

DISEMBODIED
POETICS

ANNALS
OF THE
JACK KEROUAC
SCHOOL

EDITED BY
ANNE
WALDMAN
AND
ANDREW
SCHELLING

F OURIER!—OR, THE UTOPIAN POETICS

feeling lonely like your aging bachelor in Paris rented rooms overgrown with flowers—ever since you were a boy and the flowers took over your room—burst their pots, dirt spread over the floor under the bed, black manure soil with flowers metamorphosing your room into small cubical Douanier Rousseau-like jungle—the loneliness of modern life, let's not dignify it with such grand terms as "alienation," began as long ago as 1799, obviously, since you, Fourier, felt it even then, aching cold of static streets where no one knows anyone else's name—and the frigid disgust of Sunday family suppers before the TV hearth in Civilization, late in Civilization

We are going to speculate about . . . an order of things in which marriage and our other customs will have been forgotten, their very absence having inspired a host of amorous innovations which we cannot yet imagine. (UVCF 327)

. . . the family is a group that needs to escape from itself . . . (HM 236)

Thus we see beings unite in marriage and other affairs who have no personal passional affinity, and whereof the approximation, the bringing together, is nothing but a subdued disgust. (PHS II 44)

Accordingly, men who are well acquainted with Civilization give, as a rule for success, the precept,—cringing mediocrity. (PHS II 186)

THE SEXUAL ANGELICATE

which in Harmony means the man and woman who preside over the Court of Love, that game/machine at the center of the dream

of the Phalanx—the two *perfecti* of the entire Polygynal Series of passional Attraction, who can make even pity an erotic act—Fourier himself combines these two angels in one hermaphroditic mind!—Fourier himself was "ambiguous"—as witness his special mania for sapphists which he discovered only in his late thirties—in fact Fourier considers love itself an "inversion", since in true love a "superior" (in strength, age, sophistication, etc.) bends to the will of an "inferior." This romantic voluntary erotic slavery, which Fourier considers natural, is generally impossible in Civilization. Fourier was the alchemical androgyne. Yes, the Masonic Fourier! The occult messiah!

If love is to be a source of generosity, we must base our speculations on the collective exercise of love. (UVCF 374)

In Harmony . . . amorous celebrity can entitle a person to a world-wide monarchy and to other lucrative & magnificent offices. (UVCF 368)

HYMN TO THE DAWN [SEE APPENDIX A]

To read Fourier with feeling gives the same thrill as discovering a new lost cult of ancient times with strange and gnostic truths. If you really love someone, buy rare old yellowing Fourier pamphlets and let your beloved discover them as if by accident in musty library of deceased uncle, or leftist used book store in Montmartre, dusty pages of cheap acidic nineteenth-century paper flaking away like ivory scurf, quaint elongated fancy typefaces, elaborate pseudo-mathematical diagrams. At first your beloved believes that *no one else* knows about this unique forgotten genius. . . . then your beloved discovers that there are others. . . . that *you* are one of them! What a pure and ennobling pleasure!

FOURIER'S HEAD IN MARBLE

resting on his grave as on some Salomean platter—an obvious invitation to necromancy. Candles and incense, invocatory

rhodomontade, pallid young men in neat raincoats, shabby-gentle old ladies, disciples gathered in Montmartre Cemetery. . . . Sunday afternoon seances in the April mist, perhaps. Doctrines as beautiful as these were destined to be enshrined in a cult, a poor small religion of lodgingshouses & badly lit meetinghalls, illuminated certificates of entitlement & orders of chivalry, faded velvet banners, memorabilia enshrined in glass like reliquaries. Fourier's monument—a stone structure standing where the rue Caulincourt hits the Place Clichy in the IXth arrondissement, just down from Montmartre—it was worn & truncated, the writing on the stone illegible. In October 1960 the journal *Combat* reported the wish of a municipal councillor that the monument be removed. André Breton protested. The monument still stood in 1970 (what have 24 more years done to it?). In his *Ode to Fourier* Breton relates this experience:

Et voilà one little morning in 1937
that would be about 100 years by the way after
your death
in passing I noticed a very fresh bouquet of violets at your
feet
it is rare that anyone beflowers statues in Paris . . .
it must have been a woman's slim gloved hand
the kind they love to shade their brows with
while gazing into the distance
I observed casually in days that followed the bouquet
was renewed
the dew & it made one
& you, nothing would have turned your eyes from
the be-diamonded muck of Place Clichy

. . . rustic altars are placed at the summit of a knoll.
They are bedecked with flowers or shrubs & the statues
& busts of patrons of the sect (the "Thousand Flower
Series") or of the individuals who have excelled in work
& have enriched it by inventing useful methods. These
individuals are the mythological demi-gods of the sect

or industrial Series. A corybant opens the session by
burning incense before the demi-god . . . (UVCF 293)
(Note: For The 1000 Flower Series, see Appendix B)

THE ANALOGIES

Stars & planets are sexual beings. Gravity on the physical plane serves as a metaphor for the erotic attraction which really moves the universes:—the Aromal Emanation. Each cosmic body shoots out multi-colored rays of aroma by which they copulate with each other & propagate their kind in a continual orgy of creation. These rays crisscross Space in a veritable multidimensional web of color, just as Space on another level is a webwork of light. Each of the Passions corresponds to a numeral, a musical note, color, mathematical process, geometric form, alchemic metal—thus the Cabalist Passion is symbolized by an indigo silver spiral. Different kinds of love can be represented by iris, tuberose, carnation, hyacinth. Did Fourier spontaneously re-create the occult theory of analogy out of his own imagination, or had he read Paracelsus? No wonder the Martinists, Illuminists & Swedenborgians thought Fourier was one of them, an adept. Aromal influences in the coming era of Harmony will cause the seas to turn to lemonade. *Everything* is erotic, everything yields to the influence of Passional Attraction—the only possible society is one composed entirely of lovers, therefore the only possible politics is a politics of the Impossible, & even a science of the impossible, erotico-pataphysics, dada epistemology, the Passional Calculus

A star can copulate: 1. with itself like a vegetable, the north pole copulating with the south; 2. with another star by means of outpourings emanating from contrasting poles; 3. with the help of an intermediary; the tuberose was engendered by three aromas emanating from the south pole of the Earth, the north pole of the planet Herschel, & the south pole of the Sun.
(UVCF 401)

Subversion	Transition	Harmony
Night	Twilight	Day
Caterpillar	Chrysalis	Butterfly
Comet	Concentrated body	Planet
Winter	Half season	Summer

(PHS II 412)

NORTH AMERICAN PHALANX

The longest-lived Fourierist experiment was the North American Phalanx in Monmouth County, New Jersey, 40 miles south of New York City. Between 1843 and 1858 there may have been a hundred or so phalanxes in America. In an alternate universe none of them failed ignominiously or vanished into the dustbin of lost crackpot history—they succeeded wildly, & America-prime became the cradle of universal Harmony. Our alternate selves are all living in big phalansteries & the very weather has changed, balmy & crackling with erotic energy, orgone skies & lemonade oceans, so that everything we do, even harvesting pears, gives us hard-ons or wet vaginas. We need only three and a half hours of sleep a night, eat five meals and two snacks a day, flit from task to task and pleasure to pleasure like butterflies.² We're seven feet tall, live to 120, and the most advanced have tails with a hand on the end, and an eye in the palm of the hand: the *archibras*.

