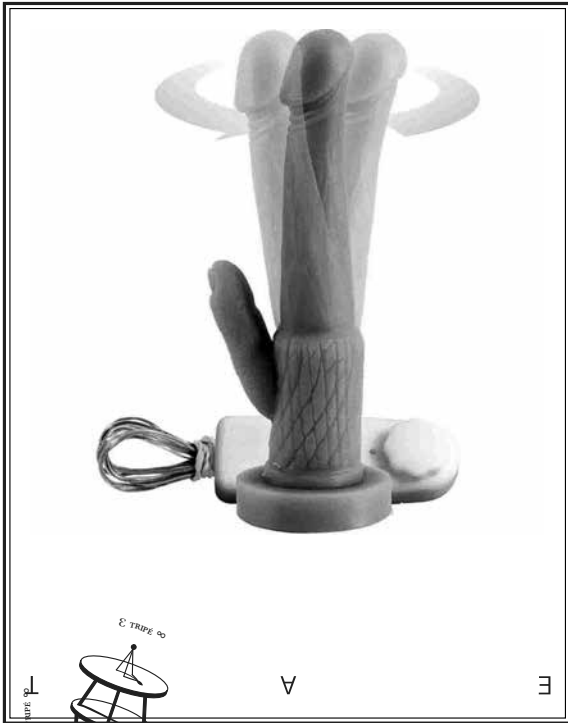# S O ' P A

Enciclopédia 'obsoletista e tautológica

ε *TRIPÉ* ∞

∀   ∃

000039

M   [ˈoʎu - ˈuniku]   *D*

⇒⊂ E~nsaio~ S~obre~ o E~strabismo~ D~e~ D~yeu~ ⊂ L~a~ Q~ueue~ D~u~ C~rocodile~ ε TRIPÉ ∞

Eye

"I write in order to erase my name," said Bataille, who then immediately contradicted his intention by writing another – Lord Auch, an aristocratic pseudonym that is also an onomatopoeia for pain. Auch's first book – *Story of the Eye* (1928) – was written in 1928 at the suggestion of his psychoanalyst. Bataille would never lay claim to its authorship. It was just an effective means of expiating his tormenting obsessions.

S O ' P A
Enciclopédia 'obsoletista e tautológica

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M

000045

[ˈpɛniʃ]

D

⇒⊂ A Guerra Das Formas ⊆ L'Empeureur Totomato ⊆ Le Rêve De Théodore ⊆ Maçadão Ɛ TRIPÉ ∞

Solipsism

I am here with my thoughts, something that happens
quite regularly.

S O ' P A

Enciclopédia 'obsoletista e tautológica

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000046

[baj ʃuʀə'levu]

M ⇒⊂ L'E~mpeureur~ T~otomato~ ⇒⊂ M~étodo~ P~ara~ M~atar~ B~orboletas~   TRIPÉ ∞ *D*

Method

According to George Lois, *The Book of Five Rings* by Miyamoto Musashi explains Japanese business acumen. In negotiating tactics, the Japanese have always disdained the experts at Harvard and preferred to listen to the wise words of Musashi, a 17th-century samurai warrior.

The Book of Five Rings describes the strategies for effectively cutting down any mortal. Musashi advocates the use of the short rather than long sword. On this he says: "From olden times it has been said: 'Great and small go together.'" While the author prefers small swords, he warns that we should avoid nurturing small or confined spirits. Conclusion: the soul is not a sword.

The book proffers words as wise as: "You must only worry about killing your enemy." It is frightening to think how many businessmen have read this book, using "death of the enemy" as a metaphor for justifying the success of their large and sprawling enterprise. Imagine their gleaming eyes, frothing mouths and panting breath as Musashi meticulously describes the best method to cut down the enemy. For example, he mentions that cutting successively is not a good strategy; repetition may inspire compassion or even a certain affection for the victim: "You must win by seizing upon the enemy's disorder and derangement, and not by according him a little hope of recovery." With each subtle and poetic revelation of a death tactic, the samurai-teacher always ends with a fraternal tip: "You must study this well".

After an irreproachable career, Musashi dedicated his final years to writing this treatise, for which he withdrew to the top of a mountain. Shortly afterwards, the invincible samurai was unable to resist writing the final word of his Treatise on How to Kill, which, after all, had no taught him how to die.

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TRIPÉ ∞

∀   ∃

000054

[ʒjuməˈtriɛ - ɛ̃trɔˈpɔjd(ə)]

⇒⊂ T~he~ A~nthropologist~ M~onkey~ ⊂ E~va~ N~a~ G~ruta~   TRIPÉ ∞

M   *D*

Selfie

Humans are at the centre of every image. Longer arms than expected, misshaped heads, always happy. Succulent dishes, desserts, paradisaical places, risky feasts. Eventually, artifical intelligence expels humans from the images. Machines also tire of egomaniacs. Now, only animals appear, displaying actions that reveal their extreme sense of intelligence.

