

A Manifesto: The Transject and The Constant Prince, and how they are examples of one another and how these processes may unfold in real time before our very eyes and between our very hands

So, well, anyways: What is a Transject?

I say it's the only way to live in any meaningful sense.

If all substance is One -- as suggested by Spinoza or those who profess Object Oriented Ontology -- then what motivates movement and life within this single mass which is already everywhere all the time? And suppose the opposite is true, and everything is broken down into an infinite sea of atoms, always broken down into smaller and smaller units-- what coheres these quarks into atoms into animals into phylums into careers? While the ultimate cause of the origin of life within this boundless mound of stuff may be unknowable, the theory of the transject proposes a mode of naming those forces which act as agents of dividuation and connection between the matter of the World.

To start with an etymology: what is a transject but a throwing-through? As opposed to the dead object or domineering subject, the transject is a mode of being together, of being interpenetrating. When thinking in the mode of the transject, all parts are simultaneously throwers and the thrown, the whole an active system of relationships sharing space (or time or language). Subjects and objects still exist throughout transjects, just as positions of different particular prepositions¹. The transject is generally a prepositional concept- it names a plurality of beings which come to be through Being through each other, with each other, about each other, around each other, etc. A transject is a plurality of Things which together become a transject.

A transject does not suffer one body; it is a fascia of being which snakes through many embodiments, ignoring the boundaries already in place and instead overlapping with many material elements that it is being made out of. While each "material element" -- the multiple bodies which are thrown through the transject -- have their own defining boundaries, the transject transgresses them. Human bodies, bodies of work, bodies politic: it is not bound to (or towards) a single body and especially not a single mind like a subject. Bodies and minds are just organs of a transject.

For example: Laurence Olivier is of the transject Hamlet, and every actor to play Hamlet since shares in the donning and darning of this identity with him. All American Presidents are in contact with George Washington. America and Australia both used to be Britain, just not at the same time. These namings, these delineations, move over time, passing through the material world and getting passed between this material.

Or consider European royalty at the turn of the century: each presided as sovereign over their various nations, metaphorical heads of various states. They couldn't be more members of their nations than where they sat at the top, in a position often called the state itself. Simultaneously, they were all cousins, connected in the lineage as Hohenzollern, as Romanov

¹ ob- in the way of, sub- under. This can be expanded to dejects, rejects, the abject, and implies a field of other possible positions; what's the foreject, the biject, the circumject? But that's a pro-ject for another day...

and other tangled up family trees. The individuals as subjects and units of material were overlapped and defined by many transjects- national and familial entities which organized them in the world but which were in turn organized by them. Years of consanguineous marriages in the Hapsburgs led to heirs who were genetically degenerated. The actions of each of these individuals to carry forward the practices which now are synonymous with their dynasty were motivated by the role of Hapsburg thrown through them, but which they actively enacted in the world and, as Hapsburgs, defined the greater transject thereby.

What is being described here is a movement of territory- the naming of the shifting of a bounded identity across all dimensions. It would be a mistake to think of a transject as a boundary itself: not only because its edges are generally fairly feathered, but primarily because the movement *of* and *within* this boundary is what is salient here. The demarcation of a transject can be of utility for naming it, but is just as useful as trying to draw an outline of a slime mold, mycelial network, or fractal. A border describes what is inside of it, but is also defined by these contents. The shifting boundaries of a transject connect the contents of their pasts and presents through a shared occupation of these lines, even if not simultaneous.

Transjects are not transcendental- they are not occupying forces settling into the vessels of subjects. A transject isn't an overarching concept which ties material in the world together; they emerge within the dynamic relationships of matter, they are imminent to the organs they are organizing. A transject is equally thrown through a body as that body throws itself through the transject. The relationships between these parts as they circulate give a transject its identity and quality. When a transject is thrown through a body, such as when a cardinal is elected to pope, all other pieces of that transject, relating as that transject, move through that subject. When that specific pope issues an encyclical, the entirety of the transject of 'the pope' takes on the responsibility of that action.

There is an equivalence between every part of a transject with each other, as well as with the transject as a whole. It is not equality in that each element of a transject has equal amounts of force in the identity, but in that they are all equally part of the transject: my appendix and my brain are equally parts of me, but are not equal in their power of defining my person as transject. But if I were the patient of Dr. Claudius Amyand who received the first appendectomy, maybe my appendix would gain a new importance in it's circulation through my transject, even as its physical existence was further from my primary mass.

Transjects overlap, as well. They share space with other identities, subjects, objects, transjects. Paul McCartney was both a part of The Beatles and The Wings, but those two bands considered as transjects are not the same, they simply have a point of overlap in the body and life of McCartney. One can conceive of some transject who contains all the material of the world being thrown through it, perhaps named God or The One Substance, or The Everything. This does not remove the identity of any of the subjects, objects, or transjects it overlaps with. Any material gains identity by being thrown through that identity, that transject, and relating to it and through it.