MONEY

Since Fourier took the opposite point of view to all philosophy (*l'éclat absolu*, absolute doubt & difference), and since "philosophers" invariably disdain and disparage wealth, he was for it. He recognized the erotic and "childish" purity of money as *money* rather than as frozen abstraction & oppression. Even if he were to consider money as "filth" he would still approve it, as he was far from ignorant of the erotic power of filth, at least for certain Series. Every pleasure condemned by the moralists of Civilization he applauds as a force for Harmony—a revaluation of all values leading not to Nietzsche's chilly loneliness but to the elegant perversity of the horde, the band, the tangle of bodies in "touch-rut."³

... the mutiny of love is only the more effective for being hidden & concealed behind all sorts of masks. (UVCF 340)

I have now said enough to make it clear that this corps of children (the Little Horde), who indulge all the inclinations that morality forbids, is a device which will realize . . . Sweet Fraternity. (Harmony) encourages the dirty inclinations which are repressed with heavy-handed whippings by a tender morality that makes no effort to utilize the passions as God gave them to us. (UVCF 321-2)

Children are nature's echoes against morality; they are all in league to escape its rules. (UVCF 165)

THE LITTLE HORDES

at dawn, under their Little Khans, they march, barbaric banners flying, out into the still-misty fields, to rid the furrows of vermin & serpents, to spread manure—boys attracted to danger & filth. A few girls, and adults, the Bonze/Druids, who still share these tastes, accompany them. The whole Phalanx honors them for the distasteful work and thinks of them as little knights. Who knows what mischief they're up to later out behind the barn, in the dump, the junkyard, the privy overgrown with honeysuckle—what rituals of filth?

... the science named *Gastrosophy* . . . will place good cheer in strict alliance with honor & the love of glory. (PHS I 33)

... the most clever *gastrosophers* will be in their lifetime Promoted to *sainthood*, of which they will have the rank & the title. (HM 94)

... when a well-assorted company can, in a short evening party, place itself in full composite by mixtures of

material & spiritual pleasure,—gallantry, the ball, the dainty supper, and, above all, cordiality,—then everyone is enraptured with this state of delight, so rare in assemblies. Everyone says, why does not this state of festivity & intoxication always last? why does it not revive every day? If you return after this to your dismal home, & to the routine of business & morality, you think yourself fallen, like Apollo, from the heavenly abode into a place of exile.

These moments, when parties rise to the delight of the composite, are infinitely feeble pictures of the delight that the Harmonians will constantly enjoy . . .
(PHS II 7)

Moderation is good as a channel of refinement of the pleasures, but not as a deliberate privation. (PHS II 101)

THE FOURIERIST BANQUET

Gastrosophy—the art and science of good taste—Fourier’s most beautiful & perfectly typical invention. I used to apply the term gastrosophy not only to Fourier but also to Brillat-Savarin, author of *The Physiognomy of Taste*; imagine my surprise to discover that they were related and knew each other well! True, Fourier disdained Brillat-Savarin’s gourmandism as “simple” in comparison with the compound or *composite* complexity of cuisine in Harmony—nevertheless (as Barthes points out) it was probably B.-S. who introduced F. to *mirlitons*, the little spiced cakes of Paris which he loved and praised as harmonian food. Therefore a Fourierist banquet might well feature B.-S.’s famous recipe for turkey, almost the only recipe contained in the *Physiognomy* (which is a meditation on food, not a cookery book). Fourier also loved fruit, especially pears, melons, and apples, and fruit compotes (because they were “composite”) made with sugar, which the Harmonians will eat instead of bread. Bread, except for very fine dinner rolls, seemed boring to F., & the labor of raising wheat too dull; moreover, the sugar of the future will (due to aromal emanations) lose its “wormy” unhealthiness. Bread

is too *Civilized*—and Harmony is the Big Rock Candy Mountain of childhood dreams. If the Fourierist banquet is to contain dishes much discussed by the Founder, then serve a stew made from a “tough old hen” (or two hens and a rooster), “marinated & served in a braising pan, or in gelatine”, in honor of one of Fourier’s famous illustrative fables, about a series of chicken-loving gourmets with extreme tastes; and served with cous-cous and slightly rancid butter, in honor of Barthes and his friend (see *Sade/Fourier/Loyola*). Omit provençal-type dishes made with “hot oil,” garlic, saffron “& other villainies,” of which the Founder disapproved (v. *PHS I* 316). Also note: “How many ‘hidings’ have I endured (as a child) because I refused to swallow turnips, cabbage, barley, vermicelli, & (other) moral drugs, which occasioned my vomiting, not to mention disgust” (ibid., 344). Even if we happen to like some of these things, we’ll omit them in honor of the hero we celebrate. April 7 is his birthday. Plenty of wine & cognac, & “ices, orangeade, sparkling wines.” Table set with flowers. Twelve toasts, one to each Passion—& one more for the Founder. (See Appendix D)

. . . in order not to have the trouble of forgetting the books of philosophy, I have never taken the trouble to read them. (PHS I 117)

The Series needs discords as much as it needs harmonies. (UVCF 231)

FOURIER STIRNER NIETZSCHE

We need warm Fourier to counterbalance cool Stirner & Nietzsche, and we need Stirner and Nietzsche to even out Fourier. Stirner exterminates a few spooks still rattling around in Fourier’s head; for “altruism” sometimes appears in Fourier detached from the interest of individuals, floating free as an abstraction; at other times however Fourier makes it clear that self-interest *alone* is sufficient motivation to bring about Harmony, since the individual can only realize full individuality in a social setting where need (“work”) and pleasure are nearly synonymous, and where one’s own passions are

complemented & fulfilled by *others* of the appropriate Series. The Phalanx can thus be seen as one possible form for the Stirnerite "Union of Egoists" (or more accurately, "unique-ones"). It has been argued (by Gustav Landauer for example) that "Ego" for Stirner still retains—despite all Stirner's determination—a taint of the Absolute, in the same way that "Society" (or Association) does for Fourier. In this case, Nietzsche appears as a positive/ambiguous third term or pivot of reconciliation between the two extreme cases, first in his image of the "free spirit", which could stand for Stirner's and Fourier's ideals as well; and second, in his "perspectivalism," which precisely puts the two extreme perspectives *in perspective*. Moreover, Nietzsche and Fourier agree on the question of the Necessary Illusion, the social myth; in this light one might interpret the Phalanx as the "will to power" of the combined Passional Series and Groups. All three thinkers are "radical aristocrats," disbelievers in equality and democracy. Believing in the possibility of a synthesis of these three cranky geniuses may involve the aesthetic of the well-known mating, on operating table, of sewing machine and umbrella; but that's old hat to the likes of us. Indeed, we can add a few more "impossibles" to the mix, and hope for six before breakfast. For example: a number of nineteenth-century American utopianists managed to reconcile Fourier's theory of Attraction with Josiah Warren's "Society of Individual Sovereigns"—particularly Steven Pearl Andrews, founder of the UNIVERSAL PANTARCHY and of "Modern Times," the anarchist community in Brentwood, Long Island. In fact Fourierism dovetails nicely with what might be called the "left" wing of Individualist anarchism, its labor-movement-oriented side, represented by Tucker and Mackay. A similar synthesis was made in the "pleasure politics" of Situationism, which probably absorbed Fourier through Surrealism. Fourier's *Nouveau Monde Amoureux*, his most overtly erotic work—which never appeared in his lifetime and was lost—finally made it into print for the first time in 1967; if it was not a precipitating factor of the following year's "Events," it was surely a symbolic premonition.

