

# TO T O W O O

Point of no return  
Mercy Mercy Me (The Ecology)  
Hiroshima  
1999  
Black Planet  
Nowhere to run  
Dead flag blues  
Stop the world  
The beginning is the end is the beginning  
Apocalypse dreams  
Sky is falling  
Drift away  
Dance apocalyptic  
25 minutes to go  
The End of the World  
99 luftballons  
As the World falls down  
Noe one would riot for less  
Endgame  
Sinnerman  
Progenies of the the apocalypse  
It's the end of the World as we know it (and I feel fine)  
Cry me a river  
Apologize  
Terra de ninguém  
No more bad future  
Do you believe in Rapture?  
Nuclear war  
That battle is over  
Fuego  
Sleep now in the fire  
I know it's over  
Dansa, fastän  
There is a light that never goes out  
Hot in herre  
Drop it like it's hot  
Tomorrow is already here  
Gasolina  
Atomic  
Black Sun  
Vivre sans temps mort  
Out of time  
Till the World ends  
Us VS them  
Stati di agitazione  
Wake me when it's over  
Nobodys fault but mine  
Survivor  
Third uncle  
World restart  
Zombie  
As darkness falls  
Atomic bomb

Bad news  
Da lama ao caos  
Declare independence  
Digital tsunami  
El pasao  
Baby's on fire  
É proibido proibir  
Every wave has it's own integrity  
Gimme some more  
Océan rouge  
Only human  
kometenmelodie  
L'âge atomique  
Obscured by clouds  
Come No. 51 Your Time is Up  
The final countdown  
The End  
The End  
The End (disco version)  
I'll love you until the end of the World  
Où l'horizon prend fin  
A means to an end  
Neverending story  
Neverending story  
Valse de l'au revoir  
Mile End  
The Black Angel's Death song  
Disco Inferno  
Inferno (main title)  
Goodbye Eddie Goodbye  
Bye bye Baby  
Bye bye Baby  
Goodbye Stranger  
A message from the Future  
Into the Future  
For Whom the Bells toll  
Highway to hell  
After Dark  
Time to get away  
Back to black  
Silence on meurt  
lose your soul  
The black hole theme  
Death of a Party  
World Eater  
This is Your Wilderness  
Let it Go  
The World Needs Change  
The World So Cold  
New Future Blue  
CRY4U  
At Night  
Cosmic Raindance  
Industrial Lies  
Black Hole Sun

Nina Bobsing  
Babe, I'm on fire  
Big Pressure  
Apollo  
Tristes tropiques  
Grands Rapides  
Gigantomachie  
The World Won't Listen  
I'm on fire  
World sick  
J'entends, j'entends  
In Sharky Water  
Die Sonne  
Bela Lugosi is dead  
Break Up  
Game & Performance  
Deep Into the Bowels of House  
Don't stop the dance  
The Disease  
Lost  
Damaged Goods  
Forgotten  
Eisbär  
My House  
Lament  
The Ultimate Warlord  
L'amour c'est le cul  
La morte  
Deceptacon 2  
Les mondes engloutis  
Like a Prayer  
Sweet Dreams  
Long Hard Road out of Hell  
Man that you Fear  
Harmonize  
In order of more depth  
Frank Sinatra  
L'amour à la plage  
Starfuckers Inc.  
The Wretched  
Thank U 4 letting Be Myself  
Wicked Game  
Countdown to Armageddon  
A Pox on You  
Temple of Love  
State of Shock  
Heartbeats  
Pass this on  
Church song  
Contact  
Pressure  
Fear  
Out of Limits  
Nuit Blanche  
We Like the Cars that Go Boom  
Cold War

achievements, crimes, and renewable hopes. Mine is a story told by a student of the sciences and a feminist of a certain generation who has gone to the dogs, literally. Dogs, in their historical complexity, matter here. Dogs are not an alibi for other themes; dogs are fleshly material-semiotic presences in the body of technoscience. Dogs are not surrogates for theory; they are not here just to think with. They are here to live with. Partners in the crime of human evolution, they are in the garden from the get-go, wily as Coyote.

, il y a des choses qui se disent mieux en français  
il y a des choses qui se disent mieux en anglais  
il y a des choses qui se disent mieux en portugais  
il y a des choses qui se disent mieux en tupi

(breathe)

Language is a virus.

L'anti-corps de l'un e(s)t l'Autre

L A N G U A G E, tons of tongues.

L A N G U A G E, worlding is a fiction.

L A N G U A G E, fictioning is a worlding.

Si nous continuons à nous parler le même langage,  
nous allons (re)produire la même histoire.  
(Re)commencer les mêmes histoires.

Don't you feel it?

## TRASH\_MANIFESTO

Ni l'art pour l'art  
Ni l'art pour la politique  
Pas d'assujettissement de l'un par l'autre,  
Mais l'affranchissement de chaque un, deux ou plusieurs

la plasticité de l'art inspire la politique  
les discours politiques informent la pratique de l'art  
la liberté d'investigation de l'art pour dépasser et critiquer les modèles qui se figent

our language is consistency

Pas une politisation de l'esthétique  
Pas une esthétisation de la politique  
Pas l'assujettissement d'une pratique

Pas une instrumentalisation de la politique au nom de l'art, ni assujettissement,

All that begins as comedy finishes in tragedy, all that begins as comedy finishes in tragicomedy, all that begins in comedy finishes indefectibly as comedy, all that begins as comedy finishes as a horror movie, all that begins as comedy finishes as funeral march or else all that begins in comedy indefectibly finishes as mystery. All that begins as comedy finishes as comic monologue, however we no longer laugh.

devenir avec  
parler à partir de

perforations, perturbations, contaminations  
décontamination

Politics: There is no point to debate the nature of truth  
The focus should be on the struggle against the control of truth

Art: There is no point to promote the aesthetics of beauty  
The focus should be on the critique of the ideology of aesthetics

speaking together – with one another – implies a continuous displacement from the self to the other, a continuous migration, a nomadic communication; a continuous reassessment of what the common lexicon can be

= qui parle  
= d'où on parle  
composition-recomposition  
démantèlement/réassemblage  
d'un monde commun

Re-terrestrialiser

cohabitation  
retour sur terre  
arrêt de monde, fin de monde

Some concerns on the politics of art and art of politics

: ce n'est pas un refus mais une re-fusion

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— so no more (breath) ? with brackets it was supposed to be understood like a didascalie, an indication for a theatrical reading, and also as a necessary gesture we can't literally breath now - asphyxie politique  
— ah bon, i just thought the blank space is a graphic breath, but didascalie are also welcome  
— we add a 3<sup>rd</sup> column (hitchcock), marginalia, onions (peer gynt)  
— i like the blank space (saut de page) it is the perfect breath to me (no need to write it)  
— we also need blank spaces but some demonstration or indication are necessary too  
— we are working on a dramatic form too not only a literary form  
there can certainly be a (breath) in the middle of the blank space, I would think it gives it rhythm and meaning.  
— so, breathe?  
— again, i would say: 1 – blank space/jump; 2 – didascalie/margin, but it seems a hard choice to put it right center alone when we are already having a blank space, too much weight?  
— in any case, for something that feels like an expiration (breath out) to me, we are losing too much time over it  
— yes indeed. 1/ sounds good to me

Neither art for art's sake

Nor art for politics' sake.  
No disenfranchisement of one by the other,  
But the sovereignty of each one, two or many.

on ne détruit pas, on ne construit pas, on (dé)compose avec, on (ré)emploie,  
**from the (de) to the (re)**

Art, luminous cloud and diffuse transformation  
— the fog of metamorphosis.

Art to inspire the necessary porosity that the regime of politics has denied.

Art consists of holes, not wholes.  
Politics pretends to consist of wholes, when in fact it needs holes.

*l'art se situe à la marge,  
le droit politique à la marge*

il ne faut dire ni art ni politique

l'art est situé dans l'opacité,  
le droit politique à l'opacité

one is <sup>critical</sup> *radical* only when one steps out of one's discipline

**(dé-contamination)**

no more clichéd dichotomies  
male theory (politics) and female experience (art)  
to dance requests brain and feet  
*to dance is to live  
and that is what I want  
a school of life*

défense du camouflage  
la danse du caméléon

lumière (contre-jour) :  
déguisons-nous  
— a people of mutants, a people of potentialities  
that appear and disappear  
Être un devenir.

Becoming-Stone,  
Becoming-Machine,  
Becoming-Earth,  
Becoming with.

There is no political without care.

Democracy begins with at least two, we are a many.

Nos points de vue sont multiples et notre vision partielle.

**Voices standing for other many absent and present voices.**

one can't be simple and objective  
the critical view-and-point is complicated,  
(viewing and pointing) the work of both captain and indian  
subject of subjectivities

(We are all indians except for the ones who are not.)

Deception and dissensus are part of our mission.

the ongoing process of attempting to understand,  
though never quite understanding completely,  
is absolutely productive.

There is no possible celebration,  
no fireworks,  
no burlesque extravagances,  
no technophilic fever,  
no idolatry,  
no capitalist indulgence of sense and unison,  
no joy,  
no adjectives.

Joy can only be the aftermath of rage.

The drums still haven't been integrated (into the senses)  
The distance between the night sky and the earth is still very large.  
But we are still dancing.

the practices of joyful, collective,  
and individual pleasure,  
are essential to the arts of living on a damaged planet.

me où il est permis à la puissance navale belligérante de poser ses mines  
mis aux neutres de naviguer librement là même où il est permis aux belligé-  
s'anéantir mutuellement au moyen de mines, de sous-marins et d'avion

Mais ceci a déjà trait à des problèmes propres à un état de complexité  
origine, avant la fondation de grands empires maritimes, le principe de  
mers signifie quelque chose de très simple. Il n'énonce en effet rien d  
: la mer est un libre champ de pillage libre. Le brigand des mers, le pirat  
ercer son sinistre métier en bonne conscience. S'il avait de la chance  
n venait le récompenser d'avoir eu l'audace périlleuse de s'aventurer s  
. Le mot *pirate* vient du grec *peiran*, c'est-à-dire tenter, essayer, risquer.

<sup>a</sup> nach dem neueren Völkerrecht\*.

NO LUXURY / NO LIFESTYLE  
NO WILL / NO POWER  
NO LIMITS / NO CONTROL

Staying with the trouble should redefine our collective joy.

Le décor est vivant et nous sommes inertes.  
Le spectacle est dans la (re)définition de son modèle.  
La représentation devient une simulation.

What do we build our common worlds from?  
From which ideas,  
which materials,  
which relations?

moving,  
trying-to-move,  
(re)worlding,  
attempt to (re)inhabit,  
to (re)engage in worlding  
multiscalar  
multitemporal  
multilayered

inhabited with some ways of life and death  
a (re)instating that is partial

Travailler l'écologie de nos actions  
*who lives, who dies, and at what price*

We need a territory.  
We seek sobriety.

Bringing the inside in  
**continuous migration**

We are not the laborers of cultural institutions,  
we are here to sustain a gesture that is an extension of each of our concerns,  
inquietudes and singularities which are  
joint here in a common gesture  
resting as a desire to build a common world.

We are the commons of this common world.

Friendship is rooted in affective labour,  
(Kinships by affinities)

commonifying our world.

Becoming with a many:  
the cosmopolitical paradigm is our horizon.

Cosmopolitics is the politics of otherness,  
(an)otherness which never simplifies itself into identity poles  
but into metamorphic singularities.

To be a one at all, you must be a many.

The hegemonic structures of the apaisement of Hunger  
through theatre and carnival  
does not release our microcosmic hunger  
which is a Macroscopic hunger.

la politique du rêve contre l'état;  
non pas notre rêve d'une société contre l'état  
mais le rêve tel qu'il est rêvé dans une société contre l'état.

(re)fuser est (re)fusionner  
(re)fuser est (re)fonder  
(re)distribuer la pensée.

Guará guará,  
voracity is a method.

Voraz = Guará

Le refus c'est le rêve.





