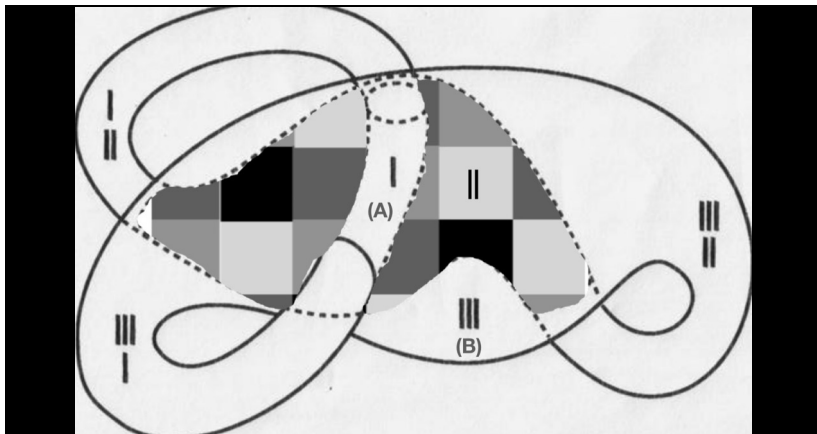


If there was a war on fascism, it would *not* succeed by opposing and rejecting it ideologically, humanly and legally. If not fighting it arms in hand, an alternative is to transform it *before* it sets itself. The essence of fascism lies in the attempt to remain unrevealed: it hides behind its manifestations.

Precision will always transform fascism into something else. There are two categories of precision: T_1 is *strategic*, while T_2 is *operational*. Between them: the *tactics* of *isomorphism*. Because it is *strategic and operational* it will be reduced to *rhetoric*, but *rhetoric embodied* in combat (*metalepsis*).

A martial art. The diagrams above and below feature readable and ambient transpositions. The ambient diagram below programmes *isomorphosis* as an intentional process: the multiple positions available in a crowd where defining one's place unfolds/enfolds in a transpersonal (*chequered*) field.



In fascism language is set to a *different* job than saying memorable things. It is rewired to *knuckle up* violent action. In this sense, fascist language is *part of* the violence. It is not an expression in the ordinary sense. But an attempt at annihilating memories of humanity, before destroying the human body.

Attacking the soul *before* the body is a way for fascism to leave its mark. It is surprisingly easy: the first step is for the perpetrator to adopt an *avatar*, whom s/he forces on the victim—I see me, and you will see me, like *this*. If I refuse s/he will attack me. If I agree, s/he will also attack me. No reciprocity.

It is a one-way relationship. If reciprocity is offered it is a lure to elicit feelings of trust in the victim, and then punish the victim for it. The contract is: you will accept me as your annihilator, while also accepting that no annihilation will take/has taken place (because you are an inconsequential *thing*).

In the Nazi death-camps, corpses were called *Puppen*... dolls. There is no memory of life taken, no memory of the lives, denial, historical void. The perpetrator looks *past* the victim's existence: the fascist mind-game. It is on this back-drop that the *surfeit* of life remembered should be understood.

The most interesting ones, for the *present* purposes, are *not* the ones to accuse and lament. But the ones attempting—and succeeding—in counterposing a differing view of reality. Fred Wander's short novel [The Seventh Well](#), inspired by his own war experiences, is a good example of this.

The title of his extended memoir testifies to this aspect of his literary project: *On the Good Life—Or, on Joy in (the midst of) Scare* (n German; *Das Gute Leben oder Fröhlichkeit im Schrecken*). It is based on an austere realism, but pressed to its outer literary limits where it turns to a *Freylach*.

Which is a genre i Klezmer music. The *Seventh Well* (quoted from a chapter in a treatise by baroque Rabbi Loew of Prague) is a testimonial on the power of language. The power of *language* in each of the miscellaneous characters presented, but also the power of nature *manifested* in language.

The power of *nature* manifesting itself in a decrepit human life-world. Next to it, the power of art. Language here owes its power to energies of the natural world. A transposition of energy by the intermedium of language, where contents also have impact, and containers are embodied.

In some sense, *The Seventh Well* restores ethics to the camps in the sense that the camp—as a technological contraption—brings out the full human variety, the modes of being in a camp, ranging from the variety of inmates, to the personnel. It is a fighter's manifesto: life against all odds in the camp.

It is not sentimental (at all). It metes out the variety and violence of human character in the wayward narratives of a human crossroads. It expands the realm of *design* from the valuation of *consistency*; i.e., between content and container, to the criticality of *consequence*; i.e., impact and ethics *jointly*.