The biggest area of difference between Fourier and Stirner/Nietzsche, and the biggest area of difference between Fourier and

the whole later development of socialist anarchism, is the area of religion. Stirner/Nietzsche did not believe in "God," and neither did Proudhon or Kropotkin (who both read Fourier with "fascination" when young). But Fourier did believe in something. He attacked "Religion" as an aspect of Civilization, but he spoke without hesitation of a "God" & of "UNIVERSAL DIVINE PROVIDENCE" (as a necessary axiom to the proof that all humans should enjoy an economic & erotic "minimum," without which it would become necessary to accuse "God" of injustice). Fourier's theory of correspondences is also metaphysical or "occult." Fourier's deity, however, cannot be identified with that of Abrahamic Monotheism, since His most essential feature is His approval of all passions and forms of sexuality, indeed His virtual *identity with* the Passions. Fourier's monist pantheism invites comparison with the non-Religious spirituality of certain radical mystics and heretics (such as William Blake), and also with certain contemporary movements such as anarcho-Taoism or anarcho-paganism. (These in turn are of course updated versions of earlier heresies such as the Brook Farmers' Transcendentalism, a sort of mix of Fourier and Unitarianism. Spiritualism and Swendenborgianism were also rife amongst nineteenth-century radicals.)

THE PHALANSTERY

—big victorian palace, pseudo-chateau—"the caravansera . . . , the temple, the tower, the telegraph, the coops for carrier pigeons, the ceremonial chimes, the observatory, & a winter courtyard adorned with resinous plants," wide verandas, oriel windows, bay windows, stained glass, all wood and shingle, an american Versailles in the midst of Jersey truckfarm fields humid & cheerfully vulgar, flat and green. Corn tomatoes chickens cherries apples pears Plums herbs hemp turkeys pigs cows dogs cats⁴ sunflowers hollyhocks 1620 people under one roof (with outlying gazebos and cottages for allies and hermits)—like the castles of Sade's libertines the Phalanstery is a closed space, *hortus conclusus* or artificial paradise rising originally in all its elaborate and obsessive architecture and detail out of masturbation fantasies. The one big important difference between Sade and Fourier is that in the Phalanstery everyone's rich

and happy—not just the libertines. In our modern Phalanx the “Bourse” or Exchange, the complex daily process of scheduling and book keeping, is aided by computers—otherwise, however, reproductive and mediating technologies are not very popular. We prefer to make art rather than passively consume “leisure” and “entertainment.” Our chief modes of creativity are the banquet, the “OPERA” (which Fourier already understood as the synthesis of all art forms), and the orgy. Of course in our alternate universe we expend as much energy and eros on mere work as you (in your sad reality) on the finest art and most exquisite pleasures. Our food, our art, our eroticism, receive the influx of sheer genius, and exist on a higher plane of intensity than you can imagine except in fleeting moments of ecstatic realization. Our quotidian routine has the same texture as your highest adventure.

A Session in the Court of Love: the band of adventurers moves forward through a cloud of perfume and a rain of flowers. (UVCF 387)

HIEROGLYPH

The foul emanations of Civilization have caused the Moon to die. By the unalterable law of Passional & Aromal rays, our present Moon will be destroyed and replaced under Harmony by five different-colored satellites. So enjoy the pallid & sterile glow while you can, dupes of Civilization, for it is inexorably doomed.

The material world being in all its details hieroglyphic of the passional, God must have created emblems of the passions in all the degrees. (PHS I 6)

This is to say that the properties of an animal, a vegetable, a mineral, & even a cluster of stars, represent some effect of the human passions in the social order, & that EVERYTHING, from the atoms to the stars, constitutes a tableau of the properties of the human passions. (UVCF 397)

PARANOID CRITICISM

—a term invented by S. Dali—everything is alive, and even consciousness is more universal than poor Reason could ever allow—life and history are shaped by occult forces, specifically by the unconscious, by desire—but also by actual conspiracy, “breathing together.” Analogy—everything means something else—no “coincidences.” An aesthetic derived from this theory would of course approximate Surrealism. Fourier remained silent about the art of his time and limited himself to foretelling a future when the borders which Civilization enforces in aesthetics would fall & be replaced by (for instance) the Harmonian OPERA. Thus Surrealism is justified in considering him an ancestor; moreover Fourier himself exhibited a definite “paranoid” streak, convinced of a vast conspiracy against him and his mission, orchestrated by the philosophical establishment and its lackeys in the press and government. The art he predicted indeed came into being—but not the social form which ought to support it, uplift it, surround it, and carry it on to universality. In this sense the historical avant garde became the unacknowledged legislators of a nonexistent & still totally *imaginal* world, a counterworld or utopia in the literal sense of “no place.” In the alternate universe where Harmony reigns, *Art* has been “suppressed and realized” because *every* Harmonian is an “artist.” In our world, however, the avant garde has actually fallen into the gulf that separates vision from actuality—the avant garde has “disappeared” into the abyss created by a *tragic* contradiction (between, for example, Surrealism and Stalinism). In the twentieth century art had to make a revolution or else die. Its revolution failed and indeed all that remains of it is an exquisite corpse. So—hey presto—Art has already been “suppressed”. What remains now is its “realization”—in the free play of creative imagination *outside* the total area of reproduction and mediation, *outside* the entire dialectic in which a term like “avant garde” makes semantic sense. What form might this endeavor take? I don’t know—I’m still engaged in producing books, despite Fourier’s prediction that the libraries would fall. Still, reading & writing are also *passions*.

