

The work

# NESTA

## Flick-Box

**Light is a kiddish invite.**

emptiness is a substitute monument of the entangled inner perception.

### Chapter 1

#### emersion of the void

Stamford 1979.

“Stamford im Jahr 1979 war eine typische amerikanische Kleinstadt. Es hatte eine Bevölkerung von etwa 100.000 Menschen und war bekannt für seine malerische Innenstadt, die von historischen Gebäuden und Geschäften geprägt war.

Die Wirtschaft von Stamford florierte zu dieser Zeit, da es viele Unternehmen gab, die Arbeitsplätze in der Region schafften. Insbesondere die Finanz- und Versicherungsbranche war stark vertreten.

Die Stadt bot auch eine Vielzahl von Freizeitmöglichkeiten an. Es gab Parks, Sportplätze und Golfplätze, die von den Bewohnern genutzt wurden. Darüber hinaus gab es kulturelle Veranstaltungen wie Konzerte und Theateraufführungen.

Insgesamt war Stamford im Jahr 1979 eine lebendige und prosperierende Gemeinschaft mit einer starken Wirtschaft und einer reichen kulturellen Szene.” (Chat gpt3)

A office.

Prince Perry: “Prosecute the events of hard normal horizon”

””

To celebrate and to neglect the many different personas that rise within while we conversate.

we went to chord,

wish is word in a world, to transcend we level and reevaluate,

The Vivian-, the Vivian she took the papers, the documents.

(Great confusions arises within the conference)

Nothing was written.  
Blinding myself.  
Empty pieces!  
Nothing not a single dot!  
Suddenly I can see the future.

A speaker:

It will be all *blanc* as the French say. There will be just nothing!

-i Wonder why! This definitely develops into a disaster! It Adverts normality!

-Yess i guess it will be what is called normally normality. We consider and we leave, we constitute, this somehow is our job speaking from a past?

-you got any idea how we feel?

(\*we and the sea)

-maybe like a trap, like a financial institution, we care what we don't reserve, we call it open.

-but what is now?

-i broke a wall, and I want back, we had struggles within catching our history.

-history of what?

-a history of language.

-how will humanity deal with our future?

-horrible! Scrumpled packages, repetitions.

-but we do miss something (...) it's like a drawing, a sketch to know better the characters. I ain't even know how I look, and what I do. It's directly metaphored, in a holistic mirror i would not even see a character,

-nevertheless, it was about time

-immortal time.

-it happens alone, i usually don't but ....

-but what? But what impartiality? Driving on the scales of a book?

-i fugend out something.

-Yess,

-what it was?

-something boring

-a tout a plus Niveau?

-Yess, i couldn't wish to turn back to!

-how you found me?

-while reading

-I'm a letter, till now, but. I also could be a faery, or a space or what ever.

-she'll say it's about becoming.

### Britannica obviously meant future.

-could you underline the statement? I saw what happened to is!

-about the joke? It's easy, i just can't forgive anymore.

-maybe we leave the place?

*Vivienne enters the office; in her hands she has a pack of papers and two folders. She walks in puts it on the central table and walks out.*

-a place that had have happened.

-no dialectic

-no space

- no time I'd say but. Yess we became one.

- there'll be Guy Debord promoting the story of all loneliness.

-there will be a mistake of that loneliness.

-no I'll become a teacher. Somehow. Some kind of teacher.

-study!

-Stanley! It's not about that. It's about time to notice it, the clearest message is to consolidate the use of this Immaterial good is by declaring it.

-but Vivian only brought empty pages, first she takes them and then she brought nothing but this white (...)

-you consolidate the teacher!

*A femme, presses a bottom and speaks:*

"Bring the teacher."

### Dichotomy of the science

Not me but a friend did long research about the dichotomy of the science, he made it so that he starts with mathematical numbers and follows them in a pattern to find their abstract representation, in a platonic estate. Then and this is crucial he looks for things that represent them by itself like one planet and so on. I'm the end he creates a somehow dirty network of definitive disillusion ousting announcements. Like a true philosopher he emits the message of the medium, by its definite representation and shows the abstract diffusion within mathematical noise.

