

Fig.1—facsimile of Nansen passport with examples of different visas: note that there were different rates for Russians and Armenians, and different rates at different times..

A number of **n sidereal** elements—*they do not speak because: they have nothing to say, they have no time for it and have been silenced*. But they can be connected through *shapes*, the shapes form an *itinerary* of steps, following the *steps* brings the shapes together in a *permuted* pattern. Yet, they still don't speak. But now they are aligned. As long as they are aligned, they are in time. After **a few such cycles**, I have learned this *one* thing: what is important is that *they do not speak to each other* (if they do not speak to me, it is irrelevant). It is a condition for *other* things happening on the way...

A precondition for all that can be learned from such walks: the sidereal silence, separating stars, summons me to **wit(h)ness**. The permutation makes me *disowned* from them; as the stars *return* to each their place. But by this time I have a *map*. And so, the contingencies—that emerge throughout the walk—are returned to an existence separate from me. So, I have learned something from a territory that was previously hidden. It comes up through the cracks of my first idea of it: through this opening it grows, unfolds, develops and explains. **Next to my first idea** it explains itself.

d/sidvaktis.triacontahedron

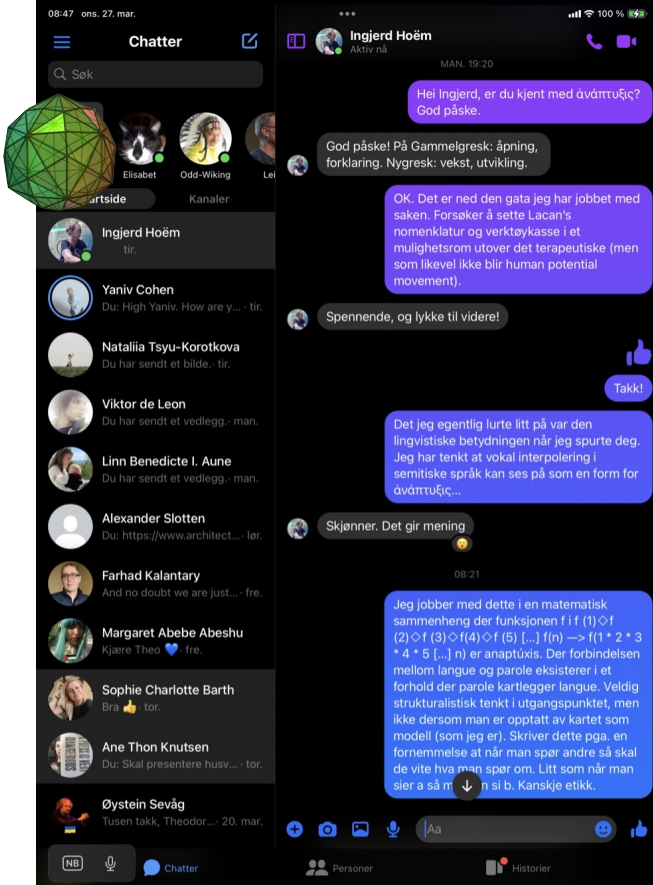


Fig. 2— Correspondence with I. Hoëm (*personal communication*, Tuesday March 26th 2024). Suggestion: *anaptúxis* is psychoanalysis beyond therapy. Use camera-translation app. When activated it translates by passing the camera over the text.

What I call *anaptúxis* (**ἀνάπτυξις**, Fig. 2) is thereby obviated. Through the ritual adaptation of symbolism, moving from imagination to the image, the *real* leaves its mark on time (and its elements appear a though they were *in concert*, or in *synchrony*). Strictly speaking, the *real* is 5th dimension. It can therefore leave its *mark* on time and space. But is *not of* time and space. Therefore images and symbols are born of the **sidereal**. Attempts at bringing them into privacy—or, otherwise domesticating them—reduces them to farce. Which the Freud's "**kettle logic**" will have served to eminently illustrate. A twisted logic (in the sense of a crack-pot, or morally warped, logic).

But as there are stars in the heavens, there are stars in humanity. Art-education is offered to people who will *attempt* this path: those who have it in them and can sense precisely this. Those who don't, end up with the kettle-logic; an idea expressed by **Rabbi Yehuda Loew**—the Maharal—of Prague: *the downwards spiral of pointless errands, ending up in nothing*. Whether this is the harsh reality of people, or a tale that won't die is irrelevant. And that is precisely the point. The two are related and we are challenged to find our way *around* this (e.g. **Balkan-klezmer**).