S O ' P A

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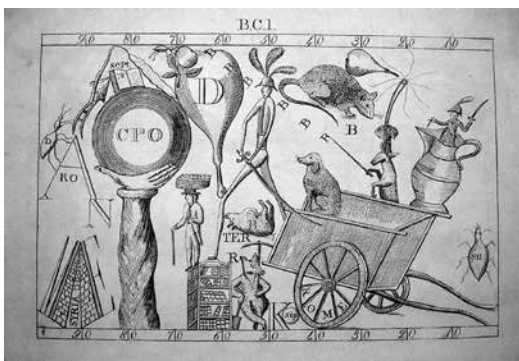
000057

[dɔˈzɐ(j)ɲu - siʃˈtemɐ]

⇒⊂ A~bsurdo~ ⇒⊂ 'O~bsoletismo~ ⊂ A~lfabeto~ E~xtraterrestre~   TRIPÉ ∞

Categories

"Noah complex" is the name given to the psychological state that impels us to put everything there is in a single ark. Given the heroic nature of Noah, anyone or anything that exhibits this complex does not appear to have anything to worry about. But while the Biblical story of Noah's Ark has a happy ending, observant readers will be surprised at the lack of any narrative on events relating to the animals and family for the whole year they were in the ark. Everything leads us to believe that this massive omission is due to the narrator's difficulty in reconciling the complex and profound traumas that took place with the basic ark narrative from which the moral of the fable stems.

In the "Preliminary Discourse" of the Encyclopaedia organised by Diderot and d'Alembert (1751), the "Noah complex" is clearly explained: "To set forth the order and connection of the parts of human knowledge," and "To contain the general principles that form the basis of each science and art." In this and other undertakings to organise the world, we put things into categories, we give them a name and we risk, consequently, that things will start to go wrong. So in *SO'UP*, we prefer to scrutinise all of the warnings contained in the following dialogue:

"Mere Ubu: What! Nothing to say, Pere Ubu? Have you forgotten the word?

Pere Ubu: Ssshhhi... can't say it, Mere Ubu! It got me into too much trouble before." (Alfred Jarry, in *Ouevres Complètes vol. 1*)

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⊥   ∀   Ǝ

M   000058   **D**

[kæniˈbał - gʊʃˈtrɔnumu]

⇒⊂ Método Para Matar Borboletas ⊂ Eva Na Gruta ⊠ TRIPÉ ∞

Editing

"It is utterly impossible to persuade an editor that he is nobody."
William Hazlitt (1830), "A Chapter on Editors"

Point 1) The notion of publishing is shrouded by a number of misunderstandings:[RC]

   The editor reads. *Here is a feasible sentence.*[GMT] And decides. *Yes, I understand – he said … but … the academic reader must be told what happens. I had not the slightest idea what it was all about although I had studied your manuscript.*[VN]

   As a result, *This paragraph you are now reading will not be the paragraph I originally wrote, since it will have to undergo the inquisition of an editor.*[AM]

   In my opinion, the essential question that must be asked by any history of the book, of publishing and of reading is the process by which the different actors involved in the publication give sense to the texts they transmit, print and read.[RCh]

Point 2) The notion of editing is wrapped up in a considerable number of stigmas:
If the editor, on the one hand, is *regarded as an extreme "transformer",*[RB] on the other hand he is accused of *neutralising the vanguard, the new, the unique, the as yet unborn.*[AM]

   It is no surprise that these are the words of an author who, outraged by the editor, writes: *Editors are … difficult to deal with, dangerous to discuss. They cannot write a whole work themselves, but they take care that the whole is such as they might have written.*[WH] *Surreptitiously, the content of the fiction became the responsibility of*

the editor.[AM] *What might electrify the reader, startles the Editor. An Editor abhors an ellipsis. Anything to preserve the form and appearance of power. An Editor, then, should be an abstraction – a being in the clouds – a mind without a body – reason without passion. But where find such a one?*[WH]

Point 3) The notion of editing is wrapped up in a considerable number of crises:
We give insertion to this article, one of the posthumous papers of Mr. [X]*, to show that we do not consider ourselves implicated in the abuses complained of; and that we have no right to any share of indignation so whimsically lavished upon our fraternity. Ed.*[WH (ed)]

Point 4) The notion of editing is wrapped up in a considerable number of notions: …

RC = Roberto Calasso (2013), "Publishing as a Literary Genre"
AM = Alberto Manguel (1998), "The Secret Sharer", in *Into the Looking Glass Wood*
RCh = Roger Chartier, "Publishing Mediation"
GMT = Gonçalo M. Tavares (2004), *Roland Barthes e Robert Musil*
VN = Vladimir Nabokov (1971), "Commentaries", in *Nikolai Gogol*
RB = Roland Barthes (1970), *S/Z*
WH = William Hazlitt (1830), "A Chapter on Editors"

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Enciclopédia 'obsoletista e tautológica

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M   000059   **D**

[fo]

⇒⊂ S_em T_itulo ε TRIPÉ ∞

Death

"Deserts themselves have taken on a meaning; poetry has handicapped them. They have become the sacred places for all the world's suffering. What the heart requires at certain moments is just the opposite, a place without poetry."
Albert Camus (1956), "The Desert".