*Fizzling pneuma*

-nothing left?

-no nothing just us.

*A small Fly.*

*3 Versions of the depiction of the Fly.*

*Small Fly 24h on camera.*

1. Played with 100%
2. Played with 200%
3. Played with 5000% of the original speed.

Wouldn't we like to get rid of the glass?

Glass, is a visible Network, a Medium, a metaphor of the... In the corner is a TV two members of the conference pick it up and remove the glass by first removing the Frame, everybody looks at it while they work on it.

-there had been an explosion outside!

*Emely and Watts run to the window to check the situation; the rest is stunned.*

Emely: "It was nothing! Just a Joke, we had it earlier, nothing like this had happened."

Watts: „The only thing to see is that there is nothing to see,

*A silent street with a few cars parking along one or two pedestrians.*

*In the room in one of the corners it starts "raining" a pipe must have broken, softly the water drops from the ceiling. Nobody mentions it somehow one must think that it is a releasing event. Drops and drops become a gentle rain, in the end of the day somebody will repair it. Henry and Jake stopped working on the Television and look at the situation.*

Henry: "I'll bring a bucket"

*But before he said it Jake already left to room probably to get one. Henry goes back and removes the glass of the TV and turns it on.*

### Representational elevation

**This is the ending.  
"Shite"**

There was no event, no clause that would have told me to academy to university.  
the claustrophobia, the events.

In this wormy ship.

People sit and stand, they mind what they are.

But more the sphere the atmosphere bundles them for the time being.

If you want to act in the public space, you are not so free to work.

But if you think about the space also with the topic "abolition of war" (2012), he gives an example inviting artist, he gives an example, how could world be without out a war? Christo exemplified by covering the "Arc de triumph". (x1)

So many things come together within that, plenty of philosophers so called modern philosophers, where hiking at these grounds and got interpreted and interpreted in order to prevail the world from their original meaning, the facticity, these "timelessly" emitted, can be seen as some kind of Joke,

Ratio will be fixed by fiction.

And vice versa.

### The poesy

On one end, the poets will have been claimed by the ideologists, others call them the losers, the last persons that will be invited to the white house, others interpret them as war bringers, in a try to transcend the sentenced, but tell me what Rumi did wrong? When he builds bridges, invented ways of contemplation?

Whoever crushed in the fine Waal Goethe builds by letting himself step into the middle?

"What steering wheel there is?" is the question that sounds through time, only to neglect and to lame it, yes to lame something the futuristic Professor would have said within this Development, George Bataille descends into a saint, there where ratio really falls within all that it brought, into the depths of emotion and a truly misunderstood philosopher!

Frank opens: "Tell me what did I really do when I crawl in granite, what do I do to dive in the sun? tell me what do I really do but to prevent you to come close to my egonistic self?, that maybe or maybe not we declared a deepening we do not like to cross?"

What Freud taught us but to neglect the animal within? But gaining personal riches on the way?

What is it to think?"

"

## The politics of the submission

L: "And the Poet bows again? Nobody stopped him?"

There was no reason but the reason we'd like to underline in the statues, a reasoning slowly we neglect while holding on to it? You see the grave of the ratio Adorno digged for us? No Movement! No Claim! No Proposition! Just a poet!

Meri: "But we just handled with that, we know by now what a poet is and what he's not! Barthes declares very precisely how the world of society is upside down!"

Ly: "Maybe he will it's not time yet! We lost the time! Why don't you understand?"

*4<sup>th</sup> Wall, yes sim aware. Resistance against Art is found in the Opera this is the place where time is declared. The personal still talks about the musicians. The hard shell of a unicorn is a similar thing, guess how we did it! And then guess what! Thought nothingness a document was handed over to the conference, it is titled `daily Noailles crew`.*

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# Noailles Daily crew

The yellow birds tweet.  
And zaturas enters the Scene.

Be your nature. You can do nought but that was meant of you. (x1)

X1 Andrew Simon Wilson, inspired by Marcus Aurelius'

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Mark: "It's a future?"

