The Body as Weapon and Threshold: Mishima, Postwar Japan, and the Technological Afterlife of Flesh

Aldo Poblete Varas

Tremors in the acetate. A reconfiguration of Western narrative. Sources of symbolic warfare. The enemies are now allies, and the armamentary vision has given way to a sensory reordering: bodies arranged, ready and willing to be packed and transported, maximum speed, corporate efficiency, superior qualities of production.

The surfaces of the warrior, of the gladiatorial body preparing itself for the mortal deed, become instruments at the service of beings for whom the instantaneity of human experience remains a mystery. What was there in Mishima that was not already in Hagiwara? The question is mistaken, but it is useful, because what can be reabsorbed from vital aesthetics, from different sources of meaning, is the figure of the artist-writer who controls everything, who does not leave even his shadow naked.

In the Japanese city, everything was wrapped in disconnected conceptual materials, because what was sought was not the construction of an isolated system, but of a system among systems, one capable of allowing an intercommunication of the sensible: from the body to the technical belligerence of Shōwa Japan. A poetics of assimilation converted into natural form, sent toward the intellectual plenitude of youthful forms. After all, among the young, without the unbearable pressure of a political order saturated to the abyss, nothing productive could emerge.

Certainly, the idea of productivity is taken here with the widest possible opening of the aesthetic lens. This is the only possible operation when the task is to connect what is usually disconnected, in order to tell a certain story, to give category and regime to contemporary ghosts. Ney Matogrosso, from the body in fire, from the wildest Athens, the most noumenal one, epistemic origin of the forms of cultural warfare, perhaps the inverse transcendental face of a machinic Mishima.

An abyssal metaphor of a radically deterritorialized rhizome. Flower form, feather, scent of a stellar field, astral signature of the transhuman kingdoms. To assume the sins of flesh disposed toward combat, toward love, toward the total delicacy of an art that only manifests itself through blood. Because freedom, as a sign that wants to say fertile, also wants to install itself as an incombustible regime.

Nothing different can emanate from an amusement park of this level. Nothing can separate itself from culture, nor be said, nor spread through the alleyways of this society or of others, in Europe, America, or Asia-Pacific. Since history is what is privileged, what stretches from Heine to the separation of altars, a Japanese literature born from historical trauma could emerge from aircraft carriers, sunny islands, under fire, or rather, under the ideas of all those things, all those things experienced from within the sublime.

Martial formation, order in rooms and in dress, an elite education, or more precisely, an aristocratic one. Nothing to say, everything to think. Naked silence was never more tireless. It was never able to burn with greater force than in the streets of a metaphysical Tokyo that had to be brought into the world, and was brought into the world through the horror of total war.

To be at peace with your time is sometimes equivalent, or in other words, is carried out through the rupture of your time. Anne Imhof, in the impenetrable magnetic whisper of a decentered Europe, claims from the most organic Germany the right to establish real connections against a significant reduction of what we might call the continental speculative closure. Beyond the institutionalized experience of which operators such as Imhof, Kwade, or Lek are the most sublime representation, what is beyond doubt is that the

continental frame is undergoing a philosophical vivisection that has not ceased to horrify contemporary European intellectual elites.

The animal too can be sick. It can coexist with that which is not a subject of active participation in the realm of the efficient. This is because the animal does not easily carry out its existential activities without placing, between those activities and its ecosystem, an interface, a device that mediates the operative psychological chaos involved in interacting with an environment that is, by definition, an entity external to itself. The consciousness of separation cannot be addressed without first situating a buffer that makes interaction possible, or at least minimally viable.

Nothing is too far away for an animal that has been launched at full speed into a world already organized, divided, sown, where everything that could be distributed has already been distributed, and what remains must either be confiscated or extracted. Osamu Dazai placed the animal at the center of a civilized dynamic, as if seeking first to decenter the atmosphere, then geography, and finally to allow into the polis itself the inadequacy of existence under the parameters of performance and sensory signaling. The animal enters combat not in the form of despair, but in the form of history.

Yui Ikari speaking with Kōzō Fuyutsuki beneath the tree, Shinji in Yui's arms: to transcend humanity, to take the human to a different level, one that would allow it to become part of something much larger, more extensive, no longer limited by the restrictions imposed by the precarious biological corporeality of biological machines.

