

## Issue #9

### Editorial: Letter to the President

Dear Doctor,

There is a world that has disappeared in a certain well of frozen humours: a world of country, family, science, justice and religion which establishes itself daily and whose inhabitants allow, or pretend to allow, conscience to remit them to an excentric commandment, the call or versicle of a certain notion which doesn't correspond to anything real but spares them the atrocious suffering of having to question that conscience at its very core. There is also another world, an eternally pilfered hide out that unceasingly sheds its masturbatory rages, upright in the intersection of phenomena, and which unconditionally surrenders to a certain terrifying fold that is not imprisoned by humanity through custom: the world hurdled in a sigh by a genital scream like a natural law. Between these surfaces, a spiritual spike juts out that nails us to the center of the form, trying to surrender us without piety to being torn rectally apart by both principles: evidently, by the blows of abortion and by that which the body stores up in the pain of being quartered by the insoluble traction of those centripital forces, irreducible by whatever means to an example of the stability of consciousness. Poetry is born in the vital differentiation, and for nothing scholarly, between both dominions which allows those soluble elements of natural pulsations to be reintroduced into society by an exploded and unitary language, the gesture at once topological and marked in the absurdity of a fundamental rejection, of a material at the limit of an incision. We would have preferred to live in a state of detachment, of fierce indifference with respect to determined conceptions and packages, retaining at every moment a mobile and equidistant position in an area of circumference inhibited by the appetites and earthly gods. But they gave birth to us by the womb and not the spirit in order to bring us forth by an infection of vaginal canonfires and a below where they heap together the anchors and the extra weight of a certain positive intermission charged with inciting that retarded part of our being that impelled itself to rid us of an infinite possibility. The world has not stopped getting harder, becoming more of a drag, because of its abstract opacity and the masses which conform to it. And, at any rate, some have preferred to visit a reality which does not lead to schools or temples of edible carton since, in the end, it doesn't work by sustaining the nausea of commitment but the vibratile cilium of things and

the odor of the unutterable.

What speaks on the pedestal of the void, what does not want to be employed for a gravitating interpretation, what conceives its objects amidst the laws of the illogical and the non-laws of Logic and, at the same time, it conceives them, loses them, what the entire craneum of bad demencia terminates by this strange intelligence is the only thing that fraternizes the world in the flightiness of its meaning that provokes a stentorian laugh to veer, a laugh of an exhaled viscera that if it transforms itself into a murderer is only because of the intervention and the plan of the parasitic agents of a Regime.

Being in this world, respected Doctor, consists of a greater acceptance than that of living in society. I refer to a certain commotion by which our actions should consecrate themselves to recreate without exception the hidden and innate being of thought.

I don't know of another monstrous creature but that which fabricates a perpetual adaptation always on its way back to itself, a language applied to the seal of representation and an ideological rhythm that prevents it from rising to a certain astronomical geography by shying away from the Idea. All of this viscous tide of beings called the people and of which contagion constitutes an inescapable boundary had not breathed any more than to kneel before life and to flee the making of a contradictory body: a body released from its fetichistic character that accepts measuring itself with the badly formulated word and with the confused word on the frontiers of a void.

Flesh from which all reality has been sucked out, affixed to the indefinite multiplication of things—thoughts that awaken in these things and throws overboard the idiotizing anguish of a subjective annihilation that decompresses as much the fixating cholera of repressions as this socio-familiar machinery destined to perpetually reproduce submissive organisms.

This moral expansion of nothingness is only achieved by some wise men and some mentally ill while the rest constitutes itself in a troop of disguised exploiters that propose as possible to compose existence with individuality, charisma, the trajectory or the perimeter.

In the interstices of these words, respected Doctor, you no doubt wished to extract us from the marrow since what emerges implicates you without rodeos in an enervating quality: a quality which doesn't consume itself in the mafioso intrigues of an earthly cacoon but in the premeditated castration before a metaphysical dive.

If this should not happen as such, please have the goodness to teach us with but one of your words that has not been pronounced in order to avail itself, one of your gestures that has not wished to contribute to a mythology, one of your acts that did not attempt to fill a fluid territory and was not engendered for the occupation.