Lydi: "Yes actually it is"

Mark: "So there is a big black swan (x2) marked on this very book called `Postmodern identity`? No more `Liquid identity that shapes most of our visual understanding?"

Lydia: "It's almost a trap, when you scribe into written history, the morphing parts will always get clean with it, yes in a psychological sense will get clean with it"

*Henry returns and puts a bucket where it started to drop and rain. The hard clustering on the textile is replaced by an even harder metallic sound, everybody is annoyed, but all of them must wait till this is replaced again by the soft morphology of the water. It's a horrific memory, but it crosses out because it ended in the event of fire.*

Tristan: "Indeed the fire had been some kind of problem"

Franz: "till the fire extinguisher was invented I guess?"

Floris: "Please handle it as a tender joke"

*The Poet enters nobody asked (As always)*

Poet: "tinder freeway! Is there a way beyond the shallow?"

Tristan: "Da fragt sich niemand, warum NENE heute niemanden mehr die Verstandes Schlümpfe aus den Augen quellen, lässt"

Aus einem alten Grab beginnt jemand plötzlich zu lachen!

*And everybody suddenly knows... There had been a Virtueil Sonata...*

Lydia: "But what happens when we think of Joyce creating new world while we think about Roland Barthes? And then all the classical music that went through? Is it a coincidence that Proust loved the sadistic and maniac Wagner? Is it a track maybe?"

Gynther: "I can reject of being in a text?"

Tristan: "Obviously this is an option!"

Lydia: "Yess would be an option!"

KANT STARTS TO SCREAMI "WE RESOLVED EVERY NAME ISSUE YOU UNDERSTAND?"  
BUT ANY: "YESS IT'S A NAME!"

*Gynther and Tristan would have liked to walk a line after they finally understood what Joyce and Proust, maybe not have been. The French professors intervenes:*

You'll just do what art said: "Draw a straight line and follow it!"

May: "A little comment about Kant's intervention, He was just lazy? Maybe? Who'd say its ok to hit somebody just to prove that thinking is not doing? Excuse me the entanglement, and here is the comment on the so called aestaeticist! Who did stop? Abnd stopped what? Sure I could say but id like step a little further,

Poet: "in this state of manner I'd rise a feather

*Boring as hell the politics fraction notes*

He'll O.

It was the British way before it (got crushed, Misieu Cizek could you please leave (...) there is a long story to tell, and while I do I appreciate some of it, You didn't did. not mind Stuart Hall in the funny class wars that you did in this funny Hegel estate? For sure humorous I can say while I dig into this past, still, have you ever tried "the mistake" a nonconformist approach? I'll be open if you do not mind(...) I hope you read and get it, Proff Zizeck. But more than that I'm Tryna entertain"

### **A philosopher thought.**

"This is entertainment" ow.

Is it more than the premise of comprehension?

"I'll."

(The machine intervened)

Sturd: "Yess but what?"

The Ecco of the OFF in it's usual manner, the somehow human one!? In the same sentence you could mean to hang one?

"The secret is the human profanity."  
(The machine)

Yess I got it but still, while I walk n that ice, tell me bout espimentology

It's the same  
(The machine)

Vivian: "so only you is, so only you is obsolete?"

"I'm afraid I choose borrowing."  
(The machine)

You know a big stepsister of human violations had been sudden?

Prinz Perry:

You did it! You covered hard normal horizon

It's so easy, isn't it?

To be reserves a plan within. So where to go from here? Something is settled something, arranged in a fundamental hardness of statues of some kind of constitution. Strategically I'd try to step on to another event, in layers. To establish something that has not been constituted yet, some problems and some blocks of this outline are quite fundamental and repelling the consequences do somehow change its Modus and form.

A philosopher holds up her hands to show there is something slightly above her head: "it's somewhere there!"

C: "I can only see some feet from here."

Philosophy: "It's part of the parallax, we invested great effort to make it look like that"

C: "i can't say that I like it, I'll write the museum"

Speaker: "A writer please!"