But what is death doing fighting a man in the desert? It is not hard to discern an answer. In the future, only deserts will exist. So it is only natural that all deaths will occur in the desert. This is an oracular image.

   (Ethical disclaimer: a viral image on social media shows us the cover of a book with the title "How to succeed in business and then die anyway". The desert changes, but death remains the same.)

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Enciclopédia 'obsoletista e tautológica

MONSIEUR
C. G. LLOYD
and TWO OF
HIS SAMOAN
FRIENDS send
you Christmas
Greetings from
the South
Pacific.

*Apia, Samoa,
December 25,
1904.*

∀   ∃

000065

[ʃɐ'pɛw - 'iʎɐ - 'sɐju]

⇒⊂ The Anthropologist Monkey   TRIPÉ ∞

M   *D*

Love

"[The drunk engineer – sometimes metaphorically]

Oh, Margarida,
If I gave you my life,
What would you do with it?
 – I would get my earrings back from the pawnshop,
I would marry a blind man
And I would go and live in Estrela.

But Margarida,
If I gave you my life,
What would your mother say?
– (She knows me well.)
That there are lots of fools in the world,
And that you too were a fool.

And, Margarida,
If I gave you my life
In the sense of dying?
– I would go to your funeral,
But I would think it a mistake
To want to love without being alive.

But, Margarida,
If this giving me your life
Would merely be poetry?
– Then, son, forget it.
The deal is off.
In this house you cannot trust.

(Communicated by the naval engineer Mr. Álvaro de
Campos while in a state of alcoholic stupor.)"

Fernando Pessoa

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⊠ TRIPÉ ∞

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M

000068

['krɐnju]

⇒⊂ The Alcoholic Lizard ⊠ TRIPÉ ∞

D

Philosopher's skull

The image represents not the skull of one philosopher in particular but of all philosophers. Bertrand Russell infers this in his book *A History of Western Philosophy* but, due to modesty or to prevent disclosure of a simple cause behind his complex thesis, he did not include this image on its pages.

However, there is no better book to reveal this uncomfortable truth. Rather than presenting a linear history of philosophy, in which each historical era corresponds to a set of philosophers, A History of Western Philosophy seeks to understand how knowledge is a collective body with no chronological or territorial boundaries. But before revealing the relational philosopher's stone, the book instils our appreciation of a demonstration of the well-known PARADOX OF THE PREFACE. When an author writes, he always has strong reasons to believe that all of his arguments are justified. We can assume that he revised each of his claims and also submitted the final draft for critical appraisal to his friends. Nonetheless, on reasonable grounds of caution, in the preface the author notes that an error may have escaped him for which he is entirely responsible. The author holds inconsistent beliefs if we assume that the inferential mechanism underlying his reasoning is deductive. Let us look, then, at what Bertrand Russell actually writes in his preface:

"A few words of apology and explanation are called for if this book is to escape even more severe censure than it doubtless deserves.

Apology is due to the specialists on various schools and individual philosophers. With the possible exception of Leibniz, every philosopher of whom I treat is better

known to some others than to me. If, however, books covering a wide field are to be written at all, it is inevitable, since we are not immortal, that those who write such books should spend less time on any one part than can be spent by a man who concentrates on a single author or a brief period. Some, whose scholarly austerity is unbending, will conclude that books covering a wide field should not be written at all, or, if written, should consist of monographs by a multitude of authors. There is, however, something lost when many authors cooperate. If there is any unity in the movement of history, if there is any intimate relations between what goes before and what comes later, it is necessary, for setting this forth, that earlier and later periods should be synthesised in a single mind. The student of Rousseau may have difficulty in doing justice to his connection with the Sparta of Plato and Plutarch; the historian of Sparta may not be prophetically conscious of Hobbes, Fichte and Lenin. To bring out such relations is one of the purposes of this book, and it is a purpose which only a wide survey can fulfil.