You are not monstrous for having corrupted the political order even more, devastating until saturation an opaque block with a puppet totem but for having risen above the distressed and uneducated masses in order to investigate life itself without having disinterred one single time the marrow of your glove, then overturning the center of not one single thing the absolute heart of copulating, kicking, urinating and tossing and turning until all of that moves with the rejected and the unrevealed exposing of yourself by a single gesture and a vast sigh.

On the other hand, you have entrusted yourself to crossing out this physiological drama that allows man to remake himself, elevating yourself by a kneaded pore and a diction spit out without contraction as if the hydrocarbons of a feeling permitted the economization of the distance, as if what is cast by a signified wind could recompose the audacious and perplexed state of mind, as if what again moved the syllables through a created interest were capable of provoking the profound sexuality or the form's incessant swell. This chain of fabricated rictus that the televised and journalistic images impose on us daily has not ceased to act like an electroshock over the spirit's revolutionary expansions and now cannot perceive society as anything but a pantagruelistic hospice over which a perfect imbecil, who has lost the key to his organic experience, has authority soon to redeem his pedestal before the formidable dais that spoils a paralyzed blood.

Doctor, you should know that we have never given you the right to freeze these spinning lands where the exalted spirit of man transforms itself ceaselessly and which you, slithering in banal syllogisms and contractions of personal defense, propose to inventory.

Now, it's no longer conceivable to acquiesce your public custom of turning your back on the drama of a shameless relief, always reinitiated in the profound fabric of being, in order to cuff, with an urgent justification, your unreconcilable social contradictions to those instinctive fits that, in the end, permit a magical identification with the collective humours of man.

It's no longer possible for our theater of exploration to tolerate your august, formal and, always, inspected mask of opportunism that has been

displaced from the political instance of man's character until devouring this illuminating blossom by which we should understand that life has been offered to direct us toward the totality of founding ourselves with.

You have not wished to take upon yourself the energetic job of sounding out more than a-b-c so that all of those people, whose only language comes from the stereotypical and only allow themselves to look to a public power that shall never be born while you put into practice that which implies blocking the voltaic shifts and errant options of the spirit-word, the perception-word and the absolute free-game.

Understand us well: this is not the cry of moralists hidden under a civilian mask like the lawyers of a whiny civil society that accuses you of not keeping your promises, of yielding to demagogery, of being disposed to deny whatever to conquer and conserve your power. Such contraventions, used by the most adept in order to avoid obstacles and overcome blocks and the most cowardly to grovel with whoever to perpetuate an empire, make themselves at home in the very breast of our amiable republican mechanisms.

A fucking camouflage of antidogmatism and flexibility becomes to a magistrate what mineral is to a rock; and we commit a substantial error if we hammock before this subculture with its idealistic rag of that which is transparent or the graces of a Golden Age in which man, transformed into pure desire, takes himself in.

No burden awaits you because of the alliances and blackmail among powerful elites in the sanctuaries of the public theater, because of the cruetation of, like courtly ornaments, poetry and music, because of those totalitarian enterprises that rub their means together in order to form circumstantial opinions; all of which corresponds to the systematic torsion of fact between the narrow shores of a reality and a culture subjected to any government.

But even the creature dirtied by the most vile profession is quick to salvage the instant in which he feels the boil of a dark and untranslatable nature: with not even a second thought, he freely perceives, liberated from the symptoms of a reflection of castration and irredeemably bourgeois mental forms. Never, respected Doctor, have you abandoned this repossession of the body that causes the symbols to that which intangibly loses itself at the same moment it is learned to explode and withdraw.

Exiled from such benefits by who knows what demented gene, in the center of a phantasmagorical scene, where now not a muscle or bone is

remembered, you have produced the unreal material of a wooden skeleton, the undoing of a fundamental chaffing that had sealed off a being in its primary strengths and explosive capacities where this being let the acts of legal barbarity deposit its excesses in those lagoons, hieroglyphic and never delineated from its body trance and body resurrection.