Science, laboratory, elite, saving the world, saving oneself. To save the world, one must turn to the imperfect. Gendo Ikari is far from an ideal savior. He is not a saint. He is the necessary man. One reaches the exit of the cave by piling up bodies. To exit the body in order to literally exit the planet, in order to expand through the cosmos.

Criticism, or rather cultural analysis, the conceptual dismemberment of what humans do when they are not merely surviving, cannot be carried out from the purely political. The political dimension is simply incapable of accounting for the richness of civilizational experience. Something rather different from a mere simulation. Baudrillard fell short. His

position was eminently conservative regarding the question of the real possibilities of technoscientific advancement.

But this was not only Baudrillard's problem. It has rather been the norm. It is entirely striking how incapable philosophy was, during the twentieth century, of anticipating possible scenarios. Perhaps contingency had to bear an unbearable weight, or perhaps it became impossible to look away from it. All savage speculation, if we want to call it that, and this is certainly an erroneous name, had its task there, on the table, within reach of many highly trained observers and actors. Yet none had the strength to make the images advance.

It is also undeniable that politics devoured everything. Mamoru Oshii is not the most sophisticated and aesthetically elevated version of this, or at least not necessarily so. Japan has a certain extraordinary capacity, or more precisely, since the end of the Second World War it has had an extraordinary capacity to push the limits of what is aesthetically thinkable toward their limits. Not beyond those limits, but as far outside as media could see during those five decades.

Outside the neuronal sowing, the symbol darkens mechanically, leaving what was outside slightly further in. The politics of contingency has been unearthed in order to move bodies and their results, completely within color and cosmic amalgam. An enumeration of shadowy violences, an armchair that has not yet been occupied. An animation, an animadversion: the natural consequence of a universe interlaced by fractals of self-destruction. An art under the terror of wealth and the militarization of space. Where philosophy was unable to enter, the body entered, along with the desire to be something more than the mere consolidation of a lineage.

Mishima risks losing his entire being, vanishing into that society in total trauma. Japan as wounded body, or as dismembered body. What can be born from it, Mishima manages to reincorporate. Because what words allow is the possibility of becoming one with death. In the sensuality of that nonsense, a dramatic art is assembled: from the sounds of wood, from the variation of blood upon the colors of an unstructured nation. Demonstrations, fires, the entire intelligentsia devoted to suturing an infinite wound.

What remains after the void is not another void. It is a radical staging, formed by speeds that cannot be perceived by individuals who have ceased to remain. Death becomes one with that poet of war and infinite corporeality.

What could be placed into martial colors from emancipatory desire became an imperial machine. Closer than an insignificant sign, found nearer to the ambiguity of a literary territory that had already been explored, though from the infinite subtlety of better writers. That is one of the problems of mono-dedication within disciplines: on many occasions, what we obtain is not perfect depth, but perfect form.

And in a world where what matters is the depth of what seeks to emancipate itself, that which ends up generating the totality, it is not possible to generate these new religions. The act of binding again remains hidden beneath irreparable layers of misplaced symbols, or letters that have more to do with institutional structure than with a body made available to the mental manufacture of an environment that, with little luck, has tried to move closer to itself. There is nothing there, at Tōdai, in that faculty of law, that in Mishima or Hiraoka could become something alien.

Everything is close to the bloody poet. Nothing is convulsive or horrifying to him, because what he wanted to release from himself was never a dead letter. For sensation and delirium to emerge from his body, standing upright upon unsurpassable armament, what he needs is the gaze of the animal, or at least to come somewhat close to it. Because what can emerge, what can make sense, studies, life, friends, lovers, all of it is nothing more than the vital circumstance of an infrahuman elitism that shows him an uncomfortable but also liberating truth: that his existence does not belong to him, and that this is acceptable.

Because from what is higher above, there emanates an attractive force that wants to control everything, but that control is also liberation. Every total manipulation is, at the same time, a temporary liberation. What we have is not a perfectly leveled or balanced scheme of sensoriality.