There are many histories of philosophy, but none of them, so far as I know, has quite the purpose that I have set myself. Philosophers are both effects and causes: effects of their social circumstances and of the politics and institutions of their time; causes (if they are fortunate) of beliefs which mould the politics and institutions of later ages. In most histories of philosophy, each philosopher appears as if in a vacuum; his opinions are set forth unrelated except, at most, to those of earlier philosophers. I have tried, on the contrary, to exhibit each philosopher, as far as truth admits, as an outcome of his milieu, a man in whom were crystallised and concentrated thoughts and feelings which, in a vague and
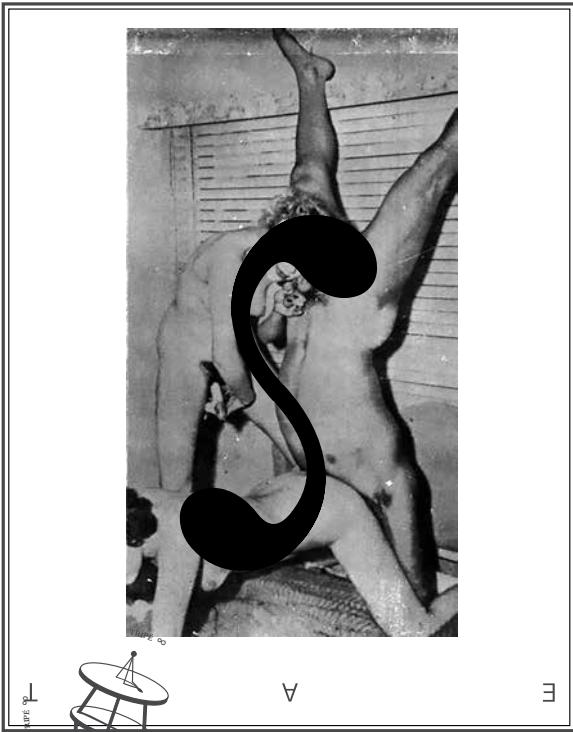
diffused form, were common to the community of which he was a part."

The revelation of the single skull of all philosophers now awaits its due rebuttal by the multiple mind of all the scientists.

S O ' P A

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M   000070   **D**

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⇒⊂ A~bsurdo~ ⇒⊂ 'O~bsoletismo~ ⊂ P~atayoga~   TRIPÉ ∞

S from Encyclopaedia (or Orgy)

There is an excessive human fascination with lexicographies – catalogues, encyclopaedias, dictionaries – everything which aspires to cover the territory, with not the least chance of finding territory to cover. As with the Guinness competitions, and in some specimens of the male sex, in each new encyclopaedia we find the propensity to be greater.

Le Da Costa Encyclopédique (1947), an anonymous 31-page pamphlet, followed by 2 instalments – *Mémento universel Da Costa I* and *II* (1948 and 1949, respectively) – is a communal document that brought together Georges Bataille, André Breton and Marcel Duchamp, among others. This encyclopaedia copied the spirit and many of the themes of the earlier publication – *Acéphale* – which, like many of *SO'UP's* entries that I omit on the grounds of modesty, shows a beheaded man (a drawing by André Masson). But unlike this publication, *Le Da Costa Encyclopédique* only used banal images from the industrial clichés of the Deberny foundry. The sarcastic tone ranged from false erudition to stupidity. The encyclopaedia, in which the first volume was already the second, and the first instalment already the seventh, began precisely with the letter "E", the same word that Pérec would make disappear in his novel *La Disparition*.

In its *non-alphabetic* disorder, *SO'UP* ends with the letter "S". In our view as humble commentators of MD's work, this Sensible choice Stresses how urgent it is to return to a physical Sensibility, to an essential regime of exercises that combine the Sweat that comes from the Secular traditions of Yoga and Pataphysics – which MD wisely calls Patayoga.

Final note:

In the seminal text "As we may think" (1945), Vannevar Bush presents a machine – MEMEX – that works, like a person, more by association of ideas than by indexation. Since MEMEX, and like us, machines have learnt, evolved and improved so that nothing, nothing at all, could fail in this chimaera of seeing everything in everything. Vehemently rebutting this sense, *SO'UP* leads us to the conclusion that the dangerous and sinuous path of association of machine and human thinking – the orgy of thought between synapses and algorithms – does not lead to the expected result. It is perhaps useful to return to perceiving the human brain as an "ostrich's stomach", as Alfred Jarry proposes – "everything suits it, it pulverises pebbles and mangles pieces of iron."

According to this premise, *SO'UP: Encyclopaedia of incoincidences, farces, tricks and mystifications* presented a selection of the first entries of Mattia Denisse's 'obsoletist and tautological Encyclopaedia. It will now be up to other commentators to undertake the difficult task of listening to all of the 99,999 entries that comprise the work.

This author would like to thank the kind invitation and possibility to be the first guinea pig to voluntarily expose herself to the artist's Machiavellian game. With nothing further to add, she will place the mysterious bone responsible for the association of ideas under clinical observation to assess the damage.

West

WEST DEN HAAG
2020