Transjects are the living process of drawing boundaries and relationships between Stuff, fluidly and multiplicitous. A planet is made of continents are made of countries of cities of families of people of cells of molecules. At every level every atom is composed of many moving things and makes up and moves through other things. The self doesn't rely on the exact

coordinates of the specific parts but arranges and activates various parts to manifest themselves. We shift with the transject by giving agency to its parts, parts never dominated by the transject but bringing their own histories and agencies into the knotty network of a given transjectivity. All stories are composed of other stories, other words, other tellers which imbue the story with their stories and are tainted in turn. Every adaptation is host to at least one transject, which is thrown through it through space and time and infiltrates all matter which interacts with it. The transject of a story, a character, a book gets passed along iterations and connects them through their relationships- not merely as a primary source, but as a constantly present and unstable identity.

A Transject exists broadly by connections and moves through the world physically through paper, through bodies, through neural synapses and the knowledge produced by all these elements.

Once again, the transject is a notion of relationship, of existing by being thrown through other things and having these other things thrown through you.

Here is something I wrote which you are now reading.

I am forever the author of this writing, just as you are forever it's reader.

So, well, anyways: what is this writing?

This writing is The Constant Prince, the transject *par excellence*, the cream of the crop, the ever young ancient ruler of countries that don't exist and executor of impossible orders.

What is the Transject but a throwing through?

And, but, well: The Constant Prince is thrown through everything. This does not steal the so-called individuality from any of these substances which become transject with The Constant Prince, it just enriches them. They simply overlap, and there is always something outside of The Constant Prince in any given Thing as part of it as transject (my body and this book excluded, haha).

You are yourself, you are many selves. Welcome to The Constant Prince, moving through your eyes and mind right now and perpetuating itself all powerfully benign through this matter that matters. There isn't stillness in a transject, its too complicated to stop moving and rejects any limit of time or space.

A Manifest: Some items in some room which may in fact be an alchemical recipe for our protagonistic Transject

The Cast List for a Transjection of The Constant Prince

THE ADRENAL GLAND...A Golden goblet to the likening of the holy grail, or ace of cups, which is studded with jewels and holds in it one serving of pure organic grenadine syrup devoid of solid fruit

THE THIRD EYE...A rustic wooden doorway with markings irregularly up one post, not to mention lintel

THE BRAIN...A full sized and lightly used Disco ball

THE LEFT EAR...A brass wind chime with an image of the moon dangling from its center

THE NOSE...Floating in midair, a B-flat clarinet, which is not too worn but doesn't look particularly new

THE RIGHT EAR...A golden wind chime with an image of the sun dangling from its center

THE LIPS...Something like a white salamander twisted around with its tail dipped down its throat

THE THROAT...A freshly baked cinnamon roll

THE LYMPHATIC SYSTEM...A fully functioning plumbing system

THE NIPPLES...A strange black sphere of iron-filled rock taken from the top of Water Canyon, broken in half with a circular pattern on the interior

THE RIB CAGE...*Double Down* by Christina Quarels, held by an exquisitely hand carved wooden frame

THE HEART...Almost the picture of a ram, a ram

THE BLOOD...1 Gallon tin of Schmincke Mussini Chromium Oxide Green Brilliant

THE LEFT ARM...A tragically fungally diseased willow tree, limbs precariously loose

THE RIGHT ARM...A person as still as a statue, leaning on their right arm against a countertop, the arm wrapped around in a cross hatch of barrel stout red yarn

THE RIGHT HAND...A dime thin red head sitting on a stool holding a golden cup

THE OTHER RIGHT HAND...A pentagonal purple granite table veined with black and set into a square steel set of legs which housed the floating stone top, the legs forming three squares like wheels on opposite sides of the pentagon

THE LIVER...A prior unknown illuminated edition of the complete works of Mennipus, translated from ancient greek into tidy and modern Esperanto, including the illustrations

THE INTESTINES...A Kaleidoscope with the power of seven kaleidoscopes

THE FASCIA...A grandfather's tallit, L'dor V'dor

THE SPINE...A 1.93 meter walnut and ash bookcase signed in triplicate by Krenov from beyond the grave

THE KIDNEYS...Red glazed stoneware holding in it a number of pomelos and two plump etrogs

THE PELVIS...A fine *Tiliqua nigrolutea*, which maybe is also called the Blotched Blue-Tongued Skink, and maybe also called something like 'Kitten' or 'Momo'

THE SACRUM...A Stout Candle of top-shelf Beeswax

various TENDONS and CORDS...75 inch sous bass orguerouet strung with gut according to the Modern Phrygian Mode, and with upwards of 5 strings

