01 | Author’s Intentions

§1

It is the intention of the author to get away from the discourse of the University, *permanently*.

§2

The Non-Library is, quite simply, the bastardized suspension of the Library as such. This suspension does not perform a taxonomy of operations, but rather is a performance of the immediate and immanent multiplicity the Library itself purports to present. This presentation in turn is not a negation of, say, Borges’ Library of Babel; it is its radicality removed from the relief of Quanta. The Non-Libr-
The Non-Library can be discussed through meditations on: 1) refuting the Icon of the Librarian—the guide with bad faith—and instead envisioning a guide alongside us who would access the bolgias of Hell or the vistas of Heaven not for us, but rather with or through us, 2) the Archive, Mnemosyne’s vault of treasures and objects that supposedly contains picture-thinking video of “everything that has ever occurred,” its instant gratifications waiting for those who would remember, if only properly, and 3) The One—or here, the Real—the harbinger of multiplicity: a multiplicity divorced from Number & its reign (but only absolutely immanently). Effectively, these meditations in turn reveal the Non-Library as a return to a vague understanding that knowledge is not an object, but a subject. This knowledge comes forth as the Non-Library, the Stranger-in-the-World of heterogeneous (and thus “bastardized”) practice, discursive performativity, and textual illumination. To traverse this space, we must call on a Non-Virgil to instruct us, guide us, and perhaps see that the Non-Library is, in fact, the New Library. The Non-Library is where known things are never learned and is here, now.

Drawing on Laruelle, Fichte, Badiou, Bataille, Derrida, Borges, and Dante, the Non-Library proposes nothing less than a para-biographical assertion of an immanent library as poetic Gnosis forever consigned to a silence that is a Joy deeper than any sadness. The difficulty (or, rather, constrained earnestness) that arises from an endeavor such as this is simply that one does not explain a mystery by introducing another mystery. To avoid tautology and reductionism, then we simply interrogate the
contours of a unidirectional utterance, stylizing itself more as music than as prose, in order to be according to the Real. Or, even better, it’s a fitful attempt to bring together that same old dream . . . .