



The Power of Three

The Ethical Entanglement of Force, Form, and Futurity

By Isaac VanCuren

Using language will automatically miscommunicate my goals, but I hope this writing is able to strike a cord that will send off an orchestra inside you.

There is a continual displacement in a disillusioned society that has been captured by constant action. So we will want to slow it down a bit in our connection to the familiar.

My attempt in trying to mix the job of the philosopher, trying to recognize what feeling, what lack, and/or what suffering of pain causes universal need, with the detached feeling that being an artist has when trying to create this feeling to give it form.

My task is found in the mesh, the gray area. Presenting my truth in order to show some sort of human relation when trying to bring a fusion between myself, my activity, and my past, present, & future tied as a continuous sequence.

Inhabiting the various degrees of consciousness that I find myself within, I attempt to familiarize and un-familiarize the production of the public, private, and social realm.

We will always be asking to fill the disillusioned void that detachment brings. Humanism is constantly being screwed onto a continuous sky-scraping pedestal.

I am here to state: All's not Well within the Tower.

I am here to ask: Has it ever been well?

Mixed with the expectation of extraordinariness within the hyper-individualization that capitalism thrives on takes me back to an emphasis on the patriarchy... an already working gear within the revenue machine to reinforce competition over community.

The mediated consumer lifestyle shows the triumph of neoliberalism, which is just another phase of capitalism. Consumerism requires constant blind labor into maintaining the systems that I hope that I am attempting to break free from. Capitalism as a form of power helps continue a narrative that constitutes an exclusion from 'reality'.

The entanglement of assorted orientations gather various lines of flight in a vortex of consciousness and unconsciousness. The call is to move onto a step where these devices are not just veils of neoliberalism that will never address a sense of community.

First to deny our own implication within the existing structure is a form of violence. Addressing our implications within the structure seems like a good place to start.

If Ignorance is bliss, are people just trying to return to paradise? The regime of truth turns particular uses of knowledge and forces of individual identity within the false illusion of individualization within the detachment to redouble the victimization of differentiation within the constructed community. I am trying to heal the wounds that comes with detachment. Simplified when popularized, the concept of the object becomes an overlooked labor that takes part in the theft of the means of memory.

Do we ever create something new or just with slight changes in perspective do we observe something differently? Currently right now there are, in the field of knowledge, too many events are governed by the impersonal displacement of the individual from their attempted lines of flight. The tension between globalizing and localizing calls out for a need for such reconceptualization.

So I am trying to frame the question in the right way. Trying to fluctuate my perception in order to find something familiar to make unfamiliar in order to form some other function for theory that will work it's way to perhaps a brighter future.

Stuck in the digital age
Stuck in this rage
Against the system

Stuck on the digital page
Stuck in my age
Against the operation

Lying on the internet
Dying on the internet
Ghost Facebook Profiles
Still up
Working for the capital gears
I want to give up

Lying to the system
Dying in the system
My Identity already captured
Look me up
Working within the machinery
I want to give up

But it's just another day
So what does it matter what I say
My unsteady new equilibrium shows
The social terror visible on our bodies
So how am I supposed to find life

But it's just another day
So what does it matter what I say
I can't get my thoughts together
The hidden terrors of my mind
So how do survive with the strive

The commonality of unification
Histories of relations
in which I was thrown
What I'm asking is
to get off your thrown

The commonality of difference
Different histories of living
In which I will never experience
What I'm asking is
To hear your story

Midst of an endless witch hunt
Of on going investigations
Wrapped in contagion
The new new media

Always on the prowl or on the hunt
Of on going contemplation
Wrapped in isolation
The new new solitary confinement

Speed and Scale
Stalk my Life
Pausing in the Paradox
Paranoia in relation to Preparation
The Social Stimulation
cutting a division
A fine line of operation
Balancing the acknowledgment
Within our existence
Existing with our bodies

Need and want
Haunt my Life
Flying Forward in the Paradox
Pressure in relation to Expectation
The Thought Experiment
Drives me crazy
A fine line of operation
That's always accelerating
Within our existence
A small moment captured in time

Uses of Anger
Public Anger
Public Danger
Honest Anger
Cause We're in Danger
Can't even get our community together

Uses of Capture
Explore the Rapture
Public Manufacture
Social Capture
Cause we're the thrasher
Can't even be light as a feather

Bare Anger
Just holding back from destruction
Holding back
To jump over the line

Bare Capture
Just holding back the production
Holding back
To get through the time

Coming up in time
Boil down the rhyme

Coming up over the line
Boil down to hope to find

Why rest tonight?
If things aren't alright

Some rest
or hope that things are alright

Spend a lot of mental energy attributing consciousness to other things.
Be willing to do the labor.