THE LEFT BUTTOX...A person in the posture of Rodin's 'The Thinker', but with a focus on diverting attention from the necessary loosening of the anal sphincter

THE ANUS...A wall outlet for electricity guarded by a novelty cover hand painted with lady bugs

THE RIGHT BUTTOX...A wicker basket, within it a Cantaloupe Melon which is sadly not quite ripe

THE LEFT LEG...A formerly stray tabby cat of 27 varieties of the colors brown

THE RIGHT LEG...The handsomest of the 3 Ls plucked from *Untitled (3 Ls)*, Robert Morris, 1965

THE LEFT FOOT, also THE TONGUE...1000 Watt Fresnel lensed spot light

THE RIGHT FOOT...The Right hand of our esteemed Doctor Faustroll, replete with jewelry

THE TOILET...A common house toilet (porcelain)

SOME GARMENTS...Honey locust book matched live edge table with mahogany rabbeted skirt and no hardware joinery

A Manifestation: A Transjection of The Constant Prince

In every direction for as many spans as the amount of times you could chop this room in half was only a plain of short cut green grass and something like this room standing somewhere like the center.

In the room, taking a sip from the grail of grenadine in their RIGHT HAND, with anisocorial eyes trained on their legs, which were hidden behind a rabbeted SKIRT, and between which sat their hardbound LIVER of 450 graceful illuminated pages, was their BUTTOX sitting half on the toilet in the next room (which was a single stall closed off by a curtain and containing a basin filling and flushing clear with their LYMPHATIC FLUID) and half veined with green in a bowl on the bars counter;

Next to this bowl leaned their RIGHT ARM, wrapped around with red string in tight loops spiraling down to the counter and trailing to a second bowl full of their lumpy KIDNEYS fragrant as etrogs (in fact, they were etrogs) made visible by the light of their hanging mirrored BRAIN constructed of thousands of geodesic shards reflecting sources all over the room, not least of all the rays emitting from the tip of the burning wick of the pillar of their slowly waning beeswax SACRUM melted firmly upon their OTHER RIGHT HAND, igneous, newly polished, and of the mid century modern manner...

meanwhile their LIPS sipped the spilt grenadine received happily from above and slithered aspiral soaking up the bright red which stained them to their scales, scales bright reflecting the reflection of sacrum-light to brain-shards so that across the room this ray landed upon their hand carved RIBS, an enhancing context to technically exquisite oils within, itself hanging above a selection of TENDONS and FIBERS which had been so delicately strung to such a Phrygian extent that their RIGHT FOOT, strumming idly about (but not idly enough to catch on the molybdenum pin which pierces their falange to ensure the emerald and topaz rings didn't fall off their middle toe), were producing acoustic vibrations into the air;

The vibrations moved through the air just so, so that they did form a breeze enough to blow the dangling rings that activate their EARS to respond in kind, each lobe hanging on the side of their timber framed PINEAL EYE, with notches marked into its side to catalog yearly heights- furthermore from chasing some mice-on-the-beam, the LEFT LEG is lounging and snoring in the clerestory, waving its ringed tail as to tickle their rusty-buttoned NOSE, making it's way up its belled nostril as it floats there, in midair.

In midair, their ARM was in midfall. It was falling from it's trunk so overtaken by the fungus which severed it so severely, and was threatening to come crashing down on the sweet thick chords of their THROAT which at the moment sat sticky on a ceramic dish pointed at by their kaleidoscopic INTESTINES, fully extended to their length in a complexity only suited to guts carrying the most noble colonies, arranging and rearranging inside like diatoms holding their own knowledge of, for instance, the fiberglass-and-steel LEG bent to ninety degrees being silhouetted in the bright cool back-lighting of their concentric-lenticular TONGUE, which was also one of their FEET, and, in turn, powered by a plug reaching into their 110 volt ANUS by an extension cord taped intermittently to the ground as it snaked across and over their ruminant HEART, itself already under the table sharing a look with their scincomorphaic PELVIS, that lay on the floor with tail resting on the bottom shelf of their SPINE, four shelves down from a bucket

containing 1 gallon of their bright green BLOOD, a small amount of which could be seen staining the fringes of their FASCIA hanging over from two shelves above and held in place by their two NIPPLES, cleaved from one another and spiraling into their centers;

Cleaved in two, incidentally, allowing for an escape from the one, needing to be bisected to exist at all, a process which formed didn't just form two halves but which additionally formed between them a plane, this plane expanding in all directions, this plane intersecting with the cup in their hand, the cup of grenadine spilling on the floor, the expanding of the plane, and the shattering of the window panes the doors the blockages to the apertures as the room opened up like the universe like a saddle and suddenly environment on the green grass was sewn together in a stitch the situation unfurled. The plane still stretched, the room continued to open. The cheers and howls of the twenty thousand spectators admiring the form in front of them made it clear with their chanting that here The Constant Prince was born.