It's part of the *circus*: the sense of walking around

in circles, *not* getting anywhere. Which is precisely the point (and getting it, of course). Waking up sleepwalkers is not enough. If limited to this wakers have nothing to offer, save complication. In the circus there is no connection between the acts: the show is not a play. Which is why it is *sidereal*. Both in the sense that the circus-tent mirrors the heavens, and in the sense that the *circus-artists* are stars (in Lacan's definition). The point being that they can speak to the audience, but if they speak to each other it means that they are clowns. They are like G. Simmel's [Stranger](#): though sticking together—on their *jointly cosmic and earthly* business—they do not appear as a group.

If they did, they could readily *offend* the audience and appear as *enemies* (like refugees when they come to live). The circus artists may be *uncanny* in the eyes of the local—and their relationship to them mixed (with vinegar)—but they do *not* outrightly pose a threat, because they are travelling *through* and offering to divert the locals. When the [learning theatre](#) is on the move outside art-school it will be like this. Which is why it is Jacques Lacan (and *not* Carl Gustav Jung) who is its patron saint. Jung was the son of a pastor. Lacan's family were [vinaigriers](#) (making e.g. mustards).

While Jung's purview was global, Lacan's was *terrestrial*. The troupe of circus-artists are, in this sense, citizens of the earth. The logic is this: where Jung's ideas of [archetypes](#) (etc.) spreads across the entire planet—in an immaculate colonial style, on might add—Lacan's [algebraic notions](#) are sidereal: like stars, or circus-artists, they bring the *earth* to wherever they go. Instead of peddlers of archetypes, they are *placemakers*. When they are pledged to wake sleep-walkers, they are waking them up to the earth. As they know very well that humans are already stars (or, kettles).

At the difference from the circus, the *learning theatre* does *not* have an audience. Instead, it has an *attendance*. Like a river, it has to run its course. At the end of the journey, the attendance leave with a *passport*. It resembles the [Nansen](#) passport, in that all people—in some aspects—are stateless. But as citizens of the earth (terrestrials) their passport is currently being updated as the [Latour](#) passport. All humans have this potential. If, in some aspects, all humans are wretched (*ex-crescences*) then they can also be stars (*singularities*). The passport accesses Lacanian stardom.

Clearly, it is not fair that only *some* people should carry the burden of humanity in general: pointed out and reduced to excrescence—as though not everyone were wretched. Which is maybe why we are happy to see some of them rise to stardom. If as many as possible were to realise this alternative, it would likely happen across the ranks of the wretched and the privileged. Although we know that education has brought up this possibility, it is now invisible. So, the learning theatre is not merely pledge to the distribution of "Latour passports", but also with *redrawing the map*.

The mass-media notions of stardom are keeping the stars in a *hovering* state, in the keep of something that we have come to call the 'globe'. Our mobile phones have, to some extent, taken the

place of the circus: but it made people believe that they have woken up, through in reality their state of sleep-walking has been extended to all hours of the day. Mobile-phones have transformed them into perpetual kettle-bearers, unawares (save that their lives is piling up complication, they are moving in circles and they are no less wretched than what they were).

Rising to stardom is an arduous task. It has been privy to the narrow gates of religious hopes/promises. But what if there is another path? What could Lacanian psychoanalysis be—*beyond* its present semiotic and cybernetic potential—if worked out *hither* the psychoanalyst's cabinet? Beyond *therapy*, the subject matter would be *life itself*: not life in general, but *that* life (of each one of us). As an *opening* from life in general, *unfolding* and *developing* specific, sometimes unique, *explanations* for its fares: bringing the earth to where s/he moves. If the maximum human lifespan is often given as 120, the years of actual people is varied, and so is their unfolding. This is *anaptúxis* (ἀνάπτυξις).



Fig. 3—From Cicero's *lorem ipsum*: "Nor again is there anyone who loves or pursues or desires to obtain pain of itself, because it is pain, but occasionally circumstances occur in which toil and pain can procure him some great pleasure." (*De finibus bonum et malorum*).