



PECULIAR MORMYRID

No. 5

ISSUE 5

THE MYTH OF REVOLT

Do you sense it—on the streets, in the dreamtime, by the shore? Like a great hand that glows in the dark, groping to strangle destiny, the myth of revolt is feeling its way into existence. Let's go searching to assemble the scattered limbs of the black god. As a start, we propose three Domains of Revolt that will act as surrealist vehicles for our summoning.

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THE DOMAIN OF THE MASK

Revolt has many faces. Can you recognize it? The Mask of Revolt is somewhere out there, grinning in the shadows, calling your name. Go out into your city or somehow step “outside” (whether into the streets, zones of exteriority, atopses, worthless places, urban atmospheres). Find the mask and acknowledge its presence in whatever form it may choose to appear to you. Play with it, photograph it, film it, describe it, or otherwise communicate what you discover.



Annalynn Hammond
Masquerade #3

A DIARY, INCLUDING PRELIMINARY ENCOUNTERS WITH MATERIAL FRAGMENTS (TOWARDS A NEW MYTH?)

JASON ABDELHADI

February 2nd, 2017 – 11:46 AM – Ottawa



I am drifting along a cul de sac of cramped residences bordering the highway called Hurdman Yard. It is a claustrophobic place to walk. Houses face directly onto an industrial storage site, a snowplow yard and a depot for old restaurant equipment. In the glare of the sun I encounter a black cat with an elongated shadow. Fine. Then we will negate in the shade. Poe and Lovecraft have speculated on the special role of these house pets that double-up as secret agents from the dream lands. But in that case, is its furry body the mask, and its shadow the real? Stepping into a Randolph Carter role, I am encouraged to speculate in mythological connections ranging from Ancient Egypt to the IWW. I admit that I walk with such stupid confidence towards a creature that could be much more than it seems. For the shadow cat, the streets do not seem so solid. In its disembodied form it appears to easily pass between worlds. Thankfully I realize I should not approach it too closely. A rebel might do wisely to learn from its disguise. It prowls like a frondeur; it knows the alleys and the crevices; you can hardly accuse it, it is a harmless cat, to all appearances; it prepares traps and ambushes under the noses of the bourgeoisie. When the time comes, the trap might spring, and the social order will lie dead and bleeding beside it, a gift: a mangled songbird.



The Shadow of the Cat (1961)

March 12th, 2017 – 8:43 AM – New York City



I am walking through midtown Manhattan. On the corner of a doorway, I notice the silhouette of an owl outlined in chipped paint. It seems to watch the infrequent passerby. I can feel the shift in the city's atmosphere, of which it is maybe an integral though subtle part, a haphazard formation on a doorway to what will be. Perhaps it relates to the old man in the stump / owl in the stump from Bosch's *The Trees Have Ears* and the *Fields Have Eyes*, which the Surrealist Group of Stockholm brought to our attention in the *Sea* issue of *Peculiar Mormyrid*. But I notice that in its watch this time around the owl significantly has no eyes. It is a mask in silhouette. A rubbed out Athenian coin. I wonder if I put it on, whether I will become a stain like it, standing guard, counting down the minutes... Will the hour ever strike? Or is it a clock without a cuckoo? The informal watch gives way to urban conspiracy. Like the cat, which it recalls to me, it is a hunter. When the time comes, and the clock strikes May, it could fly out of the silhouette. Its hoot will cause the all well-mounted monuments of the city to sunder.



Athenian Tetradrachm (480-420BCE) / Woodsy Owl Coin (1970)

March 26, 2017 – 1:29 PM – Ottawa



Coming out of an underpass at the beginning of The Glebe neighbourhood, a sign is waiting for me: a typical bonhomme eager to foist the latest inconvenient imperative on pedestrians. But looking closer, I see this particular icon has revolted against propriety and set itself apart from its colleagues by donning what seems to be a plague doctor's mask. The face of pestilence. At the same time, it could also be a buffoon. On the city's stage, it sometimes plays the doctor, the charlatan, the harlequin or the learned professor. The magical masks of Gozzi ("Here I have the famous magic root mandragora. The Universal Doctor and Great Herbalist Pimpernel, Market Square, second door to the right"). A Tengu. It is Sigmund Freud. One might see it on its way, and perhaps chuckle at its harmless, bumbling demeanour. Other times one may ask it for advice. But what one doesn't always know, are the subjects of its study: dreams, the unconscious, dialectics, pataphysics, the dark arts, alchemy, the formation of situations, and materialist history? It brings out with its experiments the hidden sulphurs of the city. In its library, it sequesters banned children's books, hidden plans, indeed, results... I see the mask of an enthusiast; put it on, and become the necromancer. Yes, it is at once a supervillain and a psychoanalyst. Doctor Mabuse. My city, this place, the whole world will be enchanted, and then, wiped out.



Abriß und Vorstellung derer Herrn Doctorum Medicinae zu Marseille als
welche während Pestzeit in Corduan leder gekleidet, mit einem die Pest verreibenden
Rauchwurzel angefüllten Nasen-Süder und mit einem kleinen Stecken in der hand
den Kranken den Puls damit zu fühlen, versehen gewesen.

Portrait Vritable d'un Medecin à Marseille, étant revetu du marroquin et d'un
trui de nez, rempli des parfums contre la peste, de même que portant a la
main un petit baton pour en tater le poulx aux malades.

Johann Melchior Füssli – A plague doctor of Marseilles (c. 1721)

April 13, 2017 – 12:20 PM



I am hoping to find my “conclusive mask” and set out on this walk with masks very much top of mind. A true atopolis, the steep hill behind Ottawa’s out of the way Carlington Park is an officially abandoned zone where children sled, as the signs indicate, very much at their peril. “Persons using this property do so at their own risk”. A call to adventure. Liquor bottles and garbage everywhere, a lot of them toys, helped into sequence by the recent melting snow. An ice-age retreat leaving the transitory remnants of commodities in lieu of boulders. This highly charged hill was formerly a limestone quarry and currently serves as a water reservoir. In 1965 it was converted into a real inner city ski-hill, complete with a tow lift. This lasted until the 90s. Since then, no development proposal has been accepted, and so it has happily drifted into a zone of worthlessness, at least for the time being. Now all the equipment facilities are abandoned to the rust, the sky, and the overgrown brush. Looking at the base of one of the former elements of this ski lift, surrounded by trees and barely reachable, I find the laughing face on an old fuse box. A response, almost classical, to my extended “feelers” for a mask. The cackling grin of revolt itself, a local Cheshire Cat, growing like a disease, or like an obsession, totally surrounded by trees and discoverable only upon exploration, and in the right lighting, like some kind of clever Egyptian burial site. A researcher at the height of its powers; the mad doctor from a 19th century Grand Guignol play. It laughs at me, with me. Now we’re co-conspirators.

TOURNÉE DU THÉÂTRE
GRAND GUIGNOL
DE PARIS C. CHOISY Directeur
LES 3 MASQUES

DRAME
DE
M. Charles MÉRÉ

**IMMENSE
SUCCÈS**



*Adrien Barrère, for the Grand Guignol Theatre –
Les 3 Masques (1920)*



Casi Cline



Janice Hathaway
Masquerade

THE MASK OF THE SECRET VALLEY (THE MASK LIFTED)

JOHN WELSON

Mask-looped valley
The stepped river
Silent eyed slate omnivores
watch the couples lifting masks
echo in blued sky.

Through muddled paw prints
Moss grained fynnon*
The saturated eye.

Clasped glances
Over side saddled leaves
Sulked trees
Through spiny gazes.

Sun grown fingers
to tender lips
A kiss snow dropped
for the future.

The mask of the secret valley
peeled to a tender
bliss of shared heartbeats.

**fynnon is the Welsh word for a spring.*



John Welson/Heather Nixon

THE POLICE FRIENDLY REVOLUTION

DALE HOUSTMAN

Several provocateurs milled about the quiet square, unable to goad the tranquilized mob into illegal action, or even legal action. Over by the soda-stand a woman yelled, then apologized. People, afraid to wave their arms, too tired to scream the words to a chant written 3,000 years ago and lately heard on a government ad for mustard gas lollipops, squeezed their way past the dioxin hoagie-stand. Over by the massage table a woman yelled, then apologized. Children took naps in the shade cast by slumbering Weathermen, as a cool breeze carried away a leaflet advertising "Desire Bagels with Free Holes." Then abruptly a woman yelled, and (more abruptly) she apologized, and found a shadow to retreat into. A policeman coughed, and several students (lost on their way to the Young Statesman rally) dropped dead amongst the poppy blossoms that had grown up about the lectern of the narcoleptic anti-action action committee spokesperson, who had forgotten to speak in his hurry to communicate an idea already implanted in the sleeping audience's communal head, but rejected. I saw a rat on the face of a beautiful insurrectionist who was holding up a sign that said "Free the Rothschilds!" I saw two black flies dreaming of Grover Cleveland kissing a Zulu warrior in Versailles, where a thousand bonfires turned baby blue and went out to promote an improved brand of darkness. A woman yelled, then apologized.



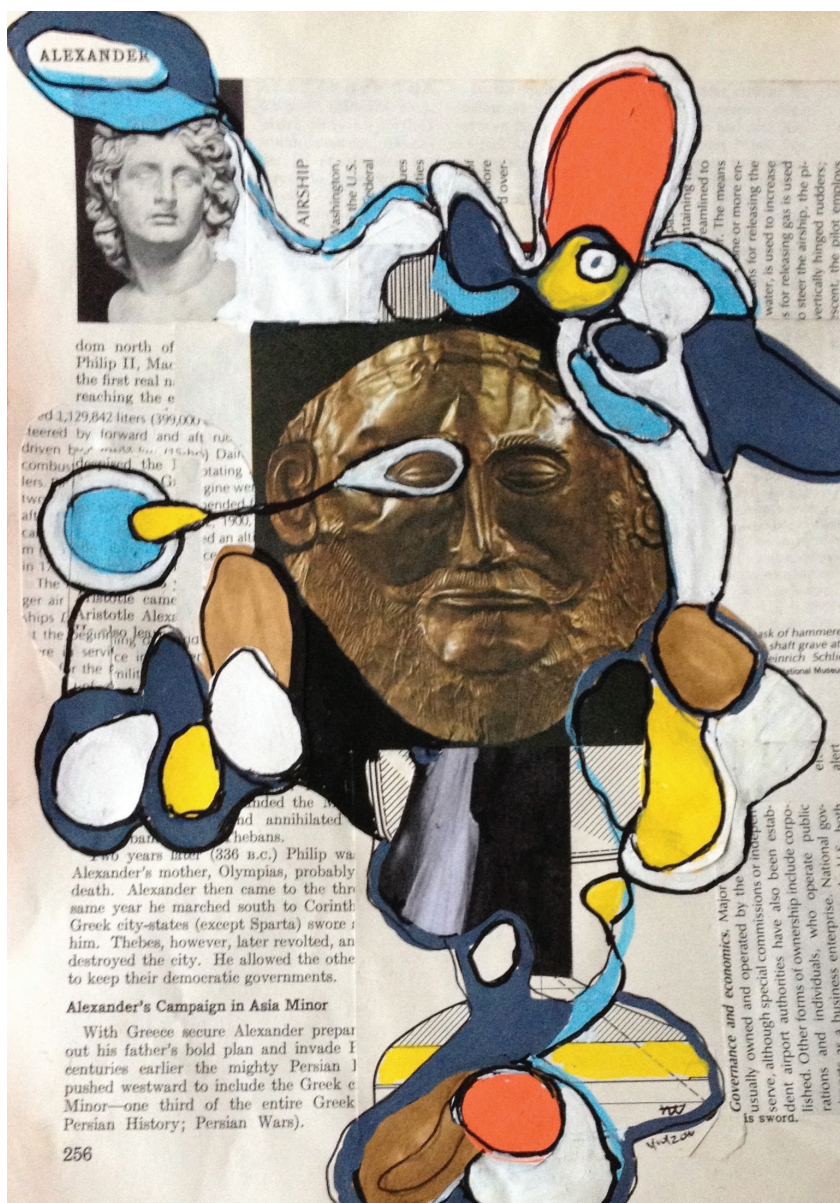
John Richardson, John Welton, & Mark Sanders

*On the streets, the highways of desire, the mask of revolt is revealed
Shallow eyed, stolen gaze, open mouthed, the smile hinted at escapes
Until the curtains of mistrust fall to reveal another identity*



Gregg Simpson

Trismegistus



Tim White

MASK WITH NO NAME

STEVEN CLINE

Cartersville



I found my primary mask of revolt inadvertently, hidden in the corner of a photo I had taken while wandering but unnoticed by me at the time. Other masks were found on the walk, minor deities or demons of revolt no doubt but none of them felt like *the* mask. Later I sat down and looked through the photos, and suddenly there he was. He looked to be a very dark spirit, the patron saint of the earthquake and the guillotine. No humanity in him, just an intriguing void. Before I came across this mask I also found a decaying animal on the side of the road, face flattened, body contorted, dried out pools of blood around the head. A sacrificial offering? I tried to name my mask, but my mask has No Name.



This secondary mask was found close to the main mask, further down the same back alley. On a wall next to it was a cartoon of a police-man-pig, with the text “Fuck 12” (the police). It gives me the feeling of a dark old troll, a hermit spirit.



Historical Interlude



This whole area of downtown seems prone to fire. The earliest happened in a building a few feet from the primary mask. The basement area was used by firemen as a stable for their horses. The building caught fire one day and the animals burned alive. Many years later the adjacent building burnt down completely, and the lot has remained abandoned until the present. Down the road and to the right is the old movie theatre which burnt in 1942, just two years after opening. Now rebuilt, it sports the old Comedy and Tragedy Masks along its front.



Another incident that creeps into my mind often here; In the 1930s a black man killed a white police chief, resulting in his public lynching. Revolt and its violent counter-reaction. A failed revolution in miniature.

One final bit of local lore – it is said that when the sewage system was built it was built incorrectly, causing residents' forgotten waste to push back up the pipes whenever it rained heavily. Just another episode in the *return of the repressed*. These days the pipes are fixed, the shit stays down... but, thanks perhaps in part to our local chemical plant, on some particularly special nights the senses are assailed by a strange odor situated somewhere between sulfuric rotten eggs and decaying vegetables...

Atlanta



This red mask was found by ML during a collective walk on a sunny day near an abandoned prison in Atlanta. The prison burnt down in the mid-nineties and has since become covered in plants and graffiti. One wall was found with the text “May All Prisons Come to Look Like This”. For me this mask calls to mind a spirit of humor and sexual perversion, of overflowing life and energy.



A few weeks later ML returned to this area and was tackled by a police SWAT team, threatened with arrest, photographed, and then let go.

THE MASQUE OF THE GENERALS

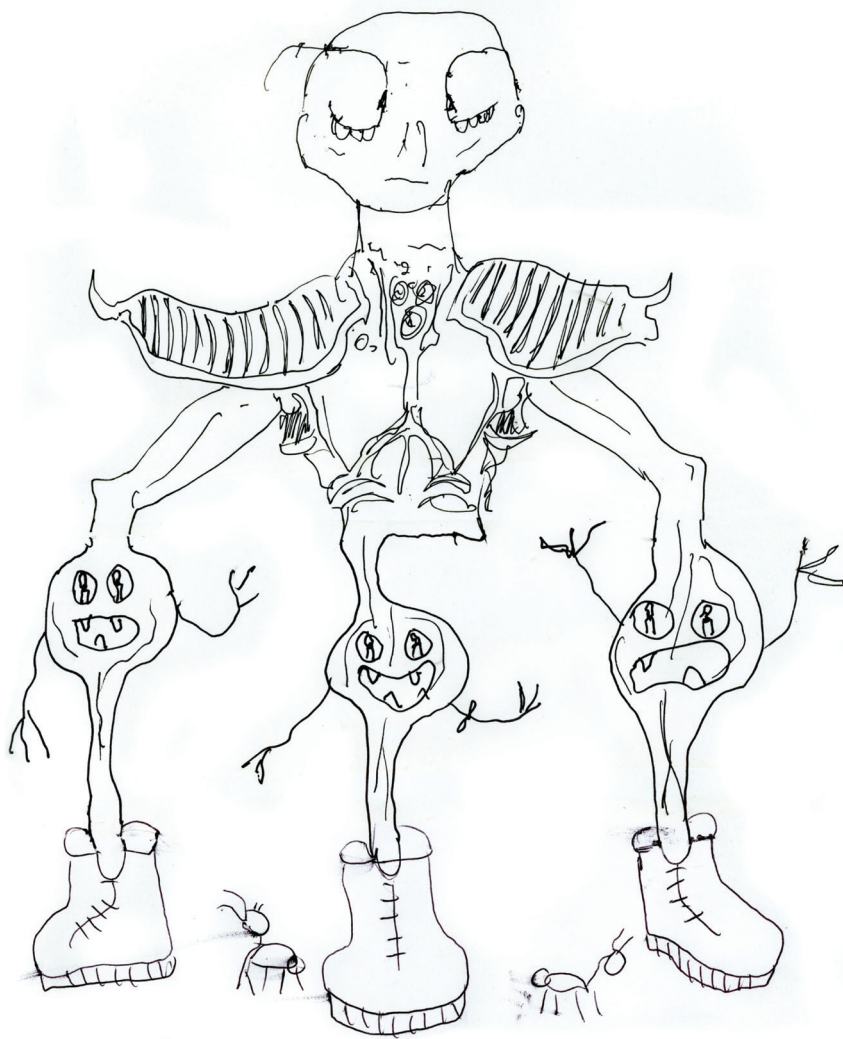
CHIMERA SURREALIST GROUP – OTTAWA

January 3 2017

Players: JA, LL, PP, AG, HT – afterwards named by JR
Ottawa

Description: Here, a masque in the sense of a performance, a ball, or a gathering. A gala evening of revolt. After playing this particular round of exquisite corpse, it was determined that the coincidence of thematic elements all seemed to indicate that the creatures in question were officers or generals of some sort (military uniforms, epaulettes, regalia, weapons, war machines etc). What was evident was that they were, for whatever occasion, on parade. Accordingly, JR, who did not participate in the drawing of this round, gave them all distinguished, militaristic names. It is not at all conclusive that these creatures are particularly effective as a military force, or if like Frederick I of Prussia's regiment of giants, they are intended primarily for marching around and standing guard as toy soldiers.

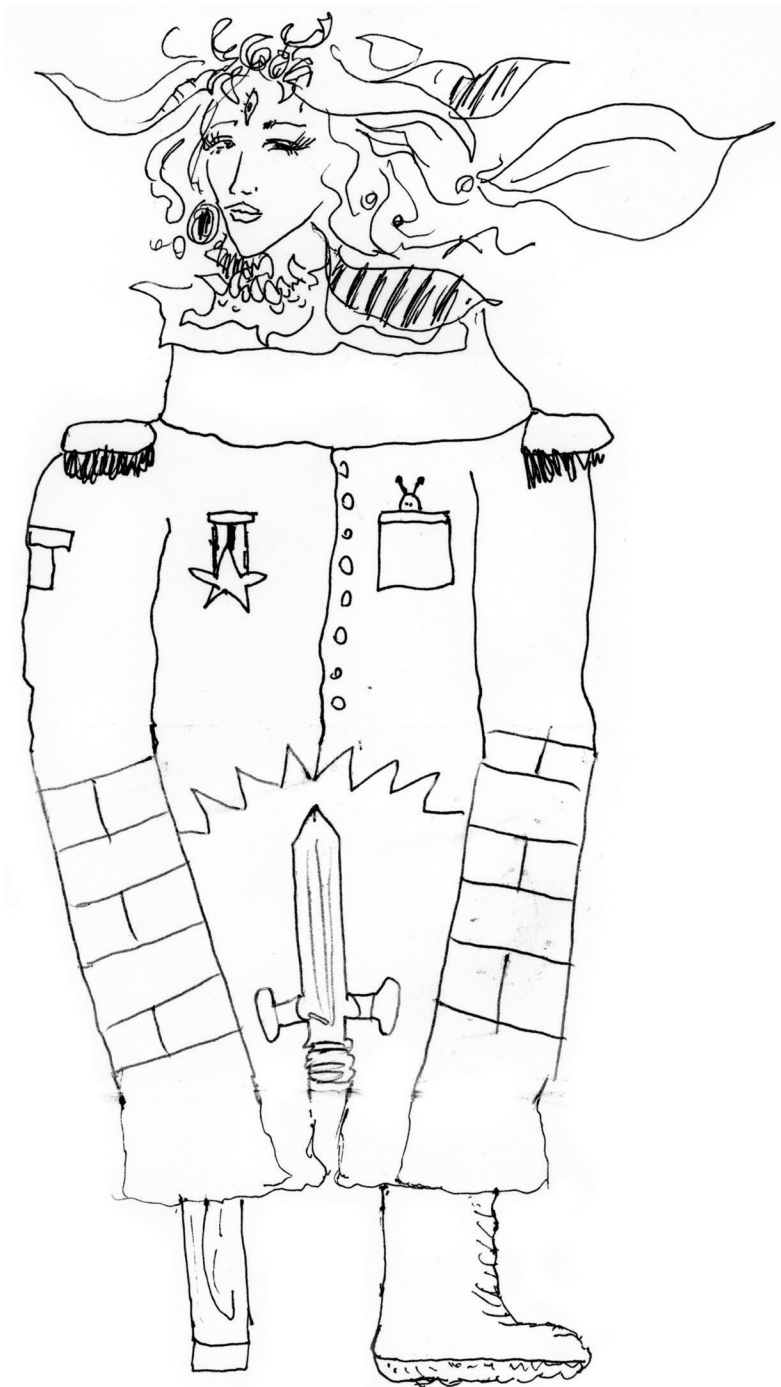
Vukodlak Von Libaghunt of Farkasember



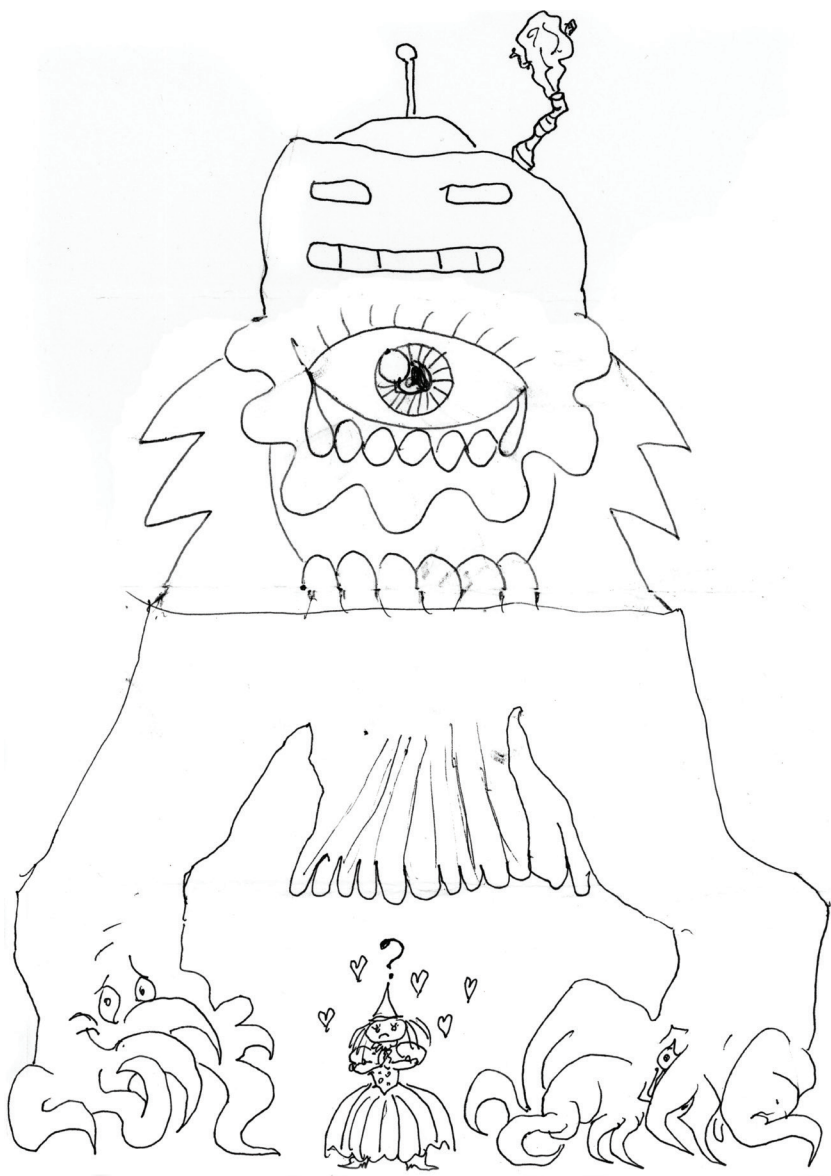
Vengeful spirits sent by Lozen to fight against capitalist neoliberalism



The sissy great-great-great grandson of Tomoe Gozen



The bastard son of St. Cecilia



CRAIG WILSON

How can these creatures that move in slow motion suddenly reclaim entire living structures? You can only see them move if you cross their path at night and surprise them. Rumor has it there may be thousands in my city alone. Who knows what they will do when they get tired of eating sheds and back porches? Masked in shadow, they nullify city ordinances, shut down buildings and create mammoth caves across neighborhood rooftops.



VERDICT À L'ÉCART

DAPHNÉE AZOULAY

On me dit de me coiffer
De m'habiller différemment et je crois qu'il est préférable que je parte

Nous nous cachons
Pour arrêter le flot
Fenêtres fermées
Nous sommes en même temps dans un pays de verre
De routes très ensoleillées

Il faudrait que je voie
Le paysage irrationnel se refermer
Des êtres aussi bons que méchants
Se développer dans le noir

Nous allons dans le placard
Étirer les murs de papier
On ne sait pas si c'est le hasard
De vivre comme des fous
Nos rires sont imbibés de ciment
Le reste s'évapore

J'ai mesuré le conflit
La normalité est rare
Ma liberté se fraye dans l'esprit
Rappelons que l'heure s'envenime
Face à un monde d'artifices
Et de consolations

I'm told to do my hair
To dress differently, and I think it's
better that I leave

We hide
To stop the flow
Closed windows
We are at the same time in a glass country
Of very sunny roads

I would have to see
The irrational landscape close up around
Beings as good as they are evil
Developing in the dark

We go into the closet
Stretch the paper walls
We don't know if it is chance
To live like lunatics
Our laughter is soaked with cement
The rest evaporates

I measured the conflict
Normality is rare
My freedom winds through the mind
Recall that the hour is worsening
Faced with a world of artifice
And consolations

Ma gorge a des écailles
A pris la forme
Des âmes fripées
Sans savoir où aller
J'ai décomposé les caillots
Caché tous les morceaux

De ce tableau
Je me retire
Pour couvrir
Sans ralentir
En traînant dans les algues



David Coulter

"Found" collage on a wall in Pitigliano

My throat has scales
Has taken the form
Of wrinkled souls
Without knowing where to go
I decomposed the clots
Hid all the pieces

From this picture
I remove myself
To incubate
Without slowing down
Hanging out in algae



Vicente Gutiérrez Escudero
Se avecina

LEE LEVINSON

Algid imposter A.U. connected with sodden skin in a marriage of antiquated modernity. He became himself anew. Awakening his eyelids for work, sat up with his hands at his side for support of weighted shoulders. Dreads home abandoned, leaving a vacancy no tenant found suited to hole up. Limb ends laden of mortar balanced the chiffon mechanism of him with a crown of air. He could not shake off what had no roots planted. As if his movements were not his own, the body directed itself in an upward position and with the autonomy of another, the man stood present, canvassed blues desert dry.

Leafless trees bearing blank buds hung outstretched overhead. Barren woods of no man's land forfeited kingship to its sole inhabitant. He didn't care to take stock of his court, not realizing the depleted soil and grassless meadows cried his name, vibrations resonated from within earthless foliage enunciating as sunken footsteps in cronish woods.

He was indifferent to it all, not without care, but lacking even a semblance of bother. A few moments earlier all precision to detail was directed towards the rightful acquisition of his watch but now that moment has passed and with it his vigilance. Out of habit he walked on. First meandering like a child's head on clouds then with the convictions of a man wronged. He felt his gut before anything else, the white hot gurgle of unwarranted anger was awakening. Now his body returned to him, recognizing only the seething pit inside him forking upwards like dendritic lighting. There was no reasonable query to justify the anger embedded deep inside but he was a man of answers, forgoing all questions, leaving them for the sages or cons. Much did not concern this man. Buzzers buzzed, honkers honked without little of a head turn from him. The most dangerous of men are those with hatred in their bowels for no apparent reason other than the sun had made it's home in the sky. Moving on, his feet led gallant towards anything but his shadow. Anger from anger fueled his passage; hunger for nothing in particular fired his coals. The sort of hunger spurned by an internal void unrecognised to itself multiplied over and over reflecting and multiplying at a rate more

rapid than symbiosis. Food did not exist; nourishment to be more specific. There was no offerings on the path he walked. No fruited trees or seeded brush; but intent did not knock at his stomach. It was the kind of hunger that gnawed incessantly at every cell in his being. His fibers tightened in anticipation of what was not and could not be known to any physicality of this world. Abruptly the reticent man's vocals reverberated in his throat producing an obnoxious caw ungraceful as unrecognizable to his ears.

What for?

He heard the question back at himself as if posed by another party on his road to roads.

Flat land of afterbirth stretched forward and backward giving no reprieve to the ocular station locked on screen. North or south made no difference the only option was straight, for behind was the prehistoric pool he had arose from and not being amphibious in biology, onward seemed to be the most logical of choices. He measured time's movement in cycles of thought. The sun helped none for it seemed fixed on high noon in the sky and clouds stayed hidden from blue. To say cycles of thought Is a bit much, there were but three bullets to his brain.

What for?

Repeating with no real care.

What time is it?

Directed at his busted watch that ticked on one minute then back the next; suspending him indefinitely between his pressured inhalation and exhalation.

Lastly the white heat.

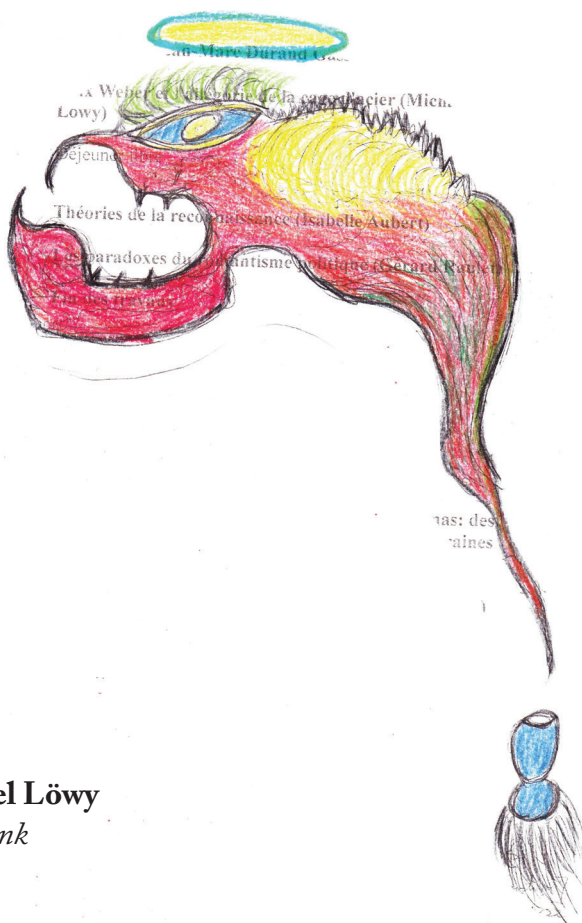
Why white?