I aim to break out of the competition in dualism and hope to spark a dynamically wrenching re-contextualisation of society. Mixing in inventiveness, artistic expression, and the re-working of the inside to affect the outside as the greatest form of resistance, I ask to get below the surface to first face the profound brutalization of humanization and then transition to the cruel effort needed to share consciousness. A battle of force and form.

We are making time, where past and future are co-present. 'We' breaking down to endless forms, but in a simple relaxing way, with limited danger, to you reading this in the present, me writing this in my present which is now the past, and back to your future continuation of this reading paper if you so choose. The micro and macro building of the space

.
. .
we share.

Barely touched the surface.

Hoping for the recognition and awareness of the social mesh and social mess, which becomes an irregularity. Right and Wrong? What else exist when the truth, power, and ethics Can be blurred and where does the care of self Fit in with big business and ethical disruption? Caring for those you don't and/or never know?

Break away from the binary, the set path from life to death, touching on the Power of Three as a way to escape the consequences of the paradoxes that put us in an illusory sense of security.

To escape the entanglement and the limitations found in culture, repetition, and western thought hoping to establish a new possibility of humanism. A mood of human sociality that constitutes information, preparation, and a constant reparation of group work, or social consciousness.

Trying to keep steady on what is already fixed, focusing on popularism which is a narrow path the subject is destined to eventually fall off of. The repetitious and indefinite cycle that seems both blessed and cursed by its final, yet impossible, goal of stability upon the queer horizon.

Working from a desire for an interior metamorphosis that culminates in an outward effect by generating a third point or establishing the present into the infinity, let's break out of this flattening through the triangle, The Power of Three.

To get rid of the competition between the two, ultimately changing cultural production, releasing the limitations placed by the separation and limitation of knowledge as a whole.

The subject walks the tightrope, an impasse of the present, a deadlock in which one must survive by creative activities while juggling the task of force and form as an overload between past, present, and future Δ a continuous sequence enfolding.

The perpetual tension of three, if they stop Pushing then they collapse back into the binary Time's not so flat after all in our linear process.

The present is a prison since not planning for a hopeful future in which we are liberated from the pains and pleasures of change and growth demolishes hope's temporal projection, the long revolution, or the third step we hope to climb.



To swim or to drown?

Hop on the journey to escape

More than the spaces between divide us

A piece of my experience may or may not help another

The cut that hurts or heals

A little doubt of action in the formation and creation of ideas in the time of correction

I am just one person. Hoping the change the world: A disillusioned dream

Here I am

Putting some pieces together

Filling the gaps, filling the wounds, filling myself up to the brim

From one to three, I head off to sea, float along

Hope to be free

To smile or to frown?

All to choose path and to enact upon

What does it mean to think upside down?