Let us begin by pointing out that in the eyes of morality all the most distinguished personality types, the truly sophisticated ones, are dangerous. (UVCF 222)

... the birth of social happiness is dependent on the discovery of two means: 1. luxury, without which harmony cannot be organized; 2. the theory of harmony, without which you cannot make use of luxury. (UVCF 213)

FIAT LUX(E)

In Harmony everyone will be an artist, since each will perform "useful labor" with the same creative intensity now bestowed only on art. But no one will be *only* an artist, since the Butterfly Passion (the lust for variety) will give each of us at least thirty vocations. In effect the Phalanstery IS a work of art, in all its movements, rituals, processions, pavilions, banquets, set-pieces, cabals, assignations, and operas. Its aesthetic is rooted in *luxury* and *light*, or "brilliance," one of Fourier's favorite words. The "mathematical poem" or science of Attraction is also an art, or rather, it takes the form of a language whose grammar is musical and whose content is erotic. This atmosphere evokes a resonance with psychedelic aesthetics, and indeed the phalansteries of the 1840s lie buried beneath the floors of the communes of the 1960s—like lost archaeologies—or ancestors whose names are forgotten but whose genes are immortal. Consider the "Museum Orgy," a Harmonian artform "offering no more than visual gratification and designed to encourage the development of the aesthetic faculties of the Harmonians" (as Beecher describes it, *UVCF 392*). Just as the border between producer and consumer is erased by attractive labor, so the line between audience and work of art vanishes in the Museum Orgy, as each Harmonian becomes simultaneously the object and subject of desire, both sign & signified in the language of Passion. Fourier predicts that Harmonians will eat and enjoy certain foods which to us are poisons, and he specifically mentions mushrooms; surely he would have approved of magic mushrooms, enhancers of luxury and erotic

sensation, most "brilliant" of the hallucinogens. The aim of Fourierist aesthetics resembles that of Taoist or of psychedelic aesthetics: identity of subject and object, overcoming the dichotomy of self and other.

We have heard the sensitive Anacreon, who prefers men to women, extol the orgies of young pederasts and intrepid drunkards among the sooth-sayers. If the champions of antiquity admire excess, so condemned today, it is because they quite agree that orgy is one of man's natural needs. (HM 278)

The courts of love are based on the principle that every fantasy is good; they look for the most unknown, the most disdained, in order to give it prominence and to create its partisans the world over. (HM 114)

Amorous love fantasies, whether infinitely rare as is foot fetishism, or common as are the sects of flagellation, cannot be subject to debate regarding honor or proper comportment, nor can they require the intervention of a council. Everyone is right in matters of amorous mania, since love is essentially the passion of unreason. (HM 112)

In Harmony great efforts will be made to bring together the devotees of . . . extremely rare manias. For each of them the meeting will be a pilgrimage as sacred as the journey to Mecca is for Moslems. (UVCF 348)

THE HARMONIAN BODY

(a reading of *Passions of the Human Soul*, Vol I)

None of the commentators seem to have given a full description of the amazing differences between our Civilized bodies & those of the Harmonians in their full "evolution" (which will depend not on

genetics but on the brilliant influence of *social mutation*—not proto-Darwinian but proto-Lamarckian). Some commentators have noted with amusement the *archibras*, that fingered tail so useful no doubt in fruitpicking and orgies, and most have recalled that Harmonians will have longer childhoods (puberty at fifteen or sixteen), longer lives (nearly one-eighth will live to 144), more perfect health, greater statures (average seven feet), and more ravishing beauty than we can imagine. But what an *alien* beauty! Few modern sci-fi writers have dared to envision a future humanity so radically altered, or rather self-altered. No puny bulbrains dependent on robots & prosthesis!—Fourier's future body-image is based not on body hatred but on the glorious apotheosis of the individual/collective will, expressed on a somatic level so deep as to resonate with the very plasm or life-forces of Nature, and on a psychic level so high as to make the boasts of shamans and magicians look picayune by comparison.

Science fiction abounds in masking-images of body-fear and hatred—immortality, decorporealization, Cyberspace, the airlessness and anti-organicity of "Space" itself—which reveal an underlying neo-Gnostic or neo-puritanical body-image in which material is bad, spiritual (or rather mental) is good. Fourier too has tinges of Dualism, which lead him to despise *our present body*, but he overcomes his own extreme idealism by advocating a *spiritual materialism* (i.e. making *life* the high value) so radical as to amount to a potential deification of the body. "There is . . . nothing more unsuited to us, who are a *cardinal star*, a star of high nobility, than the moral pleasures,—the turnips of Cincinnatus and the black broth of the philosophers. We need an immense luxury, and a bi-compound harmony, which ought to apply to all the faculties of our soul and of our senses, far removed in their actual (present) state from this brilliant (future) destiny" (*PHS I* 54).

This destiny includes, for example, the albino, a pre-echo of the Harmonian body in "his properties of equinoctial whiteness and co-nocturnal vision, with which the race born in Harmony will be endowed" (63). Fourier is particularly informative on the future becoming of *vision*—not only will we see at night, we will also come to

enjoy the "amphi-vertical or diverging polar eye of the chameleon" who possesses the "beautiful faculty of simultaneously casting the eyes to opposite poles." *Convergence* for Fourier is always a restriction, a limitation. Our present civilized eyes converge & are thus severely limited; the Harmonian eye *diverges* & thus expands its scope, increasing the pleasure or "*luxe*" of the Passion of vision. That which diverges gives variety, like the divergent sexualities of the "manias" and so-called perversions. That which converges is monotonous, like morality or simple binoptic vision. The Harmonian will acquire "Co-aroma vision," allowing the perception of some 800 colors, each belonging to a different aroma (light is only one aroma, and we see only 7 of its 12 rays); we shall even watch in the sky the rays of aroma darting between stars as they copulate, noting their myriad shades in our "sidereal gazettes" (87). The vision of the *somnambulist*, who walks everywhere safely with eyes closed, "proves to us that we can experience sensations without the aid of the senses" (i.e. ESP), since we can psychically tune in to the "sensual faculties of the planetary body," Earth herself, who "sees and hears like ourselves, but through very different means" (105). We seem to be approaching Taoism here, and are not surprised to learn that Harmonians (like Taoist sages who plunge beneath the sea to meet with dragon kings) are amphibious, or that they fly through the air without wings (169), that they possess invulnerability (174–75), ambidexterity, and prehensile toes. Fourier's theory, however, is physical not magical: he proposes the existence of twelve atoms or basic particles making up all material things and organs. Our civilized eyes lack the co-solar vision of the eagle (the ability to see through fire, such as the Solarians or inhabitants of the Sun enjoy) and the co-nocturnal vision of the cat, because "one of the five sharp or five flat atoms is combined in a contradictory way in our eyes. . . . These disorders are only temporary, and humanity will remedy them by backing itself with the *societary system*, which alone can raise our bodies to extreme vigor, and favor the new combinations of atoms, of which we are corporeally susceptible" (91). Moreover, social change will influence planetary destiny, so that climate will change, Earth will lose its single "mummy" Moon and acquire a

plethora of satellites and Saturn-like rings, and once again be bathed in the aromal influences of other planets and stars (as it was before Civilization literally knocked our world from its course); new aromas will circulate in our atmosphere, giving "new faculties to the beings, animals and plants. This spring (i.e. this source) alone would suffice to occasion all the specified changes (in the body & Nature)" (92).