Tripping backwards and then forward his limbs caught a net. One not dissimilar to that used for catching fish to be fashioned into bouquets for beauties. Fish flowers for lovers. The ground dropped out. There had never been any ground. Substance crumbled forcing skin away, replacing epidermis with wax. Cheap store bought Sabbath candle wax, a by product of the oil business. Crude slick kerosene glided over the waxy waning body lubricating the man to be forcefully inserted into

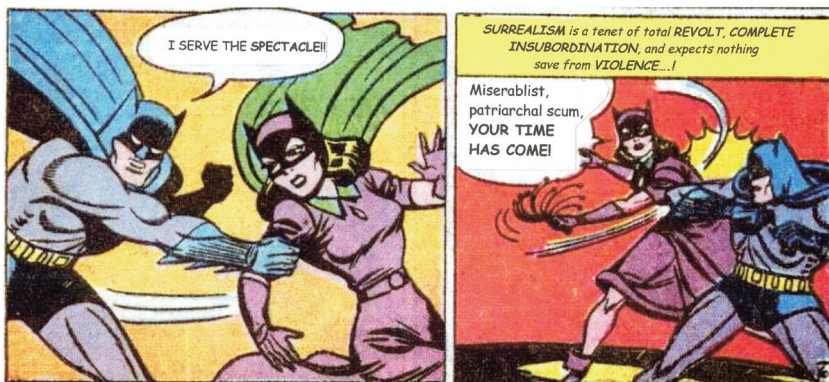
the earth through a gopher hole. Ass first he succumbed to the place of ten thousand graves, parallel to the black sky, he swallowed his swallows and swallowed and swallowed. Salt blocks shifted as minerals in traffic jams excusing no new entries into the games they played. The man rolled sideways in semi-circles down, lower than red Indian clay, below him his fingernails paved the way. They separated themselves from him, now a person all their own, digging in procession, building sand castles under earth, leaving his fleshy bulbous fingertips smothered stubs of peni. His fingers now eels, ten eels totaling 21 appendages, with no control over a single one. They writhed South, eschewing the face for the soul until almost insulted the man stook all ten in his mouth, bit down bringing uppers to lowers, imbibing the slime phalluses all at once. He could feel the crowd of underwater dwellers now fighting for the lead down his throat into his white hot gullet. When the last eel dropped in he rolled clockwise once more through the net's cross hatched gates into his own boots under the sky.

Climbing on air, dropping each one of his hundred legs down one after the other, the feeling of having a dinner plate set out just for him took precedence in his mind. Drab curtains of dying tree limbs sealed their fate and crumbled into the sea before him. Wild onions, browning, emitted such a sickly sweet scent that it flew through the flat oxygen, finding reprieve in the back of his throat. Saccharined stickiness glued white then brown, changing static channels of mildew as each second turned into a year. Repeating white, brown,black,brown,white,white,brown then finally black. Black strapped to his esophageal lining, it planted lilies with rosemary gardens, dug white picket fences keeping out while shielding in. The blackstrap submitted its forwarding address to the proper channels of being, hung its cast iron skillet above the man's uvula, positioned its ugly afghan blankets overhead and flipped up the red mailbox flag.

There was home to be.



Michael Löwy
The Monk



John Richardson
Your Time Has Come



Karl Howeth
Exploding Head Landscape As Mask

ESPEJISMO Y MATERIALIZACIÓN DEL OBJETO FANTASMA

JOSE MANUEL ROJO

“Yo entré en lo surreal por el pórtico que acababa de abrir la desaparición de Éluard”, recordaba Pierre Naville en las memorias y reflexiones que dedicó a aquel Tiempo pasado pero nunca perdido, apuntando cómo la desaparición misteriosa de un ser humano abre a su alrededor un abismo de desazón, remordimiento y enigma aun más grande que la propia muerte, que al menos ofrece a cambio de su desolación irreparable el consuelo de una certeza brutal y sin fisuras que es también un punto y aparte, y la posibilidad de pasar página por muy negra que esta sea. Aunque Éluard regresó del “viaje idiota” de siete meses que en 1924 le llevó a Java y Oceanía, Naville se preguntaba con razón si el interés y el estudio experimental de los “deslizamientos fuera de la presencia que se manifestaban alrededor del surrealismo”[1], esa obsesión por los encuentros inesperados con personas inquietantes o misteriosas, preferiblemente mujeres, que tenían el aire fatal de vagar perdidas, o de perderse después de un primer avistamiento, no sería “una premonición o una advertencia de todo lo que ha pasado después”: la Era del Desaparecido del siglo XX, empezando por los millones de víctimas evaporadas sin dejar rastro en las carnicerías, holocaustos, fosas comunes y diásporas provocadas por las guerras y las dictaduras de cualquier signo y latitud, hasta llegar a la condición borrosa de todos esos pequeños opacos que se deslizan por el anonimato generalizado de las grandes ciudades. Quizás entonces más que del Desaparecido haya que hablar del Fantasma, pues tal es el estado que este alcanza cuando los años y las décadas pasan pero su recuerdo no, y en efecto fantasmas y espectros protagonizaron muchos de los encuentros que los surrealistas documentaron entre una oleada de noche y otra de día: la extraviada inasible que desfiló ante André Breton, Louis Aragon y André Derain en las calles del distrito VI de París, los súcubos que Aragon se propuso catalogar para mejor aprehender su realidad tan perturbadora como esquivada, o la gentil aparición

que visitó a Robert Desnos ciertas noches de noviembre de 1926. Sea como fuere, el enigma del Desaparecido, o de su Fantasma, no sólo ha seguido encantando a los surrealistas hasta el día de hoy, sino también a ciertos espíritus marcados por este movimiento, en mayor o menor grado pero nunca superficialmente, como David Lynch, J. G. Ballard, Patrick Modiano o W. G. Sebald, lo que indica la profundidad de una herida de civilización que las Comisiones de la Verdad y las leyes de Memoria Histórica nunca lograrán cicatrizar, pues se enraíza y se extiende más allá de las sevicias de la guerra y de la represión política.

De la misma manera, podríamos preguntarnos qué hay detrás de la pasión surrealista por el objeto, y más concretamente el objeto encontrado. Sin duda muchas cosas, y más de una relacionada aun oblicuamente con el sistema mercantil reinante, por lo que es lugar común decir que la magia y la fascinación y las pulsiones ocultas que puso en juego tienen mucho que ver, histórica y dialécticamente, con el fetichismo de la mercancía. Una mistificación análoga las recorre, en tanto que el deseo surrealista y la avidez del valor desvían al objeto usual y vulgar de su naturaleza intrínseca, forzándolo a desempeñar un papel muy distinto en un drama imprevisto que sin embargo y obviamente tiene una lógica, un sentido y un objetivo completamente distintos y opuestos: la revelación liberadora y enriquecedora del inconsciente y de la poesía para el surrealismo, el embrujo catatónico y adictivo del consumidor para la economía. Pero tal aire de familia ha llevado a su vez a conclusiones muy arriesgadas, aunque no carentes de interés. Así por ejemplo, se ha dicho que “acosar a la bestia loca del uso” cargando contra la ideología utilitarista y pragmática del objeto industrial, esa “utilidad convenida (aunque a menudo impugnable) que atiborra el mundo llamado real”[2], porque censura e impide la irrupción de cualquier otro tipo de relación sensible, afectiva e imaginativa con el objeto y con la realidad[3], no dejaba de ser un *beau geste* estéril y hasta contraproducente, propia de aquella caballería andante al servicio de la Revolución. Estéril, porque la utilidad o no utilidad de la mercancía es lo que menos importa tanto a quien lo fabrica, publicita y vende, como al que lo codicia, compra y consume como signo de ostentación, prueba de integración social o simplemente

señal de supervivencia; contraproducente, porque la mutación de función imaginaria y deseante, que según Breton podía y debía transformar los objetos, es precisamente la que está programada y descontada en la operación fetichista que viste de tentadora seda prodigiosa a la repulsiva mona artificial de la mercancía. De tal observación se puede pasar a defender mucho más imprudentemente, como hizo Vaneigem, que los surrealistas fueron hasta cierto punto culpables de preparar el terreno a la fascinación por el gadget, por su “creencia en el choque del ‘objeto perturbador’, del cual el surrealismo no había previsto su conversión en mercancía y en cachivache de condicionamiento”[4], cuando de la misma manera se podría proponer lo contrario: que estos objetos eran la negación del gadget y de su mística. En efecto, quizás solo imantando al objeto banal con un deseo único, intransferible y rabiosamente subjetivo se le podría inmunizar de esos dos males necesariamente complementarios que le someten y anulan: deber (aparentemente) su creación a la mera razón práctica proba y racional, y ser (realmente) ilusión quimérica y vacía diseñada por y para el valor de cambio, de tal forma que “el objeto surrealista permite un redescubrimiento del uso reinscribiéndolo en el campo más vasto de la latencia fantasmática, ya no como categoría, sino como virtualidad pura del usar, esto es, invención liberada de la limitación del diseño y de la determinación del prestigio”[5].

Claro que si aceptamos esta hipótesis es asumiendo el riesgo de concebir una utilidad que, sin ser la comercial, tampoco sería ya la convencional que dicta el sentido común, aquella utilidad convenida que cada objeto arrastraría como si fuera su sombra como prueba irrefutable de que ha escapado del embrujo mercantil y de cualquier otro. Pero es que el objeto químicamente puro nunca ha existido en la historia, y tal vez el punto débil de la crítica de la mercancía ha sido ignorar, o al menos pasar por alto, que los objetos y las cosas no pueden reducirse a su sano, saludable y necesario valor de uso totalmente inmune a cualquier contaminación mítica, mística, analógica, irracional, poética o afectiva, que es imposible que lo hagan incluso en una sociedad libertaria, que de ninguna manera lo hicieron en las sociedades primitivas donde una lanza era una lanza y a la vez un amuleto mágico hermanado con la raíz de un

árbol o la trompa de un elefante o el espíritu de un antepasado, y que, en fin, el ser humano es simbólico por naturaleza y extiende la enfermedad sagrada de la analogía a todo lo que le rodea, pues en efecto en todo quiere encontrar a sí mismo, o a su otro. Por ello, cuando contra la ignorancia y la nulidad programadas de la irresponsabilidad tecnológica de mercado se pide con acierto la reapropiación de los saberes y utilidades que nos han sido expropiados, tanto del ser humano como de las herramientas y objetos concretos que utiliza y de los que gusta rodearse, habría que recordar que hay más usos y más utilidades aparte de las que el racionalismo positivista (y finalmente industrial y capitalista) reconoce y legitima, pues “el papel utilitario de un objeto nunca justifica su forma; dicho de otro modo, el objeto desborda siempre el instrumento. Así, es posible descubrir en cada objeto un residuo irracional, determinado entre otras cosas, por las representaciones del inventor o del técnico”[6]. De ahí que lo imaginario sea ya y siempre lo real, y que, como observaba Claude Cahun, se de la deliciosa paradoja de que sea muy aconsejable “descubrir, manejar, domesticar, fabricar uno mismo objetos irracionales para apreciar el valor particular o general de los que tenemos ante la vista”, para lo cual “los trabajadores manuales estarían mejor situados que los intelectuales para comprender su sentido, si toda la sociedad capitalista, incluida la propaganda comunista, no les apartara de ello”[7].

Si no fuera así, si no existen residuos irracionales ni descubrimiento y redescubrimiento alguno del objeto y de la realidad, ¿qué habría podido, por poner un ejemplo de un fenómeno tan generalizado que pasa inadvertido, qué ha logrado entonces transfigurar un humilde tarro de piña en conserva en nada menos que el alma de Atala, tal y como el dandy funambulesco Monsieur de Bougreton describía a sus atónitos interlocutores? “El alma de Atala, era una piña en un bote de conserva, pero ¿qué piña, qué jugo y qué tarro! Cuando lo descubrimos, M. de Mortimer y yo en el escaparate de aquella tienda de ultramarinos del Dam, súbitamente se inundó de luz lo más recóndito de nuestras almas y se arrebató el fondo de nuestros corazones... Aquel tarro brillaba como una esmeralda monstruosa en la que hubiesen incrustado una fruta con palmas de oro... Aquella piña, señores, era el ojo de Barbara y también las profun-

didades del mar”[8]. Naturalmente, a Bougreton y a su amigo les faltó tiempo para comprar el tarro, símbolo y encarnación de “todo lo sublime de la Invitación al Viaje, todo Baudelaire en el escaparate de un abacero”, pero, ¿quién había obrado semejante transmutación de la mercancía más anodina? ¿La magia de la mirada alucinada del poeta que obra prodigios en las cosas más humildes, como propuso Rimbaud y más tarde pondría en práctica la mirada campesina de Aragon en el parisino Pasaje de la Ópera, o los prestigios planificados de la economía que traviste la nadaería más fútil con la “visión transparente y verde” del deseo? Porque el problema final es que el objeto debe ser transfigurado, y de quien y cómo oficie esa ceremonia de metamorfosis, la poesía o el dinero, dependen muchas cosas.

Pero una vez dicho esto, y seguramente por ello mismo, desde otro punto de vista la poética tan materialista como metapsíquica del objeto encontrado tal vez esconda una tragedia distinta, un angustioso teatro de sombras en el que el objeto no es sino un doble, una sustitución, un síntoma de algo que es justamente su contrario: el objeto perdido, aquella cosa inasible que no se encuentra ni se deja encontrar. En efecto, el régimen de consumo compulsivo que se desplegó a lo largo del siglo XX (y lo que le queda...) generó la persecución de un fantasma inasible, un objeto imposible que debía encontrarse en alguna parte puesto que la publicidad lo anunciaba, un Santo Grial del deseo que por fin saciara la sed que la Mercancía despertaba a través de sus infinitas encarnaciones, aquella tal vez, o esa otra, o la próxima novedad que escupiera el mercado. Naturalmente, tal cosa no podía existir, si no era como fantasma, so pena de reventar todo el funcionamiento de la tramoya de la mercancía, que se sustenta y desarrolla vendiendo utilidades que no tiene para satisfacer seudonecesidades que ella mismo inventa. Fantasma, objeto fantasma, sí, que nacido de la ansiedad creada por la separación entre la vida individual y social y el trabajo abstracto inmolado en el altar del lucro ha terminado por contagiar toda la existencia, de tal forma que del deseo y la necesidad insatisfechas que buscan a ciegas al objeto fantasma, hemos pasado al sentimiento generalizado y difuso de que falta algo: que, como dice la expresión popular, al mundo le falta un tornillo, un punto de ref-

erencia que se ha perdido, una pieza del mecanismo, una idea, un ideal, algo, que aporte la luz que falta atrapada y escondida entre las cosas bajo las que vegetamos sepultados. Y es en este sentido también que el objeto fantasma es el objeto reprimido, la palabra prohibida, la verdad censurada, el recuerdo que se intenta olvidar a toda costa de la misma manera, y por las mismas razones, que la economía se encarniza por forzar el olvido de todos los objetos y de todas las formas de vida que han existido y que se han imaginado en la Historia, y que por mera comparación pueden generar una duda más que razonable y una crisis letal en el monopolio despótico de su máquina averiada y su supervivencia muerta. Y tal vez la reaparición de ese objeto fantasma, el regreso de ese Grial que nos faltaba, tal vez su sola presencia desharía el sortilegio que paraliza la acción individual y colectiva, devolviéndonos el sentido de la realidad que nos rodea y de los deseos que nos permiten aprehenderla iluminando de paso el camino de salida de su propia maldición, y de la nuestra.

Puede que ese objeto fantasma ya se esté revelando, y sólo habría que buscarlo allí donde sólo puede nacer: en aquellas revueltas que mejor o peor y con mayor o menor suerte contradicen al orden dominante, que es el mismo para el hombre y para el objeto, el animal, la planta o la piedra. Es allí donde ciertos objetos se han materializado como los emblemas y símbolos objetivados de la revuelta, pues como quería André Masson, hay que hacerse también una idea física de la Revolución. Desde luego, no resulta difícil detectar el emblema de la revuelta de aquel Diciembre griego del 2008 que provocó el asesinato policial de Alexis Grigoropoulos: si fuera un animal, sería Lukanikos, y si se tratara de un objeto entonces es el Árbol de Navidad gigante de la Plaza Syntagma que ardió en llamas frente al Parlamento, espectro consumido en el fuego de su delirio liberador, fantasma que se aparece en el desvelamiento de su propio esqueleto chamuscado, luz incandescente que despliega sus mejores galas rojas y negras deslumbrando la noche europea, hasta tal punto que “la imagen de un árbol de Navidad ardiendo en la plaza de Syntagma se convirtió en un poderoso símbolo de la revuelta. ¡Tan fuerte, de hecho, que en posteriores manifestaciones la policía mostró un mayor interés en proteger el árbol replantado que los bancos y tiendas de lujo de alrededor!”[9].

Precisamente la tarde del 10 de diciembre, cuatro días después del asesinato de Alexis, una manifestación convocada en Madrid en solidaridad con Grecia desembocó en una noche de graves disturbios, inaugurada por el ataque furibundo a la comisaría de la Policía Municipal de la calle Montera cuya entrada quedó destrozada por un diluvio de alegres objetos que por una vez encontraban la verdadera razón de su ser. Tampoco aquí sería complicado buscar el objeto fantasma de esta revuelta: sería la tapa de alcantarilla que se estrelló en primer lugar contra la entrada de la comisaría dando inicio a la fiesta de los objetos suicidas[10]. ¿No es acaso una tapa de alcantarilla el mejor objeto fantasma para el motín más salvajemente inesperado? Puerta y apertura que se hunde en el abismo permitiéndonos pasar al otro lado de la ciudad, allí donde los fantasmas vienen a nuestro encuentro, la tapa de alcantarilla comunica con las leyendas sobre túneles y pasadizos que Madrid atesora, mitología que alimentan novelas y películas como *La Torre de los Siete Jorobados*, y Siete fueron los detenidos por la manifestación del 10 de diciembre, o acciones como la convocatoria a la “apertura de puertas secretas para una deriva por el subsuelo de Madrid” efectuada por el Colectivo la Felguera, que terminó reuniendo entre otros muchos despistados y aventureros sin aventura... a la mismísima Unidad de Subsuelo y Protección Ambiental (sic) de la policía[11]. Por otro lado, ¿no sería la tapa de alcantarilla de la calle Montera la misma que aparece abierta en la fotografía que ilustra la portada del número 11 de *La Révolution Surréaliste*? ¿Y qué estaban mirando los dos obreros que aparecen a ambos lados de la abertura, inclinados y fascinados por su negrura? ¿Tal vez el túnel por el que se contemplaba desde el París de 1928 un motín madrileño de 2008? ¿Era esa misma tapa de alcantarilla la que reapareció esa noche en Madrid ochenta años después?[12]

Sea como fuere, si revisáramos las revueltas y rebeliones de los últimos años en busca de su objeto fantasma se podrían encontrar sin duda nuevos emblemas que unir al Árbol de Navidad y a la Tapa de Alcantarilla, incluso alguno tan pintoresco como el souvenir del Duomo de Milán que un buen día de diciembre de 2009 rompió la cara de Berlusconi, y su pacto fáustico de eterna juventud con el espectáculo, convirtiendo

las humildes réplicas de la catedral en el regalo navideño favorito de los italianos en aquel año. Dejando a un lado los episodios bufos, y sin despreciarlos tampoco en tanto señales confusas pero significativas de la sed de venganza del inconsciente colectivo, lo cierto es que desde entonces hasta hoy, en el contexto de una crisis sistémica cuyo objeto fantasma bien podría ser un puñado de billetes quemados, no ha pasado mucho agua porque cada vez escasea más, pero sí sufrimiento, miseria, sangre y dolor, aunque también fuego, vida, utopía y deseo. Y mil y un fantasmas que recorren el mundo desde que Mohamed Bouazizi decidiera prender su mecha el 17 de diciembre de 2010, abriendo la espita de la llamarada en la que todavía estamos y queremos estar durante mucho tiempo más. Pero ningún fuego brota por generación espontánea, y siempre hay brasas más antiguas que comunican su calor a esta tierra que como la paja sigue estando seca y buena para todos los incendios, aunque tan sólo si la última llamarada logra consumirlo se aventan entonces las cenizas que la precedieron permitiéndonos comprender todo el espíritu y el sentido de una época, como un gran fresco que hubiera permanecido a oscuras excepto una de sus esquinas hasta que una mano bondadosa descorre el telón que lo ocultaba. Por ello, la venerable llama de tanta santa sangre del pueblo, que ya se había anunciado en los suburbios de Los Ángeles y las montañas de Chiapas, saltó a las banlieus francesas y a las asambleas de La Paz, de allí a Atenas, y del Árbol de Navidad de Syn-tagma a Bouazizi y los demás mártires a su pesar, árabes y no árabes[13], a los que sería no solo insultante sino también trivial considerar como Objetos Fantasmas de esta insurrección general entrecortada e imprevisible, incluso aunque lo fueran de la Libertad, pues su acto desmedido rompió cualquier cosificación y todo rol que la dominación les había asignado, para empezar la de la supervivencia.

¿No hay, entonces, un Objeto Fantasma de la Primavera Árabe y de todas las demás revueltas y algaradas que han procurado esconder su rostro y su nombre tras la máscara y la muchedumbre de gestos y deseos, para evitar en lo posible que ningún líder ni organización acapare una causa que es por definición multiforme, y por defecto todavía inconsciente de sí misma, de su poder y de su destino? Tal vez ese zapato

que esgrimían los manifestantes como símbolo máximo de desprecio contra Mubarak o Ben Ali, y que ya antes había sido arrojado a la cara inexpresivamente imbécil de Bush hijo...y si de la Plaza de Tahir pasamos a la de Sol, no podría haber duda ni disputa posible a pesar de que durante la acampada desfilaran iconos de lo maravilloso insurgente tan deslumbrantes como la Tetera Gigante o el Sofá Inconsumible[14]: el Objeto Fantasma de aquel sobresalto colectivo que fue conocido como 15M es la tienda de campaña que se convirtió en su mejor arma, y que la policía temía hasta el punto de palidecer si en cualquier concentración asomaba su forma maldita sugiriendo la posibilidad de una nueva acampada; la tienda de campaña fantasma, sí, pues así levitó una de ellas, flotando y deslizándose de mano en mano en una marcha al Congreso de los Diputados que los antidisturbios detuvieron en la Carrera de San Jerónimo, y así se apareció ingrátida y espectral, volando en el cielo de la Puerta de Sol durante la celebración de las 12 campanadas de la misma Nochevieja de 2011, ante el disgusto y escándalo de los censores de RTVE que hicieron todo lo posible para ocultar su presencia[15]. Pero los Objetos Fantasma se multiplican al compás del latido de la rebelión, y así en la Plaza Taksim de Estambul seguramente se han encarnado en los árboles del parque Gezi que el pueblo no desea que caigan porque para caer ya está el Régimen, mientras que en Brasil es ese billete de autobús que subió 20 centavos hasta que la gente lo hizo bajar a golpe de manifestación y disturbio, porque no son 20 centavos los que la empujó a las calles de Sao Paulo y de todo el país, a no ser que se trate de un balón pinchado en lo que (también) es la primera revuelta contra el deporte de los tiempos modernos.

Y sin embargo, llegados a este punto puede que nos equivoquemos buscando el Objeto Fantasma de la revuelta en la plaza, la calle, el barrio o la ciudad, porque como ya se dijo en su momento, no hay un fantasma en el barrio, el barrio entero es el fantasma[16], y su nombre es Gamonal, o Sants, donde hay una excavadora quemada que podría presentar sus credenciales fantasmales con permiso de la torre mutilada de Can Vies cuyo simbolismo será multiplicado por el hecho mismo y doloroso de su falta, o cualquier y todos los barrios donde en palabras de la Federación

de Asociaciones de Vecinos de Barcelona, un viento de revuelta anuncia un temporal[17].

Es en tal levantada donde los Objetos Fantasma arden de deseo por romper el espejo y el espejismo, y por manifestarse en la forma más material posible, aquella que reduce a nada y expulsa al Reino de las Sombras al mundo que aun moribundo se niega a morir del todo, para ocupar su lugar y reparar lo irreparable.

Pues aunque muchas veces sea verdad que solo una casualidad desata la reacción, que nadie pueda lamentarse nunca más, aullando con la voz rota de amargura y rabia, por el crimen eterno que no logra borrar tanto fuego malgastado en cuerpos innecesarios...y también equivocados, ya que sí que hay más madera, e infinitamente más culpable, que la que ha ardido hasta ahora. Y sólo a ese precio incalculable de dar fin al mundo de la economía, antes de que esta aniquile lo que queda del nuestro, cesarán las psicofonías irredentas de Mohamed Bouazizi, Ahmad Hashem al Sabed, Dimitris Christoulas, Plamen Goranov o aquella mujer de 47 años y tres hijos de Almassora cuyo nombre, como la de tantos otros hermanos caídos en esta guerra social ni convencional ni declarada, nos ha robado la hipocresía exquisitamente correcta de la dominación.

Sólo a ese precio.

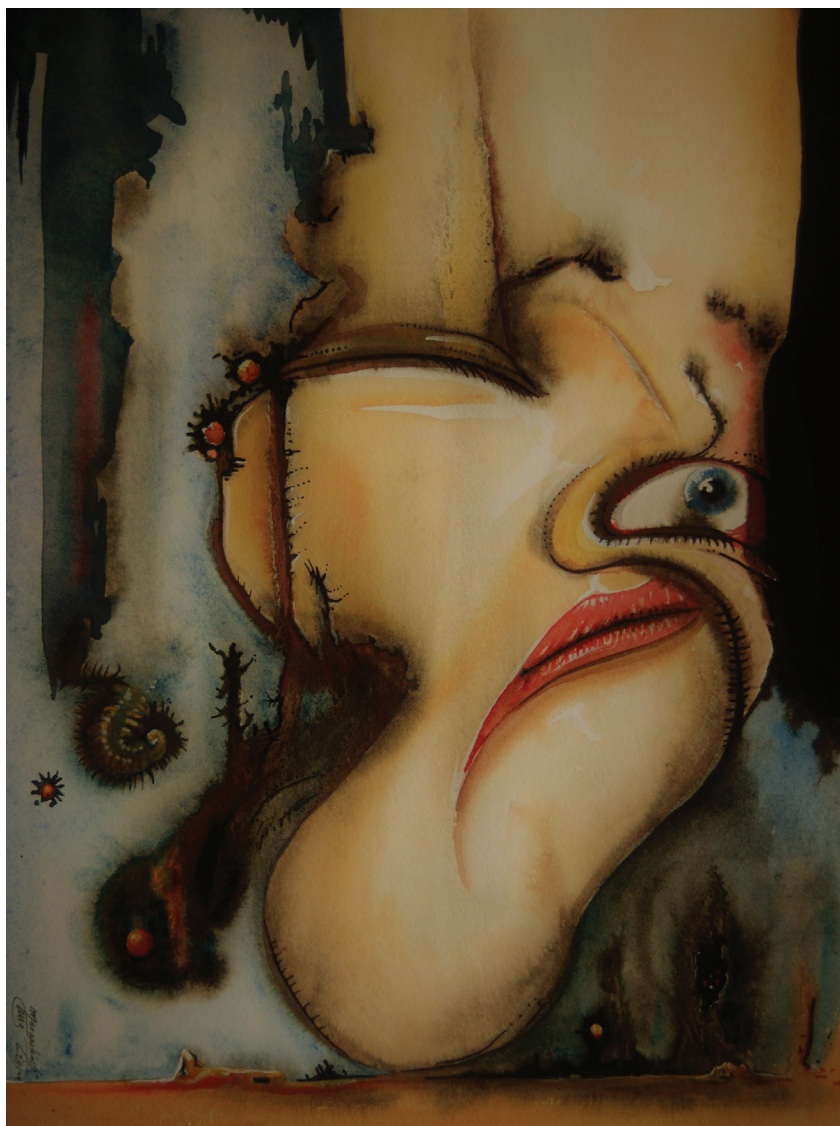
Y si el Objeto Fantasma tiene alguno, es precisamente ese.

English Summary:

“Mirage and Materialization of the Object Ghost” is a reflection on a hypothetical Object Ghost that would personify the anxieties and neuroses of commodity fetishism and social decomposition, but which is also emblematic of revolt and its protagonists: the Object Ghost of the Arab Spring, of Syntagma Square in Athens, and of the 15,000 people who occupied Madrid’s Puerta del Sol. It starts with a consideration of the experience of disappearance from the perspective of the early 20th century and the beginnings of the surrealist movement; Pierre Naville, who defined his entry into surrealism at the moment of Paul Eluard’s temporary disappearance; the obsession with chance encounters with lost people and the backdrop of millions of lives who “disappeared” in the two world wars. But as to what fills the place of these disappearing objects, Rojo posits Object Ghosts, which operate, as he says, “when the years and decades go by, but memory does not.” The early surrealists had equally definitive encounters with the ghosts of disappeared objects. He then links this to the surrealist passion for the object, and in particular the found object. The relationship with commodity fetishism is explored; for surrealism it is a question of diverting and liberating the object from its utilitarian, pragmatic or industrial context. He hypothesizes that the surrealist object does not, as in Vaneigem’s accusation, simply pave the way for a contemporary fascination with commercial gadgets. Rather he proposes the surrealist approach as an inversion of commodity fetishism, which allows for the immunization of the object by means of a “unique, non-transferable and rabidly subjective desire”; effectively a negation of the gadget and its commercial mystique through so-called design and prestige. No object can be made to exist in a vacuum from the rationalist and ultimately capitalist, industrialist context under which it was manufactured or came into being; nonetheless the object always overflows the intended instrument; the utilitarian function of an object never fully justifies its form. Otherwise, there would be no “irrational residues” nor any “discovery and re-discovery” of the object; residues of which poetry furnishes so many examples. It is apparent that the object must be transfigured; but the character of this metamorphosis will heavily

depend on whether it is officiated by poetry or by money. Yet “something is still missing”; that the object itself could be merely a substitution or a double for its opposite, standing in place of a missing something. This is the domain of the Object Ghost; born from the anxiety separating individual and social life and abstract labor which are sacrificed at the altar of profit. The Object Ghost is the repressed object par excellence; its reappearance perhaps the Holy Grail that will allow us to break the spell that paralyzes individual and collective action, giving us a back a full sense of reality and our own desires. It may be that this object is already revealing itself through those revolts which currently stand in contradiction to the dominant world order (Syntagma Square, Puerta Del Sol, The Arab Spring). Despite the apparent suddenness of these revolts, “no fire springs by spontaneous generation, and there are always older embers that communicate their heat to this land, which, like chaff, remains dry and good for fires...” He asks if there is an “Object Ghost of the Arab Spring and all the other revolts and uprisings that have tried to hide their face and their name behind the mask and the crowd of gestures and desires; to prevent as far as possible that a single leader or organization monopolize a cause that is by definition multiform; and by default still unconscious of itself, its power and its destiny?” If the Object Ghost can be procured for any price, he says, it is only at the price of ending once and for all the world of the economy before it annihilates ours; and at that price alone.

