



Preface

(Continuation from previous volume)

What interests me most in Cuenca is his untold philosophy, nearly complaining under the poetic mask of his non-philosophy whose full complement he is nonetheless unaware, an anxious thread running through his verse, struggling for definition: "*The sun does not arise for me. If it comes, it comes mockingly.*"²⁷ This is philo-fiction whose *logos* is rather repressed.

Laruelle is more uncompromising when he reveals this to be a philosophical 'classified' — "The Earth is Man's ground, the World his neighbour, the Universe his secret."²⁸ Any philosophy for that matter is revealed to be always already a repressed fiction, what of the unavoidable structure of every philosophy as intuitivity, nothing more. "Philosophy remains an optics,"²⁹ Laruelle argues, whose aim is to see through what lies between night and nothingness. It is no surprise it sees a medium — the in-between: "Man is this medium between night and nothingness Philosophy is the division of the eye — its doubling and redoubling."³⁰ It is a way of seeing, sans the

²⁷Cuenca, "Widow's Lament," in *Ways to Become Christ*, 81.

²⁸Francois Laruelle, "Of Black Universe in the Human Foundation of Color," in *Hyun Soo Choi: Seven Large Scale Paintings* (New York: Thread Waxing Space, 1991), 1.

²⁹Francois Laruelle, "Biography of the Eye," trans. Taylor Adkins, *Fractal Ontology*, entry posted November 21, 2009, <http://fractalontology.wordpress.com/2009/11/21/new-translation-of-laruelles-biography-of-the-eye/> (Accessed January 24, 2013).

³⁰*Ibid.*, np.