Subvert me, feel the opposite of my vibrations on your skin

Hurt me, Dig in

Answers leading to more questions. Questions leading to more confusion

Interior and exterior, surface and the space in-between divide me

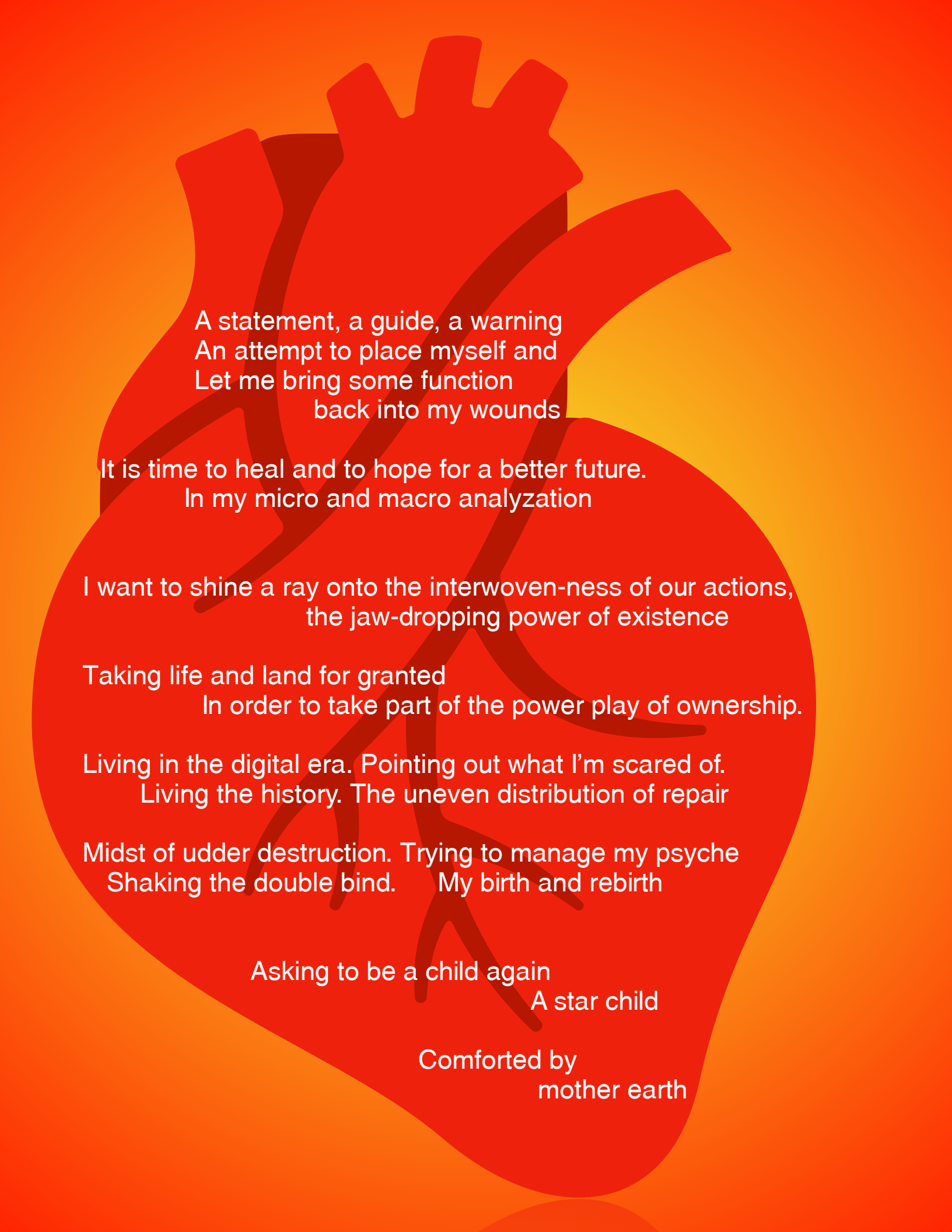
Drop me in a pond

Send my ripples along

The production of small but consequential differences crank me out

Get into my nanometers and the fractions of my being

All under destruction



A statement, a guide, a warning
An attempt to place myself and
Let me bring some function
back into my wounds

It is time to heal and to hope for a better future.
In my micro and macro analyzation

I want to shine a ray onto the interwoven-ness of our actions,
the jaw-dropping power of existence