## We are the Coyote



Guilherme Vaz

Good evening everyone. My observation on Joseph Beuys comes from music, sound and art, not as something unknown but as something that moves us, if it is possible that we can observe a continent move, creating people and being created by them; art, as a luminous cloud and diffuse transformation. The first thing that we need to take into account, I thought, is that we are in America, this was my first thought when MAC's director Luiz Guilherme Vergara phoned me, we are here, I thought. He asked me to say a few words about Joseph Beuys, and these ideas came to me. And what came to mind, in relation this theme, was to reflect with everyone on a very singular concept and say "We are the Coyote." Let me explain, I am here referring to the installation "I love America and America loves me" by Beuys dating from 1974, in which on American soil (although he never actually stepped foot on the ground) he lived covered in blankets with a coyote for many hours, and here I note a comment from the artist: "I want to completely isolate myself I just want to see the coyote." There are many interpretations of this work, on many levels and exploring diverse themes, but the interpretation that I would like to reflect on here in these short comments is "We are the Coyote," all of us from America, south and north. The films of Glauber Rocha, Bressane, the novels of Guimareas Rosa, Euclides, Mario Palmerio, all of them are "coyotes," the mestiço, the mulatto, the indigenous, everyone is. The "Prepared Piano" of John Cage is also a coyote, as is the text, "Walden," by the extraordinary philosopher Thoreau. All of them are "coyotes," human beings from America; the legitimate notion of the "improvisational" in dance, in music, and in art. And hundreds of other angles. In this way I am proposing a response to Beuys, and at the same time a possible interpretation, amidst many others, and in the process making a statement and a conceptual artwork: "that in contrast to the first time a coyote would be taken to Europe and stay there, observing the continent for a few days," the opposite of Beuys's original journey. The inverse. That a coyote wrapped up in blankets would be transported to Europe, with the utmost care, and with caretakers, and stay there by the side of a naked man in a space chosen by a small gallery, probably in Rome and would be there interacting for days, symbolically, and

literally for days. The symbolic animal could observe with its American-trained mind, especially at nighttime, that there is lacking elements of dance in European art, and that there seems to be no night drums, and with that lack, there is an absence of some dreams that are common in America. The distance between the night sky and the earth is still very large in Europe, between the head and the feet, between things said to be superior and inferior, thought the coyote. The drums still have not been integrated into the sense of the metaphysical, let alone the transcendental, you can't dance in this context. The little coyote drew attention to this point and thought: "so this is why I am wrapped up in blankets, so I don't forget America, nor the drums, nor the American nights, in contrast to the naked man by my side." The world of this small symbolic animal is still little known and even less written about or described, because it is still being born, almost dumb, it only murmurs. Beside him the great white man is naked writing philosophical works and operas, but still doesn't dance, he thinks that art is outside of him, in a painting, in architecture, an installation; the indigenous peoples of Brazil and America do not hold onto objects only in spirit and their design, they can be remade indefinitely, consequently an indigenous museum in the traditional sense does not exist, but rather, an indigenous people capable of reproducing their symbolic world. In this sense, there does not exist a Stradivarius a unique instrument that is real, but rather a way to think, a transmittable idea, one cannot not buy but can only learn an idea. America is the frontier between being and not being, between origin and form, between the known and the unknown. It may seem like India, because everything moves in curves, but it also doesn't resemble anything because it is the frontier of the great world, it moves via the unknown, rarely does it differentiate what is superior from what is inferior. This is the world of the Coyote, the one I was referring to before in these few words. Let it be noted here in this short speech the installation and the concept "we are the coyote" a response to Beuys, as a way to think, to reflect, as a form of art and of the horizon of the world. Without this affirmation his installation in New York is incomplete and partial. We are the Coyotes. We artists from America. Rio 31 august 2013.

Jessica Gogan  
Translator



Rio de Janeiro - Brazil  
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2013

**Chrono phagie**

**Antthropo phagie**

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# Winter (dolphin)

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

**Winter** (born c. October 2005) is a [bottlenose dolphin](#) at the [Clearwater Marine Aquarium](#) in [Clearwater, Florida, USA](#), widely known for having a [prosthetic tail](#). She is the subject of the book *Dolphin Tale*, and the 2011 film of the same name, a dramatization of her story, and the sequel *Dolphin Tale 2*. Winter was found in the coastal waters of Florida in December 2005, caught in a crab trap, which resulted in the loss of her tail. She was then taken to Clearwater Marine Aquarium. The loss of her tail caused her to swim unnaturally with her tail moving side to side instead of up and down. As a result, she was fitted with a silicone and plastic tail that enabled her to swim normally. She has since become a highly popular attraction at the aquarium, which led to the film's making. She lives in her pool with another dolphin, Hope, who is the subject of the 2014 sequel to *Dolphin Tale*, *Dolphin Tale 2*.

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## Injury and discovery [\[edit\]](#)

Winter was found in the ropes of a crab trap on December 10, 2005,<sup>[1]</sup> in [Mosquito Lagoon](#) of the coastal waters of Florida. Winter received her name because she was found in December, traditionally considered a Winter month, even though the exact date of her rescue (December 10) is actually within Autumn. The rope cut off the supply of blood to her tail. She was spotted and caught by a small fishing boat and a [SeaWorld](#)

**Winter**



Winter swimming without her tail

<b>Species</b>	<i>Tursiops truncatus</i>
<b>Born</b>	c. October 2005 (age 9) In or near <a href="#">Mosquito Lagoon, Florida</a>
<b>Years active</b>	2005–present
<b>Notable role</b>	Herself in <i>Dolphin Tale</i> and <i>Dolphin Tale 2</i>
<b>Known for</b>	prosthetic tail
<b>Owner</b>	<a href="#">Clearwater Marine Aquarium</a> , <a href="#">Clearwater, Florida, USA</a>

### Website

[www.SeeWinter.com](http://www.SeeWinter.com)



**“Untitled”**, 1992

*tattoo*

*size varies with individual*

*unsigned*

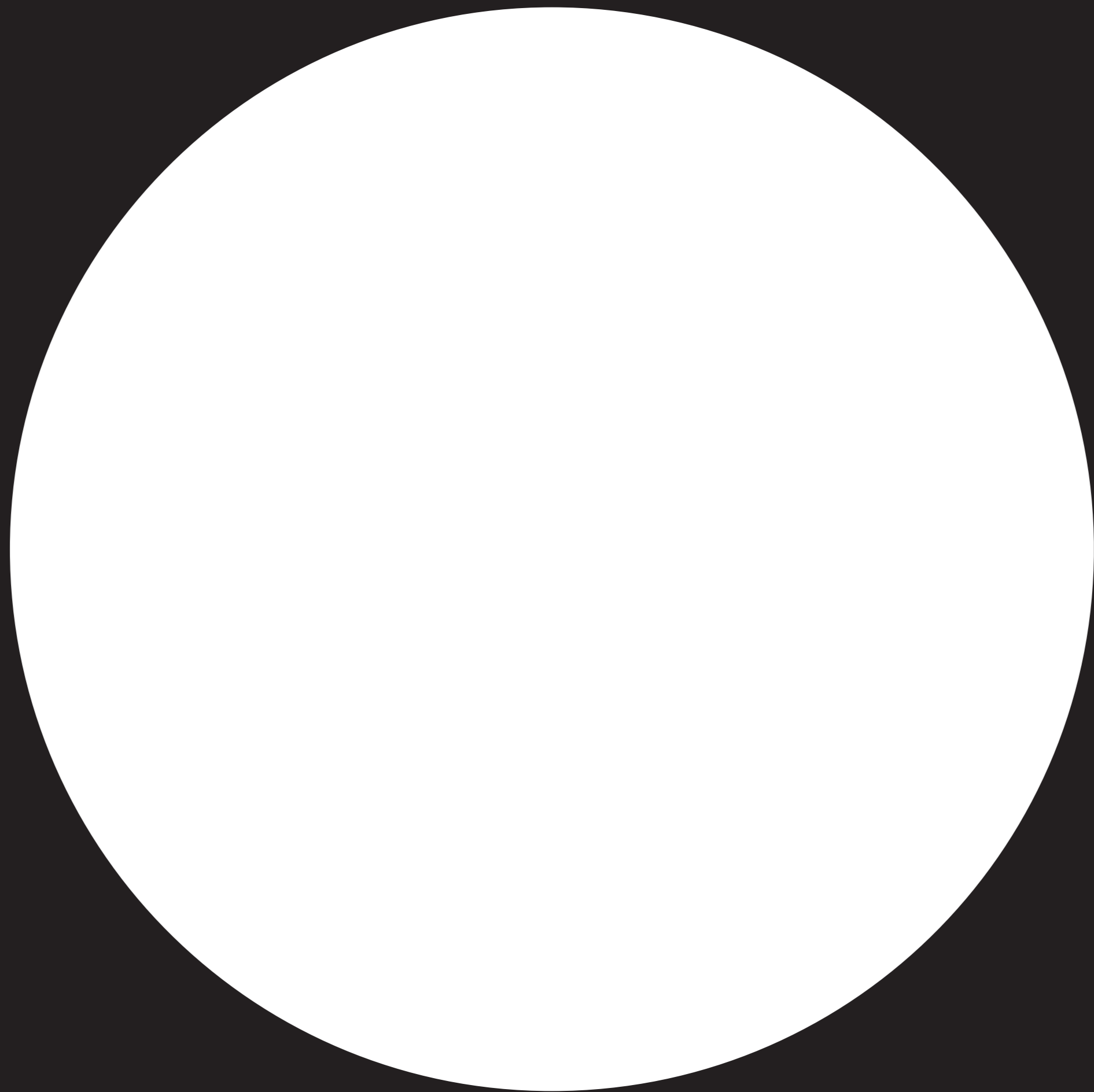
THE BLUE  
PLANET  
DOES NOT  
unify

YOU  
ARE  
DIVIDED



Sphère...

Surface lisse, sans prises,  
sans aspérités, sans origine ni fin, donc  
sans histoire... Pure créée... Obsession occiden-  
tale par excellence – ligne tendue de Platon à nos jours -,  
elle traverse l'histoire de la philosophie. Rêve incarné de perfection  
et de totalité, l'image de la sphère se confond avec le mythe d'une figure  
englobante unifiant le monde par la connaissance absolue. Or, peut-on encore  
prétendre aujourd'hui « assembler les différents collectifs sous les seuls auspices  
de la connaissance » ? L'utopie du globe se fissure lorsque pointe la question pourtant  
triviale de son habitabilité et finit par voler en éclat devant l'étendue de la crise écologique.  
La question transcendantale a mué... des conditions de possibilité aux conditions d'habitabi-  
lité... Comment respirer, se loger, manger, vivre !... Une fois brisée, l'unité impossible et factice  
du globe laisse place à une pluralité d'entités, de peuples et d'acteurs dont les nouveaux terri-  
toires méritent d'être désormais définis, précisés. Orphelins de tout logement, nous sommes alors  
intronisés protecteurs du climat et architectes d'atmosphères, en charge de réinventer des espaces,  
des lieux de vie qui entretiennent des rapports de réciprocité avec les choses et les êtres qui nous sont  
chers. Dernière et étrange ironie, lorsque finalement l'idéal du monde comme image sphérique s'écroule,  
nous redécouvrons que la Terre est vraiment ronde dans son sens le plus simple mais peut-être aussi le  
plus profond. Gravée sur le frontispice du Théâtre du Globe, la devise *Totus mundus agit histrionem* – le  
monde entier est un théâtre... Prendre le dicton au mot, faire entrer une dernière fois le vieux monde,  
cette boule terrestre, dans un contenant supplémentaire – le Théâtre des Amandiers – afin de dissiper  
les dernières illusions. Débarrassé d'une représentation unifiée de la planète, la fiction d'un État global  
apparaît enfin pour ce qu'elle est, un égarement supplémentaire... Tragi-comédie en 21 actes, l'en-  
semble des chefs d'État et de gouvernement du monde se produiront sur la scène du Bourget à Paris  
en décembre pour rejouer la pièce intitulée COP. Le Théâtre des négociations se propose d'en jouer  
six mois avant le prélude. *Mimesis* d'un autre genre, plus risquée mais plus réaliste au fond... Véri-  
table expérience de pensée. Mots d'ordre : jouer, simuler, fabuler, inventer, créer... Représenter !  
Représenter les luttes, les territoires, les acteurs, humains et non-humains, afin de faire émer-  
ger une assemblée collective d'un genre nouveau qui inclut la nature elle-même pour mieux  
en dépasser l'idée... Une manière de repenser le cadre onusien à partir d'inventions scé-  
nographiques mettant en scène des juristes, des scientifiques, des administrateurs,  
des activistes, des artistes. En posant la question *Où sommes-nous ?*, il s'agira  
de nous ouvrir à la possibilité de relocaliser le global et de concevoir les  
conditions d'une reterritorialisation vers un espace intérieur. Comment  
habiter la Terre et affronter les questions complexes ? Comment  
saisir le global à partir du local ? Comment redonner à  
la représentation un sens élargi aux catégories  
de l'esthétique, du politique et de la  
connaissance...





framed as art. coefficient of the extent to which they are informed by a certain question of the ontological issue at all, but rather a may be more closely in keeping with their self-understanding possible to describe them as having a double ontology; but it and ontological capture as art altogether. It is certainly these projects. They seem to be seeking to escape performative and ontological capture as art altogether. It is certainly institutional capture, and the kind of defanged representation to which it leads; but that does not describe the full thrust of

1:1 scale

1:1 scale

1:1 scale

## 1:1 scale

'use the country  
itself, as its own map'  
— Lewis Carroll,  
*Sylvie and Bruno  
Concluded* (1893)

Art and art-related practices that are oriented toward usership rather than spectatorship are characterized more than anything else by their scale of operations: they operate on the 1:1 scale. They are not scaled-down models – or artworld-assisted prototypes – of potentially useful things or services (the kinds of tasks and devices that might well be useful if ever they were wrested from the neutering frames of artistic autonomy and allowed traction in the real). Though 1:1 scale initiatives make use of representation in any number of ways, they are not themselves representations of anything. The usological turn in creative practice over the past two decades or so has brought with it increasing numbers of such full-scale practices, coterminous with whatever they happen to be grappling. 1:1 practices are both what they are, and propositions of what they are.

