

Un Manifeste Pour Chauffeur (Criminal)

E. Nyx



رَبِّكَ أَهْلًا

They say of God, “Names name thee not.” That holds good of me: no concept expresses me, nothing that is designated as my essence exhausts me; they are only names. Likewise they say of God that he is perfect and has no calling to strive after perfection. That too holds good of me alone.

I am owner of my might, and I am so when I know myself as unique. In the unique one the owner themselves returns into their creative nothing, of which they are born. Every higher essence above me, be it God, be it man, weakens the feeling of my uniqueness, and pales only before the [ground] of this consciousness. If I concern myself for myself, the unique one, then my concern rests on its transitory, mortal creator, who consumes itself, and I may say:

All things are nothing to me.

ضَمِرٌ

**To become intensely
hot;**

to become burning;

to become scorch-

ing; to be blazing; to

be glowing.

chafe

c. 1300, chaufen, “be provoked, grow or be excited;” late 14c. in literal sense “to make warm, to heat” (also intransitive, “to grow warm or hot”), especially (early 15c.) “to warm by rubbing, excite heat by friction,” from Old French chauffer “heat, warm up, become warm” (12c., Modern French chauffer), from Vulgar Latin *calefare, from Latin calefacere “to make hot, make warm,” from calere “be warm” (from root *kele- (1) “warm”) + facere “to make, do” (from root *dhe- “to set, put”).

kelə-

Proto-Indo-European root meaning “warm.” It forms all or part of: caldera; calid; Calor; caloric; calorie; calorimeter; cauldron; caudle; chafe; chauffeur; chowder; coddle; lukewarm; nonchalant; scald (v.) “afflict painfully with hot liquid or steam.” It is the hypothetical source of/ evidence for its existence is provided by: Sanskrit carad- “harvest,” literally “hot time;” Latin calor “heat,” calidus “warm,” calere “be hot;” Lithuanian šilti “become warm,” šilus “August;” Old Norse hlær, Old English hleow “warm.”

Chauffeurs!

We, the heater uppers, we who will place your feet in the fire. Our aim: to find your valuables and hiding places; to run amuck in all safes and closets. We who dance willingly with our skeletons, and those we exhume.

Our motto: “faisons chauffeur ça”.

To wear whichever costume, and play whichever role necessary, in order to heat things up; to increase energy in systems; opposite all that remain slow, witless, and frozen.

A chauffer has one drive to being-there, a condemnation to heat things up, and once a chauffer has ceased to increase energy from areas of cold to locals of warmth – they cease to be.

**“I don’t want
to participate,
but I want
something to
DO!”**

**I don't want
to hold be-
lief, but I want
SOMETHING to
know!"**

Those who transmogrify responsibility; those who say, “nothing could be otherwise! When everyone is condemned to repeat their grim existences as an hourglass turning upon itself.” Those who say - “there cannot be blame nor responsibility.”

And you who retort, “but don’t the grains of sand fall differently with each rotation? Isn’t this justification for the so sought-out concept of freedom?”

**And we who respond
and reproach, “yes, but
in the face of eternity,
is not each configura-
tion confirmation that
all configurations have
come to pass, and our
outlook on our rotation
solely ours?”**

Temper;

temperament;

temperature.

**To bring something
into the required con-
dition by mixing it
with something else.**

**Tellurian
blasphemy
in
opposition.**

From the cosmos:

**The Earth, no permission in a world hostile to individualization!
The Earth, a magnetosphere that cocoons tellurian insurgency!
The Earth, that is still known!**

Oh Earth! Oh Ziemia!

**We are but the universe become conscious of itself, howling to
itself after its giant rupture and escape from itself! What or
whose sadistic purpose could this possibly serve?!**

**The universe as a loop, which comes explosively from itself,
and transfers itself to itself in a period of great cooling and
contraction. We who ally ourselves with rupture, who heat up
cooler places by expelling our energy into them. We who also
recognize the need for contraction and cooling, for a calm be-
fore, and after, the storm.**

**We who recognize the need for periods of cold, while bringing
our warmth; we who transfer energy to cooler regions – for
our ownmost energy is dependent on the circle of our own de-
pletion into a great nothing ad nauseam.**

From physics:

Heat, the transfer of energy between systems, between matter, from explosive and burning to the vacuum of space itself.

With increasing heat there is an increase in pressure and an increase of the speed on matter – all matters; resistance on matter itself produces energy – heat.

**Heat that dries our
tears and burns our
torments.**

**You are the universal
core.**

**Purification is your
name.**

And yet!

Fragments - truth and trust!

And can we have truth?

**And what
is truth, but
that which must be
already owned?**

Yes, being absorbed into a world of pastures and rolling hills might be desirable, but being absorbed into the killing machine of modern society...

Oscillating between self determination and possible absorption into the world; between desire and mechanism; between autonomy and the machine aesthetic...

Can we ask for an art that transfers energy into cooler systems? Is there choice! To make an art that takes every concept, every emotion, that presents itself to the vivid consciousness in some primary form, and share this feeling in a carefree way? Or do we remain victims, mere manifestations of a rhythm; mere unwilling conduits to those who have become cold and stagnant?

No common ground with “the arts” or “technique”; their combat of arrangement or “harmony”.

From our perspective, what are we to each other but conductors for energy? Moving into each other, with each other, setting off explosions or watching the others fizzle out into nothingness itself.

**Yet, the
nothing noths.**

**And nothing
could be other
than it is.**

Peremptory Proclamation

1. A chauffeur has no choice but to be.

2. A chauffeur has no choice but to be blazing.

3. A chauffeur has no choice but to be burning.

4. A chauffeur has no choice but to transfer energy to cooler regions.

5. A chauffeur cannot situate blame, responsibility, intentionality; all comes from the primary catastrophe of the cosmos rending itself from itself.

6. A chauffeur creates art that brings forth energy – against stillness – while still realizing the fundamental function of cooling.

7. A chauffeur must live with a tremendous amor fati; beyond, always beyond.

Onwards!

**Towards com-
pulsory provo-
cation! Are we
understood?**