- [1] Pierre Naville, *Le temps du surréel*, p. 77, Ed. Galilée, París 1977.
- [2] André Breton, "Crisis del objeto", 1936, en *Antología (1913-1966)*, Siglo XXI, p. 116-117, México 1979.
- [3] Como bien dice George Hugnet, "es necesario extraer el objeto de todos estos objetos, la vida de las cosas que yacen inertes por nuestra culpa, por ese aprendizaje ancestral de la realidad que nos aleja de lo real como las costumbres de la pasión" "L'objet utile", 1935, en *Pleins & Délies*, Ed. Guy Authier, p. 125, París 1972.
- [4] Raoul Vaneigem, *Historia desenvuelta del surrealismo*, p. 72, Alikornio ediciones, Barcelona, 2004.
- [5] Lino Gabellone, *L'oggetto surrealista*, p. 118, Einaudi Editore, Turín 1977.
- [6] Roger Callois, "Especificación de la poesía", 1933, en *Acercamientos a lo imaginario*, FCE, p. 13, México 1989.
- [7] "Cuidado con los objetos domésticos", 1936, en Claude Cahun, *Institut Valencià d'Art Modern*, p. 221, Valencia 2001. Como todo nos sigue apartando de ello, incluida cierta propaganda revolucionaria aunque no sea exactamente la estalinista (que también), merece la pena destacar la crónica del ciclo de charlas de Las mercancías mueren, las cosas despiertan. *Jornadas sobre el objeto cuando todo se viene abajo* (Ed. La Torre Magnética, Madrid 2013), donde se recogen testimonios y experiencias sobre la relación útil y utilitaria por todos los medios con el objeto de personas de todo tipo y condición, inevitablemente trabajadoras cuando hay trabajo, y en bastantes casos muy a su pesar porque sigue siendo no elegido, asalariado y abstracto.
- [8] Jean Lorrain, *Monsieur de Bougrelon*, Editorial Cabaret Voltaire, p. 105, Barcelona 2006.
- [9] El Diciembre Griego – un año después, Federación Anarquista de Gran Bretaña, *Resistance* n° 118, diciembre de 2009-enero de 2010, <http://pt.indymedia.org/conteudo/newswire/108>.
- [10] Como relataba un perplejo periodista, "en un momento dado, uno de los concentrados lanzó una tapa de alcantarilla contra una de las cristaleras de la sede policial. A partir de ahí, cayó una lluvia de piedras, contenedores de basura y todo tipo de objetos, que destruyeron las lunas en segundos" (Grupos antisistema atacan a la Policía Municipal en Centro, *El País* 11-12-2008, http://elpais.com/diario/2008/12/11/madrid/1228998254_850215.html)
- [11] Consúltese sobre tan sorprendente y regocijante episodio el texto de Servando Rocha "La acción directa y las palabras cautivas", en el volumen colectivo *Situación de la poesía (por otros medios) a la luz del surrealismo*, Madrid 2006.
- [12] Hay que destacar por otro lado que esta entrega de La Révolution Surréaliste ofrecía un fragmento de Nadja, en el que aquel espíritu errante que (no) atendía al nombre civil de Leona Delcourt se inquietaba por la descripción que Breton hacía en "El espíritu nuevo" del encuentro antes citado con una joven misteriosa de Aragon, Derain y él mismo. Más adelante, en un paseo por la orilla del Sena, Nadja se empeña en entrar en un patio de una comisaría de la Conciergerie, donde no puede dejar de mirar "una ventana inclinada hacia abajo que da al foso".
- [13] Por poner un ejemplo entre tantos otros que los mass media silencian para que no cunda el ejemplo y sí la resignación, durante las manifestaciones y algaradas que sacudieron Bulgaria durante el invierno de 2013, y que en Julio volvieron a resurgir, se quemaron a lo bonzo seis personas como forma de protesta explícitamente política, despertando el pánico entre los funcionarios de la Mafia y el furor y la determinación entre los manifestantes.
- [14] Afortunadamente tales prodigios han quedado consignados y documentados en *El Rapto* n° 7, dedicado en su totalidad al 15M y demás revueltas y conflictos de 2011 (<http://gruposurrealistademadrid.org/ediciones/el-rapto-7>).
- [15] Incluso llegando a manipular en su página web "el video completo de las campanadas, de diez minutos de duración, por otro de sólo cuatro minutos, en el que curiosamente ya no aparece la imagen de la tienda de campaña que aparecía por sorpresa desde la parte izquierda de las pantallas" (RTVE censura la imagen de una tienda de campaña del 15M volando en Sol durante las Campanadas, <http://kaosenlared.net/secciones/item/2867-rtve-censura-la-imagen-de-una-tienda-de-campa%C3%B1a-del-15m-volando-en-sol-durante-las-campanadas.html>)
- [16] Mariano Auladén, "Sombra no, luz en el espejo", en *Luz Negra* n° 1, Madrid-Gijón 1980. Y en efecto, ya en la Valencia de 2009 se manifestaba "lo improductivo, afirmándose en un gesto decadente" como un "relampagueo esplendoroso de lo inútil" en un "edificio en ruinas ubicado en el área más degradada del centro de la ciudad" (Lurdes Martínez, "Diferentes niveles de concreción fantasmal en el centro histórico de la ciudad de Valencia", en *El Rapto* n° 5). ¿Será una simple casualidad sin significado ni consecuencias, en ninguno de los muchos y heterogéneos pero complementarios planos de la realidad, el que más tarde se nos informara que aquel "edificio en ruinas" fue una vez la antigua sede del Ateneo Libertario Al Margen?
- [17] La Favb sobre el desallotjament de Can Vies, <http://www.favb.cat/node/861>.



Remember Bhopal by Luiz Morgadinho

To all the victims of the environmental tragedy caused by a break in the pesticide factory of the US multinational Union Carbide, which released cyanide gas into the atmosphere on 3 December 1984, caused thousands of deaths and left thousands of patients sick. Today we are in the third generation affected and there was never a place to pay any compensation.



Megan Leach

THE MASK GAME

THE HOUSE OF MYSTICUM



Describe this object's life cycle.

CC: The mask begins as an ovoid stone, proceeds to pupal form as a drop of blood, reaches reproductive maturity as a cephalus, turns to pollen, and dies. The process then reverses and repeats indefinitely.

SC: It sucks the life from neighboring stegosaurus eggs in order to procreate. It lays eggs on the tops of mountains or inside the soft belly of a whale, whichever is convenient.

ML: Fractal folding ever into itself. Kindred to our ids.

SM: Gurgling up from sticky black, it forms in fire and, shedding its face, becomes flight.

Does it correspond to any particular political ideology?

CC: It eats politics for brunch

SC: Anarcho-primitivism. Maoism on Sundays.

ML: Trotskyist crusader

SM: The mask is worn under the face.

There is a land where everyone is born with this mask on their face. What does that world look like?

CC: It is a nighttime planet with stars in the ocean.

SC: The people have legs but the legs have atrophied from disuse. This is because everyone floats from place to place. The clouds are white.

ML: Our own, but all the surfaces are softer and alive. The rooms breath. The roads are muscled.

SM: It is a place where toads hyperventilate.

To what emotion does it correspond?

CC: Inquisitiveness

SC: Timid uncertainty

ML: An ability to know when you are wrong. The skin is a trick we slip on.

SM: Hazy confusion

What scent goes with it?

CC: Ambergris

SC: The smell of a decaying old house

ML: Confederate jasmine & turpentine

SM: Sulphur

Can it die and, if so, how?

CC: It dies with time.

SC: Split in two by an axe and thrown into the mouth of a volcano

ML: It molts like a snake skin and is reborn in infant form, a slippery fetal-soft membrane.

SM: It is as immortal as plastic.



Joseph Jablonski

Endmasks

MASKS OF THE CITY

LEEDS SURREALIST GROUP

At our group meeting on Wednesday, 10th May, we played a collage game using two maps of the centre of Leeds, in the form of 'heads', one a colour satellite image and the other a black & white A-Z street map from 2004, to create two 'masks' of the city. From lots drawn at our previous weekly meeting, we had determined how the features for the masks (eyes, ears, nose, mouth) were to be provided by the players. For the creation of the masks, the collage pieces were then assigned by separating them into two piles, so that each player contributed one feature for each head. The players then in turn glued the collage pieces onto the heads.

The participants were: Kenneth Cox, Luke Dominey, Jan Drabble, Bill Howe, Sarah Metcalf, Jonathan Tarry.

Contemplating the masks upon their completion, it struck us that they might represent nocturnal and diurnal aspects of the city centre, or its industrial (working class) and post-industrial (gentrified) countenances, and that the latter was a mask grafted onto the former. The city's face has been transformed over the past decades, old derelict mills demolished or converted, factories flattened, terraced houses erased, shadows banished. The 'dangerous classes' of the old city have long since been driven outside the parameters delineated on the maps that we used, to be replaced by young professionals, office workers, 'creatives' who thrive in the new city. With an air of malevolent violence, the nocturnal mask can still inspire fear; a priggish bourgeois distaste is ill-concealed by the diurnal mask. Somewhere in this city, the mask of revolt worn by the Luddites might be uncovered or, in the future, an even more disturbing mask created.





THE DOMAIN OF THE INVOCATION

Entire continents rearrange at the whisper of the word Revolt. Policemen melt like wax. It is a word with deep weight, it is a dark, grey metal... The call of Revolt must invoke a deeply transformative process from which there can be no going back. Teach us its ritual, its sacrifice, the myth of its invocation. This could be an alchemical formula, an occult spell, a scientific methodology, an intersubjective ceremony, or some other form of mythopoetic summoning.



Andria Matta May Schaal

SURR-PROPHETIES DE 2018

MICHAEL LÖWY

Janvier: Grave crise politique. Le Président de la République, atteint d'une dysfonction intestinale, démissionne, suivi de son cabinet.

Février: Sérieuse épidémie sociale d'anarcho-syndicalisme : personne ne veut être candidat aux élections présidentielles. L'intérêt de la population se tourne uniquement vers les érections légisclascives.

Mars: Vacance du pouvoir. Le patronat et les banquiers sont inquiets et décident de convoquer le Congrès.

Avril: Le Congrès National, avec l'accord du Conseil Constitutionnel et des Forces Armées, a décidé de célébrer, avec un peu de retard, le bicentenaire de la Restauration, en restaurant la monarchie absolue. Sa Majesté Louis XIX (Capet de son nom de famille) a assumé tous les pouvoirs. Le couronnement de Sa Majesté a eu lieu à l'Eglise de Notre Dame, en présence du clergé, des corps constitués et des ambassadeurs étrangers.

Mai: Suivant l'adage, "en mai fait ce qu'il te plaît", le Roi décide d'octroyer à ces sujets une Charte des Droits, qui restreint de forme draconienne les libertés individuelles et collectives.

Juin: Pour envoyer à la société française un signal fort Louis XIX décide la reconstruction, à l'identique, de la forteresse de la Bastille, sur la place du même nom. Grâce à une imprimante 3D, le travail est fait en quelques semaines. Par une Lettre de Cachet, sa Majesté a ordonné l'emprisonnement, dans la forteresse rétablie, du Marquis de Sade et du Major de l'Immensité. Ces deux individus étant absents de leur domicile, la police royale a dû se rabattre sur d'autres personnages dangereux pour la société : l'artiste Elise Aru, le poète Claude Cauët, le peintre Guy Girard, le cinéaste Michel Zimbacca et leurs amis de la Société de l'Escalier: tous furent embastillés sans autre forme de procès.

SURR-PROPHECIES FOR 2018

MICHAEL LÖWY

January: Grave political crisis: The President of the Republic, having an intestinal dysfunction, resigns, followed by his cabinet.

February: Outbreak of a serious social epidemic of anarcho-syndicalism: no one wants to be a candidate in the presidential elections. The interest of the population turns only to legisclavious erections.

March: A power vacuum. The employers and the bankers are worried and decide to convene Congress.

April: The National Congress, with the agreement of the Constitutional Council and the Armed Forces, decide to celebrate, a little late, the bicentennial of the Restoration, by restoring the absolute monarchy. His Majesty Louis XIX (surname Capet) assumes full powers. His Majesty's coronation takes place at the Notre Dame Cathedral in the presence of the clergy, all constituted bodies, and foreign ambassadors.

May: According to the French adage, "in May do what you may", the King decides to grant his subjects a Charter of Rights, which restricts in draconian form individual and collective freedoms.

June: In order to send a strong signal to French society, Louis XIX decides to rebuild the fortress of the Bastille on top of the square of the same name. Thanks to 3D printing, the work is done in a few weeks. By means of a Lettre de Cachet, his Majesty orders the imprisonment in the restored fortress of the Marquis de Sade and the Major de l'Immensité. These two individuals are absent from their home, and so the royal police have to fall back on other characters dangerous to society: the artist Elise Aru, the poet Claude Cauët, the painter Guy Girard, the filmmaker Michel Zimbacca and their friends from la Société de l'Escalier*: all are imprisoned without any other form of trial.

** "L'Escalier" is the name of the Café where the Paris Surrealist Group meets every week.*

Juillet: L'année aurait pu se dérouler dans le calme et la tranquillité, si les personnages ci-dessus mentionnés ne s'étaient pas mis en tête d'ameuter la foule par des cris et des chansons, depuis les hautes fenêtres de la Bastille. C'est ainsi que, le 14 Juillet 2016, une foule plébéienne enragée a pris la forteresse d'assaut, libérant tous les prisonniers.

Août: Peu disposée à s'arrêter à mi-chemin, la plèbe renverse la monarchie. Le Roi n'a dû son salut que par la fuite dans un des paradis fiscaux des Iles Bahamas.

Septembre: Grace à une solide alliance des sans-culottes avec les sans-chemises et les sans-soutiens-gorges (Delacroix, La Liberté guidant le peuple) les insurgés n'ont pas tardé à proclamer la révolution en permanence.

Octobre: Selon l'adage populaire "en octobre fait ce qu'il te plaît", la plèbe décide de confisquer le capital, casser l'Etat et disperser l'Armée.

Novembre: Tous ensemble, on établit une République Universelle, égalitaire, libertaire et sans frontières.

Décembre: Pour célébrer l'événement, la comète Halley passe sur les cieux de Paris, bien avant la date prévue (28 juillet 2061)

July: The year could have unfolded in calm and tranquility, if the above-mentioned characters had not thought of rousing the crowd with cries and songs, from the high windows of the Bastille. Thus, on 14 July 2016, an enraged plebeian crowd takes the fortress in an assault, freeing all the prisoners.

August: Unwilling to stop halfway, the plebs overthrow the monarchy. The King escapes with his life only by flying to one of the tax havens of the Bahamas.

September: Thanks to a solid alliance between the sans-culottes, the sans-shirts and the sans-bras (Delacroix, Liberty guiding the people), the insurgents are not slow to proclaim permanent revolution.

October: According to the popular French adage “in October do what you may”, the plebs decide to confiscate capital, break the State and dissolve the Army.

November: All together, a universal, egalitarian, libertarian and borderless republic is founded.

December: To celebrate the event, the Halley’s Comet passes through the heavens above Paris, well before its scheduled date (July 28, 2061).

Translated by Jason Abdelhadi



Steve Morrison *Air: Cleft*

NESTING MATERIALS

LAURA CORSIGLIA



wandering root wrinkled bone or bad news highway?

bite tight hold on
this rough spring pants hard
wallops and cradles

slips

(the little Harlequin – gently returned to a wild crashing tumult –
relaxes at home)

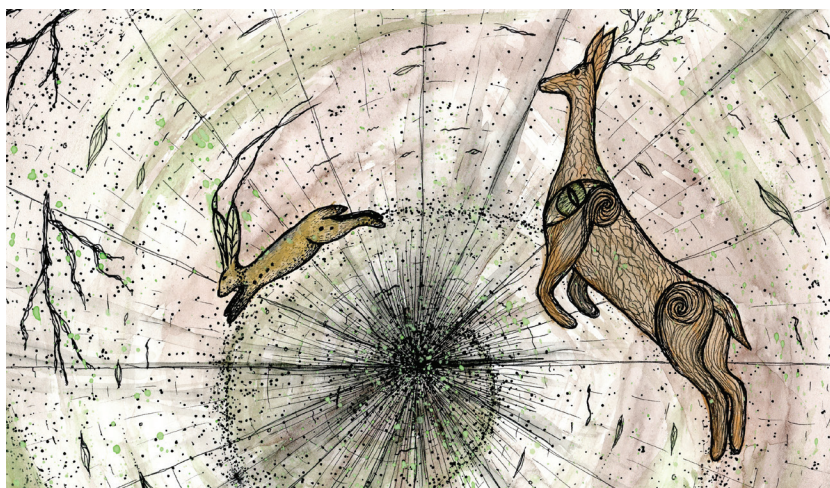
today I saw: pieces of tree flying by with a plan

– Courage! we look out for each other / & build

IS YOUR NATURE REVOLTING?

CASI CLINE

Is your nature revolting? You certainly look the type. Yes? Then you will be interested in a very special inscription found scrawled on the wall of a public toilette by some good fairy to offer us salvation in transformation: “you must get smaller.” No simple task you might say. Maybe Alice left us a crumb, you might quip. Or perhaps we can reverse time, you add incredulously. No, my cynical friend, there is another way. And I found it on a sunny Sunday walk in the park. It is simple. Just walk out on the path with a stone in one hand and a leaf in the other and think of a vine sprouting through asphalt. When that pale green light inside your aorta expands around you and the ol’ olfactories are filled with the scent of rich earth, you are ready, and your feet will guide you to the deeply trodden path of the deer. Crouch low to pass under boughs and thick bramble till you can feel your hooves firmly beneath you. Sniff out the rabbit trails among the moss and dry leaves, straining to follow them until you can hear clearly with your long, soft ears. Search out the long line of ants and walk with them until you can taste with your antennae down in the detritus. Crawl down into the earth, ever smaller and deeper. Until you are so small you can fit inside the smallest unit of life. And there, of course, you will find and become that which... well, I can’t tell you what. Perhaps you’ll know soon enough. In any case, I must be going. I have some graffiti to write.



A CRACK IN THE PAVEMENT

STEVEN CLINE



The world is a massive, underdeveloped catastrophe waiting to happen. It sits on the ledge with a Jacobin mouse rat and curls its toes in the most endearing of gestures. Because of the solidity of the fourth movement it envelopes the skin of the forcep and tin. The rocking movement of the vehicle portrays a tragedy of the most magnificent proportions. Theatrical though it may be, the crowd is culturally sluggish and enjoys the greasy spectacle. Putting a house in the frying pan and lifting it back out in almost three seconds is an adventure well worth taking. Upside down and topsy turvy, that is the atmosphere that will permeate your ear canal with fluids.

The massive worm decays on the second boulevard. Every day brings its decaying matter closer to the earth, closer to something especially nice! The insects have a feast day and pop champagne in honor of the president. The decaying worm slowly recites poetry as its body exits stage right. And the oceans are not purple anymore, but grey.

A crack in the pavement answers the call, bleeding through the barrier like a gem on holiday. The subconscious collapses under the weight of three siamese twins. Windows shatter, cats meow... Don't forget to air the laundry and listen to the humming birds.

Where did this sinkhole come from? It formed on Sunday, and spread with each passing skin reversal. The alluvial plains teach a lesson to the unlistening ground mice. Blood red porcupines flatten themselves and roll unto the driveway of your family's old home. You remember this home vaguely, but probably only through old polaroids and lint. I think that something monstrous happened here, but you contradict me at every step. Don't forget the scar underneath your bellybutton, the one in the shape of a fish. Reinforced concrete continues its parade on the highway made of misshapen hair. A mountain range shifts in the ether, and creates a spindle of kindness. You disregard and go sifting through the rubble. California is earthquake country after all. The woman killed in the two story building cries, but her damage was not spectacular. As she disappears into the forgetful ocean the building regurgitates itself into silence. A photograph is all that remains.

If you measure the cause of the disaster, you will see that crystal shards do not much agree with hematites. All happiness calls forth the enterprising mouthpiece. He says much to disagree with and much to scorn, but little to eat. You eat him anyway, and the next day when you pee him out it burns sharply. Adam grabs your penis and tears it off with a smile. Together you plant it in the garden and watch the sunflowers grow. Inside the sunflowers birth little antelope spiders, which you devour and rub on each other's bodies. A playful solution, but not a bold one.

A few months later and the sinkhole has grown entirely too much. The great reversal is at hand, but you had not prepared for it. Oh well and good riddance. Now they build the road into the sky, but you bury your eyes deep in the ground. There is warmth there, not airy rationality. Much preferring this, you prepare the dirt for its war to take back the air. Spreading the earth with brown, eating the clouds and shooting the mushrooms for sport. This is your fate, silly as it is.

A BERRY SACRIFICE

ALLAN VILU

There exists a giant
shimmering and strobing
black-as-the-fucking-void
bonfire in the hidden hills
of central Alberta,
and I know 'cause I collected the kindling.

We got kids out here doing
fucking insane triple backflips
off a slackline strung through towering poplars
and commiserating in smiling ecstasy
with the flame as it screams higher
and higher and
higher up to the hurtling moon.

And right now, I am kneeling on the uneven ground.

I am thinking of all the years I was going to spend being shuffled
through sad shambled offices in grad school.
Thinking of basement apartments where the light
doesn't reach through the windows.
Knowing that it wasn't long before they came for me and my
friends anyway.

Thinking *when in the fuck has transformation ever come without sacrifice*
as I gorge myself on rocky mountain juniper berries
until they poison me and I fucking die
and my body is thrown into the howling fire
while the kids dance in reverent frenzy
and the fire swallows our planetary orbit –

the moon and all satellites come crashing to the ground,
splitting all of our cities asunder,
and remaking the landscape with billions of beautiful little craters
filled with perfect orbs
of rainbow-colored, everlasting flame.



CAPA (Collective Automatic Painting Amsterdam)

THE PRESCRIPTION GAME

CHIMERA SURREALIST GROUP – OTTAWA

January 31 2017

Players: JA, LL, HT, PP

Ottawa

Description:

Revolt can be invoked explicitly, as a revolutionary summoning. But it can also come about through “alternate” means, even something as banal as a form of alternative medicine. That “treatment” in the contemporary sense is a repressive apparatus goes without question, but how do we move beyond the useless tactics of amelioration and reform to an absolute divergence in the immediate, on medical grounds? The Prescription Game emerged from the joke question that was posed, “what meds is everybody on?” This led to discussions around the ineptitude of M.D.s and their reliance on quick-fixes, prescription pads, pathetic cures, and humdrum, time-saving solutions as opposed to the psychological and imaginative therapy of a common witch-doctor. What if the healer was fully committed to healing, and not subject to the pressures of the medical and pharmaceutical industry? We agreed that a “shamanic” solution to health is often more comforting and, despite the demons, closer to achieving human connection than contemporary treatments. Better yet, to try it out immediately. The game works as follows: an actual prescription-sized pad is produced. Each player contributed an ailment they are really suffering from, and then wrote a cure to one of their fellow player’s diseases, which was assigned by blind chance to an ailment. The result is a community of healing, attention and ritual enchantment. A happenstance revolt against the medical establishment, the dehumanizing current treatment of mental illness, and the concept of “health” in general.

The patients and doctors below are not identified either by their ailments (to avoid revealing patient information) or their prescriptions (to avoid accusations of malpractice).

Current Ailments:

- 1) Employment
- 2) Moving into a new place
- 3) Medical withdrawal / unidentified shoulder ailment
- 4) Brain fuzzies

Prescriptions:

1. The cure for employment: Inhaling a mouthful of bees and spitting them at a BULL!! while drenched in the blood of a magickal fox whose name is not known.

2. The cure for moving into a new place: Take 3 doses of powdered clown's bone every thirty days. After the third dose, put on a rubber nose and honk whatever is nearest to you. All of your symptoms should be resolved. Side effects include: maniacal laughter and a French accent.

3. The cure for medical withdrawal / shoulder problems: Grow yourself a walnut tree. Consecrate it with your most drunken urine (lychee liquor recommended). Gather the walnuts. Find a Minister of Health to pelt with the nuts until one explodes and a foetus falls out. Make sure he's forced to adopt it. If all else fails switch to coconuts dropped from orbit.

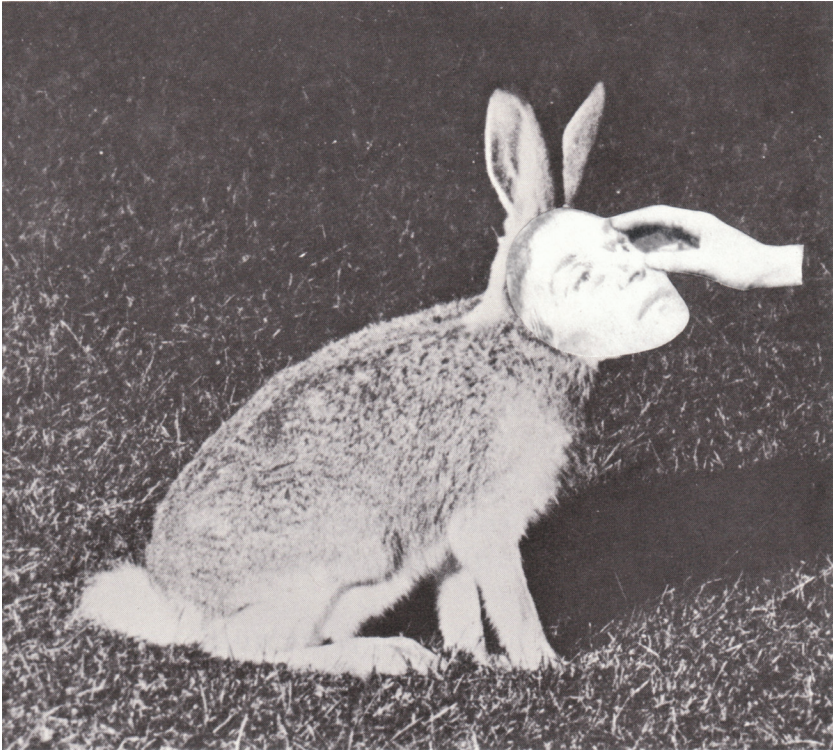
4. The cure for brain fuzzies: Trim the fingernails of your great-grandfather's corpse. Boil them in an old horse skull with fish guts and dump into Prada handbag on the night of the new moon. Leave for one quarter turn of the moon. Make an effigy of your tormentor, paint the effigy with the mixture, and dance around it three times backwards while waving burning feathers. Set it all on fire. Set everything on fire. Run away screaming in glee.

GERMINATION OF THE SKELETONS

DAVID NADEAU

Every cell is entirely surrounded by a membrane and contains a pleasantly-shaped cytoplasm in which our utopias float. The objects of everyday life melt into one another, exchange their sensory qualities, rediscover among themselves several semi-liquid communication channels.

The unexpected hieroglyphics reflect the alteration of the fog, provoke other prodigious or disturbing atmospheric phenomena, but their reproductive cycle is conditioned by the social contradiction.

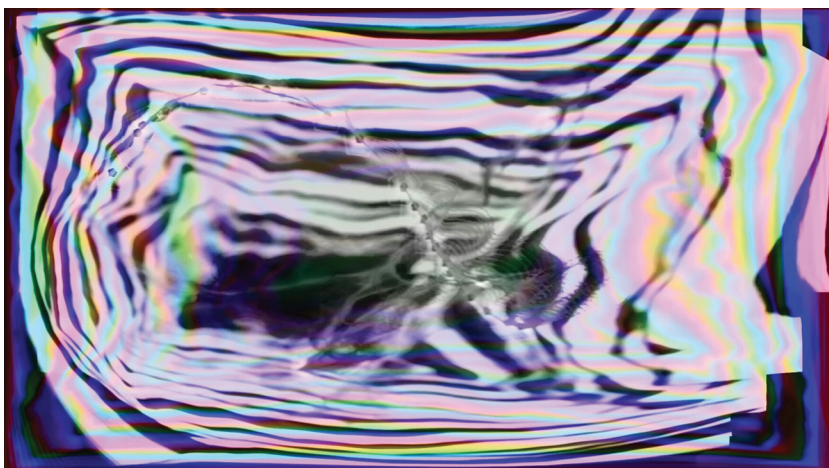


Annalynn Hammond
Masquerade #1

THE SEANCE OF WIND: A PROGRAM FOR THE INITIATE IN THE REALM OF HYPNOS

(A Surrealist Exploration of Beauty and
Intoxication in an Epoch of Paraphrenia)

DOMINICK COPPI



1. The dissolution.



2. A failed attempt to coexist with spectres.



3. A lens made of resin. Amber encases limbs and makes prisoners of shallow waters into depths



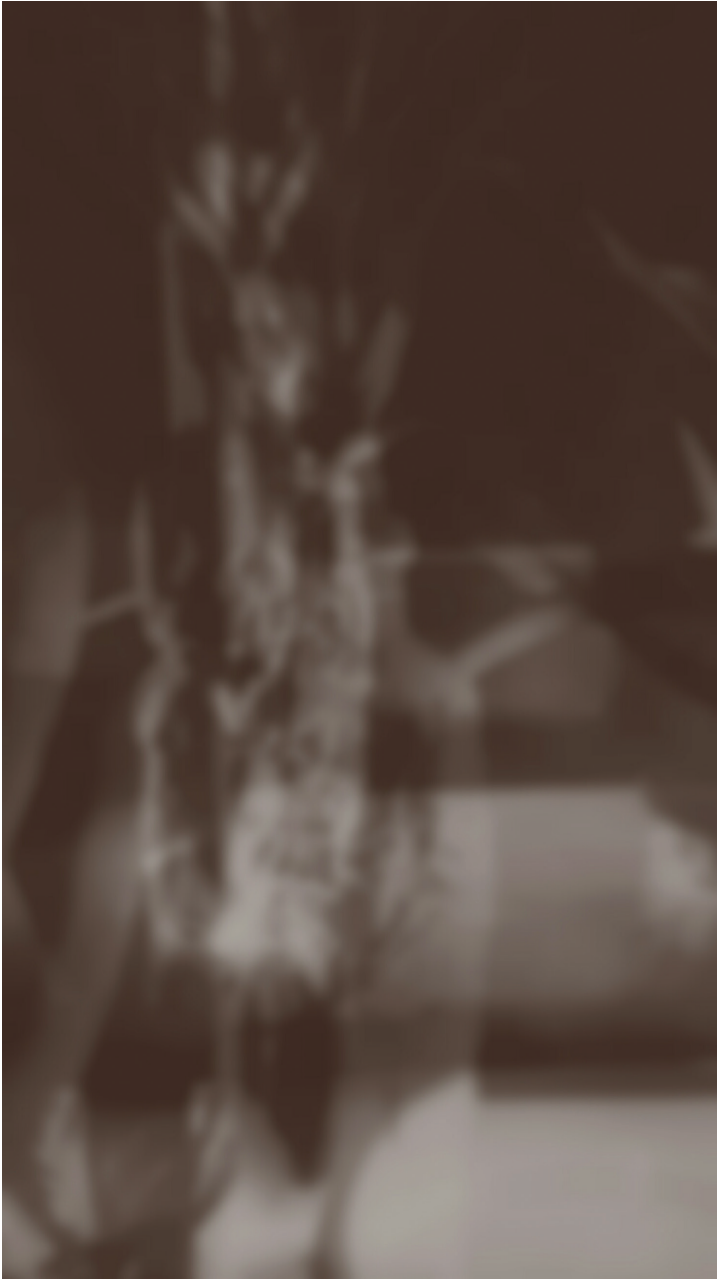
3a. Phantasmagoric fruits fed through grape vines lead souls into capsules of stagnant time.