Fourier refrains from outlining the development of other senses and organs, allowing us to make use of the Passional Calculus to deduce for ourselves the future of the sense of *touch-rut*, & indeed the future of the *genitals*, which must be even more extraordinary than that of sight and optic tissue. For our sight, he predicts, will ultimately render all "animate bodies" (and reality itself) *transparent* as "very limpid crystal," like "the silk-worm on the eve of its transformation, and the glow-worm in the dusk." Thus "the human eye will be in the condition of a man from whom a cataract has been removed, & who distinguishes forms & shades where before there was nothing but opaqueness & obscurity" (123). Clearly Fourier preaches a mysticism of the senses, or a sensual mystique, in which everything is embodied, but in *bodies of light*.

What dupes men are that they have compelled themselves to wear a dreadful chain; what punishment they endure for having reduced women to bondage. . . .

Freedom in love, joy and good will, insouciance, and more, are not dreamed of because philosophy habituates us to regard the desire for true good as vice.

(HM 204-5)

The shades of white differ according to the planetary degrees; the white of our epidermis is false,—it is a rosy grey. The Jupiterians have already the rosy alabaster white; the Solarians, higher in rank, have the white epidermis of rosy musk color. (PHS I 228)

MANDALA

Fourier's *future* would impose an injustice on *our present*, since we Civilizees cannot hope to witness more than a foretaste of Harmony, if it were not for his highly original and somewhat mad eschatology. He conceives of reincarnation not as a means of getting off the Wheel, but rather as a promise of an infinity of merry-go-round rides, in which we will trace as individual souls our trajectories through the future of Harmony and even to the emergence of entire new universes more stupendous than our present immensity. His critique of the *dullness* of all religious nonmaterial conceptions of paradise leads to a materialist eschatology—to the virtual eternity of self and body—since otherwise Fourier's God would have to be accused of injustice both to the living and the "dead." One of the things we can do with Fourier's system is to hold it within our consciousness and attention in the form of a mandala, not questioning whether it be literally factually true, but whether we can achieve some sort of "liberation" through this strange meditation. The future becoming of the solar system, with its re-arrangement of planets to form dances of colored lights, can be visualized as a tantric adept uses a yantra of cosmogenic significance, like a Sufi meditation on "photisms" or series of visionary lights, to focus and integralize our own individual realization of the potential of harmony within us, to overcome our "prejudices against matter, which is represented to us as a vile principle" (PHS I 227) by philosophers and priests. Like Nietzsche's Eternal Return, the Fourierist eschatology need not lose all value for us if we consider it metaphorically, or better, mandalically rather than as literal dogma. Both systems are meant to *symbolize* (i.e., to be, and to represent that which it is, simultaneously), to make present a similar Yes to material existence, to becoming, to life; a Yes which—despite all their differences—sounds like the same Yes in both Nietzsche & Fourier.

(bi-compound or aromized or transcendent fire) . . .

might be surnamed the material God of nature . . .

since fire is the body of God, and ought in this wise to

hold the rank of focus among the elements. (PHS I 188)

Diffraction:—instantaneous light of harmony piercing the centre of subversion, (as when) a plume of black feathers, or a hat of black felt, being placed between the eye and the Sun, reflect like a prism of crystal the seven rays on their edge. (PHS II 414)

THE TAO OF HARMONY

By sheer coincidence while reading Fourier I happened to visit several charming Taoist temples in San Francisco (thanks to my friends at City Lights, who also supplied me with a copy of Breton's *Ode*). The temple of the Phalanstery, centuries from now, will have become encrusted with just such a luxury of red and gold, incense and banners; moreover, the Taoist emphasis on spontaneity, work-as-play, wealth, health, longevity, sexual "alchemy," complex cuisine, and even sensual pleasure⁵ also accords well with a Fourierist religion. K. White points out in his intro to the *Ode* that when Fourier excoriates 3000 years of Civilization for "struggling insanely against Nature," and boasts that he is "the first to have yielded to her," he is speaking only for Europe; while in the *Tao Te Ching* one may read: "Let Nature take its course / By letting each thing act in accordance with its own nature, everything that needs to be done gets done / The best way to manage anything is to make use of its own nature / For a thing cannot function well when its own nature has been disrupted." In the Yang Chu Tractate of *The Book of Lieh Tzu* (which I bought the same day I visited the temples) I found:

Give yourself up to whatever your ears wish to listen to, your eyes to look on, your nostrils to turn to, your mouth to say, your body to find ease in, your will to achieve. What the ears wish to hear is music and song, and if these are denied them, I say that the sense of hearing is restricted. What the eyes wish to see is the beauty of women, and if this is denied them, I say that the sense of sight is restricted. What the nostrils wish to turn to is orchids and spices, and if these are denied them, I say that the sense of smell is restricted. What the mouth

wishes to discuss is truth and falsehood, and if this is denied it, I say that the intelligence is restricted. What the body wishes to find ease in is fine clothes and good food, and if these are denied it, I say that its comfort is restricted. What the will wishes to achieve is freedom and leisure, and if it is denied these, I say that man's nature is restricted.

All these restrictions are oppressive masters. If you can rid yourself of these oppressive masters, and wait serenely for death, whether you last a day, a month, a year, ten years, it will be what I call "tending life". If you are bound to these oppressive masters, and cannot escape their ban, though you were to survive miserably for a hundred years, a thousand, ten thousand, I would not call it "tending life".

Civilized education . . . intervenes systematically to fight against our desire to be carefree, a desire that will be unfettered in Harmony. (UVCF 143)

ADDENDUM TO THE FOURIERIST BANQUET

A Note On Music

Given that for Fourier all measured series can be expressed in musical terms, so that music acts for him as a principle of social becoming, it seems only natural that *reading* Fourier enhances the ear for certain music, as I've discovered just now listening to Telemann, whom I already credited with being a Yea-sayer, a proponent of human happiness, and who I would now argue deserves to survive into the era of Harmony. Fourier himself mentions the operas of Gluck with praise—the only specific reference to a composer I've found so far in his work. Amongst the moderns one suspects he might have liked Satie. Fourier speaks rather mysteriously of a "masonic and musical eye", which sounds Mozartian as well as synaesthetic. And we know he enjoyed marching bands. (See Appendix C)

REVISIONISM

It's amusing that every one of Fourier's admirers has wanted to argue with him, to accept part of his system and reject part, from Victor Considerant, his chief disciple, all the way down to his modern commentators and biographers. I could have done the same, if such a course had not seemed to lack dignity and tact. Instead I've managed something better, and have ascertained by means of a series of Swedenborgian/Spiritualist séances that Fourier (who presently inhabits the "planetary soul" while awaiting re-incarnation as a Solarian) has changed his mind about certain aspects of his thought; for as he said, "Did I myself not write that 'a penchant for exclusive systems is one of the radical vices of Civilization, & it will be avoided in Harmony.'?" He's given up all his former racial prejudices, for example, but insists his cosmology was more-or-less correct. At first he rather liked Marx and Engels, who praised him when they were young—but later when Marx condemned him for silliness and the taint of the brothel, Fourier came to dislike him intensely, and points out that he was unkind and patriarchal toward women, "always a bad sign." The ghost of Paul Goodman introduced Fourier to Wilhelm Reich and the modern erotic liberationists and convinced him to rethink his position on infant and childhood sexuality.