Shuntarō Tanikawa writes the least subtle, and for that reason the purest, expression of the possible versions of the momentary disintegration of being, so that what flows may converge

and what is incarnated may multiply, collapse upon itself, and then grow larger and larger. A writing that is a sword which divides, but in dividing reproduces, procreates, and co-creates the possibilities of the vital system. There, where society seeks a place for it, a comfort, there is born the possibility of being something more than a mere machine. Because an intelligent machine, a machine that has a body between terror and the suspicion of eternity, is not only a machine. And this does not mean entering into a naïve metaphysics. Quite the contrary, it means incorporating dimensions into a phenomenon that of course has extremely complex and multiple dimensions.

What in anime is felt as suspicion or as dehumanizing delirium is experienced in Norwegian black metal as acceptance of polysemy and facticity. From nature, after the categorical philosophical act, what is resignified is not a manifest destiny, but the most direct, though abstract, sign that from originary spaces the only thing that emerges is life itself, in all its exuberance and in all its cosmic splendor. Perhaps it is in Darkthrone's "Hans Siste Vinter" that the connection of bodies becomes most evident: on the one hand, at the service of history, and on the other, at the service of what can spring from bodies under very specific regimes of signification. This takes place in a Nordic scenario, but the semantics of black metal should not be excessively located geographically, because doing so signals a failure to understand the deep connections with Western culture that it implies. It is a movement similar to what the most cosmic Neruda can provoke in us, the Neruda of Canto General.

But then, from what Mishima can give us in order to shelter within ourselves the illusion of an aristocracy of bodily fluids, that same thing is what contains everything. It is a body with organs, a radical inversion of the maneuver of an animist who seeks to conceive a world in every element, demiurgically bringing existence to a becoming that wants to open itself completely: an absolute immersion in what remains of mental architecture.

What remains to us from that writing is the performance that can serve as imbrication and desperation. Because what people seek in these texts is not reparation, nor mere aesthetic pleasure. The idea of a sensuality having to do with what could be said but has not been

said, or with what could be hidden but has been seen, is not available to the discussion and evangelization of those of us who still have something to say.

Mishima recovers the dark certainty that the world still, to our infinite surprise, exists, and that what wishes to be hidden within it can also be said, if one is willing to deny oneself the geometric variability that can emanate from language and from the speculative maneuvers of a territory at war or in postwar. Literature is not a battlefield, and even less is it hope for a different world. It has to do instead with the paradoxical and non-present situation that everything produced in the world belongs to the world. Therefore, there is no fiction that can escape the world.

For this reason, Mishima was not obsessed with his body. He was obsessed with the sensuality of the body, with what wants to be part of the whole: an unlimited tension between what must be said and what is effectively placed in jeopardy on the real battlefield of ideas, not the sensory elements of a maneuvering team already calibrated to be understood or assimilated by simple students.

Postwar Japan still had everything to undo. From what it was able to assimilate from a Western philosophy destined for mere impulse, that philosophy of a Japan under rubble extracted the fundamental thing: the sign of impulse, indistinguishable from impulse itself. This allowed an entire generation to produce an avant-garde that the rest of the world simply could not match.

Japan's insular condition made this possible. While the West was in a mortal struggle to empty completely, of signification, an extreme regime of its exchange value, an exchange that might have remained letter, it was transformed into ammunition and parapet. We must not forget that from the limits of this could emerge what we now tend to forget and perhaps delimit in an extremely naïve way: what permits is what divides, and, at the end of the road, what invites one to be within distinction and hardship.

Corporeality in Mishima is that of an entity that knows that from empathy there is born the coldest technical calamity. This is why we have lived within such an extreme cultural interlacing, full of nuances too sophisticated for a humanity in the process of technification

and for a philosophical, artistic, and literary discipline that is completely insufficient. The wink toward the footnote may sometimes have served as the mirror of a cold memory of a writer who placed the body inside the letter and allowed all the ghosts of his time to emerge from it.

Here, where we have become obsessed with the institutional formality that can give us some security, the only thing Mishima left us was the idea of a sovereignty of the one who truly exists, of the one who is alive, really alive, because his body is a radicalized and essentially disputed field. Thus, if we want to reduce his impact, his deep significations, what we can do is enter the always fertile terrain of dead doxography.