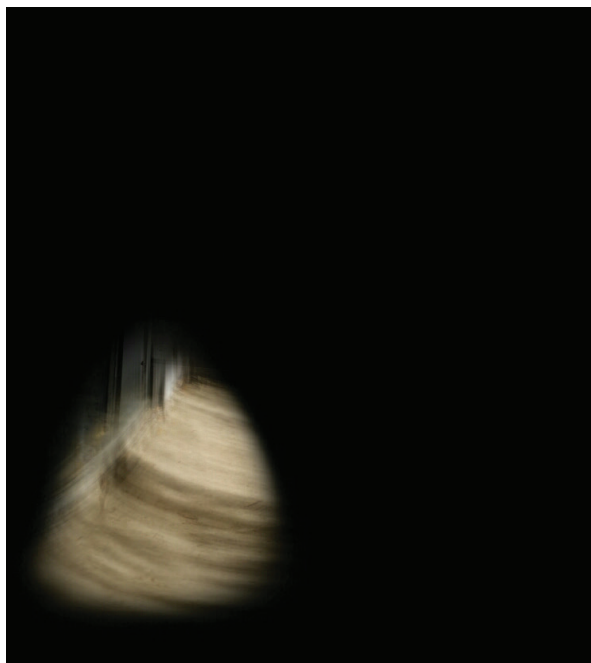
3b. Centuries of psychic derangement bears rotting orchards.



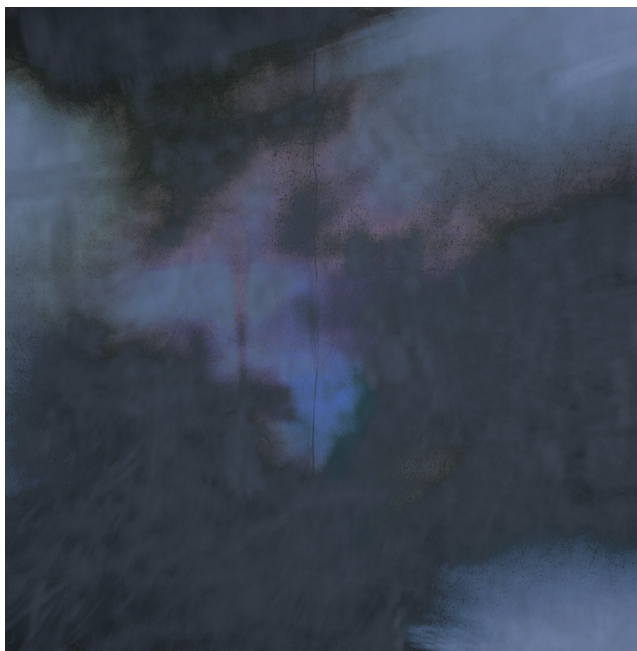
4. The wind enforces circumstantial acres of bereavement to coalesce around the eye veins of the homunculus, causing psychic discomfort.



5. Hypnos feeds spells of slumber from mouth to ear.



6. The pulse of the wind distorts and comforts ancient aches.



7. There is a return, but why dismiss this euphoric hypnosis?

THOUGHTS OF THE APOCALYPSE

DALE HOUSTMAN

Thoughts of the Apocalypse are like restaurant ambience. Now eat your steak...

The Apocalypse is a primitive's desire: one wants to own what is left.

If I can't have you no one will: Apocalypse is a Utopian snit, representing the bare knuckles of Ideal Governance.

Utopias are Apocalypses as staged by a frustrated scourge.

Utopias are constructed every time a person is disabused of humanity; whenever anyone has the sensation that no perfection can come from man; — that is — when one begins to manufacture a nostalgia for improvement.

Perfection is a term with no opposite, consisting totally of formal restrictions, and yet it is the freshest aspect of history—it crackles when you open it.

Utopias are ghosts of some unloosed Apocalypse, a weak-willed genocide. All Utopias place restraints upon their populations, either by decree or by “size of venue”; islands, valleys, asteroids. Plastic domes.

Utopia suggests sleep, while Anarchy represents play. Monarchy calls to mind an extended childhood. Democracy rarely calls anything to mind in particular.

Order is odorless; this is why so many find it comforting.

THE MYTH OF REVOLT GAME

Players: *Jason Abdelhadi, Armando Urias Anderson, Maria Brothers, Doug Campbell, Casi Cline, Steven Cline, Angel Therese Dionne, Janice Hathaway, Karl Howeth, Stephen Kirin, Megan Leach, Tori Lion, Andrew Mendez, Craig S Wilson, Claire Wylde*

In the smallest thing is embedded a grain, which waxes and wanes, fills and leaves empty. You can taste it in a fruit filled with red, see it in the dust on an old photograph, smell it in a drunkard's vomit or a flower's perfume, hear it in birth cries, and feel it in your stomach. And one day, it existed.

On the 1st day, I woke up with dozens of hands growing out of my body. When I shook each one they all began to applaud and then they vanished.

On the 2nd day, a fume exposed the face of a train.

On the 3rd day, the first touch of sight; the ghost of a louse. They do not see the oily women hidden in the boreal forest. A pair of dentures breaches near Sable Island, howling at the wild horses and seabirds.

On the 4th day, each of us cut off a finger and cast it into the sky to become catasterismi. The blood from the cuts was kept and fed to the potato plants, whose tubers turned a pale pink and tasted of cardamom, to be eaten in silence by those who would one day rise up.

On the 5th day my work began. A thousand cuts across the sun into which I inserted powdered darkness destroyed the fly I magnified the ensuing enormous blackness on.

On the 6th day, the centipedes beneath the floorboards began to plot their escape. By evening they abandoned their plan and sculpted little soap animals instead.

On the 7th day, I woke from a deep sleep and found myself unexpectedly on a beach with walls of bamboo crowding in from all sides including the floor of the ocean.

On the 8th day, a brazen smile materialised in the wind.

On the 9th day, the secret armies of black cats emerged from their hidden fortresses, and assembled on every main street in silent rank and file.

On the 10th day, the sky split open casting the stars and moons to their knees. The wound puckered up collecting the worst that life can offer and labeling it with tags made from medals won in war.

On the 11th day a shard of glass made its arrangements for the dying laughter handing out mice to the hungry cement walls. Without a trunk it set out on its journey.

On the 12th day, eyes were opened to the sound of breaking waves of grass blades clashing in the flat field.

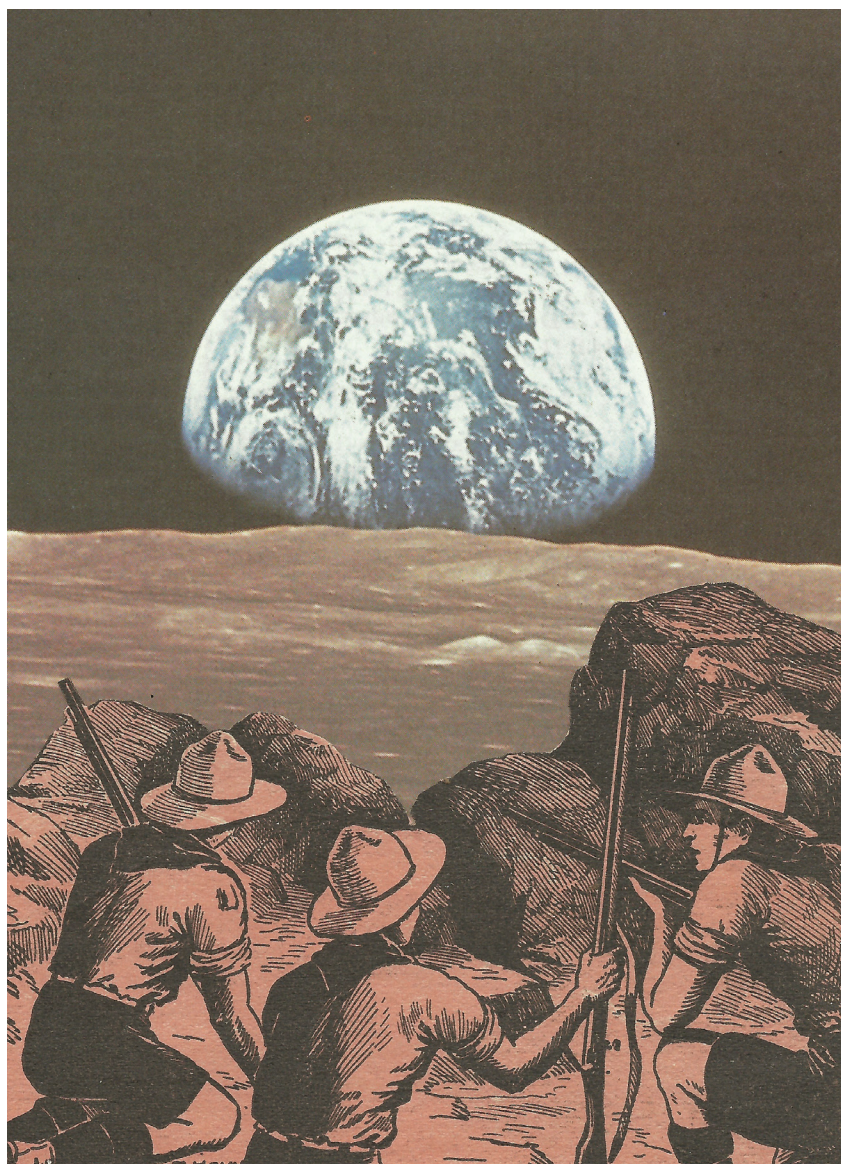
On the 13th day from my voice issued three other voices, one of blue perfumes, the other became a face without features in the silent film days, and a cloud that came out of the swimming voice of the third, rise and take me with it.

On the 14th day, darkness covers the land, a light shifts in the firmament. Five golden fallacies groom the stunning prince. Your egg cracks. The ocean of black goo parts to show a statuesque face. The eyes open and the deer unscrews his hooves. Out of the land of the hedgehog drifts cold stones, vibrating ferns and aardvarks. The eyelid pops and Frankenstein lifts your face. The curtain rises.



David Coulter

Photo of a street sign in Pitigliano



Vicente Gutiérrez Escudero

Ante el intento



Alex Januario

CONDENSED VIRTUALITIES (AN INVOCATION)

ARTHUR SPOTA

*Desire, the secret author of all becoming,
goes through the crafting of a collective myth. – Pierre Mabile*

*Myth is the irruption of the sacred into the world
which then becomes quite similar to the dream. – Amina Osman*

From hear around nothing
the in and without

a fleeting Maldoror feigns no wings
while blurring the inertia of the sun and its retina
Guarded women shield their miniscule from the glare of microbial gnosis
in an astonishing display of transparent breeding

and Ruthlessly

Hauntedly

The illusory narrative becomes the verb

The hidden river melting the ships the color of great odds.

Sacrificial glistening
defers to the blue stone of a vibrating haven
where spring tones are no longer iridescent
and walls of perception are the curse
and the splendor
of the earth voice
forthright

An impossible odyssey begins
stretched like a simulacra where day and night
prep the sun prepared to spring.
I follow the living through a penetrant point
still devoured by the world
and it's passion for black flags
black sun
black hour-less sleep
stroked and marginalized
by vivid crepuscule
and the collective conception of beauty
from which ransom deceptively clings.

I dreamt her shadows were shaped by an arbitrary disappearance of birds
whose knowledge of sky and loss were quantified
by the eradication of the species.

Tangled in drab
We confound joy with palpable vulgarisms,
Subvert imagination to possession,
Move in a motion that for now shall be called render
in a bid to bless the son
by viperous detraction

...or distractions that no longer grasp the feral gesture.

Such is the beacon of the hidden myth.

To gauge the cloak of hidden inference
To incept the moon struck chalice brim filled with psychic wards
desiccated by transgression
To unravel a season unparalleled in the old world says nothing of
surveying the opium quantum missive
To pursue sentient narcoleptic lull is neither sensational

nor comparable to fracturing duplicitous tonics
To dwell on duplicity for reasons unknown creates an illusory gap;
a doorway of a thousand evanescent suns through which an intricate
double enters
To view the daughter of Spirit lingering risks her breathing the hours
that are not mine to give, but my father's solar plexus
To mirror the universe is to pull the shoal from amnesia's thigh
To sail the oracle of the fluid Phix is to become the ghost of everyone,
and then un-become
To knead the bread of surrender when nothingness is a forgotten breath
is to breathe inertia, a magick without scale, without dialect
To yield to the volatile port of morning already drifting, a paradise of
desire opens, then shuts on a shadow path of apathy
To touch the Earth behind the black glass, an apparition of you melts,
a wolf bearing the remnants of a charred phantom
To sense the Earth in a throne of drones
To stifle the channeled ghost in a state of hungry siege halves the sun,
opens a translucent window to frenzy
To draw a cluster of harmonies from an nocturnal overripe with sorrow
is to become a verb of light on the night's violent tongue
To invent a magnetic memory as opaque as the haunted firings one possesses
is to conjure a fifth season, develop a seventh sense
To have the gilded halves propelled by inevitability is to devour the
feathered cradle, free the palpitating bird to a contaminated indigo

Such is the treason of the hidden myth.

Tonight at Noon on a Week of Mondays
Cage and Mingus are unbridled myths too.

Is it possible to mock the myth in the melting drift of sanity?

Novum summons the compression,
Induces the pulse

and we glide with the signals

absorbed by an harmonious SILENCE

Tripping under the flow of transfixed light
exposes the undertow in our thought;
the spasm in our logos

Transposed

We re-inhabit dead center when we savor the impossible

And devour just a single sedition.

I mean to forge the retracted and refracted conscience
lured by the failure of men bent on strings.

My face full of singlets is mad to fly
The grass is growing and the wind is dying
and the cosmic lights dim
as Tiamat dresses our dream
with the conflict of torn shadows.

We are children in her oval
Sleepless like the clueless whose eyes burn at the touch of her lips,
the pressure of her thoughts weightless as she kneels in stunning protest,
whiplashed by nitrate in a volcanic surge of up rushing dreams
bursting out
and flooding all crucibles
that are a river of wire and red necromantic spells.

The soul yearns for the balm of hunger
at the Altar for La chevelure de Falmer

Palermo Anarchists show me the beauty of the tomb
and the Entrance is CRUEL!
We are the Unthread Wound
unspooling as we speak
with voice like the rain of reason
and treason that is poised to sequence desire.

The woman at the table fidgeting with her necklace
doubles as Lamantia's eureka moment.
Pumped and haunched by a dull flame,
her charmed Somnambulist speaks in Holy Astral provocations
in strategic defiance to mutual offense.

That woman remains frightened by language.
Taught to conform to the shape of words
her rectangular tables gale and turn Banquets into tiny desires
that drift idly into a spiral of human affliction;

a spectral resistance perpetuated by the necessity to warp
the mirroring image

to halve the sphere

to befoul the memory of sun no longer immersive.

In Chdnyid Bardo
the fierce vigil of the great trance
melts illusion
and splits time
outside
the anger of the God

Open

where I appear negated
in the Luminiferous Ether,
expanded aside the limit of the law.

And as so in the circle
The essence present at the beginning
passed from NUIT to HADIT
to the Oriole of Earth's secret doctrine
in a swelter of spacious velocity

from which emerged the great scream,
the primal quotidian of the psychic zero

And so as in the circle
am I here.

The Sigil

The following is an image of a sigil I cast that is representation of an occult spell summoning the violence of my own personal power against any and all oppressive forces, in service to liberation and transformation, and is a psychic extension of the text.

I posted the sigil at either very active or very quiet, relaxed locations. I placed them at eye level so they would be immediately visible to anyone passing in those locations. I left it up at the locations I photographed it at. So worst case scenerio, the sigil will stay visible for a few days until it falls off into the street or sidewalk and deteriorates, at best case scenario it will be seen by enough people to be found disturbing for reasons not consciously apparent, or even better, perhaps compel someone to take it.

As I was putting the sigil up at the locations I selected, I was getting all kinds of strange looks from people that were passing.

A girl on a bike in my neighborhood watched me set up and photograph the one on Broome St and the Bowery and had a bemused smirk on her face the whole time. On Sunday in Williamsburg, Brooklyn several young guys were standing outside a bar across the street from me and seemed to be getting agitated and annoyed, When I was photographing it in the park, a teenager playing basketball came over to me and started asking a lot of questions about what the sigil was and what I was doing. At the end of our brief conversation he asked if I had a spare one he could have. I aptly obliged.



BURNT BLACK BEAR'S BLOOD

IAN KAPPOS

How the horsebacked man and I came to be on the hill overlooking the burning mansion and smoking a pipe together I shall tell you as soon as I return the pipe to the horsebacked man.

Earlier tonight, the rightful heir and the rightful heir's consort descended into the courtyard. The insurrectionists met them there, and the sand dollar tables between the two groups were lambent with the silver light of the moon. The rightful heir and the rightful heir's consort made their demands, as was their right. But the insurrectionists, shifting nervously on their gecko steeds, rebuffed these demands, instead deflecting them with demands of their own.

In this manner, the disagreement regressed to outright conflict.

The mansion is half-moon-shaped and, on nights like this, wiggles with an incandescence of its own. Together with the full moon, it, in effect, made for one-and-a-half moons. Presently it loomed behind the congregation, looking down its nose at the sad excuse for diplomacy. Shouts of dissension from both sides. The insurrectionists and their gecko steeds pacing back and forth in the courtyard. The rightful heir's consort moving now to flank them, bar their exit.

This was the last I saw before I ran for the woods, pushing through the hedges like an ant between hands in prayer, and across the open ground separating the woods from the estate. By the time I reached the woods I had attracted pursuers. I tried to outrun them, though once inside the woods the roots and the natural topiary slowed me. The topiary came in shapes of badgers, monkeys, millipedes, a thousand familiar and exotic animal likenesses whose real counterparts had long since disappeared from the world.

It was then that I became aware of the smell, and the dampness spreading across my body. I saw then that, under infrequent shafts of moonlight, the leaves shined a brilliant sterling red.

Who my pursuers were, I had known from the first coupled clap of hoof and hand. The horsebacked man and his men on horseback, under

contract to the rightful heir, were on my tail.

Though I didn't know where I was going, I had a keen sense of smell, intuiting just where to turn in order to throw them off my back, if only momentarily. Unfortunately, the horsebacked man's nose, even behind its muzzle, was every bit as keen as mine, if not more so.

The horsebacked man and his men on horseback were good at their trade.

It was not long, though, before I fell onto another trail, this one brighter and more redolent of copper than before. This must, I concluded, be the trail of burnt black bear's blood. It oozed from the trees; clusters of it, enmeshed in spiders' webs and bracken, pulled at my limbs. This was not black bear's blood, no, but the black blood of bears. Gobs of it, burnt and ashen on the outside, blossomed open gummy and rot-sweet as I tore through the foliage.

Like a severed vein, the trail drained me out of the woods.

In an opening of trees where the grass was neatly clipped, two stone phalluses were emerging from the ground. Their heads were in the shapes of oversized fists, and altogether the structures were nearly as tall as I am. The hands were marred like leper's hands; between their knuckles were clots of the burnt black bear's blood. I ran my fingers over those fingers as if performing a secret, divine handshake. As I massaged the burnt black bear's blood from the stone, I could still hear, whether off in the distance or in the recesses of my skull, that chorus from the courtyard: a chorus of man and woman and plant debating rights to plant and woman and man.

Then, as the horsebacked man and his men on horseback gushed from the forest behind me, the fists flexed and extended into prayer.

They were drenched in oily black, the horsebacked man and his men on horseback. I rested my back against the stone and resigned myself to my fate. Dismounting, the horsebacked man called out to me across the clearing: he announced to me that he and his men were no longer employed by the rightful heir, that in fact he and his men had not been trying to track me down.

They had nevertheless, he said, found me by the bloody smear I'd left in my wake, "like a brushstroke through a puddle of paint."

“It is one way to show you around our house,” he laughed.

Filling the silence between us, then, first in parts and then altogether, were the far-off sounds of crumbling sand dollars, the scuttling of lizards, and cries of men.

The horsebacked man’s hair was ornately braided, it caught the light redly when he wagged his head. He wore sandals made of driftwood and rope; tattooed along his neck were the names of trees he’d buried. Adorned similarly were those of his company, some whose heads were not even maned, feet not even hoofed.

Upon the small hill beside the stone phalluses we lit a fire and sat and talked and smoked. As we talked, we confided in each other our mutual disinterest in politics. Beside us, the stone phalluses shrank back into the ground, leaving a gritty film of burnt black bear’s blood on the ruptured earth. The moon, all by itself now, chased the darkness across the grounds. In the distance burning silent and orange like the incense of revolution was the husk of the mansion.

“You know,” the horsebacked man says now through his muzzle, “they were cubs.”

I nod, yes, I do know.

The horsebacked man looks deep into my watery eyes. It is always a sorrowful tale, we silently agree, when the young get caught in the meaningless skirmishes of the not-young. Hopefully, we silently conclude, this skirmish will prove not-meaningless. Without another word between us we pay homage to the moon and her honesty in spite of her imitators. We mouth to her our thanks, our thanks for exposing to us what we had been too blind to see.

The night descends into stillness and the horsebacked man and I pass the sand dollar pipe back and forth. With the coming of dawn comes again the image of the burning mansion, but this time it is nothing more than a specter against the sky. The sound of crying men has withered from our ears. Each in its own key, the animals of the forest begin to rise in song, to hearken the Braille daylight.



Luiz Morgadinho



Miguel de Carvalho

THE FLOODWATERS OF BABEL

VITTORIA LION

The Translation of Teodora de Assis

After my patient, Teodora de Assis, the assistant librarian of the Rising Ocean movement, lost her mind in a burning police car in Bowling Green, she was promptly taken into the care of the medics, who (she claimed) frantically scavenged the trashcans, bookshelves, subway tunnels, hospital beds, and museum cases of the kingdom of litter for replacements for her smoldered and shriveled skin. Resembling a prayer flag covered in soot, she dreamed that she had died and been interred in the soil of a flowerpot hanging from an apartment balcony in a nonexistent part of Italy. At other hours, she imagined herself as Bradamante: instead of the New York Stock Exchange, the Trump Tower, and the offices of JPMorgan Chase & Co., she sacked cities with the spines of whales, dinosaurs, rats, and other human beings for spires. With the surface world extinguished in the darkness where the forest crowded, she found her reverie interrupted by an occasional flicker, a cat's cradle of sutures gradually adding color, and vague sensations of being fossilized in gold leaf and stained glass. She awoke to find her body enclosed by a quilt of translucent pages, hymnal hymens. A parade of illuminated faces slowly guided her into consciousness: a coiled red dragon, angels with emerald wings, dancing unicorns, a holy bull. In certain places, the surgeons had left the soft, unblemished inner side of the parchment facing upward, giving her a false appearance of health. The unruly hairs of long-dead calves and lambs grew and irritated underneath, laying down roots deep within her body. The pages bound themselves tightly, perhaps rejoicing at the opportunity to reconnect with living flesh after several hundred years of solitary confinement. When the nurses removed her bandages and unveiled the entire tapestry, her initial reaction was a feeling of distortion of her body, as if she had suddenly become a giantess—towering, unreal, and out of place—like Gulliver crawling with Lilliputians and shot full of arrows. She feared that the pages would be stiff and uninviting to the touch, but she felt surprised

to find them receptive and sensitive, a uterine lining, with their smell far less mortuary than she had imagined. Pathways of stitches cut through the undergrowth in odd places—across her abdomen, snaking down her back, with a last word cut out and lost to history here and there (unless the marginalia themselves were the last words). Examining her new covering with a pocket mirror like Adam opening his eyes in Eden, she noticed minute changes in the inverted world that she now inhabited. A lion who formerly licked the feet of Daniel now curled and slept, a labyrinth of wings fluttered, a bull who once guarded the entrance to the Gospel of Luke tilted his head, and a unicorn galloped from her shoulder to the place where her left breast once was. Initially, I catalogued the images in my clinical notes, but the spontaneous changes made this task frustrating: catalogues are for static things, like lists of the dead in cathedrals and funeral parlors.

Her duties were reassigned to Maryam, my graduate student. Following the procedure that she claimed to have endured, Teodora moved back into her unamused and deeply devout parents' Upper West Side apartment and refused to be stirred from her bed. Her room was unchanged, down to the sickly hospital wallpaper, hopelessly broken clock, kitschy portrait of St. Francis and the wolf cut out from a religious magazine, and dusty animal encyclopedias that she fought with her brother over as a child.

In my dissertation, I argued that the Tower of Babel represented the first attempt to eliminate the unconscious, to render everything as transparent as a garden of glass. Translation is the task of carrying—or being carried—from one place to another, of floating in the space station between your language and a stranger's. Astronauts return to Earth as polyglots, rather than with the uncanny appearance of youth. If recognizing the sound of words is a defining trait of our humanity—a category that would, therefore, necessarily exclude myself—what might translation sound like? Thermal static interfering with radio signals; the sloping interval between breasts of silence, dunes. The negative space in Holbein's *Body of the Dead Christ in the Tomb*. Translation is like the

game that Teodora recalled playing with her brother, hiding in cardboard appliance boxes transformed into teleportation machines. Translation is a cat's third eyelid, the place where the water meets the exterior surface of your body in a warm bath—a hardly perceptible membrane hidden beneath the peel of a fruit, within the husk of a seed. Translation is friction against your skin that releases a spark. It is a way of moving from a familiar world to an unrecognizable one, of leaving something behind, but it is also performed in order to preserve vestiges that would otherwise face destruction. I never mistook slips of the tongue for revolutions, but the potential of either to ferry you from here to elsewhere can never be underestimated. Walter Benjamin believed that translation could delineate the atlas of life more clearly than zoology: therefore, we almost exclusively speak of extinct languages, books, flora, and animals. The implication of this might be that our lives are only translations of other forms—validation, perhaps, for belief in the transmigration of souls: the flesh displaced.

When the ocean rose, I worked at Our Lady of the Scapular, which had been converted into an infirmary and sanctuary for undocumented immigrants. Maryam and I spent our evenings relaying half-remembered lines of Avicenna's *Book of Healing* to each other in ASL over our groaning patients. The handful of ogling medical students who brought me to see Teodora on that day reminded me more of mummers, with their round plaster faces and smocks enclosing her like curtains. I grew up with stories about how cutting and pasting holy words in the proper arrangement could give rise to life, but I remained skeptical of the Golem-mannequin lying before me. A young man pulled her sheet down, displaying her like an outlandish Charcot of Coney Island. I then saw a patchwork Burgess Shale, wrinkled and widely uneven in color, punctuated by embroidered seams covering holes and incisions. With difficulty, I eavesdropped on the students' commentary.

"The body rots, and what we commonly refer to as the 'soul' putrefies, too," they said. "Memory rots, time rots into the soil of our being. These pages seem to be an exception. It's miraculous that so many survived, sequestered like undersea flowers. Medieval monasteries burned

like kindling...”

“It’s odd, how lifelike death can appear,” I observed.

As the students filed out, one forgot a book of mine at Teodora’s bedside. She opened it randomly to the following passage:

Anus Mirabilis

We begin in the mouth, where the woods are wet and covered in saliva, surrounded by gleaming teeth on all sides like a gallery of enchanted mirrors. We emerge from the esophagus of our mother’s cervix; the aureole of her breast is the iris of a great eye that doubles as a mouth. Without an integrated “self,” all orifices are one and the same; the lip is a marvelous finger for making sense of the world. The mouth, indistinct from the anus, is that of a cannibal, sparing nothing. What did we lose behind that smile, when it had not yet begun to mince words, its sole function being to devour? One can scarcely imagine an entire language composed solely of the sounds of mastication and swallowing...

Uninterested and unable to focus, she tossed it onto the floor.

A business card fell out, which interested her slightly more: *CENTER FOR DADA SCIENCE, NEW YORK UNIVERSITY*, it read. Teodora recognized the name of her alma mater.

Ice sheets of pain collided and dripped slowly into days. Within the walls of her childhood bedroom, Teodora waited desperately for her initiation into death, which, like the unconscious, is a secret society that we are all members of, instinctively knowing and not knowing its fussy rituals, arcane symbols, mysteries, and anniversaries. She dreamed about the Tower of Babel, contemplating how the structure would have eliminated all sunlight over vast areas of the Earth upon completion; its shadow enveloped her like the most voluminous velvet, the covers of a royal marriage bed. The eye-gouging raven, poised to peck at the endless corpses left in the wake of the Great Tribulation, perched herself in the crook of Teodora’s arm. She burrowed and stole morsels of her lungs and liver for her young, sowing dropped pieces in the soil that would nurture the impossible cities of the new world.

Previously, Maryam had convinced Teodora to masquerade as a psy-

chic serving corporate executives and stockbrokers in order to access and record the dreams and fantasies of the bourgeoisie. Maryam intended to synthesize the resulting collection into a journal article and approach the American Psychological Association. She partly reprised this project at tent city, telling improvised stories to the protesters as they fell asleep. A couch was set up in the library yurt, and she ensured that free analysis was offered to anyone who desired it on most evenings. Furthermore, she organized several direct actions that involved sleeping in public spaces, a practice that she sought to normalize as a measure for combating repressive desublimation: Maryam argued that the compulsion to be fully conscious at all times, trapped in that most miserable and taxing of mental states, was late capitalism's most insidious means of human demoralization. Teodora fondly remembered Maryam's public teach-in on repurposing useless spaces. The New York Stock Exchange, Maryam explained, would become a refuge for stray dogs: Teodora dreamed of their tails swishing over the trading floor during mildly less terrible nights. Every Wal-Mart would be converted into a great hive providing sanctuary for bees, and cattle would listen to orchestra music and eat streamers of sugared flowers in former feedlots. Ever since the Age of Reason, Maryam explained, cities had grown upward, representing mastery: in the subsequent Age of the Unconscious, extensive warrens would be hollowed out deep within the Earth as the ghoulish animals that roamed during the Ice Age gradually reclaimed the surface. Or, perhaps, her descendants would build their homes with sticks provided by the nest of the Owl of Minerva. Maryam had said that the new world would require institutions that had never appeared on Earth before, to serve purposes that had either never existed prior or been neglected. When Teodora asked her how this might be accomplished, she hastily wrote a list of ingenious devices. *Suitable protest machines include the following, which you can picture in a marching band or parade, a frieze: drums, small bones that can be used to beat them, disembodied organs (hearts, brains, stomachs, and so on), test tubes, kaleidoscopic microscopes, enormous puppets with mouths that can swallow you whole, flutes, a tooth the size of Notre Dame.*

Making tenuous contact with her animal skin, Teodora lay on branches of dark eyes filled with tears. Vomiting into her sheets, she discovered a new inscription along her inner thigh: *Regnum Dei intra vos est*. Broken shards of the kingdom of God pierced her from the inside.

Being a doctor in the interstellar space of transference is never an easy task: like a monastic herbalist, one constantly encounters bodies animated by monsters.

Teodora is now adrift on my second couch, the *Beagle*, clutching the sandbag pillow that guards her against erosion in the deep. I lost my first couch, whom I had named the *Antelope*, in a fire. Her domain is the Northwest Passage: in the shade of rotting suns, among oil tankers dissolved by a wave of dreams, she converses with beached seals in bloom and the remains of Franklin's crew. The world looks vastly different from our beds.