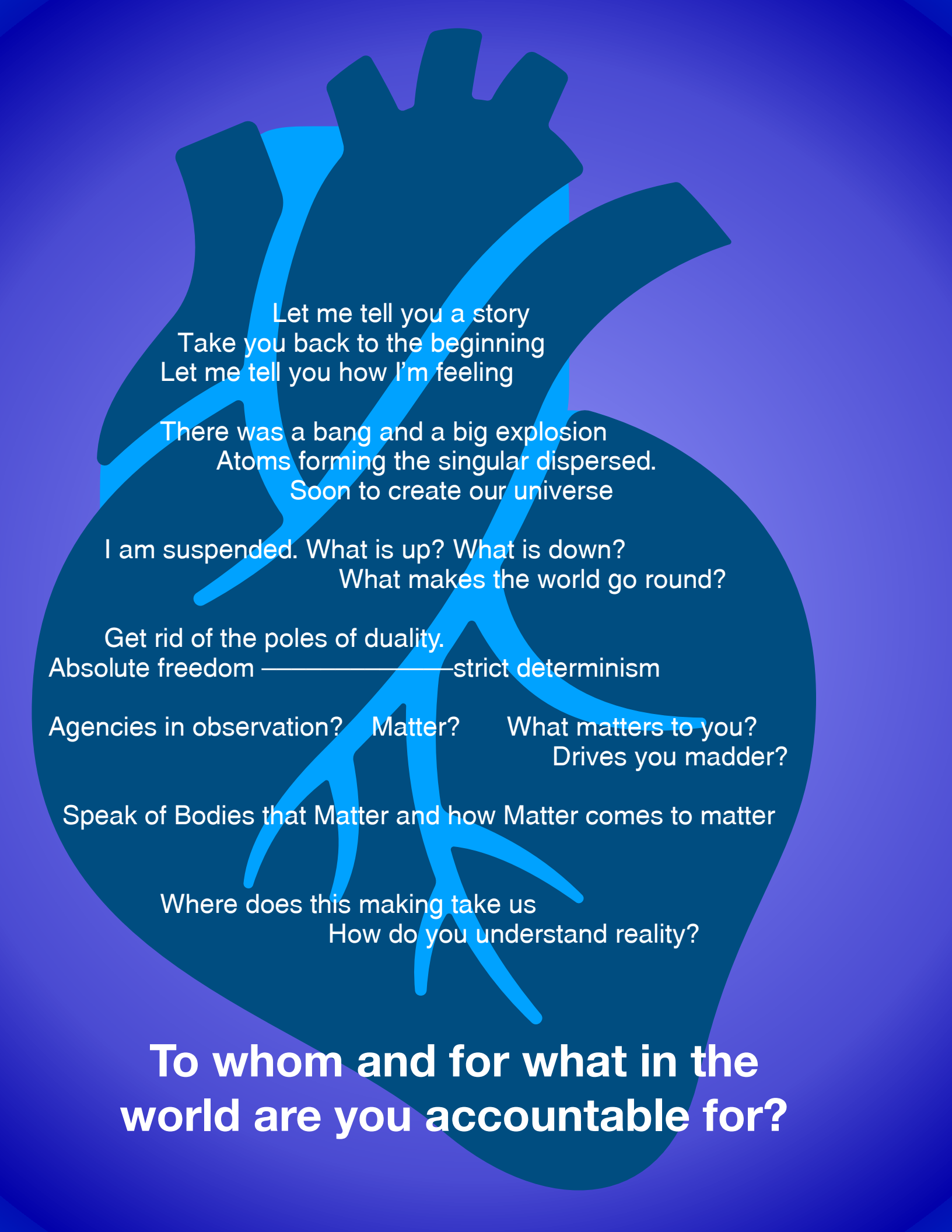
Taking life and land for granted
In order to take part of the power play of ownership.

Living in the digital era. Pointing out what I'm scared of.
Living the history. The uneven distribution of repair

Midst of udder destruction. Trying to manage my psyche
Shaking the double bind. My birth and rebirth

Asking to be a child again
A star child

Comforted by
mother earth



Let me tell you a story
Take you back to the beginning
Let me tell you how I'm feeling

There was a bang and a big explosion
Atoms forming the singular dispersed.
Soon to create our universe

I am suspended. What is up? What is down?
What makes the world go round?

Get rid of the poles of duality.
Absolute freedom ————— strict determinism

Agencies in observation? Matter? What matters to you?
Drives you madder?

Speak of Bodies that Matter and how Matter comes to matter

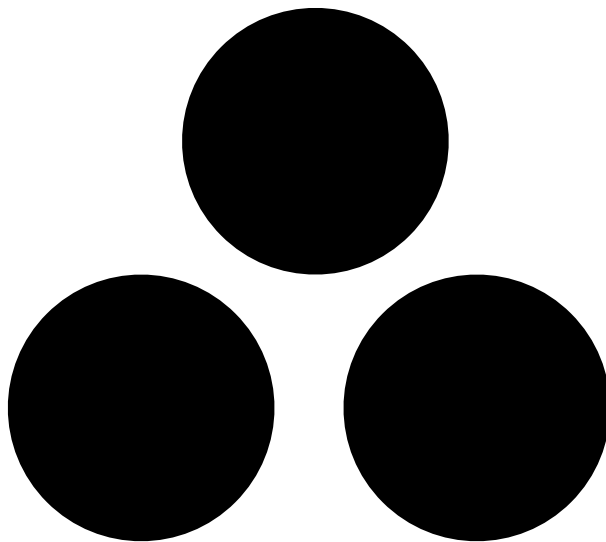
Where does this making take us
How do you understand reality?