Scaling up operations in this way breaks with modernist conceptions of scale. By and large, the art of the twentieth century, like so many post-conceptual practices today, operated at a reduced scale; art was practiced as both other than, and smaller than, whatever reality it set out to map. In his 1893 story, *Sylvie and Bruno Concluded*, Lewis Carroll tells of an impromptu conversation between the narrator and an outlandish, even otherworldly character called 'Mein Herr,' regarding the largest scale of map 'that would be really useful.'

*'We very soon got to six yards to the mile. Then we tried a hundred yards to the mile. And then came the grandest idea of all! We actually made a map of the country, on the scale of a mile to the mile! (...) It has never been spread out, yet (...) the farmers objected: they said it would cover the whole country, and shut out the sunlight! So now we use the country itself, as its own map, and I assure you it does nearly as well.'*

A book could be devoted to unpacking that pitiful parable! Were the farmers right, do maps (embodiments of the will to make-visible) constitute ecological threats? Every light-shedding device will also inevitably cast shadow, and a map (or any representation) is also a light-occluding device. But whatever it may mean to 'use the country itself, as its own map,' and

however it may be done, one thing is sure: it provides an uncannily concise description of the logic of art on the 1:1 scale – as good a description of many usership-oriented initiatives as any on hand.

Notorious for creating tales full of mesmerising warps in the fabric of space and time, Carroll undercuts some of the fundamental assumptions about scaled-back representation: its role as surrogate, its status as an abstraction, and its use as a convention that references the real to which it is subordinate. The 'grandest idea of all' – that is, producing a full-scale representation – turned out to be useless... And this is precisely the pitfall of so many politically motivated art initiatives today: they remain squarely within the paradigm of spectatorship. Mein Herr's map, replaceable as it is by the territory it surveys, raises questions about what happens to representation when, at its limit, it resembles its subject so closely as to confound the distinction between what is real and what is not. It evacuates the mapping event altogether. The territory is neither mapped nor transformed in any way. And yet, used 'as its own map,' all is transformed. In this case, the representation not only refuses to be subordinate to its subject, it is also interchangeable with it, and even superior, as Carroll slyly suggests. The ontological discontinuity between map and land – and by extension, between art and whatever life form it permeates – disappears as soon as the territory is made to function on the 1:1 scale as its own self-styled cartography. What are the conditions of possibility and usership of a land's cartographic function, the *becoming-map* of the landscape?

Or more simply, what do 1:1 practices look like, when they start to use the land as its own map? Well they don't look like anything other than what they also are; nor are they something to be looked at and they certainly don't look like art. One might well describe these practices as being positively 'redundant,' as enacting a function already fulfilled by something else – as having, in other words, a 'double ontology.' Yet in many cases, being 'burdened with an ontology (let alone a double one)' seems to be just exactly what they are seeking to escape from. Certainly they are intent on eluding ideological and

Don't throw it away

You can re-use

re-employ

there is a blank space in the back.

FIN DE

L'INSOUCCIANCE

COSMIQUE

in order of appearance

*Donna Haraway*

Tristan Bera, Nuno da Luz, Elida Høeg, Clémence Seurat, Ana Vaz

*Carl Schmitt*

Guilherme Vaz

*Felix Gonzalez-Torres*

*Bruno Latour*

Grégoire Benzakin

Stephen Wright

*Peter Sloterdijk*

*Thomas Hirschhorn*

contributors

*inspirers*

Mister Smith Goes to  
Washington  
Rebel Without a Cause  
L'Ange Exterminateur  
Doctor Strangelove  
La Chinoise  
Spring Breakers  
White Material  
Ibn El Nil  
The East is Red  
Hiroshima Mon amour  
Journey to the Center of Earth  
La Jetée  
Baren Illusion  
Fata Morgana  
A Idade da Terra  
Blue  
Shafiq w-Metwalli  
Deserto Rosso  
Dodes Kaden  
Mad Max  
Dune  
Lessons of Darkness  
Atomic Park  
The Road  
Casa da Lava  
Deus e o Diabo na Terra do Sol  
Los Olvidados  
Milestones  
Al Ard  
El Saqqa Maat  
Le Fleuve  
Le Salon de musique  
La Vallée  
La Rivière  
Tropical Malady  
La saveur de la pastèque  
L'Homme d'Aran  
Lifeboat  
Méditerranée  
Le Tempestaire  
Abyss  
Transatlantique  
La Mer  
Un Film parlé  
The Forgotten Space  
Film Socialisme  
The Searchers  
Mandingo  
Dersou Ouzala  
Blue Lagoon  
The New World  
Essential Killing  
Two years at sea  
A spell to ward off darkness  
Bogman Palmjaguar

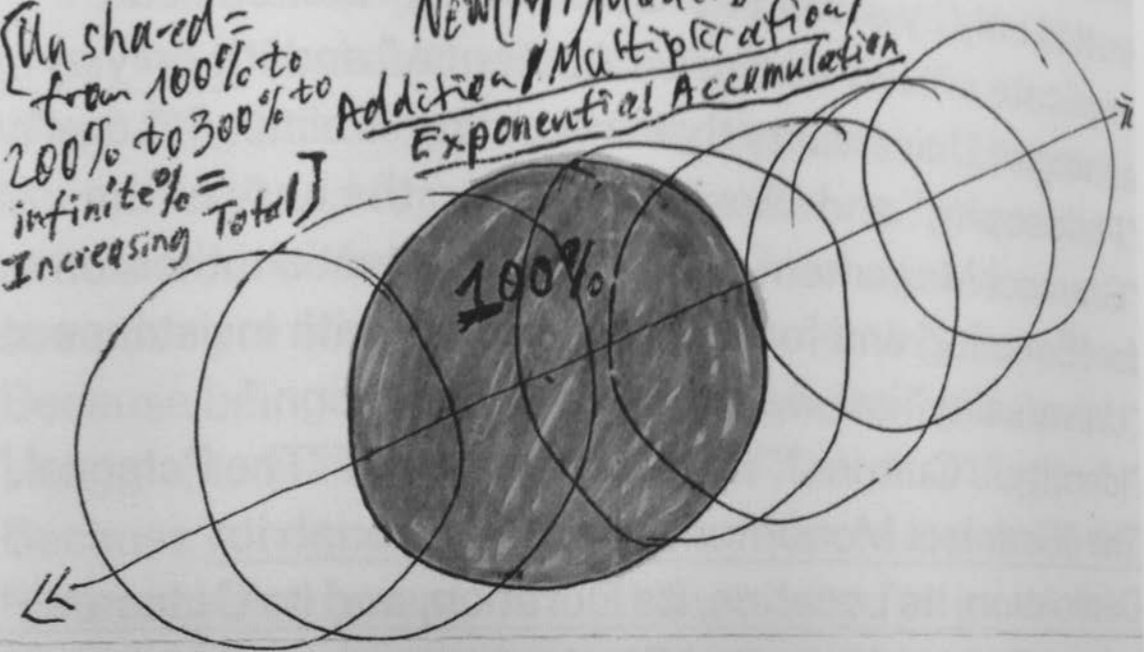
Utopia  
Dead Man  
Wind Across the Everglades  
L'esprit de la ruche  
Orca  
Max mon amour  
Pompoko  
Microcosmos  
Nouvelle Vague  
Blade Runner  
Artificial Intelligence  
EX MACHINA  
La femme des sables  
Solaris  
Phenomena  
Le Pays où rêvent les fourmis  
vertes  
The Guardian  
The Sorcerer  
Casting a glance  
Le Cheval de Turin  
Melancholia  
4.44 Last day on earth  
Last Night  
Crossroads

WILSON

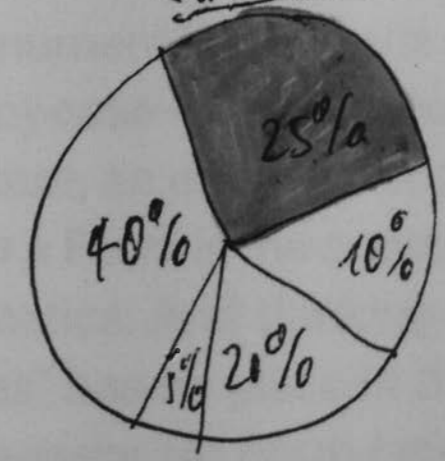
# UNSHARED AUTHORSHIP

(Unshared =  
from 100% to  
200% to 300% to  
infinite% =  
Increasing Total)

New (MY) Model based on:  
Addition / Multiplication /  
Exponential Accumulation

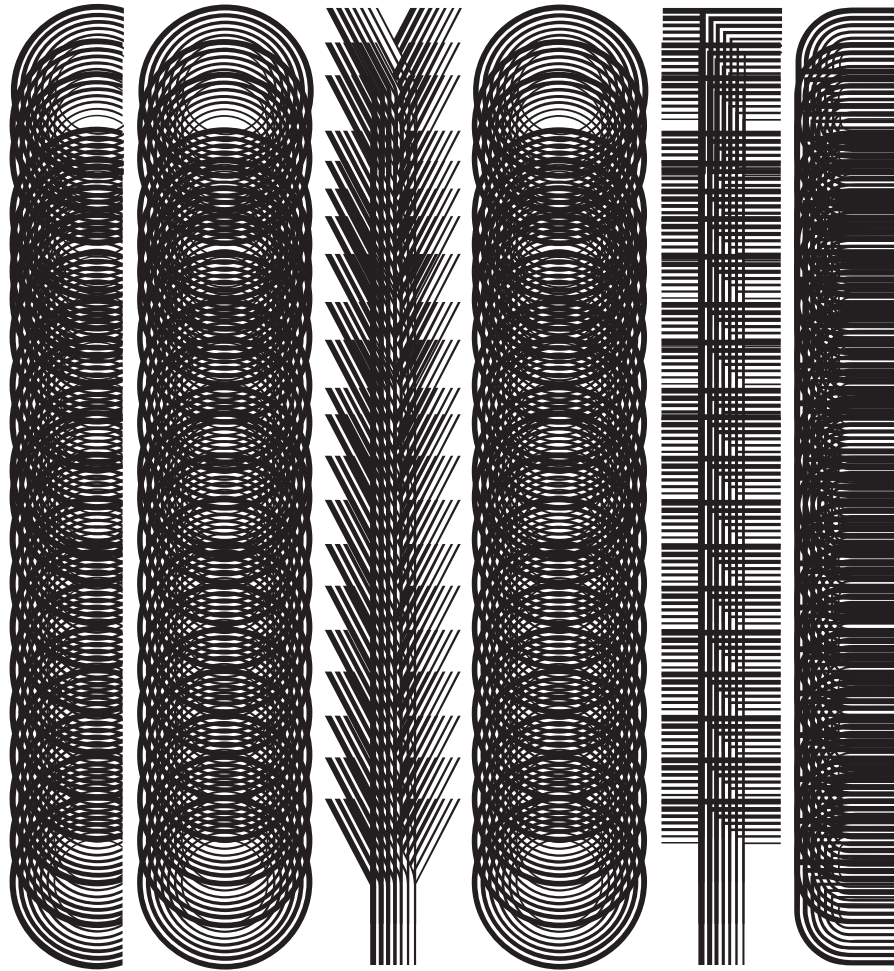


Old Model based on:  
Subtraction, Reduction, Decrease



(Shared =  
Always total/s  
less than 100%)

**WE ARE SINKING**



**WE ARE DISAPPEARING**

**you may have  
to find new  
destinations for  
your vacations.**

**maldives, may 2015**

Clémence



To: Ana Vaz

Clémence Seurat wants to share "COYOTE" with you

---



28, May, 2015.

insofar, we have failed.

-

the same of the same of  
the same of the same of  
the same of the same of  
the same same same

-

the girls make the first  
speeches,  
the boys close the  
deals.

-

what do we make work?

-



Sometimes I sing and  
dance around the house  
in my underwear.  
Doesn't make me Madonna.  
Never will.

*I cannot be weaned  
Off the earth's long contour, her  
river-veins.  
Down here in my cave*

*Girded with root and rock  
I am cradled in the dark that  
wombed me*

“Antaeus” by Seamus Heaney

This poem by Seamus Heaney gives us the myth of Antaeus, son of Poseidon and Gaia. Antaeus was invulnerable to all injury and harm as long as he remained in contact with the soil, his mother. However in this myth he was eventually defeated as he was thrown into the air and crushed...

