1.

"we have to testify to a certain idea of happiness, even if we have known it to fail, the idea to which all revolutionary programmes must at first align themselves."

& what possibly cd you mean by this idea

"living persons and the moment that gives them light & direction" /

"happiness lies outside your self, is achieved thru interacting with others" /

but now at others' expense always is it to be, gone that immediacy of reciprocal or morethan-reciprocal exchange i never but in dreams have anyway had, or have now that wish, in my life cd strive for it //

Again: the object that contains or is the cause of my happiness *is* the cause of my happiness, but its production is factored out of that occasion, & that production is or may very well be the occasion or result of another, of *many* others' systematized unhappiness. Because happiness *does* or *should* in that sense lie outside your self, yet in those networks what really can what you mean by happiness mean, but sheer gratification moment: i.e. substitute 'happiness' for 'pleasure', whatever that itself means – fulfilm'ent of desire - but desire, in order to be socialized & inter-personal not-harm, must be subject to limit / so how cd endless fulfilment in that case be more than deregulated delight, marketed free, for 'competitive necessity'/ and what wd sustained happiness – some 'deeper', more lasting sense than fulfilment thru the life or shelf-life, or briefest fulfilled moment of and with the object or commodity provoking said happiness – what wd this happiness *mean* / and how wd you *know* it?

What we or I mean is that we or I *do* want to measure our happiness – beyond survey, beyond product accumulation as the absurd parody of such a measure – by means of equal provision & justice for all, but within that we know that as humans *never* cd we be

entirely & eternally fulfilled as we might so desire to be, within *whatever* system – so how does that make you feel right now? Say, happiness as non-identity even, & then in what ways cd we *possibly* get to that Otherness?

And yet the *incessant & necessary* urge to try. //

2. (Heaven)

"happiness for him being impossible on this earth he invented heaven" / as deferral or longing for that supposed lost, pushed forwards or backwards in time or in space: in this instance: the soft nostalgic glow of the green green grass so gently mown by the servant class who loved to serve the close-knit nub of the village pub, the manor, the rub of the green or the future expectation of further pay - i will work till after i've died rising as high to the sky as our precious Shard of City of London glass;

and the gentle or wilfully but socially-unradically offensive comedy that in provoking laughter is my happiness; or the facebook of my heart, a beautiful photograph of all the beautiful wonders that nature has to offer & i cd be a tourist of, even that which i cd never now hope to visit yet endlessly do dream on, that NASA snap i love to think of my smallness in because it makes my inability to affect, or refusal to participate in any action that would even *gesture* so to affect, change, not matter. as if in that moment i *am* the ethereal nonbeing that heaven or the earthly projected image thereof promises, in the guise of a 'heavenly body' in which clothed i will endlessly praise god and mammon forever, out of this earth & the economic loop.

an asteroid packed w/ diamonds we cd sell, the riches in space that wd solve our life forever. the scarcity of material resources, or willingness to share. get me the biggest slice of yr power point pie chart, virtually or literally *perfect*.

tonight what it is that i want cd be
"the lyrical idea of

restored immediacy, where heaven & earth are one" /

"Un missionarie du moyen âge raconte qu'il avait trouvé le point où le Ciel et la Terre se touchent"

Which as now i take or use it truly is a *critique of separation*, a yearning for that more fundamental & essentially anti-mystical unity, that 'restored immediacy', as life, as song, of that sphere denied or displaced thru myth to sky realm / not that *ever* we did once have that realm but that to desire it here is our one demand.

3.

Poetry makes us Happy, or Unhappy. As so much discourse today surrounding the work of the feted great artists of our time wd proclaim, the job of art & of culture, in all official and unofficial institutions, of art & of culture, is to represent & to be the search for meaning in life, ultimately perhaps *providing* that meaning, to give yr life some measure of fulfilment & feeling of happiness otherwise absent – as in the displacement of energies of unhappiness into dissipation thru temporary assuagement. But if I grant you this, and do I, I ask you also: what can be the measure of art but *un*-happiness & dissatisfaction too provoked -- "you are the joke of the whole society" – "you are an object for the market" –

This art object, then, this thing that will make me happy, or unhappy, is poetry // & off the shelf it howls nice now nice dog aside paper cuts highly unlikely any harm any risk potentiality so: nice poem nice decorative on cake, wipe yr face yr nose stinking perfumier, sweetness & lights put or not put out of joint as in, another life worth losing because not even knowing

it was lost, that loss found no corresponding loss in the happy balance of yr emotional make up kit, which right now swings to 'just about content' w/ all that's happening in yr life, which is fine, because otherwise you'd just *die* of sorrow, but to be radically

unhappy *is* in some sense political, because if you truly *were* happy within what you, or others around you, have now, you'd be as fucked as you look.

And if i slap happy on the counter w/money for food & the love the glowing burger glow gives me in the pit of my hungry but satiable stomach, because monied, because deliciously splurging, what kind of monster munching am i. inside, the food turns to shit & you let it out onto the other one's head, as speech platitude or inaction or actual act of contempt, and you film it, and you put it on youtube. the world can see it all but just laughs at it as the joke it does not even disguise itself as being, and you also know it not to be, but your whole optical field is a spam filter so that's just fine, we couldn't let any nasty thing infect past that screen, you have to be at your best for your life. If thought is the utopian glimpse of potential happiness thru momentary spatio-temporal transfiguration, and at the same time the radical revealing of fundamental and total unhappiness within current systems and modes of philosophical-, which is to say total-life-foundation, this revealing itself, as happiness, then did yr thinking cap come off w/ the top of yr head last week when we were lost and you

chickened out the fullest life whose expectations u cd not live up to. Becoz yr happiness

sucks.

dress up and bang your hand against a wall or another human face, or in this case you softly mould the loving lump of animal who you love, and sing along as if

right now frankly

yr voice along to processed voice or food was a reinjection of authentic personal experience into that mediated by sales and profit, the coke on the record exec's oak panelled desk. & yet there is hope, and happiness, within these songs, these lives, and the moment when ignorance casts off its dumb shell for the bottom of yr stomach dropping like a screaming shell on cities & citizens below. foreign bodies. and that as simile is so crude but true, because in this context such inanity is bathetic truth to power, absolute bullshit.

4.

my feet are happy my legs are happy my arms are happy my arse is happy my chest is happy my hair is happy my face is happy my neck is happy every tingling single molecule of my being is happy right now is happy. happiness is a mental or emotional state of well-being characterized by positive or pleasant emotions ranging from contentment to intense joy. No. It is unthinkable & thus indescribable right now & the promise of that thought /

it is what i cannot be sold. what i could not ever possess, but wd only ever be within; its fulfilment unthinkable yet to have the *thought* of happiness as the measure of current *un*happiness, *that* star for

which this yearning proves the search. "happiness is a new idea in europe." & only now are we beginning to see its real and shining promise / as material possibility – tho' diverted to every gleaming product in every gleaming window / to every 'interactive' substitution for real exchange / to every thing i put on, inside, around myself in what i own yet that promise as the promise we must keep or strive to meet without which for what cd we go on.

yet "he who says he is happy lies, and in invoking happiness, sins against it."

 $quotations\ from\ guy\ debord,\ internationale\ situationist\ \#\ 5,\ valerie\ solanas,\ theodor\ adorno,\ the\ flammarion\ engraving,\ mattin,\ saint-just$