I now realize that both Hypermajors and Hyperminors are present in all four Groups, thus:

In the 1st phase, or childhood

- 1 Friendship
- 2 Ambition
- 3 Love
- 4 Familism

In the 2nd phase, or Adolescence

- 1 Love
- 2 Friendship
- 3 Ambition
- 4 Familism

(Note: Three and four of the first phase are missing in the former system.)

In the 3rd phase, or Virility

- 1 Ambition
- 2 Love
- 3 Familism
- 4 Friendship

In the 4th phase, or Old Age

- 1 Familism
- 2 Ambition
- 3 Friendship
- 4 Love

"This," he said, "makes a great improvement in the chart on page 84, Vol. II, of your copy of *The Passions of the Human Soul*."

"When I said that children are a third sex," Fourier went on (via planchette), "I meant they were asexual. When Henry de Montherlandt lifted my saying (without attribution) he meant to indicate that children are another sex with its own and proper *sexuality*. Needless to say, I was quite prepared to grant full sexual freedom to pubescents, but failed to grasp that children and even infants possess their own erotic natures as well. Of course, I still have the honor of being the first social inventor to propose the liberation of all the passions, including pederasty and sapphism—including even the passion for chastity! To admit now that the Passional Series contains *all* humans, regardless of age or sex, does not impair the strength of my system, but rather strengthens and *completes* it."

MANDALA (II)

The microcosmic architecture of the Phalanstery mirrors the macrocosmic architecture of the universe, and in this way can be seen *in toto* as a temple; for all temples are miniature universes. The key that links phalanstery and cosmos as mutual hieroglyphs is to be found in Fourier's radical play with scale, perspective, and closeness. The future of the solar system, for instance, involves Earth's acquisition of five new satellites, Juno, Ceres, Pallas, Vesta, and Mercury, which will leave their present orbits out of sheer *attraction* to the new Harmonian Earth and move much closer to us and to the Sun. The rest of the solar system will also squeeze closer together, so that Venus, Mars, and Jupiter will appear to us nearly as large as our

own satellites, & we will behold even Herschel (Uranus) with its eight moons (La Faquiesse, La Bacchante, La Bayadère, La Galante, La Coquette, La Romanesque, La Prude, and La Fidèle). Our night sky will blaze with huge glowing multi-hued globes ("the effect of a garden illuminated with colored lamps")—we'll see Saturn's rings bare-eyed, Venus like a lilac moon, Jupiter a jonquil moon—Vesta will be of a "subversive tint," possibly "burnt sienna, like the back of a cock, or rather like the lees of wine." The planets will crowd together like warm bodies at an orgy, and we'll be so close we'll be able to see and converse with the inhabitants of the other spheres via the Extramundane Planetary Telegraph ("Thus we shall be able, in the Sun as in Jupiter, to see and count the passengers and the windows"—PHS I 213). Moreover the sky will be criss-crossed with armal rays, like aurora borealis focused into lasers, shooting around the universe like jets of galvanic jism. On the *scale* of the individual phalanstery the same grand *perspectives* will be paradoxically combined with a similar *closeness* and crowding together. The neo-classical, ornate & HUGE palace of the Phalanx, the single roof under which its Harmonians dwell, opens its two wings like arms to the Sun, that visible emblem of the "material god," the "transcendent fire" or life-principle. The phalanstery provides an even more exact emblem of the universe—and vice versa—since each of the thirty-two Choirs or main Series corresponds to one of the thirty-two celestial bodies, with the Sun representing the Synod—"for there is no detail of planetary harmony that is not reproduced in passional harmony." Thus the rose represents hieroglyphically the Vestalate under the influence of Mercury, while the Troubadours are represented by the carnation, flower of puberty and first love, beneath the sign of Jupiter's fifth moon. Each individual is a star, linked and drawn close together by Attraction to all others, connected by "rays" (the radiants or complex movements of work/play, the Passional Series, etc.) and by "orbits." The chief orbit will be described by the Street Gallery, an indoor passageway connecting all the wings and running continually along the second storey of the Phalanstery. Fourier never ceased praising this invention, which summed up for him the very style of Harmony. Europe's nineteenth-century

covered galleries, pale imitations of Fourier's ideal, fascinated Walter Benjamin, and the unitary concept of the built community exemplified by Fourier's Street Gallery finds echoes in certain playful twentieth-century theories such as Arcology, Situationist Urbanism, or *bolo'bolo*. Because Fourier's cosmology has been largely ignored, commentators have failed to recognize the hieroglyphic nature of phalansterian architecture; moreover, unlike the "druids" who built Stonehenge, Fourier was not basing his scheme on an *existing* universe, but rather on an imaginal one, an *improved* one, which will only come into being when human society virtually *brings it into being* by the power of Attraction & unleashed Passion—a force great enough to literally pull planets from orbit.

(In Harmony, men will) work quickly at replanting the mountains, & painting certain rocks, so that the luxury of landscapes . . . may be preserved. (PHS I 59)

COMPARING FOURIER WITH WILLIAM BLAKE

(for Anselm Hollo)

you might well begin to think that the *moment of desire* had come to European Civilization with the inescapability of a comet or a steam engine; and of course that the complex which gave birth to it was the French Revolution—one of those historical events which is *still going on* in our time, like the Roman Empire or the Neolithic—which makes Fourier as much a proto-Romantic as Blake, but which also makes both of them our exact contemporaries. Two marginal cranks in rented lodgings, both mistaken for occultists but both prophets of the body, far more radical than most of the nature-mystics, reformers, and ideologues who came after them: they made the big breakthrough almost simultaneously, they overcame Western philosophy both Aristotelian *and* Platonic, they overthrew Religion—each of them had one foot in the eighteenth century and one in the twentieth (or twenty-first!)—they skipped the nineteenth century—and maybe the other shoe hasn't yet dropped, even now! They were both "mad." If Fourier was a "logothete" then so was

Blake—he even defined it: make your own system or be enslaved by someone else’s. Meanwhile, what did Blake think about *fruit*? The moment of recovery from sickness induces a powerful mystique of material objects, smells, tastes, colors. Such moments lie behind many of Nietzsche’s best insights. Fruit symbolizes this kind of moment. In winter: pears and apples of course, cellared since October, persimmons, oranges and grapefruit sent from the tropics on trains, and compotes of last summer’s peaches, apricots, and cherries. Arboriculture! Somehow it seems to evade the curse of the “Agricultural Revolution,” somehow it seems easy, not like real work at all, or in any case “attractive labor.” New York was once an orchard state—literally hundreds of species of apples have disappeared since the turn of the century due to evil American capitalist conspiracy against variety and taste in favor of shelf-life and uniformity of product. And now (as it begins to snow—Jan. 8 1991) a complete hallucination: it’s summer and Blake and Fourier are playing miniature golf in a run-down beach resort somewhere on the Atlantic coast, maybe South Jersey or Rhode Island, a warm night but not stifling, clear with plenty of stars; they’ve been drinking sangria in big iced pitchers stuffed with fruit, melons, lemons, strawberries, blackberries, plums, black cherries, Spanish brandy, and sugar—they’re pretty high and missing most of their shots. Behind them comes a party of kids, 13/14 year olds in short shorts and hi-top sneakers, giggling, flirting, making fun of the two looped old geezers in a friendly cosmic way, and everyone laughing at the sheer stupid pleasure of it.