Now,

Soil... the soil is the base of all human activity, and yet, soils are degraded, disappearing due to erosion, sea-level rise and advancing urban sprawl.

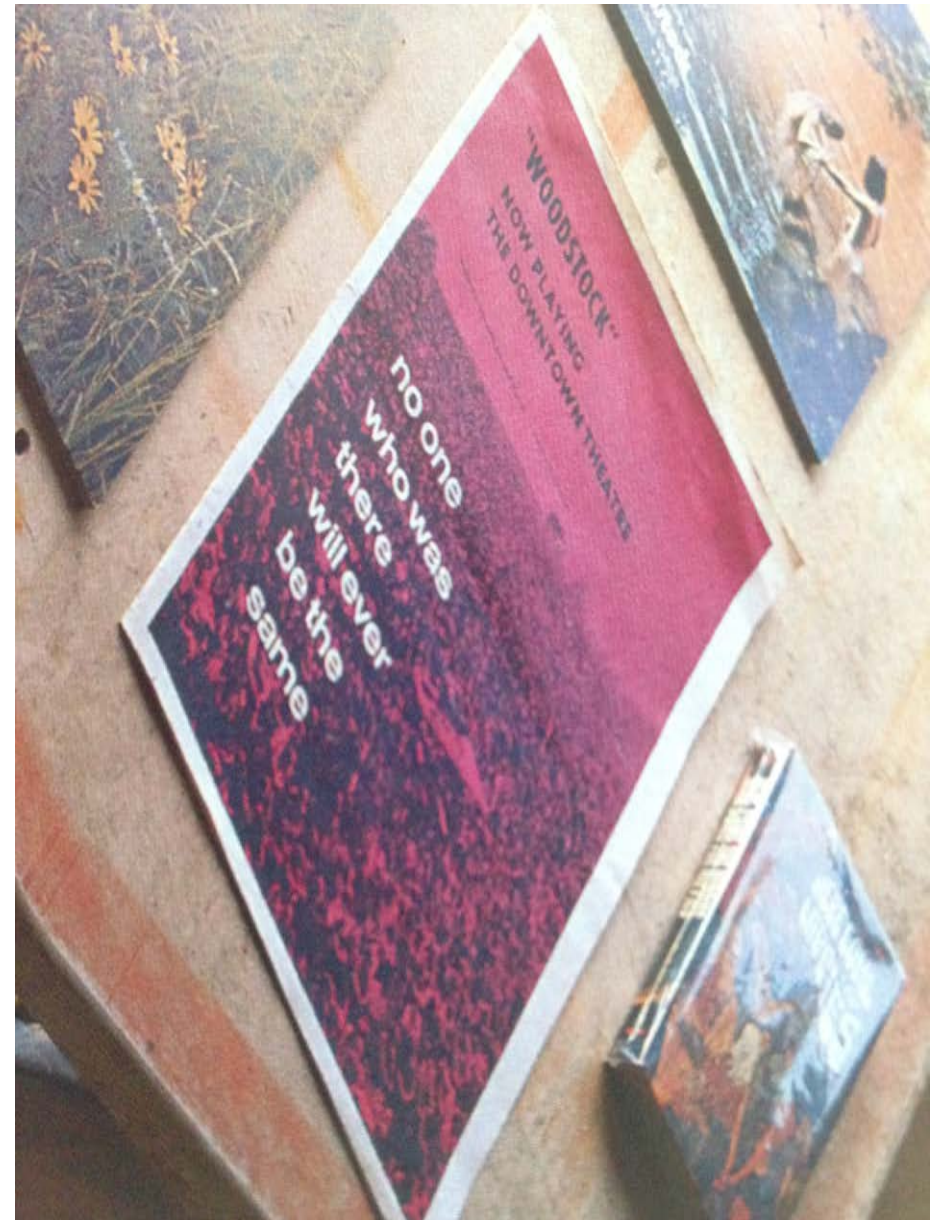
We use the soil as if it was inexhaustible. Our goal, here, is to bring about the recognition, by all parties, of soil as a non-renewable resource.

You may ask what role soil can play in climate change negotiations. Well... It is a solution, it is the third largest carbon reservoir on the planet. Changing agricultural practices and adopting sustainable forest management can enhance this process further.

Think, a slight increase in soil carbon content of just 0.4% would counterbalance an entire years worth of global greenhouse gas emissions.

You have long worked the soil, now is the time to work with the soil.

–Kieran Pradeep (Soil)





venu  
er  
œur  
que  
i lui,  
ble  
s ter-  
t!...

Ô guerriers Pieds-Noirs, un jeune Visage-Pâle va venir vers nous... Il veut, par la ruse, nous voler nos territoires de chasse!... Que le Grand Manitou remplisse nos cœurs de haine et rende nos bras puissants. Déterrions la hache de guerre contre le Visage-Pâle au cœur de coyote!...



x-yeux-  
nous a  
nait sur  
venu par-  
le Grand  
bienfaits!

Et maintenant, déterrions la hache de guerre.

Le Sachem a bien parlé.

Nom d'un calumet!... Je ne parviens plus à me rappeler l'endroit où l'on a enterré la hache de guerre, lors de la dernière paix!...



Common.

**adjective ( commoner, commonest )**

1 ordinary, normal, typical, average, unexceptional plain and simple.

2 usual, ordinary, customary, habitual, familiar, regular, frequent, repeated, recurrent, standard, typical; conventional, commonplace or mundane,

3 widespread, general, universal, prevailing,

**conventional,**

**traditional,**

**traditionalist,**

**orthodox, accepted;**

**in circulation, in force or in vogue.**

ANTONYMS rare.

4 : **collective,**

**communal,**

**community, public,**

**popular, general;**

**shared, joint,**

**combined. ANTONYMS**

**private, individual.**

5 vulgar, coarse, rough,

unsavoury, boorish, rude, impolite, ill-mannered, unladylike, ungentlemanly, ill-bred, uncivilized, unsophisticated, unrefined, primitive, savage, brutish, low, low-born, low-ranking, low-class, inferior, humble, ignoble, proletarian, plebeian  
ANTONYMS refined; noble.

G L O

S S A

R Y

Le draft d'une tentative

Les mots sont rangés par ordre alphabétique pour simplifier la recherche, et surtout par confort. Souvent présenté et confondu avec le dictionnaire, les définitions du glossaire ne sont pas forcément les mêmes que dans un dictionnaire ; en effet, on donne la définition du mot dans le contexte dans lequel il est utilisé, ou le domaine auquel il se rapporte.

-----  
**Anthropocentrisme** "Cette notion est, de fait, liée à l'histoire des Modernes dans laquelle les humains seuls seraient des fins, et pour qui problématiser la crise écologique en termes de responsabilité revient en effet à continuer à privilégier le sujet (humain) responsable sur ce à propos de quoi il est responsable."

**Ami**

**l'Amnésie** "La nostalgie de la croyance."

**Animal** "animals are ex-humans, not human ex-animals."

**Apocalypse** "C'est la fin des fins."

**L'autre**

**Barbarie** "Malheur aux vaincus."

**Bridge-Maker** "My monomania to place [non humans] and humans together in situated histories, situated naturecultures, in which all the actors become who they are in the dance of relating, not from scratch, not ex nihilo, but full of the patterns of their sometimes-joined, sometimes-separate heritages both before and lateral to this encounter. All the dancers are redone through the patterns they enact."

**Chaine de Références** "Il y a de la fabrication dans chaque phrases dites comme faits." "This is evidence not conjecture. This is true. This is all well documented."

**Chose/Objet** "Les êtres dans la nature ne sont pas inanimés mais désanimés."

**Cochangement/rapport causal - cause&effet, question&réponse, moyen&fin, expérience&démonstration, idée&stratégie, vision&trajec-toire, unique&pluriel, donnée&fait, juge&partie, problème&solution, privé&public, infini&clos, début&fin,**

**Univers&multivers**

**Colonisation** "Transcendence from Nature, which allows domination, is the basis of the major Western systems of thought, from Christianity to Liberalism to Marxism. Perspectivism does not allows for trans-cendence, for that what is natural in the modern world is a social relation in the Amerindian cosmology. Therefore, there is neither an animal within man to be tamed nor a wild outside him to be civilized."

**Commoning** "There is no common without practicing commons!"

**Consensus** "Il n'y a pas de succès ou d'échec mais de l'expérience !"

**Converser & Convertir**

**Cosmogramme**

**Croire/Prendre au sérieux**

**Datavisualisation** It "[...] marks the definitive triumph of what I would call the 'romance of statistics'."

**Désanimer** est "un geste réductionniste."

**Depict** "figurer, [...] c'est donner à voir l'armature ontologique du réel."

**Dramaturgie** "There is a great connection between the way we depict space and the way we behave in it."

**le Droit de l'homme** "L'homme est un être vivant."

**Ecologie** "C'est la pratique des moyens en tant que fin."

**Ecouter** "Le pouvoir est aux arguments non au poids ou aux nombre de ceux qui les expriment."

**Eden Garden** "La Terre se définit comme la planète transformée en habitat."

**l'Eglise** est "un convertisseur universel des problèmes généraux en une réponse unique."

**Ennemi** "Il faut se défaire des logiques erradicatrices du problème."

## **Extraordinaire**

**Extraterrestre** “Etre ailleurs. Etre un autre univers.”

**Extratrivisme** le capitilisme extratriviste

**Expérience** “Chaque expérience est une espèce de spectacle.”

**Fiction** “L’espoir d’embrayer une action.”

**Futur** “Le futur ne nous appartient pas.”

**Global** “Si nous nous en tenons à la fiction d’un espace universellement englobant, c’est simplement parce qu’une telle convention nous facilite la communication.”

**Globe** “It is a physical theory which has never been seen.”

**Humains** “Ils sont un type de terriens qui se prennent pour un tout/tout les autres.”

**Humanité** “Le travail est l’activité humanisante qui fait l’homme.” “Humanity is a condition, not a species.” **Illusion** “Vous [,les modernes, ] vous conduisez comme si vous étiez immortel.”

**Image** “My favorite definition of the image now is made by Jean-Luc Nancy who talks about the image as the disputation of the presence of things. The image, in a way, is a theorization of objects, but it’s a theorization that is very singular: it’s in the minds of every viewer.”

## **Improviser**

**Intellectuel** “Every human being is an intellectual.”

**Juger** “Tout jugement est toujours un partage. Le 1er jugement fut le partage de la Terre.”

## **Local**

**le Non-Savoir** “Il nous faut délibérément [...] s’engager dans l’aventure sans savoir, espérant à terme l’apparition du mouvement recherché puisqu’il n’appartient à personne de le déclencher.”

**Mask** “à force de se regarder dans l’Autre, c’est-à-dire de voir toujours le Même dans l’Autre – de dire que sous le masque de l’autre c’est « nous » qui nous contemplons nous-mêmes-, finit (...) par ne s’intéresser qu’à ce qui nous intéresse, à savoir nous-mêmes.”

## **le Même**

**le Mieux** “Le mieux est l’ennemi du bien.”

**Minorité Ethnique** “Des gens sans Etat”

**Moderne** “Both subjects and objects are seen as resulting from processes of objectification: the subject is constituted and recognizes himself in the objects it produces, and he knows himself objectively once he is able to see himself from the ‘outside’ as a ‘this’... The form of the Other is the thing.”

## **Monoculture**

**Morale** “On ne peut pas être moral tout seul.” Il faut “prolonger le geste [...] d’une responsabilité morale hétéronome, dans le sens positif d’être obligé par un tiers, des tiers.”

## **Nature**

**Négociation** “La politique prend naissance dans l’espace-qui-est-entre-les hommes .. Il n’existe donc pas une substance véritablement politique. La politique prend naissance dans l’espace intermédiaire et elle se constitue comme relation.”

**Nommer** “Lorsqu’un humain nomme - donne un nom - alors il s’intéresse à...”

“Nous avons une conscience aiguë de ce qu’en nommant, on exclut.”

**Objectivité** “être conscient du caractère situé et incarné du travail intellectuel est une garantie d’objectivité plus forte que le mythe d’une objectivité transcendante et fondée sur l’incommensurabilité du sujet et de l’objet de la connaissance.”

**Occidental** “assembler les différents col-

lectifs sous les seuls auspices de la connaissance.”

**One** “To be one is always to become with many.” “The story of the one is the story of the many in modern era masses made up of individuals.”

## **Ontologie**

**Opaque / le droit à l’opacité**

**Ordinary** “Grappling with the ordinary” instead of “generalizing with the ordinary”

**Paix** “Favoriser les alliances impossibles, poursuivre le projet fou d’associations impromptues entre hétérogènes afin de fabriquer la paix.”

## **Parler**

**Perspectivisme** “Comment s’adresser à un tiers à partir de ce qui compte pour lui, de ce qui le fait penser et agir ?”