A woman presses a red dot and says: "bring the writer!"

### Possessive understanding

*The writer sets up a letter.*

To be, means to have a plan.

Every day I spend thinking about 'I' and 'U's. It's a hard task. I can't just invent, I could but I'd miss contact. Something is to happen, perhaps something we do not even think about anymore. I'm thinking about adding a chapter that not really is part of this but makes me think about something, another approach. It's called **the animals**. And it's the somehow long road to go, sadly it starts with stress-models a very uncanny topic for a writer. A very unpleasant experience to face. I could go the way of the symbolist, thinking the sphinx for example or I'll just keep it with the signs (...) for a much quicker conduction from nature to culture, a very basic thing, in common. Taste would tell me to take some time. Also, before the structural crux is being faced. The one with simple vectors, and easy solutions. Three days eternal, when the memory lies, nothing can change, nothing can change now. Only lips in ethereal existentialism. So, I come to close a window."

*The writer got up to close the window, but it had already been shut.*

He continues: "but the established front that had been worked out in the last chapter does not really seem to be resolvable, it's believed in its wrong means in its wrong time, but it keeps one could say "manic balance". The sensory of that belief is a concept of the steep end front, the front of a face the front of an act. With some time, it should be possible to create a circumspection.

### Playing faint

The white space:  
Putting pressure:  
Exclude human:  
Redirect documents:  
Elevate:  
Rock button:

*The councilor starts to speak to the random fortunate displacement he found himself in. Very empathic he was speaking; He spoke so it was obvious what kind of problem it is to be set faint. He wants to find out how it is to not play the faint, he in his position can just not.*

In einer rein mathematischen Darstellung könnte der Text so aussehen:

Lassen Sie uns einige mathematische Symbole verwenden, um den Text darzustellen:

- R für den Ratgeber
- G für die zufällige und glückliche Versetzung
- E für Empathie
- P für das Problem der Ohnmacht
- W für den Wunsch, nicht ohnmächtig zu werden
- A für die Fähigkeit, Ohnmacht zu verhindern

Die mathematische Übersetzung könnte wie folgt aussehen:

R spricht unter der Bedingung von G und E. Dies führt zu einer klaren Kommunikation über P, wobei P die Prädisposition zur Ohnmacht darstellt. R hat das Ziel,  $\neg W$  (nicht ohnmächtig zu spielen), aber aufgrund seiner Position kann er  $\neg A$  (die Ohnmacht nicht verhindern).

(ChatGPT translation into a mathematical language after Pearson)

*A Gasp comes to the councilor's mind is it may be possible that, and he puts his hand to his heart, that I was not believable? And again, he tries to really speak, to speak that it is so clear and so understandable what he tries to do, to not playing faint, it's dangerous very dangerous for a councilor to be the character playing faint. It's about the entrage and simulation. One by one he goes through the chronicle, to find out what happened, what could have happened to make him play faint?*

*The other members of the conference do ask him gently to Leave, but another chronicle wakes up and smiles:*

You noticed the white room? There are one or two elements in this white room that we should notice, first of all reflect about the change of vocabulary: a white space became a white room.

*The councilor exploits: "The main part is to gain space. And how we do it, how we get accession to time maybe, and the method could be to make a semiotic deferrization a small mistake instead of space we talk about the room, is it the same you ask?"*

*There is a way to correct so another storry line:*

*I'll remember*

*The room: Still there is nothing we can do, the space became a room, we got voltage somehow, like waves of textile we gain material maybe it just had been exhausted,*

*The councilor wanted to say something, but Henry stops him which led to a fight between the two with plenty of gestures...*

*WE JUST STOP NOW! WE DO JUST STOP NOW!*

*Ok we leave the space. Ok we accept the pressure and make a small excuse, because we are somehow confident to lose the simulacra of playing faint. You know how many people it takes to build a dam power station and keep it running?*

## White Room

## Dam Power Station

*Amanda: "Ok let's leave! It sounds for now! Should we really go through and disable not only the councilor but all of us? All of us playing faint!?"*





It's disembodiment what reason we would need?