POETICS OF TOUCH

Fourier wanted to expand the alphabet to thirty-two letters to harmonize with the number of bodies in the solar system, number of teeth, number of choirs in the Phalanx, etc. The Phalanx is also called a *tourbillon* or Vortex, which gives a sense of its turbulence and its attractiveness, calling up the mathematical image of a “catastrophic basin” toward which all points will collapse by attraction. It may even be that we can think of the Phalanx as a “Strange Attractor,” borrowing a term from modern chaos mathematicians.

Fourier speaks of an “Alphabet of Attraction” or of the Passions, and a “musical grammar.” The thirty-two letters—including those which exist though we can’t hear them, just as five colors (rose, fawn, maroon, dragon green, and lilac) exist in the spectrum of light even though we can’t see them (on the analogy of the five unplayed notes in an octave)—these letters are flying around and around in a vortex, like a swirl of autumn leaves, ring-of-roses, all fall toward the middle, making a magnetic rose, rose of the winds. The letters flame up in transcendent fire, each revealing a number, flower, aroma, color, note, banner, animal, PASSION. This is a Cabala of Desire, a gematria of erotic analogies. Fourier has little to say of aesthetic theory (other than a nod to the Aristotelian unities which he himself ignored) but his real contribution to *poetics* can only be assessed by weighing the entirety of his writing. Barthes was right to class him as a logothete, like Sade and Loyola, one for whom words have a life of their own and can be used to create new realities. With his neologisms, number mystique, theory of correspondences, etc., he used language very much as does a Ceremonial Magician, to call up images from the will into being. The difference between Fourier and other hermetalinguists, however, lies in the source/origins or “springs” of his words, and it is here that he parts company with all Illuminists and Platonists. The passions are not inferior shadows of higher more supernal realities—they ARE supernal realities. The letters spring from the passions as if from angels’ mouths, each one a ray of the spectrum of desire. Here’s the key to the Surrealists’ fascination with Fourier: language defined as a system of marvels, mantras, and magic spells, but not emanating from any bloodless castrated spirito-mental flesh-despising religious mysticism—no, language emanating from passion, from the body, and returning to passion, and to the body, in a vortex of incalculable power. I want to consider this *poetics* Fourier’s most precious invention; but perhaps I’m wrong to do so. When I’ve experienced Harmony and lived in a Vortex I’ll know that this *poetics* is no end in itself, but a weapon, a tool, a strategy by which to make Civilization tremble and crack—but only a foretaste of real pleasure, real luxury, real *Poetry*: life lived in the incandescence of passion.

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APPENDIX A:

The Hymn To Dawn (PHS II 109 ff.)

At a quarter before five, some chimes sound the summons to the lesser parade and the hymn of dawn; the company prepare in the

rooms of the refectory to descend in the course of five minutes; on descending you find under the porch the instruments of the musicians, the decorations of the priests and officials of the parade, &c. Five o'clock strikes; the athlete Conradin, aged 14, and the major of the service, commands the groups to form. I have stated on a previous occasion that the officers of the lesser parade are drawn from the choir of athletes; thus the *aides-de-camp* of Conradin are, like himself, aged 13 and 14; they are the athletes Antenor and Amphion for the groups of men; the athletes Clorinda and Galatea for the groups of women.

Amphion and Galatea go on the one hand to form the orchestras; Antenor and Clorinda go to prepare the order of march. They fall in, in the following order:—

I suppose that the muster consists of four hundred persons, men, women and children, and that the sum total composes twenty groups ready to start for different points of the adjoining country. The twenty standard-bearers place themselves in line and at a distance, facing the front of the palace and behind the flags. The troop is formed into an orchestra by vocal and instrumental divisions, having a priest or a priestess at the head of each group. Before the priest a lighted censer and an infant of the same sex that holds the perfumes, with a hierophant or high-priest between the columns of the two sexes; the drums or trumpets are on both sides of the porch; the animals and the cars are ranged along the sides of the court.

In the centre is the major Conradin, having at his side the *aides-de-camp* and before him four children of the choir of neophytes. They carry signal flags, and manœuvre to transmit the orders to the signal tower, that repeat them to the domes of the neighboring castles, to the groups already spread in the country, and to the palaces of the neighboring cantons.

When all is ready the roll of drums imposes silence, and the major commands the hail to God. Then the drums, the trumpets, and all the military music make themselves heard; the chimes of the surrounding domes play together, the incense rises, the flags wave in the air, and the streamers float upon the pinnacles of the palace

and of the castles; the groups, already in the fields, unite in this ceremony; the travellers place foot to ground, and the caravans assist in the holy salute before quitting the station.

At the end of one minute the salute ceases, and the hierophant gives the signal of the hymn by striking three measures upon the diapason of universal unity; the priests and priestesses placed over the vocal and instrumental parts thunder forth the chant, and then the hymn is sung by all the groups in chorus.

The hymn being finished, the little khan causes the muster to be beaten to the flags, the orchestra breaks up its ranks, deposits its instruments, and every one goes to range himself beneath the banner of his industrial group; it is in this order that the troop files off in various masses and in all directions, for being formed of different ages, from the child to the old man, they would look awkward if they filed off in line and step as the quadrilles of the grand parade do. They range themselves in artificial disorder, and direct themselves first towards the animals; each group takes its cars at the passage, and making them advance abreast with itself, they file off successively before the grand peristyle, beneath which certain dignitaries are stationed, such as a paladin of the sovereign wearing his escutcheon, if it is a minor parade, and if it is a grand parade, a paladin of the emperor of Unity bearing the cycloidal crescent.

Each group, on passing, receives a salute proportioned to its rank; the groups of agriculture and masonry, which are the first, are saluted by a high flourish, equivalent to the drum that beats to field; thence they proceed each one to its destination.

The salute of praise to God regularly traverses the globe in different directions; if it is a day of equinox, there is a grand parade at sun-rise, and the spherical hierarchy presents at dawn a line of congregations or phalanges two or three thousand leagues in length, whose hymns succeed each other during the space of twenty-four hours all round the globe, as each longitude receives the dawn. At the two solstices, the hymns are chanted at once upon the whole globe and by the entire human race, at the instant corresponding to the noon-day of Constantinople.

The morning salute is performed like a running fire of artillery, that

during the summer travels from the north pole to the south pole, and in the opposite direction during winter. The public *fêtes* follow the same order: the day of the summer solstice, the whole northern hemisphere dines together *en famille*, or in descending groups, and the whole southern hemisphere in quadrilles or ascending groups;* the two hemispheres dine in an opposite order on the day of the winter solstice.