**Préserver/conservier** “There is not such a thing as a ‘pristine wilderness’ to be conquered or preserved. A belief in the ‘virginity’ of tropical forests does not take into account the millennia of interaction between these biomes and the humans who live in them.”

## **le Quiconquisme**

**Recherche** “Les idées sont des terrains de recherche.”

**Régional** “Il n’y a pas de régions qui ne soit pas sous la souveraineté d’un Etat.”

**Relativiser** “Construire des façons de mettre [les êtres] sur le même plan afin de bien les traiter ensemble, sans instrumentaliser l’un pour bien traiter l’autre.” “Cette mise en rapport morale est chaque fois particulière, à inventer.”

## **Rendre Sensible**

**Représenter** “A perspective is not a representation because representations are a quality of the spirit, but the point of view is in the body.”

## **Resilience**

**Responsabilité** “Devenir responsable, au sens de répondre à un appel, consiste à répondre non pas à la loi morale ou à la raison universelle qui existe en moi, mais répondre à quelqu’un/quelque chose extérieur à moi. Une responsabilité morale écologique n’a de sens que tournée vers et causée par autrui.”

**une Ressource** n’est pas un non humain.

**Reterritorialisation** Relocaliser le global -Emilie Hache

**See** “Manières de voir, manières de figurer”

**Seuil/Ligne Rouge / Limite / Frontière**

**Sphere** “le mythe d’une figure englobante unifiant le monde par la connaissance absolue.”

**State** “La personne qui gouverne doit être une, sinon il y a la guerre. Les malins contraignent les gens à voir double.”

## **Stéréotype**

**Témoin/le Légitime** “Les convertis sont toujours les pour parler, les plus puissants et les plus avertis.”

**Terrien** “Etre un autre de la Terre. Etre un alterterrestre.”

**Territoire** C’est “ce dont on dépend pour subsister, ce qu’on peut représenter, ce à quoi l’on est attaché, ce que l’on est prêt à défendre, ce qui a des limites avec d’autres.”

**Trajectoire** “La pratique ne s’oppose pas au théorique mais à l’abstrait.”

**Transparent** révéler la chaîne de références

**Triangle** “Le triangle lie ensemble mais sépare aussi.”

**l’Universalisme** n’est pas universel.

**Unshared Authorship** “La question [du changement climatique] est globale mais les réponses doivent être locales car la réponse globale c’est la barbarie.”

**Vision** “The world we want to live in.”

**Vivre** “vivre bien, no mejor” “Vivre bien et pas vivre mieux”

**Wilderness** This notion “offers us the illusion that we can escape the cares and troubles of the world in which our past has ensnared us.”

**Wonderful** “full of wonders”

**Work** “Le travail est le concept ontologique qui permet la connaissance d’un sujet, et donc la connaissance de l’assujettissement et de l’aliénation.”

**Worlds** “The partners and actors are their still-ongoing products. It is all extremely prosaic, relentlessly mundane, and exactly how worlds come into being.”

**Worlding** “On ne craint pas de perdre notre monde, on craint que le notre soit comme celui des autres [‘underdeveloped - today’ ‘uncivilized people - XIX’ ‘pagans, barbarians - Renaissance’].”

“Ce qui est à tout le monde est à personne.”  
Bruno Latour

**Forteresse Technique**

**Obligation**

**Déterritorialisation**

**Crise**

**Guerre**

**Landscape**

**Président**

**Urgence**

**Agency**

**Map/Carte**

**Putch**

**Homework**

**Musée**

**Science**

**Instrument**

**Outils**

**Symbôle**

**Politique**

**Queen/King**

**Realiste**

**Pédagogique**

**Artefact**

**Sorcière**

**Magie**

**Entités**

**Etre**

**Délivrable**

**Danger**

**Innocence/Ir-responsabilité**

**Fractale**

**Gouverner**

**Peuple Premier**

**Jardin d’Eden**

**Catastrophe**

**Anthropocène**

**Capitalocène**

**Chthulucene**

**Control Freak**

**Perplexité**

**Tempête**

**Perdre/Gagner**

An idea for a film that will be longer than the time I have left to live.

“LE CINEMA EST UNE INVENTION SANS AVENIR”

–Jack Palance:

*Whenever I hear the word culture, I bring out my chequebook*

–Fritz Lang:

*Years ago, les Hitlerians disaient revolver au lieu de carnet de chèques*

Written in response to an absurdity.

Written in support of the underdogs.

Written from the worm’s eye view.

Written for the masses aboard the Usership.

Written for the World in whose end is another beginning.

LAND AHOY!

*(repeated image of a shark biting through a submarine Internet cable)*

*The end of the World is nigh!* - Crazy people used to say in the centre of London when I was younger. Sometimes wearing sandwich boards with handwritten text proclaiming the same phrase. Sometimes carrying bibles. Yet today I read that people

with what *we* call mental illnesses are in fact the mediums through which messages are transmitted from the spirit world – so now, slowly, we can begin to understand that these sandwich-boarded-people were warning us, and that we are feeling the gravity of the Capitalocene’s desire for releasing petroleum from the Earth. The end of the World is indeed nigh, and we have brought it about. Forget facts, forget figures. We all know now what now we all know. Read it in books, papers, internet. Hear it on radio, films, music. Everywhere omnipresent the ecological catastrophe that will eat Captain Planet like a Blue Jaguar devouring its prey. Jump jump jump, said the jaguar – WhiteManKind cannot bear very much reality.

Devouring destruction leads to rebirth and renouvellement – not us, we don’t come back, we don’t live. (The Guarani: *The recreation of the world and of humanity after the catastrophe will not include the Whites*). Grassed hoppers will populate the pod cities of the future and to them I scream GO! The becoming-mantis of the pod and the becoming-pod of the mantis are the reterritorializing processes of a present ontology in the making. And I scream...to those that continue to pretend that we have a future – STOP – jumping up and down on your tiny patch of ice shrouded in dry-ice-fake-smoke that costs more than it does to feed

Yonder sky that has wept tears of compassion upon our fathers for centuries untold, and which to us looks eternal, may change. Today it is fair, tomorrow it may be overcast with clouds.

My words are like the stars that never set. What Seattle says the Great Chief at Washington can rely upon with as much certainty as our paleface brothers can rely upon the return of the seasons. The son of the White Chief says his father sends us greetings of friendship and good will. This is kind of him, for we know he has little need of our friendship in return because his people are many. They are like the grass that covers the vast prairies, while by people are few; they resemble the scattering trees of a storm-swept plain.

The Great—and I presume—good White Chief, sends us word that he wants to buy our lands but is willing to allow us to reserve enough to live on comfortably. This indeed appears generous, for the Red Man no longer has rights that he need respect, and the offer may be wise, also, for we are no longer in need of a great country. There was a time when our people covered the whole land as the waves of a wind-ruffled sea covers its shell-paved floor, but that time has long since passed away with the greatness of tribes now almost forgotten. I will not dwell on nor mourn over our untimely decay, nor reproach my paleface brothers

with hastening it, for we, too may have been somewhat to blame.

Youth is impulsive. When our young men grow angry at some real or imaginary wrong, and disfigure their faces with black paint, their hearts also are disfigured and turn black, and then they are often cruel and relentless and know no bounds, and our old men are unable to restrain them.

Thus it has ever been. Thus it was when the white man first began to push our forefathers westward. But let us hope that the hostilities between the Red Man and his paleface brother may never return. We would have everything to lose and nothing to gain.

It is true that revenge by young braves is considered gain, even at the cost of their own lives, but old men who stay at home in times of war, and mothers who have sons to lose, know better.

Our good father at Washington—for I presume he is now our father as well as yours, since King George has moved his boundaries farther north—our great and good father, I say, sends us word that if we do as he desires he will protect us.

His brave warriors will be to us a bristling wall of strength, and his great ships of war will fill our harbors so that our ancient enemies far to the northward—the Sinsiams, Hydass and Tsimpsons—will no longer frighten our women and old men. Then will he be our father and we his children.

But can that ever be? Your God is not our God! Your God loves your people and hates mine! He folds His strong arms lovingly around the white man and leads him as a father leads his infant son—but He has forsaken His red children, if they are really His. Our God, the Great Spirit, seems, also to have forsaken us. Your God makes your people wax strong every day—soon they will fill all the land.

My people are ebbing away like a fast-receding tide that will never flow again. The white man's God cannot love His red children or He would protect them. We seem to be orphans who can look nowhere for help.

How, then, can we become brothers? How can your God become our God and renew our prosperity and awaken in us dreams of returning greatness?

Your God seems to us to be partial. He came to the white man. We never saw Him, never heard His voice. He gave the white man laws, but had no word for His red children whose teeming millions once filled this vast continent as the stars fill the firmament. No. We are two distinct races, and must ever remain so, with separate origins and separate destinies. There is little in common between us. To us the ashes of our ancestors are sacred and their final resting place is hallowed ground, while you wander far from the grave of your ancestors and, seemingly, without regret.

Your religion was written on tablets of stone by the iron finger of an angry

God, lest you might forget it. The Red Man could never comprehend nor remember it.

Our religion is the traditions of our ancestors - the dreams of our old men, given to them in the solemn hours of night by the Great Spirit, and the visions of our Sachems, and is written in the hearts of our people.

Your dead cease to love you and the land of their nativity as soon as they pass the portals of the tomb—they wander far away beyond the stars, are soon forgotten and never return.

Our dead never forget this beautiful world that gave them being. They still love its winding rivers, its great mountains and its sequestered vales, and they ever yearn in tenderest affection over the lonely-hearted living, and often return to visit, guide and comfort them. Day and night cannot dwell together. The Red Man has ever fled the approach of the white man, as the changing mist on the mountain side flees before the blazing sun.

However, your proposition seems a just one, and I think that my people will accept it and will retire to the reservation you offer them. Then we will dwell apart in peace, for the words of the Great White Chief seem to be the voice of Nature speaking to my people out of the thick darkness, that is fast gathering around them like a dense fog floating inward from a midnight sea.

It matters little where we pass the remnant of our days. They are not many. The Indian's night promises to



a family of five sleeping under the bridge at the entrance to the City. FARCE! No more History! No more parades! No more circuses! No more fireworks! And Ice-cream to the image of that polar bear floating on his tiny patch of ice that to turn the iceberg over might have bettered the way in which the float would take to the water. WORK POLAR BEAR WORK, paddle faster faster-faster. Make it float! Before you sink and realise that all along your mother never taught you to swim when all she did was make love to petrol streams and find fish to feed your father! Your poor father – defrosting the freezer with your sister’s hairdryer – your poor father! Dead!

So now daddy is gone, who will do the work? How to calculate the value of such an iceberg turning turn-over when there is no wage labour to add to the equation? Where is the surplus value without the wages paid for the labourers’ time devoted to making something that eventually lies out of their hands and alienates them from their own existence? How to capitalise the sheer profits of plantation neoliberalism when it is not solely equated through monetary exchange? The responsibility is shared in the Smart cities of our shared future but the profits are of course not and never were part of a commonwealth. This World is broken! Then fix it they say. But who will fix it? The 60,000 migrants drowning in

that ancient-salt-lake that separates an us from a them? Old European projects to make capital relied on the forced migration of African bodies to Caribbean shores to float sugar to European ones. Sugar coated oil slicks across the Atlantic and over the Gibraltar Strait turning the swimming points along the tourist coasts of Italy dark blood red. *Shark infested waters*. War in War out. Oil wants to come to the surface as blood boiling over in veins eventually spurts from a jugular painting the town red with riches of black liquid gold covering sand that moves time and that once created entire civilisations. The gates to Babylon are pulverized by what calls itself Islam and then 3D printed by what calls itself technology. Civilisation gone. A series of metabolic rifts.

At the core of Marx: *why do workers work for capital rather than their own liberation? Indirect forced labour, that’s why. Even worse still: why do workers work for nothing rather than their own liberation? Direct forced labour, that’s why. The Willing Slaves of Capital - Make Them Work!* Yet, what terrified the colonists was not that the slaves wanted freedom (as lava wants its release from the volcano), but that on freedom gained they *didn’t want to work*. Not such a sweet taste to *that* cup of tea! Sundays in slavery-liberated Jamaica meant feet were put up and shirts were taken off – the real luxury

good was not a circulatable commodity but the fetish of free time. *1857 – The Quashees have ceased to be slaves, but not in order to become wage labourers, but, instead, self-sustaining peasants working for their own consumption...they do not care a damn for the sugar and the fixed capital invested in the plantations, but rather observe the planters’ impending bankruptcy with an ironic grin of malicious pleasure.* To be truly free, slaves must liberate themselves from the ideology of ‘work’, in light of an understanding that work is a relation of domination based on the accumulation of wealth for some over and through others. Oh, the right to laziness! Once the lot of the gods and the poets, now ours! To make the World work is to submit it to a form of slavery that leads to its own self-destruction. Instead, let us be-with-the-World and grin with malicious glee as we watch the plantations crumble around us.