**To whom and for what in the
world are you accountable for?**

I don't know if I'm supposed to save the world
or I'm forcing myself to be the sovereign child

Yet here I am with a vision and mission traced back to
origins trying not to destroy

I don't know what to do
Stuck in a space between me, you, and the other
Here I am just trying to live in the world



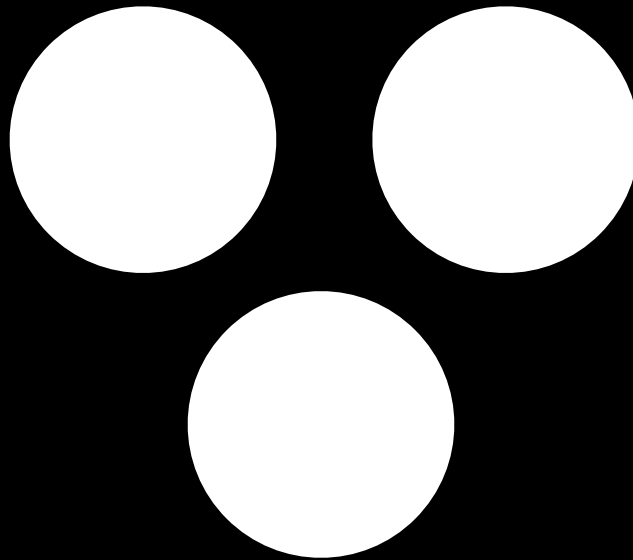
A participant asking questions
No longer possible to embrace
the metaphysics of individualism

Is this to fill my own void
Looking for stability
With everything changing around me
Looking for mobility
Hoping that everything will change around me

Losing words cause the absurdity of living
Consumes me and asks for me to keep giving

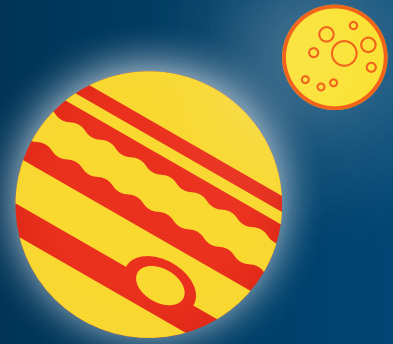
Too worried about the toxic mess
Looking for a little social mesh

Always feeling like life is one big test
Gonna solve the riddle and be the best
I don't know, all I want is to go to recess



I ask to play but turned into the teacher
Call me the professor, I'll turn into the preacher
Give you a new gospel

Is this a call and response?
Is this a need to move on?
Or to find and harness the potentiality
Within the caporal atmosphere of operation
Hoping the power of three will set me free



Look at the planets, the stars, & the things moving above: The Macro
The journey moving below, & atoms connecting: The Micro
The intra-actions happening in front of you.

Figures that will crash

Morphing a new body from the despair

Destroy me to pieces

Form and form again so look towards another crash

Stability is heaven and destruction is always looming.

Stability is a paradox

Shock the system.

Get out of the head space.

The ring around my ears

Orbit around my thoughts

Eventually a crash landing

that won't lead to any further understanding

How did I get so confused on the journey?



From a little coffee shop,
What do I aim to accomplish?
How much impact could I possibly have?