We are open to a space that seeks to restrain the forces of a capital that knows very well how to move through the corners of this territorial system, through what we have been able to find between the lines, between the yellow and white stripes of a notebook in the streets of that country that contains within itself all possible futures and that, for that very reason, seems to have none. Because the true, effective face of the multiple is not a broken mirror, but a dark and undefined lump.

We are not capable of opening ideas. Even less will we be capable of opening a literary body that awaits the conceptual and testimonial dissemination that can emerge from it, without expecting or perceiving any good news. What had already been said was predicted by a Mishima who, in all his luxury and all his fanfare, was able to say it and express it, not without misgivings. Because what we can say about perfection we can also say about the implausibility of studies that want to return material demands to a valid doubt.

Where Baudrillard is incapable of understanding real difference, not merely symbolic difference, our author reveals being among the thickets of a literature too feverish and uncreated to be considered a valid interlocutor. After all, if there is a total work of art, it is in Mishima that, for obvious reasons, its manifestation becomes at once more methodical and more evident.

There is no truth in the fact that we have made a coherently manufactured reading of Hiraoka. In our vision of bodies and their possible desires or manifestations of intention, we

do not have the verisimilitude of a jungle or of a skyscraper of radical verticality. Likewise, we wanted to see with other eyes, but eyes too form flesh and body in the disinterest produced in us by the mere indifference of what doors and mirrors can carry. Among boxes, among coffins, warriors emerge screaming in silence, as if such a thing were possible, as if centuries of war were capable of telling us something.

What is destroyed in modern war is not honor or the glory of the just act of battle, not heroism. What is truly destroyed is the possibility of the real clash of material existences, an almost mystical union of total destruction, a being-toward-death that can see itself among the undefined colors of a territory in combat. But what we need in this man of letters is a demonic literature, a sensory regime that keeps everything alien and wants everything cold.

We are not waiting for some kind of revelation, since what we know of Mishima is that he had his body disposed toward the act: action from Butoh theater, black magic from one who comes directly from the deepest part of destiny. Do the animals in the park want the truth? Probably yes. And if that is possible, or if that makes any sense, it is only because of the venerabilities that can come from a completely deliberate production of devices.

We are not in a position to sow more doubts before the emergence of a cataclysm in the text, or before the tendency that, from the classrooms of Tōdai, there might have emerged a radical impression of freedom which, like all radical freedom, can only end where all freedom ends: in death, in the aesthetics of the perfection of concluded history. Where the poet has refused to die in silence, there lies his polysemic and aesthetic-political power. Truth is not material for the weakness of a society incapable of looking itself in the face, since the sensuality of a letter bleeds in the body.

The way to end: the malignant episode in its total alchemical ambiguity. The opening to the sword, to the combat aircraft, to the desperate letter of a sick man who is not sick. Closer, far from repetition, is the shadow, the lunatic form in which the characters appeared. Pools, fields, napalm. An epitaph on the paths of a valley that can no longer serve as a space where narrators might have something to eat.

We are in the Japan of the 1960s, in the Tokyo that is beginning to devour everything, at Tōdai. Books, philosophy, and protest. The Americans, the machine guns whose direction of aim is not entirely clear. Everything is happening too quickly: a nonexistent decade that makes itself appear behind the brilliant spectacles of an empire in parentheses, an unsolicited silence. There were 1,945 ways of asking the question about the beginning and the path.

The avenues are packed with vehicles. Hunger gave way to vehicles and books, and also to marginality. Who has time to question existence at a moment when, in practice, technically, the minimal possibility of being is closing around us? In the grandeur of those moments filled with simulation, there, among them, the air, the sun, and desires wanted to be exposed to mortality, which was the only thing that could prosper at that moment. Among the letters that no longer fit inside that existence, that did not dare to become talismans of a sexuality externalized to extinction, the only thing being actualized was that total extinction.

But what can now be said of that mask that wanted to make everything explicit in the infernal act of tying the possibility of the signifier to formal invariability? We know that we have been waiting, motionless, for postwar Western literature to give us some kind of moral, or at least some lesson about what happened at the beginning of the century. But the silence has been so absolute that it is not surprising that specters have begun to appear again.