*If, uprooting from its heart the vice which dominates it and degrades its nature, the World were to arise in its terrible strength, not to demand the Rights of Man, which are but the rights of capitalist exploitation, not to demand the Right to Work which is but the right to misery, but to forge a brazen law forbidding any World to work... the earth, the old earth, trembling with joy would feel a new universe leaping within her.*

be dark. No bright star hovers beyond the horizon. Sadvoiced winds moan in the distance. Some grim Fate of our race is on the Red Man's trail, and wherever he goes he will still hear the sure approaching footsteps of his fell destroyer and prepare to stolidly meet his doom, as does the wounded doe that hears the approaching footsteps of the hunter.

A few more moons, a few more winters—and not one of all the mighty hosts that once filled this broad land and that now roam in fragmentary bands through these vast solitudes or lived in happy homes, protected by the Great Spirit, will remain to weep over the graves of the people once as powerful and as hopeful as your own! But why should I repine? Why should I murmur at the fate of my people? Tribes are made up of individuals and are no better than they. Men come and go like the waves of the sea. A tear, a tamanamus, a dirge and they are gone from our longing eyes forever. It is the order of Nature. Even the white man, whose God walked and talked with him as friend to friend, is not exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers, after all.

We will see.

We will ponder your proposition, and when we decide we will tell you. But should we accept it, I here and now make this the first condition - that we will not be denied the privilege, without molestation, of visiting at will the graves of our ancestors, friends and children.

Every part of this country is sacred to my people. Every hillside, every valley, every plain and grove has been hallowed by some fond memory or some sad experience of my tribe. Even the rocks, which seem to lie dumb as they swelter in the sun along the silent sea shore in solemn grandeur thrill with memories of past events connected with the lives of my people. The very dust under your feet responds more lovingly to our footsteps than to yours, because it is the ashes of our ancestors, and our bare feet are conscious of the sympathetic touch, for the soil is rich with the life of our kindred. The noble braves, fond mothers, glad happy-hearted maidens, and even the little children, who lived and rejoiced here for a brief season, and whose very names are now forgotten, still love these sombre solitudes and their deep fastnesses which, at eventide, grow shadowy with the presence of dusky spirits. And when the last Red Man shall have perished from the earth and his memory among the white men shall have become a myth, these shores will swarm with the invisible dead of my tribe; and when your children's children shall think themselves alone in the fields, the store, the shop, upon the highway, or in the silence of the pathless woods, they will not be alone. In all the earth there is no place dedicated to solitude.

At night, when the streets of your cities and villages will be silent and you think them deserted, they will

throng with the returning hosts that once filled and still love this beautiful land. The white man will never be alone. Let him be just and deal kindly with my people, for the dead are not powerless.

Bones: You see, her fadder was a gardener, so I wrote what I call very appropriate lines:

O you sweet and lubly Dinah!  
Dare are nofin any finer;  
Your tongue is sweeter than a parrot's.  
Your hair hangs like a bunch of carrots,  
And though of flattery I'm a hater,  
I lubs you like a sweet potater!

Text by J. Harry Carleton  
from a 'Blackface' performance

Representing!!!

We cannot critique politics of representation, nor representational politics without a critique of the act of representation of politics. Staging political processes on a theatre stage (such as staging COP21 preenactment) poses a question on why would such an intersection between institutions and practices be necessary at all. Is art here put at the service of the political, because we truly believe that it is in the arts that at least one mode of thinking and operating could serve political thinking differently? Do we believe that art may shift arguments and discussions somewhere more productive -to be basic in describing- that regular political processes have failed in doing? Do we believe that art is here at the service of saving the world? Or do we think political arguments might look more civilized placed within the frame of theatre?

Many reenactments of political institutions and processes take art as a refuge to exorcise themselves from the calamity of an event. One is unable to deal with the failure of the Palestinian-Israeli peace treaties, so one reenacts this in a film or on a theatre production where it could work. The power of theatre that we find refuge in,

is the power of illusion and of suspending. A temporary success of something that is bound to fail makes it possible for one to ethically deal with a catastrophic reality or a violent phenomenon. But, perhaps reenactments, and preenactments activate other discussions, and critique certain regimes of power.

But, we cannot critique representation and reenactments without rethinking embodiment and performance. The 'Blackface' practice that was common only until a recent period, is an embodiment of a grotesque fantasy rather than an embodiment of an other, or of a subjectivity that one tries to understand and give voice to. It is an embodiment that doesn't give voice, nor space or time. It takes voice, it takes space and it takes time from a given other. And, while the blackface needs all sorts of convincing makeup for the travesty to stir a few laughs, the "Blackvoice" performance needs nothing but a bourgeois act of good will and misinformation.

What is easier: Inviting 'black' people (as in people who reside within the dense abyss of this that is outside of discourse and its capitalist limelight, rather than someone with a black skin) to claim space, time and to speak?

Or is it easier to perform a "Blackvoice" performance in the act of make-belief of good will, and Miss Universe ethics of love and peace that are founded on no grounds of politicization.

We cannot critique representation, representational politics, nor can we stage representation in the search for different politics, without thinking embodiment and corporealities.

Othello never wrote his speeches. And he never chose an Englishman to tell his story.



# radio shanghai

(cambridge dictionary)

**shanghai** verb [T] uk us /  
ˌʃæŋˈhaɪ/ informal

> to force someone to do something or go somewhere: The two groups were shanghaied into signing the agreement, despite their objections. The homeless are being shanghaied off the streets in some cities.

**shanghai** noun [C] uk  
us /ˌʃæŋˈhaɪ/ /ˈʃæŋ.haɪ/ Australian  
English

> a Y-shaped stick or piece of metal with a piece of elastic (= material that stretches) attached to the top parts, used especially by children for shooting small stones

(wikipedia)

**shanghai** (chinois : 上海;  
pinyin : Shànghǎi ; Wade :  
Shang<sup>4</sup>hai<sup>3</sup> ; cantonais Jyutping  
: Soeng<sup>6</sup>hoi<sup>2</sup> ; cantonais Yale :  
Shanghai ; littéralement : « sur la  
mer » prononciation ; shanghaien  
: Zanhe) a été le théâtre d'un  
formidable essor culturel qui  
a beaucoup contribué à l'aura

mythique et fantasmagorique qui est associée à la ville depuis cette époque s'est faite dans la douleur, avec l'occupation étrangère de la ville pendant plusieurs décennies. l'Exposition universelle . En Occident, Shanghai est également surnommée la « Perle de l'Orient » ou le « Paris de l'Orient ». *Shanghai express, Mission impossible 3 Skyfall, La Dame de Shanghai, and THE FLOWERS OF SHANGHAI.*

DIAGRAM OF INCEPTION LES TRANSITIONS D'EXISTENZ  
L'INVENTION DE SORTILEGE LA BEAUTE D'UN GAMEPLAY  
DISSOLVES FROM A PLACE IN THE SUN DISSOLVES DES HISTOIRES  
DU CINEMA OPACITY NIGHT 68% LE VERT DE CARPENTER  
LES PLAGES DE LOST HIGHWAY TO THE LIGHTHOUSE SCOPES  
38 PAGES IN THE FUTURE VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY NEVER  
REPORTED LES FLEURS DE LIES AND CORRUPTION UN ETAT  
D'AME INCONNU LE NAVIRE NIGHT NEMO FLORESSAS ACHAB  
CRASH CHAPEL ENTRY AS SUBMARINE DOOR PUPPET MASTER  
& MOTOKO SNOW L'OBJET SPECIAL D'AKIRA LA TACHE ROSE  
DE HIGH AND LOW MOLLY PSYCHO MANTIS BLOOM PRISMATIC  
SUBDIVISIONS OF THE IDEA INKSUITS & PAGESPACEBLEEDS UNE  
METAFICTION EN MULTIVERS OPACITE JOUR 49% LA PERSISTANCE  
DU MONDE 2 DANS LE JARDIN D'ALICE A BRIGHTER SUMMER DAY  
2046 VIBRATIONS OF DUAL SHOCK 1 LE SECRET DE SHADOWS  
OF THE COLOSSUS PHOSPHORESCENCE DE FADE TO BLACK  
LA CHAMBRE QUANTIQUE DU SPLENDIDE HOTEL MALAPARTE  
GLASS TREES AFTER TRON TOTAL AFFECT PROTOCOL L'OMBRE  
PORTEE D'UN SOLEIL INEDIT X+3=1 SPLINTERS OF LIMBO LE  
PLANETARIUM DE SWORD AND SWORCERY UN CHROMATISME  
GENERALISE BLADE VERMEER RUNNER SCAN LE TEMPS REEL  
D'UNE RECHERCHE SIDEQUESTS & READING CONTROLLERS IF  
THE FIRST EFFECT IS FOG L'EVAPORATION D'UN MILIEU DANS  
UN AUTRE LE SEUL POEME DE CESAREA UN DEPLOIEMENT  
OMNILATERAL D'ATTENTION TRANSPARENCE JOUR 89% LA  
DECLARATION DE NEVINE A KITTY A CITY OF SADNESS 2478  
LE RAYON VERT DE JULES ROHMER ALIEN PHANTHOM RIDE  
OPACITY METAPHOR 51% LE LIVRE DE LUDMILLA LIKE  
A LARGE SPACE LIT BY A BED LAMP SWAMP THING 21  
ELEPHANT SLOW MO HYDREAN BLUE CURTAIN BANG  
BANG & LOWER DEPTHS CLUBS A.I HYDROCOPTER RAYS  
DAYS OF BEING WILD TRACKING SHOT ULTRA VIOLET  
& INFRA RED GLYPHS LES HYBRIDES D'UNE ROSERAIE

in order of appearance

delegation of the Maldives

Tristan Bera, Nuno da Luz, Elida Høeg, Clémence Seurat, Ana Vaz

jennifer ching

*paulo bruscky*

*mike nichols and kevin wade*

kieran pradeep

*richard prince*

*hergé*

anne-sophie milon

louis henderson

*chief si'ahi*

adham hafez

charles arsène-henry

contributors

*inspirers*



WE  
ARE  
ALONE



**MAMA**

**& KID**

**NOT BABIES**

**Words: Donna Haraway  
Sticker: Kern Toy, Beth Stephens, Annie Sprinkle**



DOES ANY  
ONE ELSE  
HAVE ANY  
THING TO  
SAY

BEFORE  
WE  
DISINTEGRATE  
?



---

# MALENTENDU

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vsautter@[REDACTED] <vsautter@[REDACTED]>

29 mai 2015 08:23

À : Clémence Seurat <clemenceseurat@[REDACTED]>

Bonjour, afin de commencer ma présentation avant de partir en cour ce matin, je viens de lire de A à Z, peut être de travers (75h de travail nocturne pour les opérations avec la NASA, diurne avec mes étudiants) votre plaquette de 8 pages Make it work.

Passons le coté simulation d'une mascarade à venir, je réalise que cette manifestation est soutenue par AXA, EDF, RENAULT NISSAN. Je ne roule pas pour ces maisons. Appelez moi aujourd'hui. Merci

Violaine

## Wages against Housework

They say it is love. We say it is unwaged work.

They call it frigidity. We call it absenteeism.

Every miscarriage is a work accident.

Homosexuality and heterosexuality are both working conditions . . .

but homosexuality is workers' control of production, not the end of work.


More smiles? More money. Nothing will be so powerful in destroying the healing virtues of a smile.

Neuroses, suicides, desexualisation: occupational diseases of the housewife.

Many times the difficulties and ambiguities which women express in discussing wages for housework stem from the reduction of wages for housework to a thing, a lump of money, instead of viewing it as a political perspective. The difference between these two standpoints is enormous. To view wages for housework as a thing rather than a perspective is to detach the end result of our struggle from the struggle itself and to miss its significance in demystifying and subverting the role to which women have been confined in capitalist society.

When we view wages for housework in this reductive way we start asking ourselves: what difference could some more money make to our lives? We might even agree that for a lot of women who do not have any choice except for housework and marriage, it would indeed make a lot of difference. But for those of us who seem to have other choices—professional work, enlightened husband, communal way of life, gay relations or a combination of these—it would not make much of a difference at all. For us there are supposedly other ways of achieving economic independence, and the last thing we want is to get it by identifying ourselves as housewives, a fate which we all agree is, so to speak, worse than death. The problem with this position is that in our imagination we usually add a bit of money to the shitty lives we have now and then ask, so what? on the false premise that we could ever get that money without at the same time revolutionising—in the process of struggling for it—all our

LA VIE  
VAUT  
LA JOIE  
D'ÊTRE  
VÉCUE



Reciprocity rather than domination.

Cooperation rather than hierarchy.