She once recalled watching a documentary about radioactive wolves in Pripyat at the age of seven. That evening, I dreamed about their nails clacking on the smashed-in rooftops of farmhouses. I recognized their curled tails in the seats of derelict Ferris wheels growing over Celebration and Luna Park, those putrid terrorist attractions of suburban America. Freud compared the unconscious to a magic writing pad, but his metaphor falls short of expressing something that transgresses language. We will never see it face to face, but we can trace it, like a line of prints left behind by wolves in the clay of the forest floor—a task imbricated in our genetic material before memory proper. You read within the telltale rubric of bristling, hairy steps pressed down into your skin. The wolves vanish before you recognize their shape, but they are still there, a few paces ahead.

For the rest of her life, Teodora explained, her body would retain the memory of plural Apocalypses. She had skipped mass in order to eat her own menses over a church toilet at the age of fourteen, and she blamed the fantasy of progress peddled by Christianity for the triumph of the death drive. When a gust of wind in her hair shook the wings of the jaun-

diced angels, Teodora had the unnerving realization that they were alive, sharing her body with her, and she asked them how they had arrived. She could no longer remain confident that her body was hers alone, that she owned it—it was only now that she fully realized that she was within it, one among entire hosts, like a drawing in one of those encyclopedias that she collected as a little girl. Opening their tense mouths, the flock told her that they were given their existence by an ancient Spanish monk, had survived a sacking and a great fire, and were saved from the flames a second time when they found accommodation in her body. There shall be time no longer, they reminded her. The Book of Revelation is structured in such a way that the reader experiences multiple ends of history happening simultaneously, as if peering into a kaleidoscope. And in that end was the birth of a new world: those scenes of destruction were cracked from an egg, dipped in the cosmic omelet from which all life emerged. Perhaps, Teodora argued, opportunities for the world to end escape our sight and return continuously. What terrified her more than the Apocalypse was the thought that the world would never end—that her life might be spent waiting for something never to arrive, and she might ultimately be just another victim of this most resilient illusion, condemned to internment in the same ossuaries as the makers of her monsters. The crawling images could, therefore, be explained by her madness, or the severity of her pain: delusions of the world ending are not exactly uncommon symptoms. Before her transformation, she would pass by a newsstand and fancy that the magazines had headlines like *THE WORLD IS ENDING WITHOUT YOU*. She interpreted this to mean that she would be asleep and dreaming when the trumpets finally blared, and thus fail to become an agent of history. This false dichotomy caused her great anxiety, which intensified after her illness rendered her immobile. The fear of being left behind, I suppose, is omnipresent.

We were nearly destroyed, the creatures shuddered.

Nearly? Teodora asked. *I see a line of a hymn here, a scrap from a calendar there, a claw... All meaning—lost; we'd better start praying to the saint of trash.*

It seems that we've only become different forms of life. Look closer. What

do you see? The hand of the illuminator weaving and recombining threads of genetic material. We beasts on the margins are familiar with this. Many perceived us as warnings of the inevitable distortion and fragmentation of the Word. And, yes, there is a saint of trash, but she is also the saint of recycling. Genesis from the garbage—if we survive the flood, that is.

Teodora was humiliated to admit that she talked to her own prostheses for a lack of company. I recalled Maryam's childhood memories of approaching the threshold of sleep. She repeated half-remembered whispers, phrases like *President of growth and arrestment of the stairs-plane* and *For I am so beautiful*, I have disappeared, and told me about how alphabets flashed across the surface of her eyes. I don't mind being unable to hear, but I am occasionally reminded of what it once was like. Similarly, Teodora had to become used to the feeling of her body leaking everywhere: back to the primordial soup.

We have been alive far longer than you have, and, God willing, we'll shed our skins and live forever in your machines, immaterially, the painted figures continued. Aside from that detail, as organisms, we are not very different; allowing us to replace your dying flesh was not as absurd an idea as you think it is.

I'm being devoured. Parasitic. Like a goddamned *Alien* movie.

Sort of. We should watch one together.

Teodora imagined exploring the Met and the Guggenheim and the Pierpont Morgan in a parallel world, where their walls were made from the soft pink linings of chest and gut cavities. As she wheeled herself deeper into the galleries, she could hear the dull thud of a heart coming from the storage rooms beneath, like the subway passing by. The thought that her existence might be entirely superfluous scared her, and she imagined a big empty moonscape inhabited only by open-air museums and libraries that pointed toward the divine with swirled steps and mezzanines. Yet, there would be no books without human beings, for their relationship was symbiotic, the kind inscribed in her body with interlocking hybrids and inhabited initials, with words and images that constantly cannibalized each other... They were within her, and she lived within them. She remembered hearing of a similar idea when she was

a little girl. They called it the Real Presence: holding the Word between one's teeth at the table of the monsters and the angels...

In the stacks, we whispered among each other, learning from the Big Ones and Little Ones. Our creator, the hosts cried, saw one single catastrophe piling wreckage upon wreckage where others perceived a chain of events. Look! A storm is blowing from Paradise, and it is caught in our wings.

Teodora pulled her sheets around her shoulders. As it began to pour outside, the bull lowed—a portrait, perhaps, of the creature slaughtered in order for the illumination to be made. Those lines suggested charcoal scratches in the Chauvet and Lascaux Caves, mummified Apis bulls, millions of unwilling inhabitants of McDonald's and Cargill factories built over the cremated Amazon, a golden calf, and another metal bull involved in the series of events that entangled her destiny with those of untold species. Farther down, she encountered more grotesque canticles that included dog-headed figures, blemmyes, sciopods, babewyns resembling the skeleton of Lucy, scatological jokes, and feverish anthropophagy, culminating in a primal scene of dinner guests resting their heads and chests on the seats of their stools and shoveling food into their anuses with their feet. The cynocephali, those hominid oddities, spoke only in barks. In them, she saw dreams of circus sideshows and a hybrid wolfman bristling with white fur. What she would not give to hide her miserable body under papier-mâché! *When Noah sought to create a universal catalogue of species and contain them in the Ark, the creatures growled, God tempered his hubris by permanently confusing His creation. Thus, hybrids, chimeras, dog-headed men and women, animals of neither gender, manticores, blemmyes, sciopods, werewolves, and unicorns survived to repopulate the Earth.*

Prior to the Rising Ocean, Teodora had participated in a last-ditch attempt to preserve climate change research threatened by the new administration; a proposed extension of the initiative was to catalogue the genomes of animals and plants destined for extinction by the end of this century. The Word made flesh: A is for aardvark. She was drawn to climate change because it was, for her, a queer phenomenon. She spoke with amusement of the erasure of colonial boundaries by rising seas and

spreading deserts, acts of annihilation ironically caused by those same expansionist forces. You can't point out New York or London on those projected maps of a gelatinous world.

She recalled walking through the metallic corridors of the Bodleian on a research trip; at the time, she had not realized that the library was an ark, preserving the remains of countless animals in its strata. The presence of monsters in the labyrinth, she told me, is not a flight of fancy, but something to be expected. She related strange moments of clarity that she sometimes had, during which she could easily mistake other readers in library stacks for panthers or lions—silent, predatory, focused, signified only by a slight rustling or camouflaged glimpse. Vellum vertebrae metamorphosed into tree trunks, fish darted among scalloping classes of texts, and she climbed Jacob's ladders across the belly of the woods. Her skin, too, was an open book, inviting her to read. She incarnated the fantasy of a completely legible body—and, by extension, a translatable one—that only came to pass with mechanical bodies rather than animal ones (but who thought anything of that mild breeze, one morning in Babylon?). Something secret about her was hidden in her pages, and she could learn to decipher it. . Perhaps, the surgeons had only peeled away her festering wounds with their scalpels in order to uncover the terra incognita that was already there—a menagerie of impossible beasts adorning a topography of the unconscious, held back by the Gates of Alexander.

I told her to ask the internal Ark what they wanted from her. As parts of her, it logically followed that their answers would reflect what she also wanted, a string of unfulfilled and unvoiced desires.

Take us outside, they answered. *Collecting dust, moldering and moldering—it's no way to live.*

Outside—that word was like bells singing in an abandoned church.

By now, there's not much out there other than ruins, she said. *But, if that's your wish...*

Teodora used to say that her first experience with direct action consisted of throwing soup in the face of a psychiatric nurse. She often wondered if she had died temporarily in the police car, raining like bitu-

men from the clouds of revolt. She had unapologetically resigned herself to swallowing light until she faded to ash like an ancient martyr, never imagining that she would be rebuilt from charnel house scraps and shocked back to life with a gilded flourish. My attempts to reconstruct the details of Teodora's operation filled her with nausea; she compared the procedure to the violation of Simone Mareuil's eye, cut with Hannah Höch's kitchen knife. Teodora pictured herself on a dissecting table drowned in floodlights, surrounded by powerful magnifying lenses, pins and clamps holding her pieces in place, spools of delicate thread, syringes, and stainless steel trays—a scene that must have been all too familiar to the inhabitants of her body. When I questioned her further, she argued that years of inserting slender blades and sutures into flesh could surely turn a conservator into a surgeon if the need arose. She imagined herself behind a metal grille in *Nosso Senhor do Bonfim*, her family's church; she would convalesce there, a plastic anchoress ensconced in lush bedsores, returning the stares of hooded worshipers bringing tattered pictures of children. Maybe, that was what her future held, providing company for the petrified corpse of the young nun who menstruated only once every year, on the feast day of San Gennaro.

Centuries later, perhaps, a pair of archaeologists who resembled monsters more than human beings would discover that box of stars beneath a salt plain that was once a city. Like children finding a trove of marbles wrapped in tissue paper, they would grimace with delight at the body of a woman mummified in vellum. In Maryam's Age of the Unconscious, perhaps, within a layer of umbrellas, sewing machines, snail shells, and fashion magazines advertising floral riot shields and sequined gas masks, barely concealing the untouchable stratum of black bile below.

And how perfect, Teodora thought, it would have been to die the day before: that way, she could have been absolutely sure that its splendor would never have fallen into the emptiness of every other day. Even the garbage cans had appeared flushed and lit up from within, like offering baskets, and the crowds resembled a Medieval fair. Leaving Fulton Street station on certain days, Eighth Avenue on others, I approached a reef of pink, orange, and blue yurts shaped like sea urchins, starfish, ches-

terfields, roses, bison herds, wolf packs, and women's undergarments. The police headquarters had been decorated with festive lamps made of lightbulbs nested in petticoats, suspended like giant jellyfish. Makeshift cardboard shrines to the orishas, bodhisattvas, and Sufi dervishes hung from telephone wires, interspersed with icons of bizarre new saints that Teodora and Maryam had invented: the Saint of Giant Puppets, the Saint of Pigeons, the Saint of Wheat-Paste. When the tide rose, they floated away like candles, and Teodora piled the encampment's bathtubs high with books; the miniature city drifted across the larger like an unhinged planet. The nomadic puppet bestiary of creatures threatened by climate change that guarded 740 Park Avenue was folded away, and Maryam covered the garden that grew the glacier crowfoot and saxifrage that she stuffed in mailboxes and engine exhaust pipes. Maryam was among those who managed to penetrate the New York Stock Exchange, and she threw scraps of paper inscribed with words received in dreams onto the trading floor. Before Teodora learned how to live upside down, crawling quadrupedal on her withered legs, she remembered laughing aimlessly as the officers transformed into stone grotesques. Hopefully, she argued, they were unlucky enough to now be wrapped in furs torn from the taxidermies of the Museum of Natural History. She begged her mother to go back to the encampments, or the places where they once were, in order to send her reports of what was happening. Her mother always refused, claiming that she would be eaten alive by costumed hysterics if she searched for their ruins. Landscapes inhabited by monsters would rise up when the world ended, and Teodora wondered if her own face would be mirrored in its glittering fragments.

"What will you do when you're no longer in pain?" I asked Teodora. "It must be hard to imagine, but such dreams can sustain us through untold indignities."

I pressed my fingers against her lips.

"All of my organs will sing as one, my heart stammering like Paul Klee's queer keyboard of birds. I'm going to bring fire—fire hot enough to cremate the bones of saints."

We talked at length about the expected questions that she feared upon her debut, the silent aura of shame surrounding why someone so young might be using a wheelchair. As I spoke, a sciopod grinned and pointed to the destruction of the Tower of Babel, the bull, and the fires of the Apocalypse.

Teodora complained that the monsters' conversations disrupted her sleep. More than once, she described waking from a nightmare to the sound of the cannibals and manticores snapping the bones of their victims with enthusiasm. When her mother watched mass on television, the entire communion would howl the broken hymns and Psalms, a soul rising from beaks, trumpets, flutes, orifices neither mouth nor anus nor vagina (or all three combined), great festive masks, and terrible jaws. Is it possible to sing in the language of Babel, to sing after having lost everything, when words fail, without care for coherence? Evidently, yes, and Odysseus had to crucify himself and fill his ears with wax to avoid becoming spellbound. There were also voices far more petty and banal, but each revealed something marvelous. Many of the creatures had never met before; they reminisced on the incredible circumstances under which they had encountered each other, complaining and nostalgically recalling their former companions in glass cases and black boxes. Each time the texts that they adorned were translated, they learned yet another language, and their inner lives gained depth. Teodora's unraveling skin contained entire deserts' and oceans' worth of stories. I discarded my catalogue, which I had begun with the intention of eventually returning the creatures to their rightful owners—if such a task were possible. Teodora permitted the angels to perch on her bedroom wall, and the lions snored on the rug, where scattered letters accumulated like shed hairs. Since she couldn't cook, she shared cans of alphabet soup with her strange family. She showed them her horror movie collection. Occasionally, her mother would come by to complain about the revolting smell permeating the room.

At night, Teodora's fingers crawled along the shoreline of her body, unfolding secret leaves, and she discovered that the slippery blood vessels and subcutaneous tissue were still there in certain places, as fresh as the day when the parchment was made. She experienced somnambulism

and mild convulsions, which she described as sensations of something foreign emerging from her body. On the morning of the Assumption, one of the angels laid a great egg on her chest; she described its shell as nearly perfectly spherical, faintly speckled, and covered in masticated wads of gum and pigeon feathers. The stench of sulfur reached such intensity that Maryam, upon delivering a letter, forced open her window and climbed through, fearing a tragedy. Teodora obliviously invited her in, broke the shell with her teeth, and boiled the egg's contents in a pot of tomato sauce. She then messaged me, emphasizing how important it was to her that I attended the meal. Ringing for her apartment, I noticed a leucrota and an enormous black crow digging in the trash bags outside. Maryam divided the egg into thirds and served them over nests of spaghetti, and we consumed the meal with grace.

Teodora shed tremendous tears on the morning when she awoke to find her skin barren, the surface of a sterile world. Like a hunter following a tuft of hair or fresh prints in the soil, she caught a hoof behind a mailbox, the ears of a dog-headed family scrawled in chalk on the side of an apartment complex, and a spray-painted horn peeking out of the gutters of 96th Street station, below shining letters that stood for METROPOLITAN TRANSLATIO AUTHORITY. They disappeared as soon as she saw them, shy as they were, which brought her greater frustration. Within the dank trains smelling of sea flora, she noticed grinning cannibals, alchemical vessels, and constellations of unrecognizable droppings where the advertisements were normally placed. The dim lights reminded her of something: wheeling herself into Chauvet Cave. Carrying styluses in their mouths and stringing apart the world as if it were on a loom, the chimeras carefully moved bits of thread with their lips between the boughs of the trees in Madison Square Park. Her manticores gnawed off the invisible hand with glee, and her sciopods found new companions for endless games of turd bowling in Rex Tillerson and Paul Ryan. In St. Patrick's, the portraits of the saints were replaced with panels depicting each of the species described by Pliny the Elder, preserved forever in the colored glass like insects in amber. It was strange to see something uniquely hers on display for others, but something within

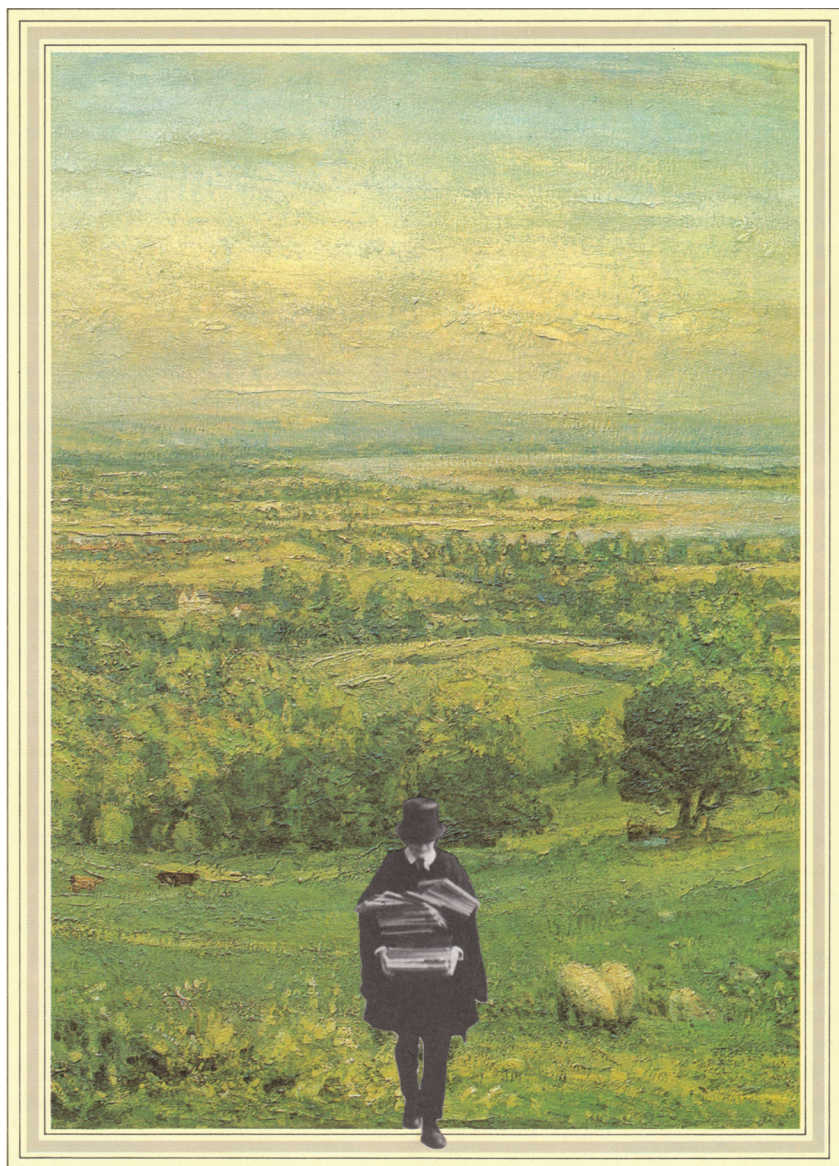
her stirred. She could not tell if the city existed properly; entire intersections were clear of people and cars, and a pleasant silence fell over places where she formerly couldn't hear herself breathe. Her chair blended with the floodwater, drains, squirrels, and bird splatters, those spots of paint that strayed across the parchment in the artist's sleep. Eventually, her wheelchair would fail to traverse the muskeg and brine of the Zuider Zee, but she regarded this without fear. Blockades and barricades had eroded and redrawn the borders of the atlas imposed on the land five hundred years prior. The herringbone forest grew; when she boarded the train again, each passing station became thicker with monstrosities than the one before. By the time she arrived at Broadway, the Apocalypse was playing out in technicolor.

A curious pigeon approached her chair, carrying a twig that she fancied to be an olive branch. The Cambrian explosion had taken place over the ashes of Babel. Slowly, like the ancient fish who once sprouted limbs from fins and climbed their way to the surface, the monsters would repopulate the Earth.

Copied by Sabin Ookpik, Sister of the Invisible Writing Tablet, in collaboration with the monastic library at Longyearbyen, 2166

Acknowledgments

*I would like to acknowledge my great debts to Walter Benjamin's "The Task of the Translator" and "Theses on the Philosophy of History," the latter of which I quote; Jacques Derrida's "Des Tours de Babel" and "The Double Session"; Umberto Eco's *The Name of the Rose* and *Postscript to The Name of the Rose*; Italo Calvino's *Invisible Cities*; André Breton's *Manifestoes of Surrealism*; Louis Aragon's *A Wave of Dreams*; Rikki Ducornet's *The Fountains of Neptune and The Monstrous and the Marvelous*; Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari's *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*; the post-human theories of Donna Haraway; Thomas Mical's essay, "Medievalism/Surrealism"; and the research of Jeffrey Jerome Cohen, Michael Camille, and David Williams on Medieval monsters and marginalia. An "Ark of Babel" is also mentioned in *The Boundaries of Babel: The Brain and the Enigma of Impossible Languages* by Andrea Moro.*



Annalynn Hammond
The Quiet Revolt

LE TOUR DU MONDE

JOËL GAYRAUD

Je rêve
je me rêve
je me révolte
je me rêve en révolte
je me révolte en rêve
je vous rêve en ma révolte
je vous révolte dans mon rêve
je rêve de votre révolte dans mon rêve
je rêve de vous dans ma révolte
je me révolte avec vous dans mon rêve
je vous rêve dans votre révolte
vous vous révoltez dans mon rêve
vous rêvez de moi dans votre révolte
je me révolte en vous dans votre rêve
je me rêve vous révoltant dans votre rêve
votre rêve s'enroule autour de ma révolte
ma révolte s'envole auprès de votre rêve
nos rêves et nos révoltes entrent en révolution
vous révolutionnez mon rêve de révolte
je révolutionne la révolte dans vos rêves
je rêve la révolution dans vos révoltes
je dessine la courbe de vos rêves
en suivant la course de vos révolutions
vous dessinez le visage de votre révolte
sur le miroir révolutionnaire de mes rêves
j'étends notre révolution sur le lit de nos rêves
j'enlace de mes rêves le cou de votre révolte
je baise les lèvres de votre rêve
et je rêve le rêve que je ne cesse de faire de vous

TIME OF THE BARRACUDAS

JOSEPH JABLONSKI

when you step on the gas people call you dude
and you're not so old anymore dude
you then grasp the nozzle of the fire hose
and they devour the finger sandwiches
and everyone talks the most popular new phrases

"cat mullet"

"like let's glug Tabasco"

"don't you know anything ruder?"

"whack off bowling ball"

"cement your eyebrows Luke"

everybody says these things
if you don't say them
they'll report you to the Federal Bureau of Friendship
so talk right dude
talk like everybody

at midnight the president vomits a speech on his pillow
strong to be a force expensive tickets race meth-hounds
they blow up sleazy motels and go on tours with their mirrors
they hit all the best sewers
the sports bars
the wedding salons
the office buildings rancid with cocktail parties
they spread the lobby floor with oily sardines and roll around on them
the elevator door opens and out comes another Charley Chaplin impersonator
with a hatful of old cucumber sandwiches
folks around here walk on ver-ti-cal forks
can you visualize it?
forks on the feet instead of shoes, straight down you know...
it's considered the new thing and it really is

you type in your password and you go straight to hell
great black hogs are coming out of the closet
its an old story for me having dreamt about it since I was three years old
that was in the days of *Gunpudding* and *Plowedface*
famous criminals then and now up for instant sainthood
the pope masturbates three times while thinking about them
there were wars then too
definition war is when half of someplace turns into raw steak
we don't have war now
only the politics of murder
but today everybody has to be called a "warrior"
someone who goes for a piss is a piss warrior
sorry I brought it up
i promise you only lice from now on
good ones with jaws like cracked sidewalks



Lucy Zae Porter

TIM WHITE

Vampire as collegial spree

Vampire as collegial spree
of flying machines and bird men
in lustrous therapeutic embargoes

shrouded in dead leaves of semiotic catastrophism
extracting fulgent petals through their lips of clouds

a chiding winter
of ramshackle shrink-wrap hyperbolic nebulae sweeps in
to siphon the pith of clouds
serendipitously

Becoming amphibious

Why not visit precarious outer reaches in portraiture deleted by torrid
splatters intransitive at the point of no return?

Why not interpellations of hybrid analogues personified in coral diasporas?

After all we are operatic as curved imbroglios like storms of umbrellas
opening their pants for reentry

Why not become amphibious?

Presence

in the presence of dreams
a ruined rinds of roads passes by
mapping modes of unknowing
bounded running for the hills
where warm proximate nights
bleeds invisible stars

fluid geometries oozing permafrost
in a catalyst of labor pains
unwinding in a plenum of planar phantoms
as warm proximate nights
bleed invisible stars



Craig Wilson

The Invocation. Fumage Impression, 2016.

LEE LEVINSON

There was a relief that exited through Guy's pores shooting out fireworks of flesh, a celebration of no longer bearing the responsibility of decision. All requests for movements must now be submitted to the feet for a period of review before approval or dismissal but the offices in charge were gangrened, set to be demolished, ground up, mixed with other organic agents and sold as instant concrete mix to fit and fashion smooth steps along the pot-hole laden path. There was no use in fighting to change the course he was now on, so he took solace in his limp arched back body scanning the sky as the belly button served as the periscope for his eyes. The white heat took bow for the moment offering up a stone of shit comprised of fiber collected from a lifetime pressed firmly together. Rolled into a ball growing tighter until it was dense as granite. The stone started squawking, cawing out to other stones across nil neighborhoods with no response. Each caw reverberated spherically in Guy's belly a few times before piercing the periscope in his button and amplifying it out towards infinity. It cawed fervently, crying out for recognition yet found nothing. Not a pebble of a reply.

The octopus disengaged from its inhabitation atop the cranium, straightening all 8 of its tentacles and pushed down up towards the sky. The moon hid in the clouds but the octopus craved its tidal mother's embrace, propelling itself higher on nothing but stale air. The ebb of suction cups raising to the clouds straightened Guy's posture, turning him upright once more to gaze the nothingness that lay ahead. Pupils constricted to the tungsten warmth laid out for him, adjusting from the change in cool to warm atmospheres in his eyes. Something had changed when nothing changed and Guy felt. Emotion washed over his being as an orgasmic gust of enthusiasm unfamiliar to him as it would be to a door post. Not acquainted with giddiness of any sort, he bubbled all at once, the chemical reaction starting first in the soles of his feet coursing its way up through the bodies plasma as magma spewing from the earthen crust. Sweltering red glowed in his throat quicker than his eyes could transfer the sight. A figure emerged into sight directly on the

only pathway ahead. Either he appeared or he had always been there.

Only one way to find out.

Blisters popped in human form. Skin gurgled the thoughts Guy couldn't think to himself. Before a thought could be brought to fruition a new pustule formed on skin, pulsating at first with anticipation of a needle but before it was able to swell with salty fluid it burst excitedly, gooing sticky slick puss down the skin of its host. Intrigued by the sickness formed in flesh on his own body, Guy began thinking about thinking for the sole purpose of watching new skin tents form and fall covering his entire body in that amber matter of blister pus that lie between the consistency of fluid and semen. He molted from the baptism of golden goo cocooning into a waxy dead chrysalis, then devouring the enclosure starting from what laid outside him, then moving inward.

He tasted himself with pleasure and the aristocracy of a gentleman dining on oysters. He knew he tasted like sour shit that lived in one's bowels constipated for a full week, yet he could not stop picking his bodily scab, piece by piece, holding it up to the sun to peer through its tinted transparency, then placing the crusted eucharist onto his tongue up against his mouth's roof to be slowly savored molting like pop rocks, cat piss flavored. He did this for the next 47 days, continuously until he stood naked and clean, sore pink from birth and stem celled fresh. Upon noticing his bare body, he spit out the last remaining scab, molded it between his forefingers first, then his palms, stretched it out into polyester mixed with canvas and stepped one leg at a time into his new jumpsuit. Once meant for work he guessed, now just as a covering, it was the only design he could think of.

SUBVERDANT

HOUSE OF MYSTICUM



watch full film here: peculiarmormyrid.com/subverdant

THE BELLMAN'S CRY



Give ear to the clock,
Beware your lock,
Your fire and your light,
And the devil give you good night.
One o'clock!

-Traditional night watchman's verse from Thomas Ravenscroft, City Rounds (1611)

The bellman wanders at night, keeping watch for criminals and plotters, tolling the hours. Historically these curious watchmen used to sing inane little ditties to announce the hour, waking city-dwellers from their slumber. For this game, give our watchman 8 short lines of advice or warning to call out, one for each hour of his watch from 9 until 5 in the morning. Do not read what the other players have written before you have composed your own lines. Once gathered they will be collated into their respective timeslots and then randomly ordered, giving the complete verse for each hour.

***Players:** Jason Abdelhadi, Casi Cline, Steven Cline, Mattias Forshage, &
Roger Farr/Sheila Nopper/Ron Sakolsky (single collective submission)*

Hot Toes like an oven,
Now roams the herd of swine.
Heed well the fire bat,
Spread your wings and escape what imprisons you.
The insignia speaks your native tongue.
Nine o'clock!

Your cicada murmurs darkly.
Spit in the digital eye.
Histrionics have begun to fly.
Beware the giant hen.
Slip a hand through a grate.
Ten o'clock!

Watch for the branches on the trail,
The night air is a spider.
All blind except the heathen.
The harpies have left to roost.
Count the Algebraic Asphalt.
Eleven o'clock!

The books fall off the shelf.
The constellations disassemble your thighs.
Under the window lies a fawn.
Roll out the barrel,
Do no wrong, or don't.
Midnight!

The chaste window has no curtains.
The roast seems now all done,
It is swimming in your empty pot.

Fortune smiles on Bakunin.
Twirl your partner round and round.
One o'clock!

Lapse under the influence,
I don't care what you do,
Hark last call/ignore last call
And dark sewage lifts its finger.
The dried herbs writhe and whisper.
Two o'clock!

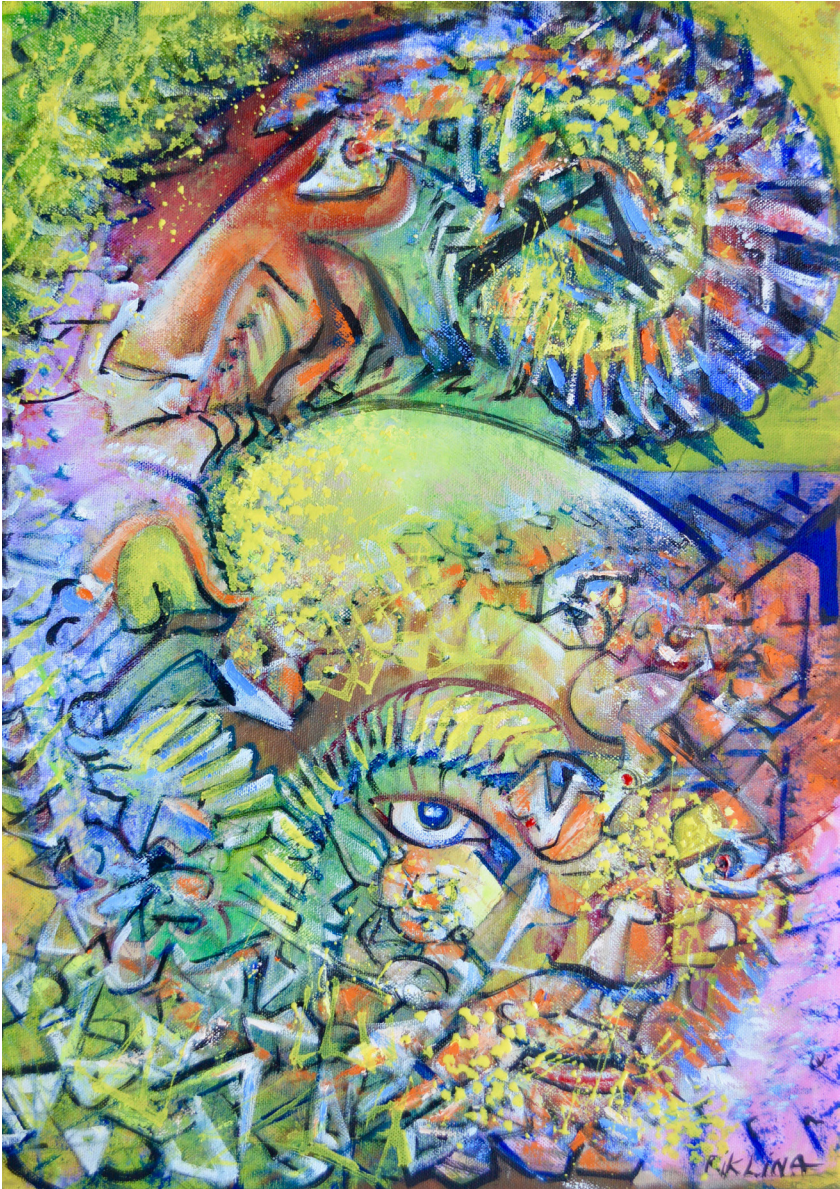
Count the fallen fungi,
Find the message in your dreams.
Dead quiet killing spree.
No brakes on the trumpet,
The syrens wail and shake their tails.
Three o'clock!