Japanese literature did not necessarily do it better. In fact, in many cases one could say that the issue was not even addressed, or, if it was addressed, that it was done in the most abstract and dematerialized way possible. Criticism perhaps should not be so closed, since it is hardly surprising that a world traumatized by such high horrors would not want to open itself to a critique or self-critique of the period. The mood simply was not there.

It was easier to go into space, into parallel universes, or to let oneself be scorched by what bodies possess of absolute sensation: technologies of memory and debris from a disappeared universe, left blank by an arbitrary god committed to the discrediting of the social within the human.

The samurai sword was pawned, sold, auctioned, smeared, made asymmetric in its spell. It was absolved from a history of tearing by paying a very high price: the condition of limitation and assault turned into wandering. The constraints of a nation that has not been placed before the tribunal, or that has been placed there, but where the jury simply vanished, the bench vanished, and basically everything that could say something disappeared.

Thus desire became closer to automation, to the reflex act, and a cybernetics of bodily becoming made speculative use of a fierce nature, but one also completely submerged in norms and customs that deprived it of any genuine access to voluptuousness and self-consciousness.

The words that were arbitrary birds in Kawabata now dissolved, and what remained was a completely empty aviary, with no trace of vulgar life. There was no longer space for the subtle decadence of a Japan of porcelain refinement. The terror of a science that, by closing itself so tightly, ended up fully opening worlds that had only shown their face in order to frighten old writers and car attendants. The Sun. This infinite war had to end at a certain moment, and it was not going to happen in a pure work of art placed beneath semiotic rain. It was going to run along the irregular edge of a lethal weapon.

Avant-garde, nutritive specialty within culture. In the time he had available, Mishima attempted, more than to answer the questions of his time, to invest his own person and place his existence on the edge of the philosophy of his epoch: a wounded territory, a reinvention in the making, a non-stop apocalypse that did not stop suppurating hyper-stylized concepts, relevant to their conditions of possibility in the right time and place of a being in limbo between the sacred, the military, respect for tradition, and cultural fertility.

Force of an infinite ferocity: emancipated bodies do not want to see the sign, the infinite molecule, the centrality of discourse, the samurai of thought, the filter that invocation cannot bring. Sick sign, letter in the body that has blessed it, second filter,

paraphernalia-letter, comparable to the assumption of what can be said: maledictions of a fiction reduced to conceptual misery.

What had been assumed was not twisted in the image; it had been withdrawn, no longer in Hijikata's own face. The feverish bodily intersection had been placed into the eternal crumb, the melody of a fatality that resonated beyond every galaxy, beyond every imminent animal suffering. Shells of nonconformity. The resulting frequency was immediate, imminent, and radically obfuscating: Mishima against the wall.

The total impossibility of a republic of poets. Marginality was closer to a religion for which all optimism could be the only viable sign of life. The conceptual floor was already cemented. Earth and sky coexisted in the objective: Hosoe gave the scream, gave the note, gave category to his time.

All the machinery was then arranged for the mass creation of demons that would take advantage of every possible gap within a publishing industry still tied to the little monsters of old, and which was in no way prepared to receive, to accommodate, the mortal fluid that could emanate from an inhuman body.

Thus the obvious question became present: every personal option for hylomorphism was completely meaningless if the structural frameworks pretended to accept that there was a nearer side to the extreme directionality of a completely broken political art tending toward self-destruction in milliseconds. The split was then established there, and what could be foreseen was the total autonomy of the cultural phenomenon, where what art could say was either too little or too much, always at an inadequate volume, either very limited or excessively exuberant.

Alchemy of artifacts, speculations of arcane elements, a mythological Japan emerging in the form of destructive nature. Authors want to overcome resistance and enter the canon, to leap over the darkness that springs from that pit. Ambivalence persists. In the end, what could all of this be about? Nothing other than renewal.