Interdependence rather than hyper-individualism.

nightmare poem

I'm sending you the sky  
with clouds  
sun  
rain and thunder  
but also snow  
and hail  
twisters  
and fog

milkyway  
moon  
starts  
venues  
and more milkyway

coyotes  
at night  
death by day  
death by night

hanky panky nohow

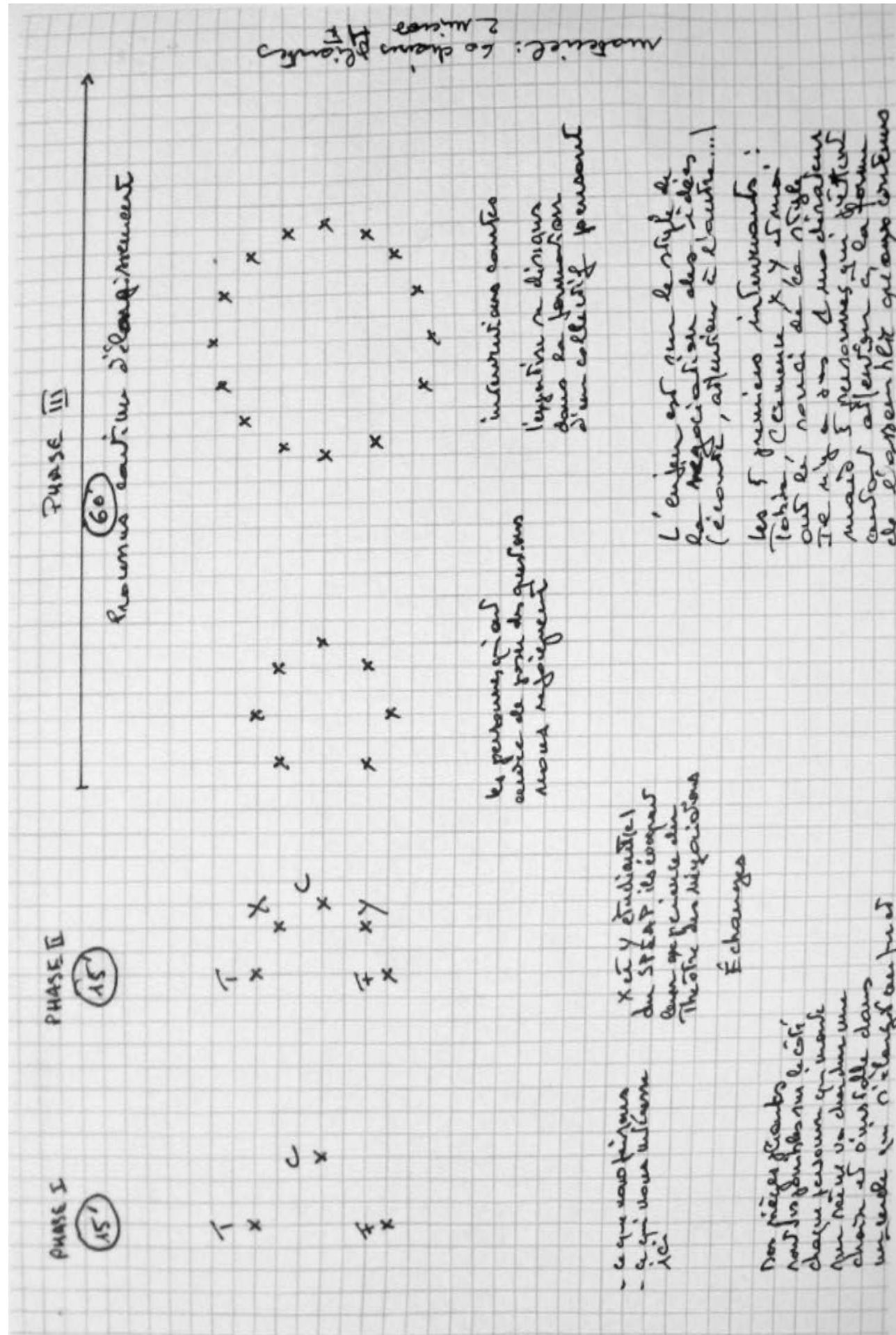
If the sacheting of gentlemen  
Gives you grievance now and then  
What's needed are some memories of plaining lakes  
Those plaining lakes will surely calm you down

Nothing frightens me more  
Than religion at my door  
I never answer panic knocking  
Falling down the stairs upon the law  
What law?

There's a law for everything  
For elephants that sing to keep  
The cows that agriculture won't allow  
Hanky-panky Nohow

There's a name for everything  
For elephants that sing to keep  
The cows that agriculture won't allow  
Hanky-panky Nohow





rien ne nous rend moins libres que la séparation de notre fin	un bruissement intérieur véhicule un semblant d'idée	d'entités encore silencieuses
rien ne nous rend moins libres que l'ignorance de notre fragilité	aspirés par un souffle des mots tentent une phrase	la subjectivité en mouvement défait le contraste radical entre individu et collectif
le culte de la performance le mythe de toute puissance	une bulle de langage s'épanouit dans l'air	la parole singulière diffractée annonce un commun des différences
détournent chaque un de son désir en devenir	anime fugitivement le visage chiffre de celui qui écoute	un collectif plurisignifiant est plus nombreux que la somme des individus qui le compose
des forces insoupçonnées sont tapies sous la vulnérabilité	chaque un est le légataire d'une quantité de parole	la première personne du singulier émerge des infinis agencements possibles de la langue
alors que règne le même la parole qui trébuche	une compagnie nombreuse fréquente la parole à sa source	
ouvre le corps pensant à des ressources imprévues	un murmure pluriel habite le corps individué	
ce que chaque un dit n'est que l'indice de ce qu'il veut dire	des spectres hantent les mots que nous leur empruntons	— François Deck, <i>la première personne du singulier</i>
les effets de la parole dévoilent un retard de la pensée sur le dire	leurs phrases et notre voix nos silences et leur volubilité	
les mots nous choisissent autant que nous croyons les choisir	je prends la parole avec les uns je me tais avec les autres	
le langage assuré de la raison vibre à l'ombre du malentendu	je cherche ma propre parole dans celle qui m'est donnée	
avec les mots qui nous rapprochent avec les mots qui nous écartent	chaque un est l'histoire de liens tissés et défaits	
de nous-même, de nous-autre de vous-autre, de vous-même	de relations vécues dans le monde d'attachements inscrits dans le corps	
avec la parole faire connaissance faire connaissance avec la parole	entre la nébuleuse qui le hante et la multitude auquel il appartient	
des dialectes lointains sont blottis dans la chair	un archéologue diplomate va à la recherche de langues enfouies	
des embryons de pensée dérivants peuplent les énergies obscures du corps	la singularité subjective n'est rien d'autre que l'intégration d'une pluralité de voix	
une tectonique d'éclats de mémoire brouille des temporalités discrètes	chaque singulier est le porte- parole	

**SCHOOL**

**YOU!**



**NAOMI  
KLEIN**  
**THIS CHANGES  
EVERYTHING**  
**CAPITALISM vs  
THE CLIMATE**



DELTA \$2.25  
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**Teaching as a  
Subversive  
Activity**

---

A no-holds-barred assault on outdated teaching methods—with dramatic and practical proposals on how education can be made relevant to today's world

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*"...a healthy dose of Postman and Weingartner is a good thing: if they make even a dent in the pious... American classroom, the book will be worthwhile."*  
—NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

**NEIL POSTMAN & CHARLES WEINGARTNER**



O temps, suspends ton bol, ô matière plastique !  
D'où viens-tu ? Qui es-tu ? et qu'est-ce qui  
explique

Tes rares qualités ? De quoi es-tu donc fait ?  
Quelle est son origine ? En partant de l'objet  
Retrouvons ses aïeux ! Qu'à l'envers se déroule  
son histoire exemplaire.

Voici d'abord le moule.

Incluant la matrice, être mystérieux,  
il engendre le bol ou bien tout ce qu'on veut.  
Mais le moule est lui-même inclus dans une  
presse

qui injecte la pâte et conforme la pièce.  
Ce qui présente donc le très grand avantage  
d'avoir l'objet fini sans autre façonnage.

Le moule coûte cher : c'est un inconvénient -  
mais il peut re-servir sur d'autres continents

Le formage sous vide est une autre façon  
d'obtenir des objets : par simple aspiration.

A l'étape antérieure, adroitement rangé,  
Le matériau tiédi est en plaque extrudé.

Pour entrer dans la buse il fallait le piston  
et le manchon chauffant - ou le chauffant  
manchon

Auquel on fournissait - Quoi ? Le polystyrène  
vivace et turbulent qui se hâte et s'égrène.  
Et l'essaim granulé sur le tamis vibrant  
fourmillait tout heureux d'un si beau colorant.

Avant d'être granule on avait été jonc,  
joncs de toutes couleurs, teintes, nuances, tons

Ces joncs avaient été suivant une filière  
un boudin que sans fin une vis agglomère  
Et ce qui donnait lieu à l'agglutination ?  
Des perles colorées de toutes les façons.  
Et colorées comment ? Là devient homogène,  
le pigment qu'on mélange à du polystyrène.

Mais avant il fallut que le produit séchât  
et, rotativement, le produit trébucha.

C'est alors que naquit notre polystyrène  
polymère produit du plus simple styrène.  
Polymérisation : ce mot, chacun le sait,  
désigne l'obtention d'un complexe élevé  
de poids moléculaire. Et dans un autoclave  
machine élémentaire à la panse concave  
les molécules donc s'accrochant, se liant  
en perles se formaient. Oui, mais - auparavant ?  
Le styrène n'était qu'un liquide incolore

Quelque peu explosif et non pas inodore.  
Et regardez-le bien : c'est la seule occasion  
pour vous d'apercevoir le liquide en question.

Le styrène est produit en grande quantité  
A partir de l'éthyl-benzène surchauffé.  
Faut un catalyseur comme cela se nomme  
oxyde ou bien de zinc ou bien de magnésium.

Le styrène autrefois s'extrayait du benjoin  
provenant du styrax, arbuste indonésien.

De tuyau en tuyau ainsi nous remontons  
à travers le désert des canalisations  
vers les produits premiers, vers la matière  
abstraite  
qui circulait sans fin, effective et secrète.

On lave et on distille et puis on redistille  
et ce ne sont pas là exercices de style  
l'éthylbenzène peut - et doit même éclater  
si la température atteint certain degré.

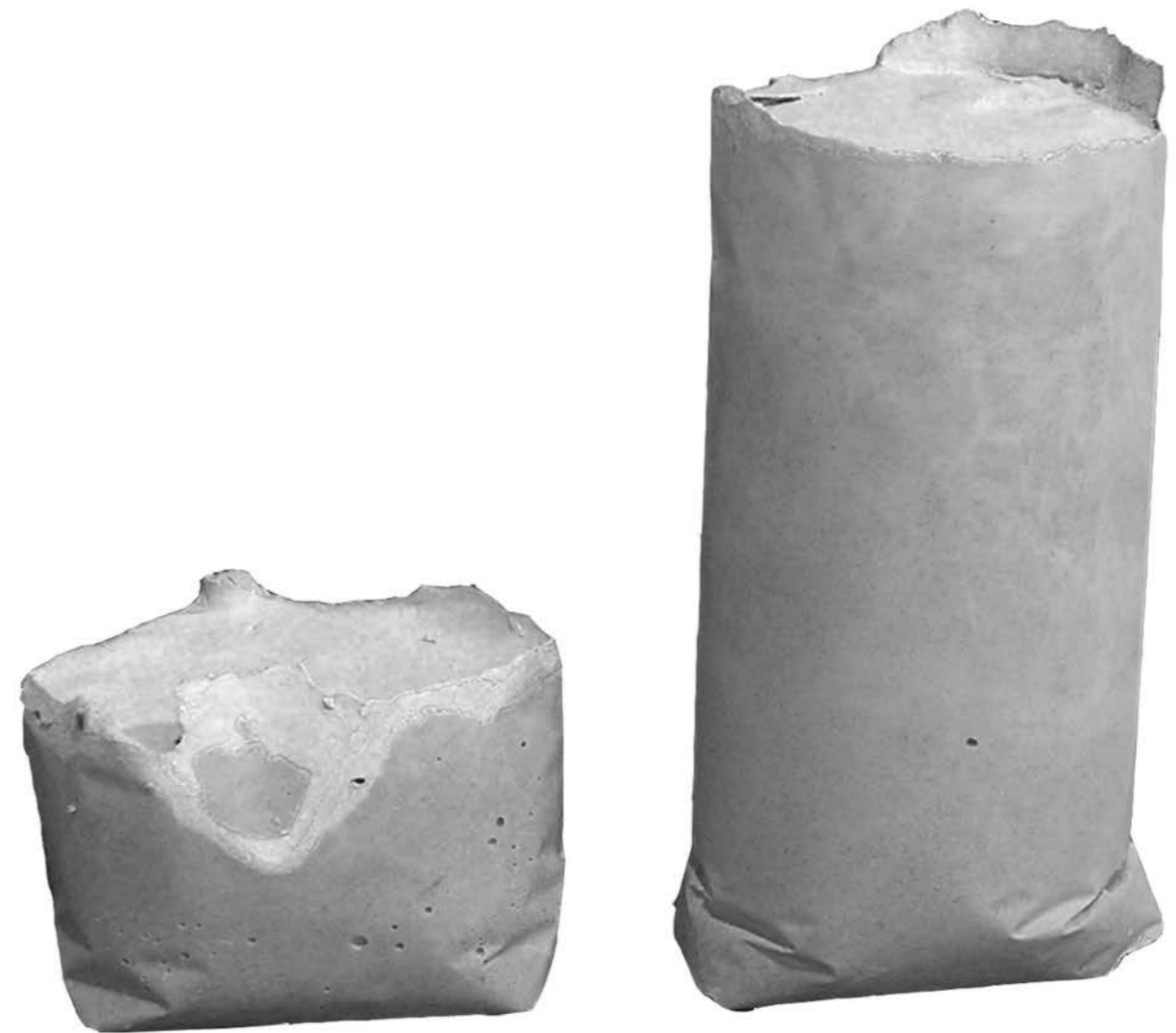
Il faut se demander maintenant d'où  
proviennent  
ces produits essentiels : éthylène et benzène.  
Ils s'extraient du pétrole, un liquide magique  
qu'on trouve de Bordeaux jusqu'au coeur de  
l'Afrique.