This morning assembly is interesting also as a session of after-change, where negotiators go to modify arrangements and agreements entered into the preceding day at the return session of night-fall. These numerous stimulants form a mixed transit of different ingredients, and these stimulants of the dawn suffice to set on foot the whole canton from the early morning. It will be seen that there exist plenty of other motives of matutinal diligence, amongst others the vestal court. Accordingly in harmony you must be either infirm or ill to make up your mind to stay in bed after four o'clock in the morning. A man whom they purposely neglected to wake would be disconcerted on going two hours later to the sessions of the different groups; he would have lost the thread of the intrigues, and his spite would be extreme.

APPENDIX B:

The 1000 Flower Series

(This version quoted from Breton's *Ode*; see also *UVCF 292-3*)

"If the cherrytree series is united in large numbers in its great orchard, a mile from the phalanstery, it should, in the four o'clock to six o'clock evening session, see coming to meet it and its neighbours:

- 1 A cohort from the neighbouring phalanx of both sexes come to help the cherry gardeners;

o o o

* "Ascending and descending groups," here signify groups of the ascending phases of life, friendship and love, or youth and adolescence; groups of the descending phases of life, ambition and familism, or middle and declining age.—H.D.

- 2 A group of lady florists of the district, coming to cultivate a hundred-foot line of Mallows and Dahlias forming a perspective for the neighbouring road, and a square border for a vegetable field adjoining the orchard;
- 3 A group of the vegetable gardener series, come to cultivate the vegetables of this field;
- 4 A group of the thousand-flower series, coming for the cultivation of a sect altar, set between the vegetable field and the cherry orchard;
- 5 A group of strawberry maidens, coming at the end of the session, after cultivating a clearing planted with strawberries in the adjoining forest:

At a quarter to six, swing-carts out from the phalanstery will bring the afternoon snack to all these groups: it will be served in the castle of the cherry-gardeners, from quarter to until quarter past six, then the groups will disperse after forming bonds of friendship and arranging industrial or other reunions for the days to follow"

APPENDIX C:

"Harmonicon", by Steven Taylor

HARMONICON

The musical score for "Harmonicon" is written on eight staves. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is a single melodic line with various rhythmic values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a final chord.

The musical score for "Appendix D" is written on four staves. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is a single melodic line with various rhythmic values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a final chord.

APPENDIX D:

Fourierism was a very New York phenomenon. Brisbane and Greeley lived and published in New York, and most of the founders of the North American Phalanx were New Yorkers. Steven Pearl Andrews, founder of the UNIVERSAL PANTARCHY, also lived in New York. Compare the following passage from Pearl Andrews with the quote from Fourier about parties (above the section on gastrosophy, "The Fourierist Banquet"). The influence of Fourier on Andrews will become apparent:

The highest type of human society in the existing social order is found in the parlor. In the elegant and refined reunions of the aristocratic classes there is none of the impertinent interference of legislation. The individuality of each is fully admitted. Intercourse, therefore, is perfectly free. Conversation is continuous, brilliant, and varied. Groups are formed according to attraction. They are continuously broken up, and re-formed through the operation of the same subtle and all-pervading influence. Mutual deference pervades all classes, and the most perfect harmony, ever yet attained, in complex human relations, prevails under precisely those circumstances which Legislators and Statesmen dread as the conditions of inevitable anarchy and confusion. If there are laws of etiquette at all, they are mere suggestions of principles admitted into

and judged of for himself or herself, by each individual mind.

Is it conceivable that in all the future progress of humanity, with all the innumerable elements of development which the present age is unfolding, society generally, and in all its relations, will not attain as high a grade of perfection as certain portions of society, in certain special relations, have already attained?

Suppose the intercourse of the parlor to be regulated by specific legislation. Let the time which each gentleman shall be allowed to speak to each lady be fixed by law; the position in which they should sit or stand be precisely regulated; the subjects which they shall be allowed to speak of, and the tone of voice and accompanying gestures with which each may be treated, carefully defined, all under pretext of preventing disorder and encroachment upon each other's privileges and rights, then can any thing be conceived better calculated or more certain to convert social intercourse into intolerable slavery and hopeless confusion? (from *The Science of Society; Part I, The True Constitution of Government* (Bombay: Libertarian Socialist Institute, n.d., first published 1848; p. 2).)

Andrews is usually considered a Warrenite Individualist Anarchist. He was instrumental in founding *Modern Times*, & also the "Brownstone Utopia" in New York (see M. B. Stern, *The Pantarch* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1968)). But his later thinking, the global structure of the Pantarchy, and his universalist religion all seem to owe something to Fourier. Warren and Andrews in turn influenced Benjamin Tucker, who also lived in New York. Tucker was close to the Scots-German anarchist & re-discoverer of Stirner, John Henry Mackay. This "chain of transmission" helps to explain why members of the John Henry Mackay Society, the American branch of which is in New York, should take particular interest in the works and lives of Fourier and Pearl Andrews. This interest extends beyond (though it gleefully

includes) historical and cultic obsession. We also feel that the synthesis of individualism and "Association", represented by thinkers such as Pearl Andrews, has a special promise for contemporary "post-Situationist" anti-authoritarian practice. A similar synthesis was made by Gustav Landauer, by Guy Debord, and by the anonymous "For Ourselves" Collective (writing in California in the 1970s) who defined it as a reconciliation of Marx and Stirner. We find Fourier and Andrews more congenial company, and we also appreciate them as pioneers of "sexual liberation"—a field to which neither Marx nor Stirner made any significant contribution (and they weren't from New York, either). For all these reasons we've decided to revive both Pantarchy and Harmonial Association, simultaneously and amalgamated, in response to the prophecy made by an anonymous Fourierist when the North American Phalanx closed down in 1856, that some day a "Phoenix Association" would arise to take its place (Noyes, 499). At the very least we will have banquets and field trips to Brentwood and Monmouth County; perhaps even a newsletter. At best . . . who knows?

the universal pantarchy & north american phalanx
c/o Autonomedia, box 568, Brooklyn, NY 11211

NOTES

- 1 one of the American Phalansteries of the 1850s chronicled by J. H. Noyes in his *American Socialisms* (see bibliography) was called "The One-Mention Community".
- 2 Fourier's "butterfly Passion," strangely pre-echoed in Chuang Tzu's Butterfly & echoed in Lorenz's "Butterfly", Strange Attractor of weather. According to Allen Ginsberg, Walt Whitman adopted his butterfly symbol from Fourier.
- 3 Touch & taste are the highest, hearing & sight the minor senses, with smell as the "ambiguous pivot."
- 4 A strange thing about Fourier and cats: in one passage he condemns them for being *antisocial*—yet the biographers mention that he habitually shared his rented rooms with a number of cats.
- 5 Taoism is not a monolithic tradition; not every Taoist maintains all these values. I'm thinking particularly of such poets/bon-vivants/"madmen" as the famous Seven Sages of the Bamboo Grove.