### Space time

You see if we go on leaving this haste of inflammation within its 100 years of destruction, where we just came out... you know within very cheap reasoning; we'll never reach visionary contexts. We'd need some dialectic not of transformation, but of *(she forgot the word)*

bring the practitioner:

bring

There are two main ways to explain dialectical movements:

One is historical the other one analytical,

One is plane the other one happens one after the other, **above** is the main word of the historical dialectic **next to** and **not anymore** the analytical one, both describe movement the main difference is within the direction of this movement, while the historical one neglects itself in the most radical ways exterminating in an negativistic interpretation of evolution theory it's own steps to end up as Geist and time the analytical one is much much more steady and builds on, which is the irony, historical fundamentals, it spreads into a very wide field and builds confirmations. Both is not what we seek! Neither total nor existential must a movement be to elevate into a goal that can be subordinated in political oeconomics! Somehow what I do now is to rebuild, but in a reflective manner what was happening to you dear councillor. a ratio is required to indicate the much more complex Idea of morbid negotiations. But-

Pardon? Morbid negotiation?

I appreciate you stopping me, it's just a feeling that can relieve one from the hardcoverd brainintence, no that is the wrong word. Inhumanitarian tendencies such abstract world covering ideas can bring. Also if we go to an more abstract but at the same time more realistic approach, putting those tendencies into an "scientific field" they just flow in in the wind, just to be forgotten, we pick up on the "mathematical dust" our teacher put forward and openly ask in the words if: "Morals are always breaks" (x3) what kind of movement we tried to put through? What have we been trying to move?

Ok

*the speaker starts.*

it's possible we also covered **rock button** at this point.

A advice would be to cover the movement we did right now and make it a poem, to conserve the content at the same time add theory!

*The Vivienne starts to laugh; "You noticed how the topics complexed over us? This was the dialectic we where looking for a flume of disportion! It's the word that what missing! The word Madame Artha forgot! a dialectic of dipropriation!"*

### Administration, con-legislation, organisation

Forget-full grounds, still looms the power of the undisputed

Thank you Poet.

*Before anything else happened there was a shampoo Advertisement .*

*performers: Charles Eck and Marco Morris.*

*Marco took a bite of a flower and Charles started to hit him with the remaining part. As a response Marko spit the the rose on Charles.*

*It was a nice and warm welcome for the economist in his green suit.*

*He starts: "We do not not elevate!"*

A small form:

$I = x + 0,9$  whereas  $x$  is greater than 2

*He follows it up*

Within our business it is very important to be precise! If there is a wrong line on the plan for constructing a factory it's millions of loss! Loss of efficiency, loss of time loss of money!

Yess!

$F(x) = (x^4)$

Internalisierung

### Clumming fancy

A green leaf fluttering through the window this (...) had just been opened.

The poet cries out loud, this was the goal! Yes and most indefinite it was the goal! To start! What have you been talking? War Ringer? he *starts to cry* You You! he shows his hands.

*Ambivalence occurs.*

He did it!

*The noble man rights up his selves*

"Alma the city is burning the red eye shines that bright"

### When time hotted the past

"Maybe". :

*Everybody:* This would Pearce

Anything

But hard internal struggles have a little more than emptiness. Even if the flow "the beginning" is not set a past, I just have to say, like one part of a **sphere I walked over, (...)**. A defining present is just not there. It's a small click that makes this defilement, nausea it's consequence.

It's just insecure.

What about incubation?

Maybe

Let's see (...)

### A Ballet of ballads

*Outside the window a rope made of curtains that were knotted to once another had been dropped from an upper floor.*

Marvelous the extender says, almost impossible...

I've got lost in a dirty seat (x5)

X5 the striggels

I'd like to have a penny for the Pen.

## Subversion Art

Incomprehensible: "the source of every magic is a poem"

About the untinkable. And beyond.

(x1 Ada Kobusiewicz free speech)

(x2 Nassim Taleb)

(X3 Kikegaard)

(X4 pigou-Steuer)