That is the concept we must keep in mind when analyzing Mishima's literature. The body, efficient, a point of departure upon which to build what comes next. An optimized training for using what has been selected from the mass, from the most prolific cadres of an anti-peripheral aesthetic politics by nature. Where, then, were the efforts of production for a democracy of the letter positioned? Did that matter? Did all of that matter when it came to the generation of the 1980s in animation and manga? It is difficult to defend the idea that all of this was not deeply impregnated by the entire operation.

All the modifications, all the facts, all the errors, an entire improvised navigation through the meaning of the original text: the page, the page thinks beyond the reader. When Chūya Nakahara places the body among the signs of stigma proper to his savage epoch, he does so through recourse to the future. But which future? The one where the machine listens to us, where it wants to give us the opportunity to board its own train, to invite us in and say: welcome.

Given the phantasmagoric digitality of our moment, the echoes continue and intensify: radicality in the body, a demand for aesthetic pertinence, the collapse of mono-teleological ideas. Also a demand for bodily discipline, between the institutional sensoriality of sport and the spectral delirium of images from a past still too close. Because that is one of the signs of our time: the complete impossibility of generating sufficient distance from the transcendental impact of symbolic regimes that have been systematically imposed from the sensible.

Thus the distance between consumer and creator has finally been exposed in all its fertility, in all its uncontrolled organicity, capable of converting the entire universe into a living self-conscious being. To sow corporeality in this fertile terrain, Neo-Tokyo, total destruction, where the animals embrace us. My animals embrace us all, from music, literature, and high technology.

A new mythology grows at full speed, internally, since the end of the Second World War. It grows on the periphery. It grows in the places where consumption had no other way of manifesting itself except through marginality, where the young had no choice but to pay a

little attention to what was emerging inside them. Because what Yui announces to us is the starting shot of a new generation that will not be able to conform to the limits of politics.

Politics thus becomes a moment in the development of intelligence, an intelligence that manifested itself in Mishima from two directions: on the one hand, from the cult of excellence, and on the other, from the complex understanding that from structured experience there can emerge the maximum work, total subtlety. Animality is thus not denied, but accepted in its most noumenal facet, as that which is before and after the human, as that which can open the doors to a different intelligent condition.

Poetry gave what it could give. It was an economically efficient method for disseminating the imaginaries that were necessary. Is this a great sensory megastructure becoming history? Absolutely, and everyone has participated in it to a greater or lesser degree. What happens, what causes this sometimes not to be considered, is that incarnations have not occurred in the same way among all peoples.

Nor is it the case that only from chaos, from blood in the streets, can what must emerge actually emerge. That is not enough. Conditions must be multiple. But without a doubt, both social and political chaos are elements of maximum relevance. After all, Japan: what is Japan's historical relevance for humanity? Why does it seem more important than other peoples, other nations?

The hypothesis we would postulate here is that Japan, due to certain structural conditions that have mixed extreme order and organic chaos like few other instances, has managed to generate an aesthetic culture unlike any other place on the planet. This does not mean that Japan is the only place where something of this kind has been produced. To say so would be a major error, since the author, being Latin American, understands and knows very well the cultural strata of Chile, and can say without hesitation that the long Latin American country has an aesthetic and cultural density of incredible sophistication, though very different from Japan's sensibility.

The same can be said of great nations such as Germany or the United States, enormous culture-producing industries that have not ceased for a moment to contribute cultural

experiences of the highest level. But again, they are very different from what Japan has given the world. That expression, "given the world," also seems to be one of the critical aspects of the question, since, like every organism, Japan tends to interact with the outside, but also to protect itself from it. Japan has been a body especially dedicated to protecting itself from what wants to enter from outside.

Pagan images at maximum speed. In Imhof's Faust, speed has become completely blurred in glass and metal, an eternal backlight stretching from Mishima's Hyperborean sensuality to the ontological schizophrenia of a poet killed by armed hand. Liters and liters of ink dedicated to sensory writing, because everything can spring from that skin: an explosion that leads us to the delirium of cosmic renaissance, but also to the possibility that, if we open our eyes in the middle of the explosion, contrary to all our tendencies to want to survive or merely survive, we may gain access to the blinding image, the animal image, the total image, the one that can reveal to us the B-side of cosmic existence, what some lovers of the noumenal might understand as part of the reproductive organ of the infinite.