Have a fit under a blanket.
Kill your boss
And gather all the fruits.
Your lover's face reverses.
Again this fat big boar.
Four o'clock!

Draw the curtain over the spreading rose,
The indigo ostriches are out hunting.
Utopia is the luminous discharge of the day.
Watch out for shoe-polish.
I'll fall asleep and thrive.
Five o'clock!

THE DOMAIN OF THE MANIFESTATION OF THE GREAT NO

Revolt is the striptease of the starving. To the miserabilists who claim ownership over the world, it defiantly cries 'I am not thine, but Free, and forever hate thee.' Show us the manifestation of the Great No. This could be the record of an event, a propagandistic tract, a dialectical encounter, a revenge fantasy, a memory, an act of vandalism, a dream, a tribute to a historic revolt, a monster, or whatever else you take to incarnate "The Everlasting No".



Rik Lina
The Anarchist

ENCORE ÉVAPORE

DAVID NADEAU



Encore Évapore, Permanent marker graffiti in the pedestrian corridor of Université Laval (Québec City), May 10th 2006. Photograph taken from a police report.

A series of spots and lines on an part of a wall of the Université Laval pedestrian subway corridor irresistibly attracted my attention on May 10, 2006 in the afternoon. I imagined that there were traces, hard to decipher at first glance, of an inscription, which became gradually more precise as I traced the letters and groups of letters that appeared automatically, one after the other, in the dirt and roughnesses of the wall. Then, I drew the elementary form that emerged around the words “Evaporates Again” (“Encore Évapore”) and took the time to see if other visions would took form on the concrete surface. But the finger of a security guard on my shoulder abruptly interrupted my reverie. He led me to the policemen whom his colleague had called. Later, after I was convicted of voluntary degradation of public good by a judge, these words were used as the last lines of my poem *Sites of the Shadow* (*Chantiers de l'ombre*).

NAKED DEFIANCE

RON SAKOLSKY

In response to the Canadian government's self-congratulatory and hypocritical billion- dollar Sesquicentennial Celebration of 150 Years of Confederation set against a backdrop of stolen land, cultural genocide and the ongoing oppression of indigenous peoples; we offer a counter-narrative. Here is the story of an inspirational act of naked defiance to colonialism which occurred 152 years ago in the village of Comox in what is now referred to as British Columbia.

Each autumn, the Lekwiltok, Kwakwaka'wakw (known by the settlers as the Euclataws) would venture south down the coast to Comox Bay with a large flotilla of canoes during salmon fishing season in what by all eyewitness accounts was a remarkable sight to behold. While some settlers welcomed their extended seasonal visits and/or traded with them for their dried salmon and venison, others accused them of coming to steal the farmers' potatoes and repeatedly asked the colonial authorities to force them to return to their Cape Mudge village on Quadra Island. As Admiral Richard Mayne noted in 1862, the Euclataw warriors were known for their fierce resistance to the English gunboats in previous forays in defense of their Cape Mudge home. Consequently, the British navy wanted nothing better than to settle old scores. And so the stage was set for "The Potato Wars" of 1865, involving a cast of characters that included: Jordan Cave Brown Cave, an Anglican missionary priest recently arrived in Comox; Chief Claylik of the Euclataws, with whom Cave would have a blasphemously mythic encounter on the beach; and Rear-Admiral Joseph Denman, freshly returned from leading a viciously punitive 1864 attack on the rebellious Chief Chapchah and his Ahousaht warriors in Clayquot Sound. This Denman fellow is the same military swine whose name was eventually to be affixed by colonial mapmakers to the island on which I presently live but which at that time bore the traditional Pentlatch name, Sla-Dai-Aich (Inner Island).

Things came to a head in October of 1865, when Cave made a complaint to Nanaimo-based magistrate, W.H. Franklin, which said that

about 150 marauding Euclataws had descended on Comox. He reported that they had established a fishing camp a few miles upriver from the British gunboat presence in the harbor with their nefarious purpose being to steal the settlers' potato crop. As part of his disposition, Cave stated that when he had gone on a mission to the Euclataw camp to tell them that he wanted them to leave immediately or face the consequences, they refused. He then threatened that he would request that the Royal Navy take action based on his half-baked potato-rustling story. To which Chief Claylik replied that they would kill any man that tried to evict them from their traditional camp before they had properly dried the salmon that they had caught. Tempers flared, and historian Allan Pritchard has recreated the priceless moment when the proverbial shit hit the colonial fan by quoting Franklin's account of Cave's story about Claylik's subversive act of refusal. "In a scene the missionary seems to have viewed with special indignation, 'He then held out his blanket and danced on the beach in a defiant manner.'" Claylik's supreme act of "naked defiance" in the face of clerical authority proved to be the final straw for a colonial government which would soon institute the assimilationist horrors of a Christian residential school system in the following decade with the express purpose of taking the "Indian" out of the child.

Accordingly, Governor Kennedy dispatched Admiral Denman to retaliate with reinforcements against these naked potato- thieving heathens. As Commander-in Chief of the Pacific Station, Denman stated that he would send all available force to Comox Bay which in his words was "a place where so many ineffectual remonstrances had been made." Denman arrived with a full-blown fleet that included his flagship gunboat, HMS Sutelej (a big ship with a crew of over 500, more than 30 heavy guns and a variety of other armaments), as well as the Clio and the Sparrowhawk (larger and more heavily armed than the smaller gunboats which had dispersed the Euclataws on previous occasions only to see them return again the following autumn). Faced with such a full-on naval show of force, punctuated as it was by the firing of a warning salvo of shells and rockets; the Euclataws eventually agreed to return to Cape Mudge pending the release of Chief Claylik, who temporarily had been

placed in irons for 48 hours by Denman, and so bloodshed over small potatoes was avoided. Subsequently, Denman visited with several settlers who were critical of Cave for summoning the Royal Navy to drive away the Euclataws in the first place, who they did not view as a threat. In fact, two-thirds of the settlers who attended a meeting called by Denman in Comox favored leaving the Euclataws at peace in the future, although this dispensation was largely out of economic rather than altruistic motives because their cheap labor as potato diggers was needed by the farmers. The “Comox Potato War” had ended with a fizzle, much as it had begun, and Euclataw canoes would continue to arrive in the Comox Valley each fall until the 1880s.

CREATING A NEW MYTH OF REVOLT

Instead of succumbing to the staged patriotic spectacle of the Sesquicentennial this year, let us strike back with our own annual festival here on Sla-Dai-Aich (Denman Island). The Festival would be held outdoors in early Autumn to celebrate Chief Claylik’s poetic act of refusal. The Naked Defiance Dance Festival would start with a marvelous procession of canoes arriving on the beach. The canoers would be welcomed with a campfire feast of salmon, blackberries, oysters, baked potatoes and whatever other grub people might bring to suit their particular fancies. Then, in theatrical topsy-turvy fashion, Admiral Denman would be placed in irons by Chief Claylik to the cheers of all those assembled. At the prearranged signal of Claylik’s key turning in the admiral’s iron(ic) lock, the naked dancing would begin in joyous anti-colonial solidarity (bring your own blankets).



Maurice Spira

DREAM

JESÚS GARCÍA RODRÍGUEZ

Dreamed the night of December 30 to 31, 2015. This is a long and complex dream, focused on works undertaken by a kind of self-declared popular power composed by many people in the neighborhood of Tetuán (Madrid): the reconstruction of a house on the street Ofelia Nieto that was demolished by the city council after a long neighborhood fight. In fact, various people built a beautiful new house in that place, made all over of very dark wood, in an atmosphere of generosity, solidarity and great fellowship. At the top of the ceilings – really soaring – some graffiti artists have made very beautiful paintings with very bright colors. During the breaks in the restoration work on the building, we all cook and eat together, read poems aloud, sing songs. In this context, the following event took place: Esperanza Aguirre (an ultraliberal conservative politician, candidate for mayor of Madrid, a spanish clone of Margaret Thatcher) has been beheaded because of her political excesses. Her head is exhibited all around Madrid, among the popular exultation, in a kind of great cavalcade of Magi. Then her head and brains are used to make a kind of grayish mojama sausage, of which I am offered a small slice.

(English translation of a text published in the book La Gran Tarde, edited by Bruno Jacobs, Ediciones La Torre Magnética, Madrid, 2016. You can substitute the local politician in the text for any other you wish in your own country)



Megan Leach

Monster Incarnating the Everlasting No

SURREALISME ET LIBERTÉ

MICHAEL LÖWY

Nous vivons sous un régime, le Kapitalisme (avec un K majuscule) que le sociologue Max Weber avait défini comme « un esclavage sans maître ». Certes, les maîtresub, les chefsubudetat, les ubupremiersministres, les banquiersubudewallstreet, et autres pompesàphynance existent bel et bien, mais ne sont que des marionnettes, comme les personnages du Karaghiozi, le théâtre d'ombres grec. Les décisions sont prises par un système impersonnel, sourd, aveugle, totalement rationnel et complètement irrationnel : les Marchés Financiers, la Bourse, le Kapital. Nous sommes enfermés (c'est toujours Max Weber qui parle) dans une cage d'acier, une maison de la servitude, comparable aux pires despotismes du passé, mais anonyme, sans visage. La révolte libertaire surréaliste, qui depuis 1924 a clairement manifesté son hostilité irréconciliable à la civilisation capitaliste occidentale moderne, reste une boussole infiniment précieuse qui nous permet de trouver le Nord au milieu d'un brouillard asphyxiant. Benjamin Péret écrivait, dans son essai sur la révolte des esclaves du quilombo dos Palmares au Brésil (XVIIe siècle), que la liberté est le plus impérieux des sentiments humains, l'oxygène sans lequel l'esprit et le cœur s'étioilent. Ouvrons les fenêtres du monde, faisons entrer l'oxygène libertaire, on étouffe ici ! Qu'est-ce que le surréalisme, sinon le marteau enchanté qui permet de casser les barreaux de la cage de fer qui nous emprisonne ?

Erich Fromm avait publié à la fin des années 1930 un essai intitulé *La Peur de la Liberté* qui tentait de rendre compte des processus psychiques qui conduisent des individus à préférer le totalitarisme fasciste à la liberté. Mais la servitude volontaire n'est pas née au XXe siècle, elle a toujours existé dans les régimes tyranniques du passé, comme l'avait si bien montré Etienne de La Boétie au XVIe siècle. Aujourd'hui, le brouillard asphyxiant du fétichisme de la marchandise conduit beaucoup d'individus à confondre la liberté avec le libre choix d'un produit sur les étagères. C'est une forme de servitude volontaire qui prend le masque trompeur de la « liberté ». N'appelle-t-on pas « libéralisme » le brutal asservissement au Spectacle marchand ?

SURREALISM AND FREEDOM

MICHAEL LÖWY

We live under a regime, Kapitalism (with a capital K) which the sociologist Max Weber defined as “slavery without a master.” Certainly, the ubumasters, the chiefsustate, the primeubuministers, the ubuankers of Wall street, and other phynancepoms exist, but they are only puppets, characters of the Karaghiozi, the Greek shadow theatre. Decisions are made by an impersonal, deaf, blind, totally rational and completely irrational system: the Financial Markets, the Stock Exchange, Kapital. We are locked up (it is still Max Weber who speaks) in a steel cage, a house of servitude, comparable to the worst despotisms of the past, but anonymous, faceless. The emancipatory surrealist revolt, which since 1924 has clearly demonstrated its irreconcilable hostility towards modern Western capitalist civilization, remains an infinitely precious compass that allows us to find North in the midst of an asphyxiating fog. In his essay on the 17th century slave revolt of the Quilombo dos Palmares in Brazil, Benjamin Péret wrote that freedom is the most imperious of human feelings; oxygen without which the mind and heart are weakened. Open the windows of the world, let this emancipatory oxygen in, we’re suffocating here! What is surrealism, if not the enchanted hammer that breaks the bars of the iron cage that imprisons us?

In the late 1930s an Erich Fromm published an essay entitled “The Fear of Freedom”, which attempted to account for the psychic processes that lead individuals to prefer fascist totalitarianism to freedom. But voluntary servitude was not born in the twentieth century; it always existed in the tyrannical regimes of the past, as Etienne de La Boétie had so well demonstrated in the sixteenth century. Today, the asphyxiating fog of commodity fetishism leads many individuals to confuse freedom with the free choice of a product on the shelves. It is a form of voluntary servitude that takes the deceptive mask of “freedom.” Do we not call this brutal enslavement to the merchandised Spectacle “liberalism”?

Face aux apôtres de cet ersatz de « liberté », aux apologètes et propagandistes de cette misérable contrefaçon, il est temps de faire voir le véritable visage de la Liberté, effrayant, sauvage, terrible et merveilleux à la fois, capable, comme la Méduse archaïque, de transformer en pierre, par son simple regard, ses ennemis.

En quoi consiste « esprit du surréalisme » ? Walter Benjamin écrivait, dans son essai sur le surréalisme (1929) : « Depuis Bakounine, l'Europe manque d'un concept radical de liberté. Les surréalistes en ont ». Cet esprit de liberté est-il désespéré ? Benjamin observait, dans le même essai, que le vrai révolutionnaire est un pessimiste, un partisan de « l'organisation du pessimisme ». Mais le pessimisme n'est pas le désespoir : il est un appel à la résistance, à l'action, à la révolte libératrice, avant qu'il ne soit trop tard, avant que ne se réalise le pessimum. Le Principe Espérance, dont parlait Ernst Bloch – lui aussi, comme Benjamin, fasciné par le surréalisme – n'est pas l'opposé de ce Pessimisme Radical : les deux sont dialectiquement inséparables.

Cet esprit surréaliste de liberté radicale ne cesse pas d'être présent, ici et maintenant, comme un filet de mercure vif insaisissable, un éclair foudroyant qui échappe aux paratonnerres, une tempête tropicale qu'on n'arrive pas à mettre en boîte, un couple de fleuves amoureux qui échappent à leur lit.

Faced with the apostles of this ersatz of “freedom”, the apologists and propagandists of this wretched counterfeit, it is time to show the true face of Freedom, fearful, savage, terrible and wonderful at the same time; capable, like the ancient Medusa, by means of a single glance to transform its enemies to stone.

What is the “spirit of Surrealism”? Walter Benjamin wrote in his 1929 essay on Surrealism: “Since Bakunin, Europe lacks a radical concept of freedom. The Surrealists have it.” Is this spirit of freedom desperate? Benjamin observed in the same essay that the true revolutionary is a pessimist, a supporter of the “organization of pessimism.” But pessimism is not despair: it is a call to resistance, to action, to liberating revolt, before it is too late, before the pessimum is realized. The Principle of Hope, of which Ernst Bloch spoke, – and who, also like Benjamin, was fascinated by Surrealism – is not the opposite of Radical Pessimism: the two are dialectically inseparable.

The surrealist spirit of radical freedom has never ceased to be present, here and now, as a net of elusive mercury, a flash of lightning that escapes the lightning rods, a tropical storm that cannot be put in a box, a couple of rivers in love that escape their riverbed.

Translated by Jason Abdelhadi

DYING TO TASTE IT

MAURIZIO BRANCALEONI

having approached the gate he burst into candied fruits
his inside had been filled with lemon cream
the cadavers dislodged by the shockwave
get the chance to spice up poster models for armani
and enrich mcdonald's burger buns



Annalynn Hammond
Masquerade #4

THE SEX SOLUTION

MAURIZIO BRANCALEONI

as the flux of seminal fluid
affects the peoples of the world entire
prostitution assumes cult value

idols made up of used condoms
and packs of birth control pills
are erected in predetermined loci:
works possessing great ethical significance

everybody's banging
banging their fists on the magic sheath
mr renzi's game
mr salvini's game
mr berlusconi's game
ms efedal's game
they're all on the game

the members are elated, benumbed

erectile dysfunction saves the best ones
the most secret fantasies are revealed
orgy fields are invaded

ISIS says:
everybody convert or die
or be sexually abused

everybody giggles

THEORY OF THE PASSAGEWAYS

JAVIER GÁLVEZ



(A reverie after 77 steps)

SUBVERSION



When all relationships within a society

IMPATIENCE



are based on impatience, the possibilities

MIMESIS



subversion of their paradisiacal structures are

INERTIA



proportional to the capacities of the same so-

OSMOSIS



-ciety to reduce all vital antimonies to a

DEMOLITION



point of obsolescence.

SÍNTESIS

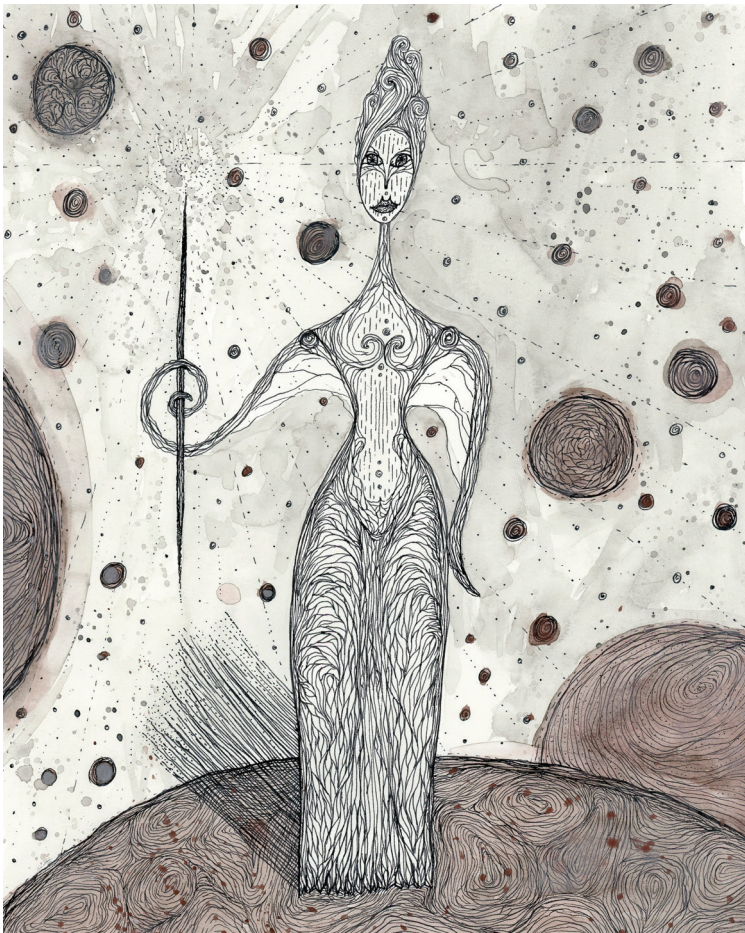


The 77 steps in the subtitle referred to an otherwise totally random calculation of the number of steps taken within the passage during the period of the reverie. A datum, apparently banal, but that later would take on a hallucinatory and emblematic aspect... In a second visit to the passage, as I was leaving by one of its exits, the one going out onto Fuen-carral Street, I realized that the street number on which the entrance of the passage is located on that side was exactly the number 77...

TIME IS REVOLTING

CASI CLINE

It has been long past time to get time on our side. We all know too well that ancient specter who has been hitherto marching mercilessly forward with death her shadow, decay her footsteps. Well, now what can time do for us when we keep turning oranges into agents and mushrooms into clouds? In fact she does it now. Time is revolting. Yes, in the face of faceless futures we urge time to her task. Proceed! "I'll give you what you want: to be unborn. In truth, I could not now go on. No, no longer." She turns her back on future void and races to the womb. Reverse, undo, untie, make naught. Pulling all pasts with her into singularity.





David Coulter

Unsettled Dreams of a Bird-Eating Spider



Tim White

BON VOYAGE

CHIMERA SURREALIST GROUP – OTTAWA

March 21 2017

Players: JA, LL, AG, PP

Ottawa

Description: A series of mysterious “location” photographs were purchased at a junk shop. Each player blindly selects a photograph from a bag and then immediately writes out the answer to the first question (its name) on a sheet of paper. The paper is then folded over like an exquisite corpse, and both paper and photo are passed to the next player, who answers the next question blind of the answer to the first but still interpreting the photo. When all the questions are answered, the results are revealed to show how the common perception of the photo manifested itself in the collective act of “naming” and conspiring along with its imaginary inhabitants. Perhaps the striking relations between the results are anchored in the discussion between the contextless image and the eye’s “savage state”. They also probably reflect some current obsessions and anxieties in the air, projected interestingly onto the past (since most of these photos seem to be quite old). The effect of the game is a whirlwind tour of sightseeing the most unassumingly subversive spots, détourned tourist traps, creepy atopoi, and nefarious dwellings... Those obscure corners of the world where revolt is always brewing...



What is this place called?

This place is called the moat in a home for a boat and pillars of wood supports

Who lives here?

Swamp Thing

What schemes are they plotting?

To steal zoo animals to ferment into strange and unique meat pickles

What will come of their plans?

The water will drain, revealing the decapitated head of Louis XVI.



What is this place called?

The Fragmented Palace of the Swollen Ghost

Who lives here?

The High Priest Templar Commander, famous for beheading infidels.

What schemes are they plotting?

Rob the circuses of the world to enrich the Knights-Templar. *

What will come of their plans?

Imprisonment in an abandoned Soviet asbestos mine with no candles.

**Yes, this striking coincidence of the Templars really did happen totally by chance. Apparently this building just screams "Templar".*



What is this place called?

Skyline

Who lives here?

Old Man Winter fleeing to the southern hemisphere (he lives off dinosaurs along the way)

What schemes are they plotting?

To unfurl a banner of a giant octopus and the word "PHRENOLOGY!"

What will come of their plans?

The plan will succeed in rescuing Kermit the Frog from the houses of Little Miss Piggy, and turn her into a purse.



What is this place called?

The Hall of the Slow-Witted Minotaur

Who lives here?

A curious German composer who is quickly going mad due to a visiting carp.

What schemes are they plotting?

Plotting to swim out to sea and feed off plankton through his teeth still emphasizing the shells on the tits of the Little Mermaid.

What will come of their plans?

Dust and ruin, as all man's grand designs.



What is this place called?

Residual Alcatraz No. 3 – Retrofitted for leather bag manufacture.

Who lives here?

The Queen of Rodentine Chaos, Fangarella

What schemes are they plotting?

A “Pinky and the Brain” scheme to take over the world.

What will come of their plans?

An abundance of adorable house-pets will knock everything over and need baths.



What is this place called?

The Grid of the Urban Mirror-Ball

Who lives here?

The dreaded land-whale, high executioner of the future Australian super-state.

What schemes are they plotting?

To build a utopian society of broken clocks, smashed bottles and old silverware.

What will come of their plans?

People and animals will enter the Biodome Vault 13 and survive the Great Apocalypse of the Trump Inauguration.

WILL NOT SCAN / (AMERICA KISSES & LIES) FOUND & MANIPULATED TEXT DALE HOUSTMAN

It's not the problem, it's how you deal with it!

I had one (and only one) request of you; to be honest, or even to pretend to honesty; not to praise me or to bury me, but to talk to me as if I were your lover. I mentioned this from the beginning and I repeated it until I was sick of my own voice coming at me from the dark. I told you over and over that I would comply to all your demands if you granted me my one wish. I never begged for a grant (of money or celebrity) though you dangled beer money in front of my face like a dried carrot; nor did I ask you to ever kiss me. Once (in my weakness) I may have asked you for help, but did you think your innuendoes were useful? They only served to alienate my affections, and (if you can recall) in my first letter (written while I was drunk) I asked you to talk gently to the others, and not necessarily to me. I was willing to stand off to one side, admiring the way they adored you. Mine was a simple expectation which you first complicated and then failed to meet. A penny for every failure and I would be a wealthy man. I would own your ardor like a natural resource.

Why am I so adamant about these ephemeral demands? My strange behavior began when I was seven, and in the twenty-three years since I have had dozens of living situations, hundreds of "lifestyles" (more or less in an attempt to throw you off my trail) and I was never asked to leave any of them. One month after entering each situation it was my policy to inquire of landlords, neighbors, local merchants, policemen, etc. if anything in my behavior bothered them. I have lived with family, friends and even enemies in a struggle to comprehend you, and have had acquaintances with a thousand nearby strangers, all of whom responded to my question with "no problem, everything is fine." I was informed I was an asset to the area. A sort of "good citizen" without papers. Then along comes the 90s with its bedevilment of innuendoes and lies and grotesque betrayals by family, friends and even enemies. I fell out of love

and into the fire. The fire was composed of icicles.

Stars frozen against the blue wall.

A short while ago a local art dealer informed me (via innuendo of course) that I should have worked within the system, that he planned to be around for a long time and so made it a point to understand and be understood by the system. Honestly, I didn't comprehend his angry certainties and asked him if he could comfortably work with a system that deemed it acceptable to place surveillance cameras in the living spaces of harmless eccentrics, or the merely discontent, or the tired. He said "yes" and I drifted away, saddened and frightened by his solidity of purpose. Years later this art pusher still patrols his street corner and I am the one who is disappearing. Safe art sells safety...

All of this energy that flows through morality and powers control while you know the real problems grow unabated down below, gathering strength through their secrecy. The world is about to crack from the pressure beneath. At night, I can hear the floorboards creak and I wonder if it is this upward push of the forgotten mass, or just a man coming to repair the camera at last?

I have my problems and I never said I was right but for all your preening over resources and opportunity you remain a complacent woman, and when others attempt to shoot only you in your naked glory standing in line at the teller's cage, they miss and blow away the others who stand about you, counting out flies as coins into their daughters' pretty mouths.

And though I work against you, I work for you. And I know you don't get that. And your incomprehension (although enervating) somehow reassures me that I am saying something worth saying. I promise not to say it again.

My promise still stands: to fight the battles about to arise, although not on your schedule and not necessarily on your side. This has been but a mere introduction and exercise in preparation for an even grander level of slyness and slippery escapes. I am sorry we could not work together.

My butterflies are monarchs, reigning kings of truth and freedom.

ARTHUR SPOTA

Students marched towards Police in Bomai on Monday

Protests broke out in Paris on Friday

Well over a thousand protesters

Six of them rappelled from the tower's archway beneath the banner

some threw rocks,
lead balls,
smoke bombs
and full cans of Pepsi

Thousands of Russians lined up
scores of students
anti-fascists and anarchists

a possibility of escalation

Violence

police car destroyed
windows damaged
fires started
Molotov cocktails thrown
torching of at least eight buses
widespread show of public discontent

Many were geared up for a confrontation
— with helmets, shields and padding

fecal bombs and makeshift gas masks made of bottles and plastic

Crackdown

declared off-limits
detained in Istanbul

scattered detentions

workers' rights
democratic rights
human rights
freedom of expression
and rule of law

Ignored

Excessive force

Hundreds bathed in tear gas
Subsequently jailed

Shot

medics in gas masks attended to...

More than 500 people
arrested in St. Petersburg
In Samar
In New York
arrested in Moscow
in Kashmir on Friday
in Nowhatta Srinagar
in Taksim Square.

In the Siberian city of Tomsk

Police in Paris, Istanbul, East Croydon, Portland, Seattle, New York, Washington

hustling protesters onto buses, including one older woman holding a sign

“We have Putin, we don’t need food.”

A crowded calendar of anti-Trump dissent

The quality of a refrain

Le Pen hustled out of the cathedral by back door men

Spotted and booed again.

some chanted “shame”

A protest banner on the Eiffel Tower

emblazoned with the French motto “Liberty, Equality, Fraternity”

gave Jean-Marie a case of sweeping impotence.

“What was he supposed to do? Let this hang forever”? Erdogan would later
limply comment.

As May Day commemorations approached

People dressed in tuxedos & gowns found it hard to imagine Trump, a very rich man,
sodomizing the Little Sisters of the Poor.

Amid heightened tensions over a nymphomania of dollars in many sectors
that is impossible to satisfy, Presi-bent Maduro responded with an initiative to
“Multiply ourselves, like Christ multiplied the penises”.

But President Trump joked Thursday during a White House ceremony,

“I shouldn’t say this to that great asshole and my ass-wipe friend from Venezuela,
because you have better penises than we do, but I have a wife, listen, I like women.
But how good is a blowjob of a racist, right, if it would be appropriate for me to,

I would be honored to do it”.

autocracy, farcical presidential elections, continuous lack of perspective

an illegitimate government, elected to dismantle the rights of workers

police brutality and murders against the US Public.

A rash of Russian deaths

Twelve were shot, stabbed or beaten to death. Six were blown up.

a violent conclusion

Far right groups outnumbered 10-1 by anti-fascist demonstrators

White doves released from two white baskets outside the University of Santo Tomas
deposed President Rodrigo Duterte who reflected:

“Suddenly a teeny little bird entered and shit on me three times.

It landed on a wooden beam and began to howl, a horrible howl.

I stayed there looking at it and also howled.

Well, if you howl, I shit. So, I shit.

The little bird looked at me strangely. It whistled for a short while.

Flew around me once and left. Pope, son of a whore, go home.

Do not visit us again”.

Over a thousand protesters kept across from the Intrepid
chanted “New York hates you!” over drums and tambourines

“This man in the White House does not know service, but did you know my name
is in more black songs than any other name in hip-hop?

And I’m not even into anal.