Let me find some anger to channel through
What to say from me to you
Out of the blue, into the yellow,
The red emerges and says hello

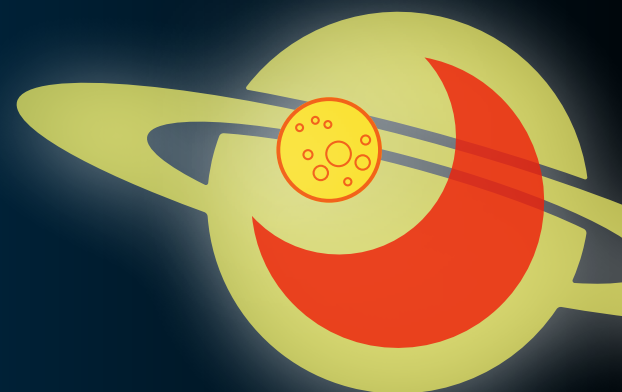
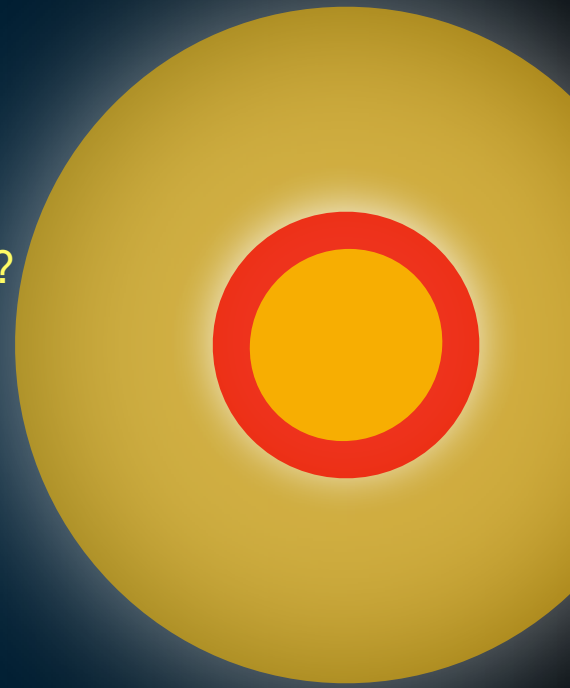
Entangle me within your web,
I'll fly away into another net,
Check out my social media illusion

Waste me. The economy in the dynamism of matter
Causing me to choose to the latter cause if I fall it doesn't matter

A neo-figuration of the saturation living within the hyper capital
I'll wonder and repeat
Check out the vicious circle of being a human being

Waste your life, throw it in the garbage
Competing for who gets to be on top of the heap
Take the leap to be the brightest star

How do I ask the right questions? Or does this all sound bizarre?



Is there a comeback from this?
Comeback to what exactly?
Are the wounds too deep in the infrastructure?
What does it mean to be fully healed?
What does it mean for our pain to be revealed?

The Western Centric binary
A bind squeezing the breath out of me
Fem or Masc \ Rich or Poor
Pushing forward // Asking 4 more

Community
The Holy Trinity

Altering my perception
A theoretical conception

A turn that enfolds me back into you
The first round about \ A curve around a circle
Back to the beginning I go...this time with a difference
I've done this journey once before
How many times // Whose keeping score

Making connections in time
Within a constant process of materialization

Journeys and paths guide // Unwind and intertwine
The entanglement mashes the lines of flight
Cause joy and causing a fright

My face is the bit of the universe I can't face
Values seeming below the surface

Me, myself, I
Public, Private, Social

A subject watching other subjects
A constructed identity
aesthetic
performance
Coming together to generate the illusion

It's the making shit up
It's the fucking shit up
It's ... mucking me up

Under too many neoliberal conditions in which I can write this
Is my reflexivity just too much naivety never learning how to pace myself

Told to run a marathon as a continual sprint
Trying to see the course and change the blueprint

So this book is a continuation
Part of the sequence of my existence and part of yours
Well for now its just English words on a page or a screen
With pictures and lines
Consuming your time

I don't know what this will enact
I don't know what I will enact to

Theory wrapped around theory
Looking for stability in the power of three

Pushing for more

Hitting the boarder that force and form create
Hitting the fold that starts to generate
Expand and collapse
Pump and contract

Take a step back
How are the walls of the castle
The tower above

How are the pawns holding up
Within the struggle below

Lack of water. Lack of food. Lack of Power.

A continual revolution
A continual evolution

Are we going somewhere?
Or just standing still?
With humanism up on its hill

How under do the commons go?
How many questions will I have to ask until I know?
I'll end with a little chant
A little chorus to take us back

With our voices raised
We give our praise

Praise to you and to me

And to the Power of Three



The Power of Three

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