Capacities, references, contradictions in the theoretical aura. Who can adequately tell us the limits of what a writer should manifest in his work? Faust conspires within the speculative sowing to which we have referred, and there is a fully functional ecosystem, with capital, with media resources, that really believes that consecrated contemporary artists are merely economic constructions. This leaves much to be desired regarding the intelligence, disguised as radical, of certain elites that moved too quickly from business school into executive positions.

The kingdom of the expanded body is the dark and random territory of philosophy materialized as conceptual work of extreme rigor and total difficulty. Because if art, all art, is about anything, it is about making that part of intelligence which resists understanding finally understand. At this civilizational stage, it has become necessary to speak of intelligence, and to do so without adjectives, since any attempt to locate intelligence in the human, the machinic, or any other instance limits a phenomenon that evidently escapes us, and does so at maximum speed.

The robotization of the soul in the warrior, from the elite universities of Tokyo and Kyoto. Megacorporations of knowledge where the formulas used can be opened a little further. High-speed roads along which the lives of citizens pass, but which are also the veins through which flows the hyperkinetic rhythm of a youth that knows itself to be disposed to act, whatever that declaration may mean.

Then the art of the poet becomes a corporate art, an art of the office, of the skyscraper, of capital flows. At the center of culture, the suspicion begins to appear, almost literally and biologically, that we are on the right path. It is strange, in retrospect, to see why what we managed to glimpse diffusely at the end of the 1980s and beginning of the 1990s as aesthetic avant-garde is today, for us, a vision under construction, a melody that no longer resonates from the margin but from the most central of political propositions, where aesthetic fatum is verbalized in the manner of a self-conscious cinema and a radical animadversion toward the conformism that seeks to stabilize itself through the state function.

There is no confluence between a body placed at the disposal of sacrifice, a body placed at the disposal of the reproductive act, and a body placed at the disposal of the medical act destined to improve the system, to clean the pathways that allow limited existence to continue functioning.

Godard's La Chinoise operated as a brutally direct example of hyperstition. The 1967 film completely prefigures May '68 and its resolution: the end of summer, the return to normal life. Hyperstition can also operate across greater distances. Machines produce images, sounds, and movements that are not clearly developed by their contemporaries, but with the passage of time, sometimes a great deal of time, things begin to make sense.

Vikernes and Burzum mark the end of an era for Western music. The vigor of a body placed at the disposal of instruction, millions of secluded particles, a controlled savagery in cinema, in music, in the iterations we need to carry out in order to arrive at Mishima. Because there are questions we must address regarding the capacity to escape the limits of a theory or a practice. There must exist a third-order bodily machine that allows us to elucidate what, in

Japanese poetry, noise, and the conditions of possibility of an Asian Marxism incarnated in an entire media industry, cannot remain indifferent to the discomforts of its time.

The electronics that allow bodies to converge in a vision smeared with metaphysical foods are of the same kind as that which allowed Mishima to save himself a passage through an insignificant eternity. The greatest problem, it seems to us, results from not being able to say what must be said at the appropriate time, which means that everything arrives with an enormous delay. But if, in some way, that tendency could be dismantled, if somehow what must be expressed, shown, theorized by more than a small elitist group, if that were possible, then what we have called intelligence could emerge.

A Mishima liberated from available constraints could be a child, a dog, or a machine, but never a disposable or overly complex element for a nation seeking to have a future. The conversation beneath the tree between Yui and Fuyutsuki is relevant because it touches on critical questions for the narrative verisimilitude of Evangelion. But it is also relevant for us, for a becoming that is conscious that what is understood as fiction does not stand beyond what we understand as reality. In fact, it is quite the opposite: fiction belongs to reality. Reality includes it.

This is why, although ideas such as hyperstition may seem strange to many, what is strange is precisely that they seem strange. The life of intelligence, or, if we prefer, the life of spirit, cannot unfold with the sole purpose of redeeming what history has been, even if that seems like an irrefutable first step in its operation. Spirit, the body of spirit, the body of intelligence, becomes aesthetic because only in that way can it fully represent itself to itself. Otherwise, it would not be possible to go beyond spectral logic.