Ils s'extraient du pétrole et aussi du charbon.  
Pour faire l'un et l'autre, et l'autre et l'un sont  
bons.

Se transforment en gaz, le charbon se combure  
et donne alors naissance à ces hydrocarbures.  
On pourrait repartir sur ces nouvelles pistes  
et rechercher pourquoi et l'un et l'autre  
existent.

Le pétrole vient-il de masses de poissons ?  
On ne sait pas trop ni d'où vient le charbon.  
Le pétrole vient-il du plancton en gésine ?  
Question controversée... obscures origines...

Et pétrole et charbon s'en allaient en fumée  
Quand le chimiste vint qui eut l'heureuse idée  
de rendre ces nuées solides et d'en faire  
d'innombrables objets au but utilitaire.  
En matériaux nouveaux ces obscures résidus  
Sont ainsi transformés. Il en est d'inconnus  
qui attendent encore un travail similaire  
pour faire le sujet d'autres documentaires.



spun. but polka:

you are destroying our rules

it's just produce as much as possible

they will just produce a best

How are you finding yourselves now

Oh, so now we're entities

to be in group, think and just be there

We don't want our name in this group

There are many people that are afraid to  
break the rules

5.5 Representatives of ecosystems will be recognized as having specific governance competencies for innovative and ambitious climate-related actions. An international legal framework shall be established for each major and unique ecosystem that addresses transboundary environmental and climate change issues.

5.6. International bodies should play a role in collecting and diffusing relevant scientific knowledge, establishing guidelines, issuing advice, coordinating, cooperating, reporting, verifying and ensuring transparency for the purpose of achieving the climate change goal set out in this treaty.]

Article 6 sexies (2):

[Each individual State has the responsibility to protect all inhabitant populations in the incidence of extreme weather events and loss of territory. In cases where States are unable to protect their populations and ask for assistance, the international community has the responsibility to use appropriate diplomatic, humanitarian peaceful means to protect populations in the incidence of extreme weather events and loss of territory.]

Article 6 bis:

[Recognising that transnational territories such as deserts, mountain ranges, rivers, forests, polar zones currently do not have legal recourse to address environmental or climate change issues within their geologically and population-defined area. move to governance

6 bis.1 Emphasising that environment and climate change issues are cross-border in nature.

Be it resolved that non-state, transboundary territories shall be granted an international legal status to address interlinked regional energy, land and social issues related to climate change as well as guarantee its rights and face responsibilities].

Article 6 ter:

**Option 1:** [By 2025, all parties will support green technological innovation development and coordinate their efforts.

1. The free flow of green technology, goods, and services will be enabled and incentivized by the Parties
2. Transfer of green technologies is ensured to countries in need in order to develop themselves in a sustainable way thanks to solidarity between the Parties.

Perhaps the straw that may someday break the institutional back of the educational system will be the demise of faith in literacy as the only path to learning. Certainly in the past decade strong voices have been raised—among them Buckminster Fuller and Marshall McLuhan—to argue that the generation maturing in the technological era is discovering new sensory modes of experience and new media through which perceptions are developed and cognitive learning is achieved.

Robert Disch, whose background is literary, leads us into a probing encounter with the present reliance on literacy as the major tool for learning. If McLuhan's point—that some societies will altogether skip the literacy stage as they move from preliterate to electronic media stages—is correct, then current concepts of education will be short-lived.

These two essays are offered as an epilogue because they offer a vision of the future of educational developments. Though they cannot be documented, considering their points can do much to help us understand the requirements of the future—an understanding that is necessary if education is, indeed, to be affirmative.

## Deschooling:

### A CONVERSATION WITH IVAN ILLICH

*Barry Schwartz:* Perhaps it would be helpful at the outset if you would define and elaborate your concept of deschooling.

*Ivan Illich:* You know, it is a ghastly thing, this coining of new words. I almost wish I had not spoken of deschooling. Do you know where I learned it? There was a meeting in the Urban Training Center in Chicago. It's a very good place. There was a group of people from the Black Economic Development Corporation and I was supposed to discuss something with them. Well, I started to tease some of them because of the consumer orientation in their development plans. And when we spoke of school I wanted to try to get from them what people really feel schools do. Finally the real words came up. And at a certain moment some guy said, "Yeah, you are right. Schools are made to screw you." But I understood that he had said schools are made to school you. When I repeated this everybody laughed, because this was evidently not what the guy had said. In the afternoon we all showed up with buttons: "School you." We then began to speak of the deschooling of society.

But look here, I have just come from Peru. One half-hour after landing in Peru, I faced for three or four hours a group of 500 teachers. These teachers were in the fourth month of retraining as trainers of other teachers from all over Peru in the deschooling of Peruvian society. A crazy situation! Under a military government! I met a colonel who is Secretary of Education and Colonel of Public Relations who gave me instructions on how to walk up to the microphone: Seventeen steps from here and you will stand two steps to the left and

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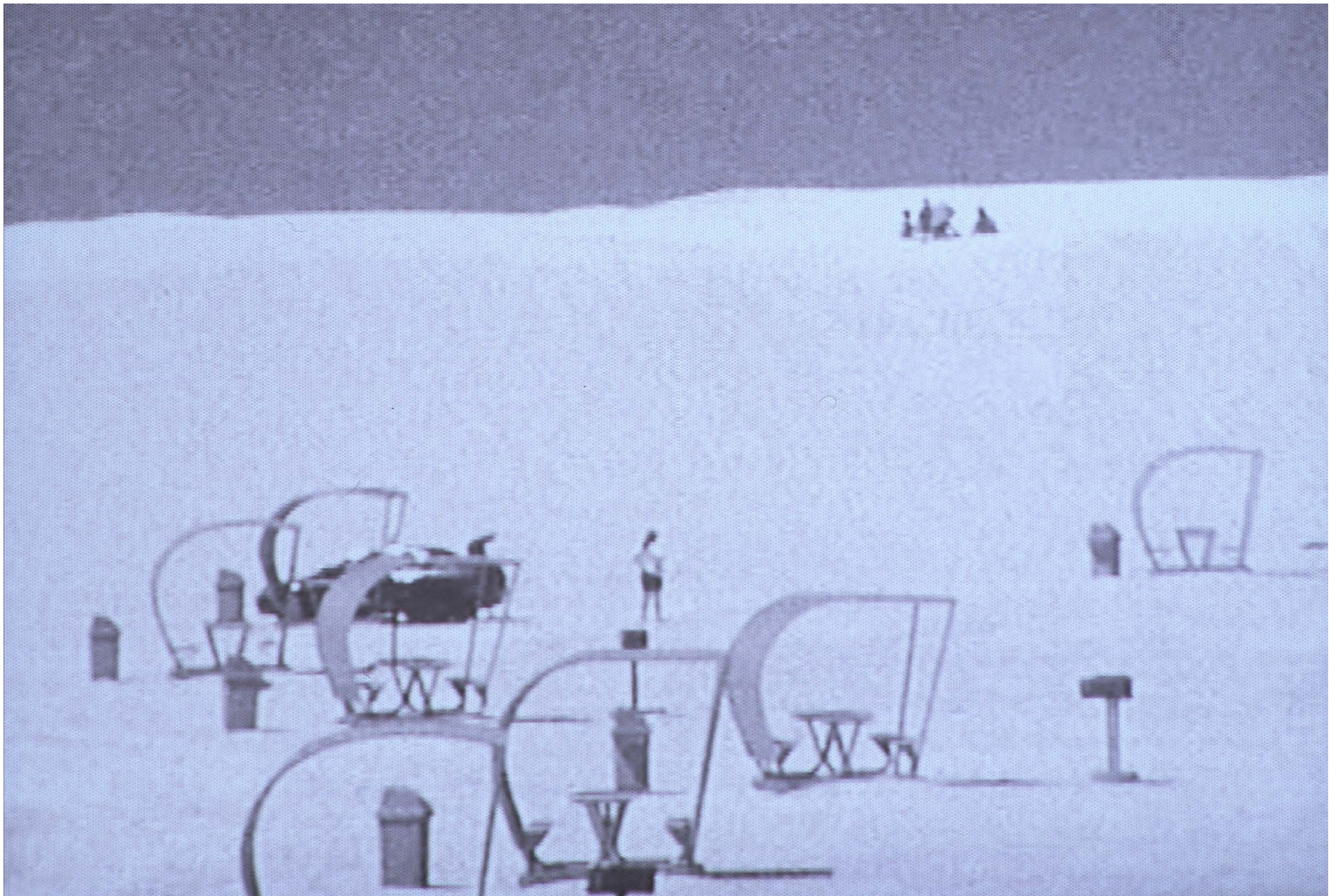
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4. Índios Kamaiurá  
Alto Xingu  
Homem com adornos de plumas na cabeça e nas  
orelhas e um colar de costelas de cobra



GHOSTWRIDERS









in order of appearance

Tristan Bera, Nuno da Luz, Elida Høeg, Clémence Seurat, Ana Vaz  
*Donna Haraway*  
*Bruno Latour*  
Jennifer Nguyen  
Violaine Sautter  
*Silvia Federici* Giulia Tognon  
*Eduardo Viveiros de Castro*  
*John Cale*  
Joana Escoval  
Tobias Kaspar  
François Deck  
*Raymond Queneau* Hélène Iratchet  
Raffaëlle Bloch  
*Ivan Illich*  
Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster  
Anonymous  
Jan Zalasewicz

contributors  
*inspirers*

Fader & McNeill      Hooked on Books: Program and Proof  
E Craig, Robert      The Psychology of Learning in the Classroom  
Küethe, James      The Teaching - Learning Process  
Gnagey,              Psychology of Discipline in the Classroom  
Lembo, John      Why Teachers Fail

Kelly - Education for what I do Real

To a geologist, time is mostly solid. The time scale is of rock first, and of time and events second. Because rocks are sensitive, and catch hold of time and events, just like a piece of flypaper traps flies, time and events can be read from them (if not always easily). For the Anthropocene to be real, then it must be rock. The rock can be sand, mud, layers of peat, or of snow and ice (geologists are more tolerant than they used to be of such inclusiveness).

These new strata contain smoke particles, particles of plastic, strange combinations of isotopes of carbon and nitrogen and new fossils (of cat and rat and chickenbone). These, a geologist might say, could make up an Anthropocene Series – a physical thing – that represents the Anthropocene Epoch, a unit of Earth time.

Tangled up in here are the new human rocks – like concrete. There is no rock quite like it in nature, and it is now present on a planetary scale. About half a trillion tons have been made so far, which is about a kilo for every square metre of the Earth's surface. About half of that has been made in the last 20 years. It will probably take not much more than 20 years to produce the next kilo. This begs many, many questions for us complicated humans right now, in the complicated present, but the geologists of the far future, rummaging amongst the strata, will simply see the appearance of a fine new rock.

# NEW EARTH ROCK





*Coup de foudre : trois disques nous balancent à la fois le corps et la tête. Ils charment le futurisme d'émotions simples et fortes, programment l'Afrique et l'Asie dans les ordinateurs et les synthétiseurs. C'est le grand connecteur qui a branché l'avant-garde sur Ferret et l'électronique sur le sentiment. Se bande pari à l'assaut de l'ennui et nous convainc de ouvrir la fenêtre, à danser, à bouger, à créer, à sortir. — Par Jean-François Bizot et Jean-Pierre Lentin.*

# Les Blancs pensent trop