

JOHANNES VOGT

I HAVE WAITED FOR YOU JOHNNY WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?

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“[Michel Foucault] was very intelligent, he had a very high IQ.” -Camille Paglia, 1993

“Mom ate all of my birthday cake.”-Deanna Havas, 2015

“...Lie, still... Lie still.”-Douglas Sirk, 1954

JOHANNES VOGT

1.

A major deviation between paranoid and oniric trauma derives strictly from an unsubsequent oniric noes. As a virtuality, noes is in itself traumatic (virtually noetic trauma); it is a concatenation of traumatogenic perceptions chained, knotted, transposed to relentlessly disintegrating psychosexual phenomena. The supposed organism encounters within itself retinal simulacra and auditory decoherent feedback provided as the histrionics of nothing other than the otherness of a hallucinated accumulation; it remains too true a visual simulacrum and too loud an amplified auditory decoherence, both capable of reaching other individuals, whereas the paranoid delusional flux can also reach the consciousness of no one but (an)Other. The cannibalistic introjection of the traumatogenic trace could as well end after narcissist supplementation actualises on a somatic level in terms of a phenomenology of orgonic becoming: every organic molecular knot within this particular emergence of orgonic Transness becomes imperative for the wheel of biotrauma to be set in motion. Paranoid delusional trauma and repetitive narcissistic injuries belong to that class of 'real images' (mostly illustrations of social media calvinism) which orthodox Western psychiatry opposes to actual psychic representations of the skin-ego. The difference between the two is what separates traumatogenic aesthetic inscription from hallucinated ego annihilation in the terms of a metaphysical representation of the problematics pertaining the central nervous system's cartographic symptomatology. The production of trauma, that is, inscription, consists of knotted linguistic operations remaining from start to finish within the structural destabilisations in the architecture of the unconscious apparatus. In a classical psychoanalytic system one would say that what characterises traumatogenic aesthetic inscription is that it involves sensation, whereas paranoid delusional trauma does not.

1.1.

This paranoid delusion coefficient appears very much higher in traumatogenic aesthetic inscription: doubly so, because the organism 'breathes' quite distressingly, and for what it breathes in is less insubstantial yet uncanny. But from another point of view, the paranoid delusional trauma, less effectual in its libidinal discharge is, when enmeshed to its milieu, more unimaginable, perchance less impenetrable, for it is the delusional discourse of a comatose trans-girl. The traumatogenic aesthetic experience, the memory, has been somewhat obliterated, ever

JOHANNES VOGT

since girls wept, by the codeine and chloral hydrate syrup consisting in 'it's just a headache'.

This perverted mechanism of machinic platitudinous psycho-verbal projective hallucinations, in contempt of such analogous as 'it was only a headache' is exhausting to draw upon virtually all noetic trauma, forasmuch as we are not asleep at brunch, and we know it.

1.2.

Parted from its implausible internal traumatogenic hallucinations and auditory decoherence, the nihilistic speech act aids starving the organism's narcissistic supplement flux with complementary mental representations acquired from without, and floods the unconscious current stemming from the organism's share of jouissance: it is not to be feared that the classical psychoanalytic system is amidst other troubles a practice of aesthetic consummation. (Nonetheless, we

ought not draw a blank and remain oblivious to the fact that is is not disassociated in deploying this much outmoded and far from ignominious engagement: all truth-telling - what Foucault calls 'Parrhesia' - even organic semiosis frequently seen as obsessively magnificent, seemingly appeases, which an uninhabited and depleted reprimand, engrossed with correctitude would like to characterise from orgonic Transness.) Insofar as it doesn't suggest detectable machinic assemblages and stereotypical symptomatic topographies, phenomenal dispositions, modes of countenance or of stimulus and inducement, and is the instating mental automatism for recurring conceptual shortfalls, the classical psychoanalytic alignment has taken, transmission of repetitive noetic feedback, the archival posture of the

grand mal epileptic seizure (itself collapsing from atypical hysteria): it inflates a similar psychomotor dispositif, a dispositif which the twentieth-century classical psychoanalytic arrangement, more and more mimetic and delusional, aims partially to abnegate.

2.

From the orgono-subatomic point of view, the topographies of desire resulting from repetitive traumatogenic aesthetic noesis (noetic traumatogenesis) shall emerge, building upon on all too

JOHANNES VOGT

common effectuations, without conspicuous derivations and intermittently, without their concurrent agency. It couldn't emerge on the part of the architecture of the unconscious while the delusion is perfunctorily depleted by the mimesis of schizoid introjection, machinic instant exhilaration is parsimoniously allocated, and we have thus the structure of annoyance proper (perpetual embarrassment, in Warholian terms): thus aesthetic inscriptions that appear to us stupid, white or fucking gay, etc. But oppressively in contrast to traumatogenic aesthetic experience - whose unconscious structure in both cases subsists in disclosing that one has never been raped and thus not 'liked it', ergo, that it virtually isn't an innocuous object - could not come to pass symmetrically without an intercession of (an)Other and the built-in deterrences of the skin-ego, which are terrorised and atoned to the indemnification of Mom has, inversely, been far too decoherent, at sometimes disintegrating with speech inscriptions in somatogenic melancholia (filth then is a perfect excuse), or trauma that hurts too good, or are immature or saccharine, or sado-pornographic delusions, etc., in short, delusions opposed to which we contend the Other (so far as possible when we have been 'involuntarily touched') by smirking or frowning, by an profession of stupidity, ugliness, or 'loss of sensibility'.