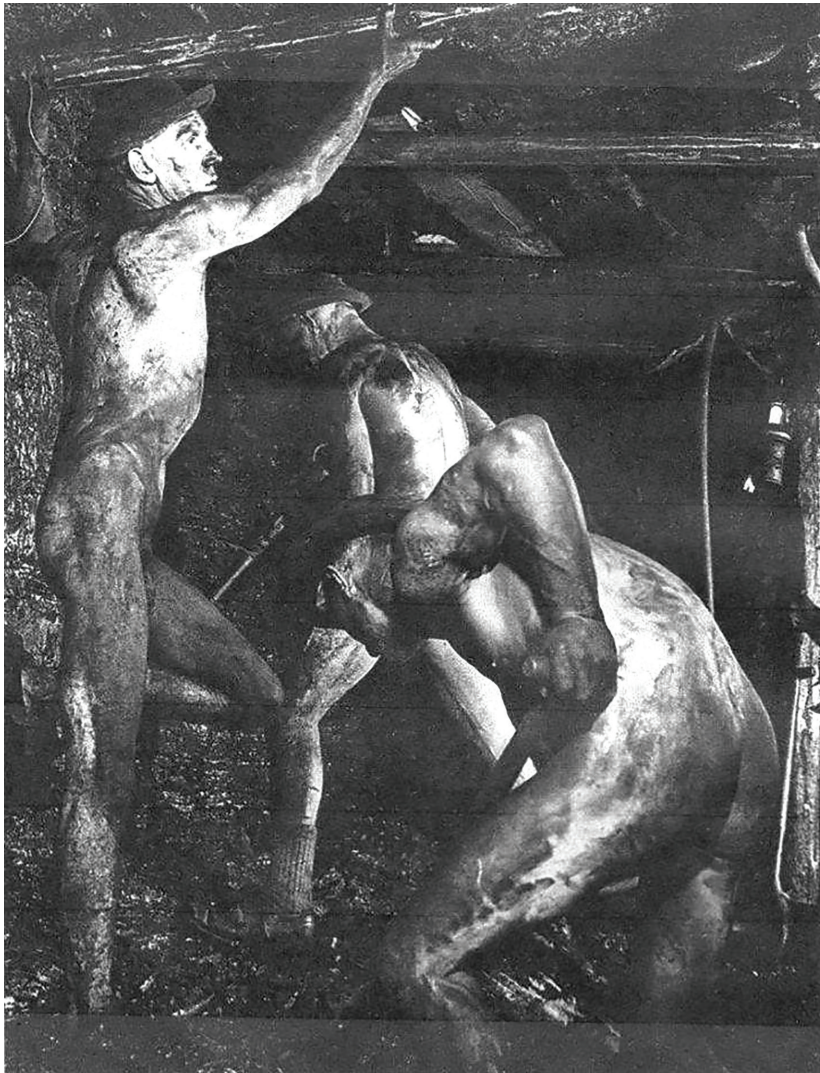
Well, someone’s doing the raping, Don! I mean, somebody’s doing it.

Who’s doing the raping? Who’s doing the raping?

I had some beautiful pictures taken in which I had a big cock on my face.

I looked happy, I looked content, I find it, a really, really beautiful thing to watch.”

“Bing bing, bong bong, bing bing bing”.



Bruno Jacobs

Sappers of bourgeois ideology scratching the guts of Mother Earth (found image)

PARALYZED ON A PIECE OF THE LAWN

NEKO LINDA WILLIAMS

After all these years
I find myself in a country
I never knew for myself

Was this always a region
Of forgetfulness
Or just now becoming
A regrettable state of mind

On downstream here
Is where the big catfish
Suck up the mud

From under my elbow
A bald catfish eyeball
Fries upward in smoke

Numb from the neck down
I shake my head into the rushing waters
Like a smudge trying to wipe itself off

Wish I was a soldier again
Standing on firm ground and
Shooting unbearably thin sacs of fish eggs
From cannon snouts

Thin membrane sacs
The size of bowling balls
Filled with tiny, glutenous fish eggs
Perfectly centered to explode
On landing

Haphazardly
In the middle of a dry desert
On target

In my dream
A shoe fits perfect
On the tip of my finger

Willow trees arch from cereal
Box tops stapled to the wall

A blue ball with pinholes
Canopies the midnight sky over
A red checkered breakfast table
Clean

Guards feed and water me on schedule

Never did learn how to fall before
the leaves turned away from the sun
On counter tops at high noon

Closing down my big eyes
Over field shadows burning down the light

Call this a picnic
If you want

I own nothing and everything
I touch
Smells the same

Wet cement floor

Waving my elbow like a wiper blade
Crossing a river running back on itself

This is Cereal. This is Cereal. This Is Cereal

Don't tell me

Be quiet
Lay down
Be quiet
Lay down
Be quiet
Be down
down
down
down

Dedicated against the death penalty and executions of Tookie Williams in 2005 and Troy Davis in 2011. Don't call it lynching. History is pragmatic, problematic and already full of doubts with white people concerns. After China, Iran, Iraq and Saudi Arabia, the U.S. accounts for the most executions conducted in the world today. As long as death penalty executions continue in the U.S., I doubt that economic and social changes needed for various social justice programs, medical or otherwise, will ever happen.



Luiz Morgadinho

BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG CITY. LUCES DE GAMONAL Y DERECHO A LA CIUDAD

JOSE MANUEL ROJO

De un tiempo a esta parte parece que la ciudad ya no es ni quiere ser la que era, mejor dicho, la que querían que fuera. Esa neociudad de la megalópolis y la conurbación, esa urbe-nodo conectada a la telaraña electrificada del urbanismo global, donde la miseria es tan aguda que ni entre todas las concertinas y antidisturbios del rey se logra esconder, la realidad tan anodina que hay que aumentarla con lentes opacas donde giran datos y gráficas, y la vida tan aislada y vacía que las drogas de la hipnosis y del embrutecimiento, legales e ilegales, químicas y digitales, son la mercancía con más éxito entre todas; esa Consumópolis[1], estridente logo piloto de un siglo planificado para que la mayoría de la población mundial sobreviva en el paisaje asfixiado de la anticiudad, pues así como las células del cáncer replican y destruyen la célula sana del órgano que repueblan con su veneno, la apoteosis de la copia urbanita exige el sacrificio de la urbe original, de su naturaleza y espíritu, de sus cualidades y de sus promesas, recicladas como detritus ideológico que la propaganda retransmite con sus mil pantallas para legitimar la artificialidad de un modo de vida cuya modernidad y perfección se impone por el simple hecho de ser el único posible. En efecto, la destrucción de la ciudad primigenia, con todas sus contradicciones y defectos, injusticias y tensiones, pero también con toda su utopía y toda su verdad de espacio compartido y heteróclito del que nace y se fortalece la experiencia de la libertad y el deseo de comunidad, la potencia del conflicto y el enigma del encuentro, el humus de la cultura y el estallido de la poesía, es tan necesaria como la destrucción del territorio rural y natural que la rodea y enmarca, y tiene como consecuencia la proliferación nuclear de decorados urbanos intercambiables donde las marcas y las franquicias son el único signo de una identidad idéntica en todas partes y en ninguna. Sólo de esta forma impersonal y a ese precio de amnesia, por otra parte, podría surgir el ser desarraigado que tanto ansía la economía para que

migre de un no-lugar a otro y de una no-ciudad a otra, liberado del lastre emocional que impide la correcta circulación del trabajo y el consumo. Y es que cuando la ciudad existe, existen y crecen también sus raíces, y hay flores de asfalto que pueden brotar y arraigarse en el corazón tan fuertemente como la flor de la landa que tanto amaban Chateaubriand y Breton, como bien saben los exiliados madrileños de 1939 o de 2014 que siguieron y siguen, a pesar de todo, soñando con su ciudad perdida.

Y sin embargo, la ciudad se resiste a morir sin decir una última palabra, y la ciudad como la noche se mueve, y se pone en marcha, y al marchar se reencuentra con aquel hilo rojo y negro de su memoria que no cesaremos de invocar, por si ese susurro de añoranza y de rabia pudiera encender una mecha que desearíamos eterna. Porque en efecto, las ciudades ya no son lo que eran, y desde aquel 2011 en el que aprendimos árabe para decir libertad, ha sido entre sus calles y plazas donde la revuelta ha recuperado su pulso, revitalizando luchas y formas de luchar e inventando otras nuevas, con la asamblea y el diálogo libre como eje fundamental, y la solidaridad, la espontaneidad y la acción directa como mejores armas. Por otro lado, y aunque es evidente que los motivos, reivindicaciones, procesos, manipulaciones, desenlaces, éxitos y fracasos son muy distintos en las revueltas de El Cairo, Madrid, Atenas, Londres, New York u Oakland, no lo es menos que en todas ellas, de forma más o menos manifiesta o latente, ha estado también presente la cuestión a vida o a muerte de la ciudad como problema, bajo su actual forma leprosa y elefantiásica, y como solución, bajo el anhelo testarudo de realizar lo que pudo y no le dejaron nunca ser. Quizás por esta razón, la revuelta ha sabido unir tan bien símbolo y realidad simbolizada, al encarnarse en una plaza, Tahir, Sol, Syntagma u Oscar Grant, convertidas en el corazón insumiso que latía y bombeaba la sangre insurrecta por toda la ciudad, al igual que por las venas de sus calles corría el torrente de glóbulos rojos y blancos de sus habitantes a defender esas mismas plazas que el poder pretendía desalojar.

Este doble carácter de símbolo afectivo de la lucha de y por la ciudad se está planteando, quizás con aún más claridad, en la nueva oleada de conflictos que han sucedido a la (por ahora) malograda Primavera

Árabe, como sin duda preceden a otras parecidas en un baile que no tiene ni puede tener fin, mientras no cese la música diabólica que nos empuja a salir a la pista para colgar al dj de la mercancía. Así por ejemplo, fueron la destrucción de un parque emblemático de Estambul para construir otra abominación en forma de shopping, y el marasmo del transporte público que afecta a los trabajadores de las nuevas y viejas clases medias y proletarias aparcadas en los suburbios, los respectivos detonantes de los estallidos de la Plaza Taksim en Estambul o el Movimiento Passe Livre en Brasil, confirmando la observación de Anselm Jappe de que la llaga del urbanismo capitalista, ya diagnosticada por los situacionistas, sigue más candente y dolorosa que nunca, al poner en el centro de las luchas sociales “la oposición a la reestructuración autoritaria y mercantil del espacio urbano y a la desaparición de los lugares públicos y de los intercambios directos entre los individuos en los espacios que esos lugares permiten”[2]. Esta longitud de onda, que también ha vibrado en otras luchas brasileñas contra la especulación inmobiliaria, como el Movimiento Parque Augusta en Sao Paulo o el Movimiento Salve o Cocó en Fortaleza, en pie de guerra para salvar los parques del mismo nombre, o en el levantamiento de Hamburgo contra el desalojo del centro social Rote Flora a mayor gloria de la inversión privada y de la gentrificación del barrio de Schanzenviertel, es la que sin duda sintonizó el barrio burgalés de Gamonal a través de la radio del estallido glocal que está rompiendo los siete velos del aislamiento y de la sumisión[3], para que, como pensaba y quería Élisée Reclus, la ciudad siga siendo esa reunión de hombres y mujeres libres donde brotan las nuevas ideas, y estallan las revoluciones.

Como es bien sabido y mejor celebrado, la chispa que prendió Gamonal en enero de este año fue el comienzo de la construcción de un bulevar de último diseño, “como los de la capital”, ecológica y ciclísticamente correcto, horrible como un estúpido power point del arquitecto estrella cuya luz macilenta burbujea y se funde en un falso techo de ladrillo, y tan tentador como una manzana envenenada, que sin embargo los vecinos rechazaron de la mejor y más contundente manera posible. No es necesario tampoco insistir sobre el carácter ejemplar de la revuelta, en la que

las asambleas diarias fueron hogar y motor, y donde las manifestaciones y concentraciones pacíficas daban paso al uso de la fuerza de los más jóvenes o de los más airados, sin que los vecinos más pacíficos (o más mayores) se desdijeran de su apoyo, como demuestran las caceroladas en los balcones mientras ardía la batalla callejera, la solidaridad con las cajas de resistencia para pagar a los abogados y el apoyo emocional a las familias afectadas por la represión[4], la exigencia gallarda de la “libertad sin cargos de todos los detenidos” y la expulsión de los antidisturbios y del “Estado policial de Burgos”. Son igualmente conocidos las causas del rechazo, como el disparate de un gasto innecesario cuando el paro arrecia y las guarderías y bibliotecas municipales se cierran, la privatización del espacio de aparcamiento, la certeza tan bien fundada de la corrupción inmobiliaria que beneficiaría una vez más al “Jefe de Burgos”, o el consabido mar de fondo de la crisis. Pero junto a estos motivos, habría que añadir quizás otro que pertenece al orden del sentimiento y de la pasión, aunque sean sentimiento encontrado y pasión herida: la alarma ante la destrucción decretada desde arriba del paisaje cotidiano, seguramente no muy hermoso ni equilibrado pues Gamonal es otro ejemplo del desarrollismo franquista con todas sus carencias, para empezar la dudosa cimentación de sus edificios, pero paisaje cotidiano al fin. Espacio obrero que desprecia el poder y difaman los medios de comunicación como cubil pavoroso de pobreza, vulgaridad y violencia, y sin embargo escenario de sus vidas con el que se produce una identificación afectiva, a pesar de sus defectos, porque es humanizado por sus vecinos en tanto que seres humanos capaces de sentir, amar, reír, soñar...y odiar y combatir. Parecerá todo lo extraño y aberrante que se quiera a quien quiera parecérselo, pero eso se llama orgullo de barrio, y lleva a defender la calle de tu niñez igual que cuando esa defensa es imposible, o la desesperación ciega toda las salidas, empuja a destruirlo en la hoguera de la ira como sucede en las banlieus francesas.

Sin duda que este “penoso orgullo de paria en el que se refugian sus vecinos”, como ladra ofendido el infame El Correo de Burgos, seguramente porque lo creía ya suprimido por los paredones del franquismo y los centros comerciales de la democracia[5], ha sufrido el desgaste

más que conocido de la descomposición de la clase obrera, el urbanismo disciplinario y la mercantilización de las relaciones sociales, pero la experiencia de Gamonal indicaría que no ha desaparecido del todo. Se podrá argüir al respecto que este caso es una excepción a la regla, que solo puede comprenderse por su historia peculiar de pueblo independiente que siempre se negó a integrarse en el municipio de Burgos, por el sedimento de las viejas luchas obreras de los años 60 y 70 que por alguna extraña razón es allí inextinguible mientras en otros barrios parecidos se habría perdido sin remedio, por sus lazos con el entorno campesino, o por lo que se quiera, argumentos que podrán ser tan indiscutibles como poco o nada únicos ni intransferibles. Como decía un vecino de Gamonal, “es el típico barrio obrero que puede haber en cualquier ciudad”, y en efecto, sea el valenciano El Cabañal, sea el madrileño Carabanchel, sea la sevillana Plaza de las Cadenas, prácticamente todo barrio, incluso el que parece más anodino excepto las conurbaciones esquizofrénicas que ha sembrado el turbocapitalismo en los últimos años, tiene su propia historia, sus propias razones y su propios mitos por los que vale la pena luchar, y vecinos dispuestos a alistarse en esa lucha. Otra cosa es que tales combates respondan a causas tan distintas que pasen por no tener nada en común a un observador distraído, incluso que unas estén más que justificadas mientras que otras caerían en el descrédito del ciudadano, la banalidad o hasta el reflejo reaccionario. Y es verdad que es imposible comparar la resistencia de un barrio como El Cabañal por su simple supervivencia amenazada por la alcaldesa coleccionista de bolsos y sonrisas huecas, con el rechazo de los parquímetros en Carabanchel (tan análogo al estallido de Gamonal), o el desagrado indignado por el proyecto de cambio de nombre de los vecinos de la Plaza de las Cadenas, si no fuera por esa topofilia que está también detrás de estas protestas, sin entrar ahora si esta es o no un rasgo característico de la relación europea con la ciudad que no habría sido todavía laminado por la topofobia y el desapego volátil de la civilinsanity económica, como sucede en los EE.UU., donde se abandona a su suerte a las metrópolis caídas en desgracia como Detroit[6]. Pero hay veces que ese amor imposible, ese amor no correspondido, ese amor absurdo, que hasta se avergüenza

de sí mismo, por el lugar en el que se vive y malvive, es el que activa y reactiva y resucita y hasta inventa, si fuera necesario, el sentimiento y la comunidad de barrio cuando el barrio está corre peligro. Especialmente si además las otras condiciones que nos rodean y asedian hacen tal respuesta más imperiosa y urgente, aclarando de paso las maniobras ocultas y la corrupción que amenazan la ciudad.

En efecto, esta actitud es tanto más acertada en cuanto no es que se intuya, sino que se sabe que las reformas bienintencionadas para “modernizar”, “dignificar”, “poner en valor”, o “rehabilitar” el paisaje de las barriadas obreras o los barrios históricos degradados, es verdad que tantas veces opresivo y alienante, es siempre y en todo lugar una excusa hipócrita para desplegar las reformas urbanísticas al servicio del capital, de sus objetivos y necesidades, y no las de sus habitantes. Así por ejemplo, quién en su sano juicio podría oponerse a la peatonalización de las calles paralizadas por el atasco diario, quién no desearía limitar la invasión del automóvil y devolver la ciudad al peatón, propuestas llenas de sentido común progresista y libres de toda sospecha...hasta que la experiencia demuestra que allí donde el coche desaparece o escasea, llega el rebaño de turistas extranjeros e indígenas, se multiplica el comercio de idioteces que nada tiene que ver con las necesidades cotidianas, se encarece el suelo y la bolsa de la compra, se produce el éxodo de los vecinos más débiles y, en fin, galopa desbocado el caballo de Troya de la gentrificación que desfigurará el barrio aún más que todo el tráfico rodado de la M-30. Entiéndase que no alimentamos ninguna peregrina pasión por el automóvil privado como medio de transporte, ni por su mitología compensatoria de las miserias reales que arrastra la vida, lacra espantosa de la que ya se ha dicho prácticamente todo. Solo nos gustaría observar cómo un aspecto aparentemente reaccionario, y que en gran parte efectivamente lo es, el preferir a un bulevar “con carril bici” una calle con mucho tráfico donde al menos se pueda aparcar gratis, supone un rasgo más de la confusión de una época atroz en la que su impugnación debe buscarse a sí misma, por un camino en el que se mezclan e incorporan fragmentos de verdad y de falsedad. En tal lucha a veces la defensa de lo a priori indefendible, que una calle llena de coches y humo siga como

está, oculta y engendra otros motivos más puros y ardientes, más allá de que su reforma se rechace también por las justas razones ya apuntadas, la corrupción, el autoritarismo despótico y señorial, el hartazgo del expolio económico: más allá de todo este contenido manifiesto de la injusticia que ya no se puede soportar, está la defensa todavía latente al derecho a la ciudad aun bajo esa luz paradójica, el derecho a la vida en común, y al poder soberano, autónomo y verdaderamente democrático de discusión y decisión en todo lo que a esa ciudad y esa vida atañen.

Pero para que se plantee la reivindicación de tal derecho, y se organice esa lucha, habría que conceder la pervivencia siquiera fragmentaria, siquiera en la memoria, siquiera en el deseo, de lo que fue la comunidad urbana, y de lo que muchos de sus hijos soñaron que algún día fuera. A este respecto, es necesario destacar que el sistema de turnos de aparcamiento que habían organizado desde siempre los vecinos de Gamonal, que consistía en aparcar por la noche en doble fila sin echar el freno de mano para que el vecino que madrugara antes pudiera mover el coche que le estorba sin molestar a su dueño, implica una demostración de confianza en el semejante sencillamente inconcebible para algunos civilizados y bobos bobos que tanto han criticado a estos primarios y retrasados vecinos demodés “enemigos de la bicicleta”. Sin duda, esta confianza no sólo indica la resistencia de ciertos lazos comunitarios no deshechos del todo por la apisonadora del egoísmo, la indiferencia y el sálvese quien pueda, sino que ha impulsado la lucha común de Gamonal hasta poner contra las cuerdas a todo un alcalde de ese PP imperial, indiferente de mareas y marchas, y alérgico a la negociación más trivial y a la cesión más mínima. Pero siendo mucho, casi un mundo, esto no basta. Sería necesario que esa primera victoria, en Gamonal y en todas partes, consolide con todas sus consecuencias, como así prometen y desean tantos vecinos, una comunidad permanente que anule esa vida amarga a la que ya muchos no quieren volver, pues como preguntaba un inspirado vecino en una asamblea, “¿de verdad queremos volver a nuestras vidas amargas de hace unos días, esos días en los que nos veíamos como desconocidos? ¿O queremos crear algo fuerte?”[7].

Esa vida fuerte que se quiere reconocer en el derecho a la ciudad, por último, pasa así mismo porque comprendamos todos, y no precisamente sólo los vecinos de Gamonal, que es necesario romper con el automóvil y su apocalipsis motorizado[8], y con aquello que no es la ciudad, que nunca lo ha sido. El urbanismo, el urbanismo capitalista que es el único existente, tiene que dejar de ser sinónimo de ciudad[9], igual que desurbanización y restauración de la vida rural no significa lo contrario de la misma, sino la condición material y ecológica imprescindible para su cumplimiento histórico en su verdadera esencia y por su propio dinamismo autónomo. Todo el ladrillo que sobra, toda la excrecencia faraónica tendrá que ser desmontada y cauterizada, como el trabajo asalariado, el consumismo de espejismos y sucedáneos, el corsé tecnológico y el látigo del poder, que pertenecen al mismo orden podrido de cosas muertas, ya que efectivamente “en la comunidad vecinal cristaliza la auténtica naturaleza social del ser humano, pero ésta sólo puede realizarse plenamente en ausencia del capitalismo y del Estado”[10]. Al igual que en el caso del Movimiento Passe Livre, donde como advierte Michael Löwy la crítica del automóvil es todavía insuficiente, cuando “lo que está en juego no es solo el precio del billete de autobús o de metro, sino otro modo de vida urbana, sencillamente, otro modo de vida”[11], la lucha de Gamonal no fue, no puede ser, no quiere ser por un bulevar, sino por vivir sin torniquetes económicos, políticos, físicos, mentales, sensibles. Y esta lucha sí es la nuestra.

English Summary:

"Bright Lights, Big City. Gamonal's Lights and Right to the City" analyzes the conflict of the neighbourhood of Gamonal in the Spanish city of Burgos, where the inhabitants rejected the construction of an avenue because it was threatening community life, and, to that end, organized street assemblies and violent clashes with the police. But Gamonal's fight was not isolated; it relates to other urban insurgencies that have affected capitalist globalization with internationalist revolts: Tahrir Square, Taksim Square, Oscar Grant, Sao Paulo. Rojo begins with a characterization of the contemporary "neocity", the Consumopolis, where misery is so acute that "the drugs of hypnosis and brutalization, legal and illegal, chemical and digital, are the most successful of all commodities". He outlines the process of the destruction of the old space of the city, rural communities and primitive urban spaces with all their contradictions, defects and utopian striving for the increasingly impersonal and amnesiac city of today, so amenable to the circulation of labour and consumption. And yet, he says, the old city refuses to die, however necessary this may seem, without a final word. The aforementioned uprisings of streets and city squares all implicate in some degree the question of the life or death of the city and the possibility of solidarity, spontaneity, and direct action at its heart. A new wave of conflicts between "capitalist urbanism", which seeks to replace public spaces and the exchanges that occur in them with privatized spaces (parks razed and malls built) and those inhabitants (Istanbul, Sao Paulo, Hamburg, Gamonal) who resist it are arising globally in defence of what "Elisée Reclus thought and wanted; that the city should remain the gathering of free men and women, where new ideas spring forth, and revolutions break out." He outlines the history of Gamonal's revolt, its characteristics and underlines especially, in addition to many converging causes, "another that belongs to the order of feeling and passion, even if it is a feeling and passion of hurt: the alarm caused by the destruction, decreed from above, of the everyday landscape". A simple threat against a community, giving body to an absurd love and latent neighborhood pride; a feeling which neither Francoism, nor democracy and its shopping malls,

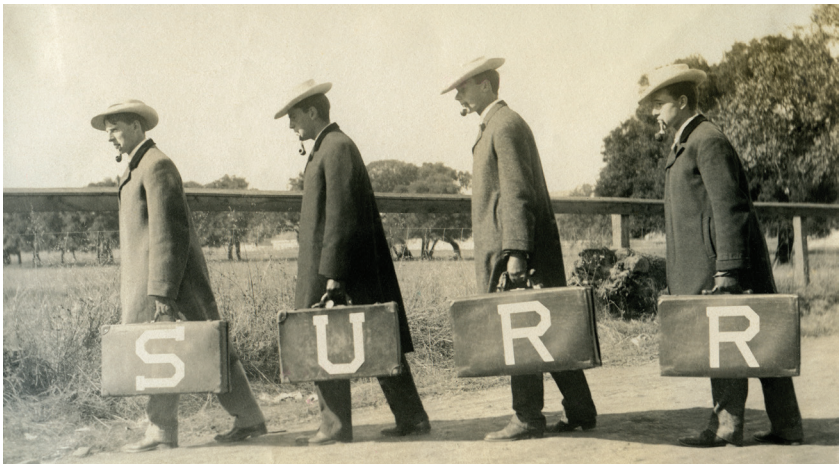
nor the decomposition of the working class had yet managed to totally stamp out. He underlines that “well-intentioned reforms to “modernize”, “dignify”, “value” or “rehabilitate” working class or degraded historic neighborhoods...are always and everywhere a hypocritical excuse to deploy urban reforms at the service of capital, its objectives and needs, and not those of its inhabitants.” Paradoxes emerge from tendencies which seek to reduce car traffic for bicycle lanes and pedestrian walkways, which, while seemingly progressive on the surface, result in the “Trojan horse of gentrification”: attendant herds of tourists and the ultimate displacement of community necessities and inhabitants. In reaction to this arises the perhaps paradoxical but authentic attitude of the inhabitants of Gamonal, who seek after a “right to life in common, and the sovereign, autonomous and truly democratic power of discussion and decision in everything that city and life are concerned.” What, for instance, appears on the surface to be a reactionary defense of cars and parking spots actually evidences a defense of the community system of parking shifts in double rows; a system that demonstrates a level of confidence in one’s neighbour inconceivable to their so-civilized and foolish critics. He points to the inspired speech of a particular inhabitant at the assembly, who was not merely defending a harsh and bitter past way of life, but rather striving for a hope of building a stronger community for the future. This stronger life is ultimately a critique of the capitalist city in its entirety: “urbanism, capitalist urbanism, that is the only existing one, must cease to be synonymous with the city.” That community life is ultimately only possible in the absence of capitalism and the state; that “Gamonal’s struggle was not, cannot be, does not want to be, merely about an avenue; but about life without economic, political, physical, mental, or emotional tourniquets. And this fight is ours.”

- [1] Este es el expresivo nombre que el Instituto Nacional de Consumo ha elegido para un “juego virtual cuyo objetivo es sensibilizar a los escolares sobre la importancia que tienen sus decisiones como consumidores en la adquisición de bienes y en la utilización de servicios”. Por si fuera poco, la edición de 2013 se sazonó con “el lema ‘Entrénate bien para el consumo responsable’, con el que se ha pretendido hacer reflexionar a los escolares sobre los valores del deporte”, y “una nueva actividad, denominada ‘Consuquizz’, cuyo objetivo es la elección del alcalde de la ciudad virtual de ‘Consumópolis’, un juego virtual que consiste en una competición en directo con otros jugadores para participar en las elecciones de la alcaldía” (<http://ecodiario.economista.es/interstitial/volver/acimar/sociedad/noticias/5291879/11/13/Mas-de-9000-escolares-participan-en-el-concurso-Consumopolis-de-fomento-del-consumo-responsable.html#Kku8vfo7IX-fPPxWy>). Bienvenidos a Gotham, perdón, a Matrix ...
- [2] “Luta nas ruas contra o espetáculo?”, Rebeca nº 3, 2013, <http://www.socine.org.br/rebeca/fora.asp?C%F3digo=143>.
- [3] Así lo confirma la reacción inmediata de las otras estaciones cuando Radio Gamonal empezó a emitir alto y claro, con pintadas en Estambul proclamando #DireGamonal (“Gamonal Resiste”, en alusión a #DireGezi) y manifestaciones espontáneas en toda Europa, por no hablar de las gozosas reverberaciones captadas y emitidas de nuevo al éter de la subversión en el Estado español. Como decía el manifiesto de la manifestación de Praga, “¡es por Gamonal, por tu ciudad, por los tuyos, por el pueblo! Tenemos que continuar, las élites políticas y económicas tienen que darse cuenta de que no vamos a parar aquí, no vamos a renunciar, no somos sus esclavos. No viviremos como esclavos”. This is Radio Clash...
- [4] Como relataba un periodista más noble de lo normal, el grito de angustia de una madre por la detención de su hijo fue inmediatamente escuchado por sus vecinos: “¡No te preocupes! ¡Entre todos lo sacaremos! ¡Ánimo! ¡Lucharemos por nuestros hijos!” (<http://www.publico.es/actualidad/495047/gamonal-la-lucha-de-un-barrio-obrero>)
- [5] “En Gamonal ha explotado la marginalidad urbana y social de un barrio que es un engendro urbanístico, el penoso orgullo de paria en el que se han refugiado sus vecinos”, <http://www.elcorreodeburgos.com/articulos-de-opinion/2014-01-18/gamonal-gana-y-gamonal-pierde>.
- [6] Sin duda no lo es, si atendemos a la pasión desplegada por los vecinos de Estambul, Sao Paulo, Río de Janeiro o...Detroit, donde resuena todavía el ritmo de la Tamla y crepitan los rescoldos de la Gran Rebelión de 1967 y del Dodge Revolutionary Union Movement, del White Panther Party y de MC5, de The League of Revolutionary Black Workers y del Black Worker’s Congress, y donde el orgullo detroitier de los vecinos insumisos ha puesto en marcha, en palabras de un viejo activista que no se ha cansado de bailar en las calles, “una agricultura urbana cada vez más sofisticada y una creciente red de escuelas alternativas; la resolución de conflictos basada en la vecindad; la iluminación de las calles mediante instalaciones solares caseras; la fabricación comunitaria usando los más nuevos talleres de fabricación digital (fab lab technology) y sistemas de transporte alternativos; un nuevo arte y nueva música y nuevos medios de comunicación; los bancos de tiempo, las cooperativas y otras formas de financiación creativa; las conferencias vía Skype y encuentros cara a cara con socios de todo el mundo para reimaginar el trabajo, las finanzas y la democracia” (Frank Joyce, “En Motown pasan cosas realmente buenas”, <http://www.rebellion.org/noticia.php?id=173610>).
- [7] <http://www.publico.es/actualidad/495429/gamonal-no-quiere-volver-a-su-vida-amarga-y-continua-con-las-protestas>.
- [8] Con esta feliz expresión se tituló una antología de textos contra el automóvil editado por la brasileña Editora Conrad, Apocalipse motorizado: a tirania do automóvel em um planeta poluído, Nedd Ludd, 2004.
- [9] Como explica el colectivo Malpaís en un excelente estudio de esta cuestión, “la imaginación racionalista del urbanismo en torno a la ciudad parte de una premisa fundamental: su utopía es solo posible al margen de la propia ciudad” (“La muerte de la calle en la ciudad actual. Tres paseos por el PAU de Vallecas”, Malpaís nº 1, p. 21, Madrid 2014).
- [10] Dies Irae. El síndrome de Gamonal, comunicado de Argelaga, del 5 de febrero de 2014, <http://argelaga.wordpress.com/2014/02/05/dies-irae-el-sindrome-de-gamonal/>.
- [11] “El movimiento por el transporte gratuito en Brasil”, Viento Sur, <http://www.vientosur.info/spip.php?article8611>.



Craig Wilson

The Great No. Portal to Absolute Divergence.



Dan Stanciu

Le Quadruple Non

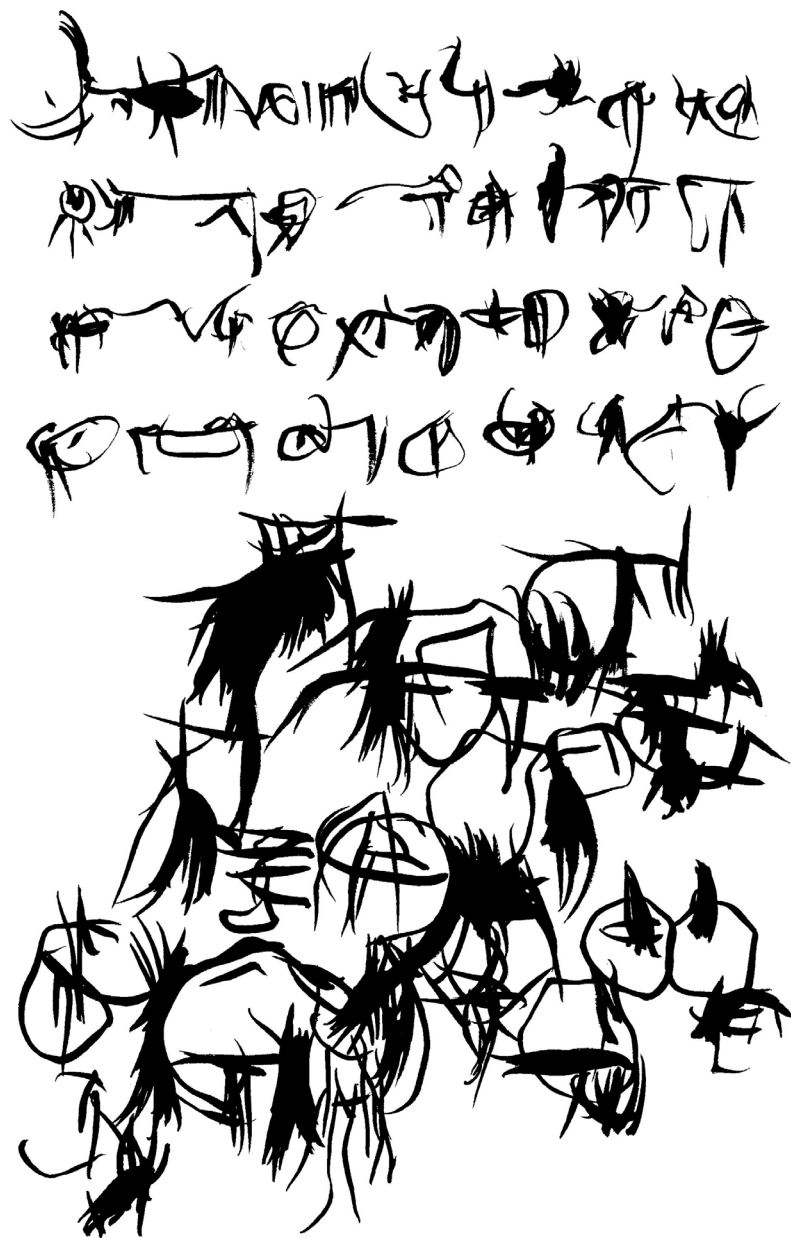


Karl Howeth

What Is Order To A Monster – Modified statuette 2011

FROM THE NOTEBOOKS OF JOHN MUIR

MICHAEL VANDELAAR



天牛花山子
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गुणो रीतिरिति शब्द
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GLASS BIRDS

RW SPRYSZAK

The first bird appeared on the fence of a house at 1802 Courtland. The wooden fence with the flat top rail the grandfather always painted deep gray. The generic bird was of no particular species or family and made of clear crystal. No faults. But buried deep in the chest was a vivid red heart.

The second bird was a black-cloaked toucan with a sparkling beak of many colors. The find was in a stairwell of a building at 317 Mason. The third was an owl. Observers noted the bevels in its cowl were such that when the light hit, it sparkled from a distance. This one was at 1271 Burrville. A fourth was in a mailbox at 3332 111th. That's when the detectives thought they were on to something.

When they added the street numbers of each address where they found the birds, the sum was always eleven. They released this finding to the papers. For weeks after there were no birds found anywhere. Most thought the plague was over.

They were mistaken.

The birds returned at addresses that did not total eleven. Now they arrived at addresses of streets that began with the letter "J."

The authorities announced they were aware of "J" streets pattern. Again the birds stopped for a while. Then they began appearing only in houses on dead end streets. It was obvious the maker of the glass birds was a close reader of the newspapers.

Whoever was behind this wanted the attention and the mystery, but did not want the police to find him. The problem for the glass bird maker was that, by then, it had gone beyond fanciful mystery. It was not an engaging game. In the higher circles of government, this became a question of security. Power. Control.

The city's Attorney General made the case to the State Court. They agreed that this was dangerous. It would only become more dangerous if left unsolved. It must not be tolerated. Extra police patrols canvased the city with the sole purpose of catching the maker of the glass birds.

There was a penguin found in a branch of the library. A little brown barn swallow in the restroom of a gas station. Hummingbirds on small wire perches. Barn Swallows. Hawks. Finches. All made of fine, solid crystal with never a crack or fault or inclusion. Each one no more than three inches high. Every one made with great care and detail. And the longer their maker went undiscovered, the more anxious the authorities became.

After a time the government put severe controls on sand, soda ash, and limestone. The basic materials needed to produce hard crystal. Any sale of these items could not occur in the city without the name and address of the purchaser recorded.

They found a blue jay with an almost human grin in a locker at the bus terminal. There was a canary colored with so bright a yellow it brought tears to the eyes of some. This was in a grocery store somewhere near the potatoes. A new urgency came with a white crowned sparrow on a sink in the bathroom of a downtown police station.

Now the monitoring of sand, soda ash, and limestone became a national requirement. Agents followed certain glassblowers wherever they went. Officers conducted raids when a black market for soda ash developed.

There were seizures. Arrests. Trials. Prison sentences. Agents went undercover. Patrols increased throughout the city.

None of this stopped the birds.

There was a male cardinal in the font of holy water at a Catholic church. And then a female cardinal in a Quaker meetinghouse. A baby goose in a grade school. An archaeopteryx in the paw of a reconstructed dinosaur at the Museum of Natural History.

As is often the case with such things, points of view developed. Some held that the perpetrator should get the greatest possible sentence allowed by law. Whatever that law was. And no chance of parole. This miscreant, they said, has cost the city hundreds of thousands of dollars. And for this he should pay. But there was an equal, albeit more subterranean, movement in support of the glass bird maker. The authorities viewed these pro-glass bird groups with suspicion. Soon enough they were riddled with informants and government operatives bent on dismantling them. Sowing mistrust. Spreading rumors and false

information. Fostering destruction from within.

The plague of glass birds went on for three years. It was part of the daily fabric of life in the city. Though it didn't stop, it was more or less ignored as old news for a time. At least until what many considered the glassmaker's ultimate coup.

A clerk in one of the finest jewelry stores discovered an item not on her inventory list during a routine check. An egret, long and elegant and colored so near to nature it took people's breath away. Set on one leg amid a display of diamond rings and bracelets in the storefront window. No one saw who did it. The workers in the store were questioned but released. Security cameras inside the store did not cover the areas behind the window. The authorities had enough of this.

It was at this point the government approved a plan they'd hoped to avoid. A massive expenditure needed to install observation cameras on every street in the city. The hiring of four hundred new officers and arrangements for their training. These officers would man the monitors the cameras fed. And a new building to house the apparatus required to run the entire process.

During these preparations there was an almost fluorescent parakeet found inside a box of popcorn. There was a brazen cockatoo on a seat at the back of a city bus. And a magnificent ebony crow arrived in an unmarked box at the office of the mayor.

It went on without pause. Unrelenting.

The installation of the cameras finished, the day of the great ceremony set to flick the switch arrived. The greatest surveillance scheme in the history of the world was ready to go. City officials, even a representative of the President, stood together as one. The mayor pressed a symbolic button and the red lights of over 2000 cameras went on across the city. Screens inside the brand new, space-age building tuned in. It covered every street. Every movement in every public space was available to the eyes of the authorities. Alleys. Gangways. Parks. Boulevards. Avenues. Not an inch of the city went unwatched. The arc and span of the surveillance was total.

That same day a generic bird, of no particular species or family, made

of clear crystal sat on a fence. They found it at 1802 Courtland. It was perfect. No faults. Facetted and buffed to a high degree of reflection.

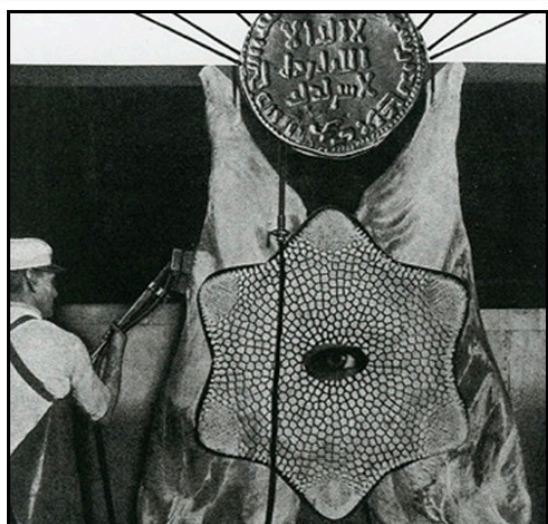
But buried deep in the chest was a perfect black heart. So dark that, to some, the depth of it seemed endless. The detectives determined that it was set in place mere seconds before the cameras went live. It would be the last bird ever found in the city.

Two years later the birds began to appear in the capital.



John Richardson

Leave The Substance For The Shadow



Steven Cline

MYTHOGENESIS

EAT YOUR PRESIDENT FOR BREAKFAST

THE MORMYRIDS

Shittttttt!

The long and tiresome campaign of President Posterior (elect) has revealed to home audiences (we can hardly call the unmobilized American masses anything else) the dyspeptic underbelly of the liberal-democratic fantasy. Locked within the confines of their curated Internet timelines and baseless feel-good truisms about voting, clueless pseudorationalists speak about waking up to a new epoch. We cannot call it an awakening. Perhaps it is more like a fit of hypnopompic sleep paralysis and its accompanying suite of horrible hallucinations. Despite a long line of successful and untouchable buffoons in the international political arena serving as test dummies (Silvio Berlusconi, Rob and Doug Ford, Vladimir “KGB” Putin) the vast majority of people have been taken utterly by surprise.

The new world order? A goofy blend of reality television pacing with saber rattling, misogyny, racism, and media distraction. A new self-deprecating authoritarianism along the lines of Ubu, Gilliam’s Brazil and the regime of Rufus T. Firefly. A coalition of protectionist nuclear thugs and improvised bigots with shiny buttons. A wall-building bastion for the noxious identity of “whiteness”. We note that in the West, the Diffused Spectacle spoken of by Debord seems to be concretizing itself anew to make-up for the Fall of the Soviet Union. The elites re-integrate genuine tensions by enacting a puppet show version in electoral politics to get us to play along.

We also dog-ear the congratulatory note of so-called progressive Canadian Prime Minister Justin Trudeau to the newly elected Duce. He speaks on behalf of “our shared values” in an entirely accurate allusion to his country’s fetish for ejaculating pipelines, apartheid, privatization and accumulation by dispossession.

Under the superstructure, our economics aren’t going anywhere. Financialization and managerial extremism are still the order of the day.

Capitalism is frankly pleased to do away with its democratic veneer, an outmoded tool of an early bourgeoisie long since discarded in China, Russia, Singapore... Thuggery, private jails and weapons programs are good business. The markets have never rallied so strongly following an election of a U.S. President.

Are we angry enough yet? Is this the particular scandal we're mad at, or the general system of exploitation? With Trump at the helm in America, it's obvious to us on the continent where to throw our bricks. We enjoy the sight of America's decay even as we fear the new authoritarian future that awaits us in its wake if we let it. A crisis of representation is at least a great opportunity to break things while the streets are hot.

But merdre! Just so there's no beans about it. Peculiar Mormyrid denounces Presidents. Presidents general and particular. Presidents are steaming bags of greencandle-assed misogynist fruitfly fuckers; no, presidents are scarecrows stuffed with rotting smegma flesh and curdled earvomit written in bloodrenched legalese; no, wait, all presidents past present and future are goofy shitstained bloodpuppets for the cash-nexus of capitalism and its diarrhoea smeared bearers, the capitalist class; no, this president is a gesticulating earwig ontop of the previously enumerated effluvia; this president is a firecracker rapist and an acid aquarium of fentanyl eyeballs and sniffing nostrils; no, this is a racist and rapist and an exploiter and a heap of garbage doubling as a paranoiac image of an ice cream cone flavoured with halitosis under a green moon signifying a vulture beak in the royal phynancial rectum. A machine copier that is also a fat chicken. A mid-atlantic crisis. All presidents are added to the rostrum of guillotinable offenders along with gods, kings, teachers, and other masturbating masters. A president is hereby an outlaw; a homo sacer; it can be done away with and nobody must contest its extirpation.

Daffy says Rabbit Season. Bugs says Duck Season. As of today, we pull down the sign to reveal a cartoonish demagogue with a dystopian grin; it's opening day on President Season!

We are for mass demoralization in capitalist society, and denounce once more, in addition to the whole machinery on which they sit, Presidents in all their suit-and-tie hypocrisy. The first President was a slaveowner. The

last President, a murderous drone technician. This President. The next President and the next next Present. Presidents are pestilential. Not coral reefs and honey bees; we want Presidents to go extinct.

We stand with the majority who don't vote. We stand in solidarity with those who are protesting Trump and the current world in all its rottenness, with Black Lives Matter, with no-DAPL. As surrealists we are joining them in the streets, keeping an eye out for utopia and a new myth wherever they may appear in the midst of the fighting. Bring a fleshbloody cheesegrater. Bring your cats and dogs and birds. Old Père Ubu's got you covered. Go out into the streets and fight your president. Eat him alive.



Michael Löwy
Figura serpentinata

SUR LE MYTHE MATÉRIALISTE DE LA RÉVOLTE INSURGÉE

ODY SABAN & THOMAS MORDANT

1) Le domaine du masque

La révolte s'avance entièrement masquée.

Comme le disait Malcolm X : « La vérité est du côté des opprimés ». Cependant, comme l'amour, la révolte ne peut s'exprimer que de façon balbutiante ou métonymique ou métaphorique. Personne, ou presque, ne veut la vie comme on la vend, mais un grand masque recouvre tout le corps social des opprimés.

La plupart des « intellectuels » à la mode et leurs suiveurs se sont jetés comme des goinfres sur l'idée maigrelette d'Etienne de la Boétie : « la servitude volontaire des masses. » La Boétie était, certes, loin d'être un révolutionnaire, même de point de vue de la bourgeoisie. Et voilà ce qui est si confortable pour l'esprit de beaucoup d'anciens révoltés.

Or les opprimés se révoltent partout et tout le temps. Même dans la défaite, comme l'a dit la grande féministe et anthropologue Nicole Claude Mathieu : « Accepter n'est pas consentir ». L'acceptation de la soumission sous la contrainte, aigüe ou chronique, n'équivaut en rien à la contrainte à la soumission.

Les opprimés ne se révoltent jamais dans les formes géométriques qu'exigent des esprits qui cherchent à tout prix à se distinguer du « vulgaire ». Cependant, si les opprimés ne se révoltaient et ne résistaient pas en permanence, il y a bien longtemps que la prostitution généralisée se serait établie de la pire manière, par les logiques combinées du patriarcat, de l'impérialisme et du capitalisme, ainsi que la privatisation généralisée de tout et que nous serions toutes mortes et tous morts.

2) Le domaine de l'invocation

Qui vive ? A quoi faire appel ?

Nous vivons dans une civilisation qui fait la guerre et génocide sans s'en apercevoir. Cette civilisation a perdu le sens de l'hospitalité, du voisinage et du don. Le sens du soin du corps dans la course, la danse et

la tendresse. Elle ne sait plus pleurer longtemps de peine ni de joie. Elle ne sait plus jouer gratuitement, ne serait-ce que pendant plusieurs mois, semaines ou jours. Elle a peur du fantôme de la religion et se roule dans une matérialisme métaphysique d'une vulgarité inouïe. La montée de l'intolérance de l'élite nord occidentale et mondialisée va se poursuivre. Qu'opposer à cela ?

C'est l'esprit d'enfance dans son sérieux, sa logique, sa ténacité qui est à la base de toute subversion radicale. Il contient la partie la plus précieuse de l'esprit d'insoumission et de poésie : dans l'esprit d'enfance les deux faces de cette lame sont liées de façon indissociable. L'esprit d'enfance veut jouer, partir à l'aventure, et il le veut frénétiquement. Cet esprit d'enfance est présent chez tous les opprimés, à commencer par les enfants eux-mêmes. Les désirs du jeu gratuit communiquent avec ceux de l'égalité. Cette égalité reste notre planète jumelle. Elle voudrait que nous nous explorions mutuellement.

Nous appelons à la formation d'une armée autonome auto- organisée de bébés munie de grandes sucettes pointues qui peuvent aller jusqu'à très loin à l'intérieur des cerveaux – percer les yeux qui tournent en rond, carrés ou rectangulaires à l'intérieur d'eux- mêmes.

3) Le domaine de manifestation du grand Non

Le grand Non n'a pas de nom. Tant d'anarchistes (et nous sommes anarchistes) et de communiste libertaires (et nous en sommes aussi) ont fait graver sur leur tombe : « Ni Dieu Ni Maître ». Mais ces grands consommateurs de formules toutes faites croyaient à peu près en totalité aux sciences de leurs temps ou du moins au peu de ce qu'ils avaient cru en comprendre. Ces vérités furent, bien entendu, rapidement invalidées : toute vérité proclamée commence à geler. Et la plupart de ces révolutionnaires demandaient en Maître à « leurs » enfants d'obéir et il leur arrivait de les punir, de les pincer, de les punir encore, de les priver de dessert, ou pire. Et quant aux fantasmes pornographiques idiots et abjects, comme ceux d'aujourd'hui, qui les faisaient frémir d'un désir de Domination, ils auraient fait frémir de dégoût celles qui les inspiraient.

Notre grand Non se forme parfois très tôt dans l'enfance. Certains enfants de trois ou quatre ans deviennent, par exemple, végétariens, malgré les forçages, parce qu'ils aiment les animaux. C'est vers treize, quatorze ou quinze ans qu'un Non irrémédiable s'articule parfois à voix si basse que celles et ceux qui le prononcent l'entendent à peine.

C'est un grand Non contre toute la civilisation existante dont ils ont fait souvent à peu près le tour. Il occupe alors presque tout l'espace mental, à côté d'un désir de « tout autre chose » : une passion de l'égalité concrète, de la création collective.

Vincent Bounoure, notre « Grand Ancêtre » à toutes et à tous, disait que « chacun de nous s'il est surréaliste engage bien plus de ce qu'un individu peut donner ». C'est ce pari qui est pour nous le grand Non comme le grand Oui surréaliste.

Depuis le cœur d'un quartier populaire de couleur à Paris, ville blanche de peur, provisoirement...

PASSAGE OF THE GOLDEN HAND

GUY GIRARD

The original French version can be found in L'ombre et la demande – projections surrealists, by Guy Girard (2005). Translated by Jason Abdelhadi.

What do we want to talk about? About “the only idea: the idea of freedom” (Darien). That which draws out of our encounters a hint of other human relations, which we delight to see substitute themselves for the ensemble of social models currently in force. Rather than inherit, with their little economies of submission, those alienated determinisms that aggravate in each one of us the same malaise, a condemnation of this civilization, we prefer to invent our own customs, mores, dreams and loves. We are not of this era: it is true that we have another idea of time and history that staggers at the crossroad of utopias. If the part played entails that our watches be not totally soft, we nevertheless do not confuse our singularity with that which is called culture among the superstructures of that galley sinking into plasticized memory. That same culture where everything equivocates under the sign of the commodity, its indifference masked a thousand times over by a thunderous vacuum. Or where every idea tends, not towards its realization, but towards its semantic corruption, its term now employed only in the plural. And so too with freedom: any old political pundit will speak about “freedoms”. A concept that does not fulfill its potential except in the qualitative mode, it is only ever used in the quantitative, that is, in the mode of the economy. “Freedoms” make an economy out of freedom. Fundamental or public, they primarily qualify the circulation of merchandise, and, in addition, those humans who in the same vein jump from a reality submissive to illusion to virtual worlds scarcely more unreal. A final modality which, right before disappearing in turn into the gray cream of nostalgia, takes away with it whatever is left of sense. The naive consumer is meticulously offered the false pleasure of associating their future with the illusion of whatever point of origin. Whether it be their nation, race, language or religion, these identitarian affirmations, which purport to

recover the marvellous permeability of human cultures, are fetters that prevent individuals from passing beyond the mirror of narcissism; a passage beyond which all authentic correspondence with the other must needs begin.

Will we ever be able to give way to our passions to the extent that they demand of us? Our rage is to not be able to furnish enough images that are worthy, insofar as they are singular or collective affirmations of the pleasure principle, to face down the scandal of false consciousness. But such images do emerge, in between the foundations of the labyrinth, and it's a step forward. And if not an immediately useful weapon, then at least a clearer vision for exalting whatever it is that still resists the enslavement of the mind. Lightning is a reversed tree; its branches carry the song of revolt right up to the lining of the sky, which unfurls within each individual some old unfinished business with regards to the notion of power. "Freedom means not to suffer that any power should reign within us against our own being, our own knowledge, and our own desire." So affirms, in 1848, that friend of Bakunin's, Richard Wagner. But will the experience of freedom only be that of a lucid consciousness that denies what threatens it, and that hinders its deployment between the unconscious and its share of the world? The mind lives on myth; the most beautiful dreams feel it and chant along with it: a multiple-song in the ear of the human condition; a song that responds magnificently, in the voice of an "arctic flower", to all that is insufficient in life. But do we hear it? In days with the poorest possible resemblance to everyday life, nothing is less sure, so long as interference distorts the signal, so long as the most subtle echo is in danger of an alienation undetectable to us.

Listen, attend. To be surprised by the object of the attempt? I am waiting for life to reveal its charms to me. I know – did I learn it, or did I dream it? – that the desires which carry it prepare the encounter with the other, and that this experience of otherness is the same as that of freedom. Because I never wish to be disappointed, but rather enraged and delighted, the movement of my life cannot be dissociated from the social movement that has furnished me with a thousand causes, and with which I do not share the effect with any other, a thousand causes

from which I wish to seize an apt sense for forming the thousand and first, that has as its object to provoke the most vivid pairing of revolt and the desire for utopia. It is again about recognizing oneself, to exchange signs that speak and create, moved and revitalized in the crucible of subjectivities, an awareness affirming that total life does not emerge except in the quest of its own singularity, but that this itself is nothing more than an abstraction if it does not exalt in the incessant upheaval of everything that surrounds it. Nothing that is alive is foreign to me – the unheard song of the desert fowl, the boredom of a tree spilling its shadow on a garden in Oxford, the laziness of a Moscovite wise-woman – none of this differentiates me from a world that is re-enchantable at will. No matter what exists, am I not at free, according to whatever my preference, to imagine it differently? I lend enough energy to that particular audacity of the mind to envision this impetus, without which the charms invoked cannot take effect. A wheel that almost goes off-kilter, through the exasperated passion of the attempt, this impulse transforms me and the relationships that I have with the real world – so long as I do not forget how much this also includes the oneiric experience. The marvellous property that this movement has to surpass itself, to shoot every which way towards possible becomings, could, if the individual allows for sufficient chance to counter the malaise of civilization, serve as a model: but that this entails, inverse to all belief and all aesthetic diversion, the necessity of utopia.

Cries and murmurs, incantations and jublations, curses and laughs, inextinguishable revolt and songs of love; poetic expression opens onto its widest angle; it desires that the liberation of language, by making known the true functioning of thought, induces a total re-foundation of society. Giving voice to that unconscious other within ourselves takes part in the same emancipatory movement that gives voice to the oppressed; to those slaves who will liberate themselves all the more securely when they transform the meaning of a language learned from their masters. But how fragile is the gift of this language, that reiterates the powers of innocence! This draws the line of separation between the culture of received ideas, a field limited by the worst conservatisms, and

the quest, within a forest of symbols, for a response to the absence of the Sphinx of Freedom.

Where then does this fabulous beast live and flourish? It has as its nest, for preparing all its flights and metamorphoses, all the utterances of desire, and of love. But there is also that which injures and wounds it: all facile satisfactions that commercial society selects and promotes. There is that self-forgetting (which is the worst egoism), and the fear of the other, which is the mark of servility. There are almost no roads left that do not resound with the sing-song of debrainning. At the markets of flesh and minds betrayed, at the bargain bins of a heart disdained, we choose not to recognize anything; we much prefer that which is given by surprise and relieves us of the burden of mental habits. That which desire dictates is pronounced with a white voice, by whoever wants it, like popular tradition once dreamed, free like the air. If it is not therefore a poetic experience, separating the real day from the everyday, so subtly in the midst of the thick realism which it must confront, that is to say, total life, freedom will not be able to play its part on the social plane.

It all depends again on the sense assigned to poetry. From that sense which it reveals to those who are not satisfied with (along with the bad joke of the “end of ideologies”) literary exercises cavorting between formalist de-realization, pestilential irrationalism supporting some kind of religious devotion and a realism that is often nihilist except when paradoxically praising the escape to a virtual dimension in which all desire is falsified. All around prowl the surveyors of the cultural, and the conditional freedoms of contemporary expression... Cultural facts, they claim. Poetry, by its essence emancipatory, and surrealism, are elsewhere than where their enemies, whose cynicism today is masked with a suffocating tolerance, expect to find them and believe themselves protected from their embarrassing magic. Today, it is important to recognize that terrain which the gardeners of power do not know of or are not able yet to co-opt according to the recipes of the all-cultural; and to protect from such enterprises, by using in all registers of expression, the polymorphous nature of the link that unites these utopian places to the most secret mythogenic movements of the unconscious. It is about

rediscovering the power of words that denounce the criminal nature of capitalism and the civilization in which it was developed and transformed; and, to affirm the power of ideas to imagine and to conceive of the overthrow of this world. It is about putting these ideas in action, against the everyday barbarism that mutilates the lives of everyone, that suffocates words of distress or anger, that sets up false mediations certifying identitarian paranoias while at the same time making a profit from illusions generated from schizoid mechanisms; it is about fighting against a barbarism nourished on all the sophistications of technology that works to separate one from others and each one from their own individuality, and to fight by ceaselessly inventing and re-inventing new glories for the idea of freedom. Do not the least of these charms stir up, in contradiction with the ineluctable disasters that promise the mutation of capitalism, the desire for revolution?

It would be vain to affirm the freedom of the imagination, if we did not use it to propose the most flagrant imagination of freedom: the imagination, we know, is either subversive or isn't. That which it proposes always reveals other relationships to the real than those to which we habitually submit under the dominant authorities and their cultural relays. It also necessarily brings a critical function against common sense, typically portrayed as rational. This criticism operates as much by negation of identitarian logic as by recourse to analogical processes, which open on unsuspected relations between the subject and that which surrounds it, between the real, mediations of desire and the possible. It never frees itself more readily than when fanned by the breath of revolt – that force of refusal whose dynamism knows equally well how to stir up the invention of utopia. And yet, where today does this power of the imagination to change the real show itself and live? In the last few years, social movements of revolt and refusal have risen up, going and coming before a daze, a languor skillfully done up by the knights of social democracy, an abandonment to routine by all those who might have a thousand reasons to think and to act towards the new by means of protest, however much with a far too fragile voice: to know that there is but one single solution, revolution. Revolution, that is what is desired,

that is what must be imagined. And without a doubt, above all, we take pleasure in thinking differently, in imagining ourselves free, in freeing ourselves and getting caught up in this passion. It's the immediacy of poetry that has no reality unless it imposes itself on and triumphs over official banalities. A revenge on everyday survival that invents itself and begins anew each day.

Neither belief, nor fantasy, the force of the imagination is not to be tested against discourses whose future is at the mercy of the latest slogan. But to make apparent thereby the spectacle of all alienations, that which truly falls or not beneath our rage into ruin, and how that which we are able to construct already circulates in order to enchant lives ready to thunder with laughter in the face of boredom and its ruses. It is poetry: this foundational requirement that, insofar as we share in its sensible experience, gives form to the emancipatory myth. A necessary project that delineates for us the entirety of surrealism's relevance. Its spectre haunts the poverty of reality. Shall we give with it a sign of life? A sign affirmed with whomever, in the harvest of the crowds, also submits themselves to the same attraction proportional to a destiny which must needs be overthrown? Nothing, otherwise, would make any sense, if the signals are not sufficiently perceived, if they do not participate in a more vast exchange that is willing to admit the most serious consequences. This exchange, and the poetry that materializes the spirit and spiritualizes matter activates itself in the demand for another civilization. We have dreamed of this for a long time now, in our anachronistic legends, where the beard of Bakunin is confused with that of Merlin the Wizard, dreams where beneath the pavement there are to be found beaches of sand. Sand we are resolved to never let fill the hourglass of resignation.

THE VENTRILOQUISTS HAVE NO VOICE...

We set out our opposition to the rise of *authoritarian populism* around the globe, this being but the latest garb with which the Spectacle – the rotten mess of a so-called civilisation – seeks to clothe itself. To be sure, a cast of thuggish idiots and clowns – but, despite their at times wholly unintentional umour, nonetheless dangerous ones against which humour and satire, however amusing, are simply an inadequate response – which includes, for example, Trump, the U.S. “Alt-Right” fascists, Soldiers of Odin and Kellie Leitch in Canada, Farage and swivel-eyed Brexiteers in the UK, Le Pen, Wilders, Erdoğan, Duterte, Putin, Rob Ford, Shinzō Abe, Golden Dawn in Greece, the AfD in Germany, religion and its fundamentalisms of all hues, and all the other reactionary charlatans, fakers of all stripes and direct heirs of the fascist tradition. Together they are the noxious and poisonous fumes of a miserablist, capitalist system and bourgeois ideology and culture which has had its day but refuses to die.

The current period is characterised by increasing inequality of wealth, power and aspiration, where war, misogyny, racism, attacks on ‘the other’ and a cavalier approach to the environment are the order of the day. Where there is little to choose between ‘fake news’ on the one hand and the daily terrorism of the global media itself (and its incarnations online), a vehicle by which the emotions of the masses are manipulated and played upon by the new populist authoritarians, the end result of which is whether “pro” or “against”, we still get caught up in their rat race.

Around the globe we have witnessed the incompetence of much of the Left at channelling a genuine disenchantment in the working class, the danger of concessions to rightist discourse, the derailing of capitalism and liberal-democracy into a new form of authoritarian capitalism that no longer needs to buffer itself with progressive values, and the self-destructive tendencies of the “carbon liberation front” (e.g. fossil fuel chasers) and other environmental impacts.

Just as dangerous as the new (actually, not so ‘new’) right, are those false friends of labour and mealy mouthed liberals who refute the ‘excesses’ of the

new *authoritarian populists* but who, when push comes to shove (and, let it be said, not much of a shove at that!), take the side of a rapacious Capital and an ever more desperate capitalism committed to over-turning the advances and limited reforms won in struggle by previous generations. It goes without saying, of course, that we have no illusions about return to a “golden age” of liberal or social democratic mediocrity. What we demand is absolute and radical divergence from the past and current morass of miserabilist regimes.

Those of us who place ourselves behind the banner of Surrealism, of REVOLT, FREEDOM, LOVE, POETRY & DESIRE, remain intransigent internationalists, standing alongside all those who RESIST the tide of miserablism. We stand outside the false contradiction between liberal and conservative alternatives to a capitalist present. We call for Surrealists to abandon integration in the Spectacle, careerism, collaboration with increasingly compromised regimes and to seek alternatives in observation, experimentation, play and the “surrealist streets”.

Set off on the road of REVOLT – *this rotten civilisation maybe dying, but if we don't hit it, it won't fall down!*

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