It has never been a magistrate's job to promote the unlimited connection of a practical situation to the liberating moment of a certain brutal counter language, material, upheld by that which is most hidden, and so disposed to make it appear, while pulverizing style, conventions, syntax and lexicon, all of the lymphatic real repressed by the education of a certain expectorated symbolic. This self creation doesn't consent to being framed by the trigonometry of any practice, it doesn't want to give itself up to counselors or mediators, and, inadmissible, it raises itself up for argument since it isn't about some theory susceptible to being catalogued, integrated in the hum and destined, once more, to frustrate the downward climb by the chain links and capillaries of the spirit. Your trousers of a public functionary don't empower nor grant you *carte blanche* to the radiographic responsibility of this sexual bottom floor, blind and worsened by codes, that should, before anything, take precautions against a will that has not been able to cease allowing it to suffer the interventions of a science of thought.

Against these illusions, you have not limited yourself to shitting on your institutional creature's plot—while you should avoid, at whatever cost, inserting yourself in your marrow's most secret and burning expectorations—but have invaded, in the manner of some grandiloquent bacteria that can no longer subsist among the detrituses of public institutions, the most intimate dance of this physical language, at once compact and never closed, at once flat and entirely open, that had been reserved at the margin of whatever societal alibi.

You can't do anything about this even if you were to brand the syndicates' corrosive signs, to make a thousand and one decrees upon the Chamber's repressive cellular brushes, to try, infiltrating the christs of their althetic fervor, to win over the masses. But, we can't forgive you now that you, with an idiotic smile, have swallowed the eruption of suffering and this pneumatic flow that shamelessly emanates from the most oppressed of your internal realms so that your stomach becomes a *galstragia*, your brain, meningitis, your eye, the lingering gaze of a jeering yogi.

As such, you have progressed in your descent: far from and beyond

rising above your misery of a certain official and contingent ritual, you have put yourself in the center of our daily life like a deformed mirror, a badly demented looking glass that hastens to reflect us in an obscene amplification of our organic erosions and stagnant fibers, pretending that, by some luck, a fatal apoplexy, induced to the complete landscape of the juices and nerve endings of thought, separates us at the axis and deposits us without remission in a crystalized stroke.

You can't conceive of this shit except as the agonizing work of a zombie that understands that he can only be loved by a hopeless community, short-tailed ontologicide buried in its own labyrinth and forced to fraternize because of the worms of its eternity.

Beneath this specular and narcissistic unity that sheds itself like a shell and hides us and that you commend yourself to methodically nourish with the injection of your facial traumas and your nueralgic mysticisms, we still breath in a certain atomized refuge of being, the hide out of an open systole and a magnetic eroticizacion, latent on account of that whirlpool of commotions which churns over a sensibility that has never been inscribed and on account of those skies of passionate errancy rubbed incessantly at the extreme edges of the spine.

Here, there is still a boldness of penetration and wit that excuses the self-satisfied word and turns it against its own body to the point of perforating it; that continues to create in unavoidable secret brilliant holes and in other worlds; that turns an alley without exit into a drum roll of strength and doubt into the very material of assault; that, with each rotation, traces a foundation and gives it back converted in vomit; and that no longer thinks about multiple modes of existence as a formulated density but as the indecent blood of an abyss whose borders open up.

We haven't lost, esteemed Doctor, this material - scratched up and disorderly because of the traversal of itself - converted into a floor of canals and orifices through which air, urine, sweat, vibrations, mucus, smells, saliva and lymph pass; that allows, thanks to such humours, it to contract and work itself up until altering, and even denaturalizing, the apparatus that socializes and rationalizes it.

We summon, even in our insignificance, this unproposed state of exaltation, transformation and desire, whose emotions don't ask about those to which they are linked neither by that in which they could affix themselves to and to that, by a stroke of phlegmatic revindication of themselves, which lends the nerves those images that bear the very fulgency of things,

this knowledge that possesses as much its mass as its lucidity, its entanglements as its dislocations.

Our true life, Mr. President, occurs in those instances in which a certain state of absurdity and abolition takes place with its greatest receptivity; and in which, through the cracks of a reality, inviable from the beginning, a manifestly enigmatic world speaks.

We care about this uninjured world of the mummified skies and the fossilized wakes of the brain, of that false leadership that proposes to construct the spirit with its long-winded speeches about the morals and laws of man, of those horrendous jails of blood that establishes collective meaning among its mineral breaths. We can't, esteemed Doctor, eternally breath the salvos of cadavers that swirl about there where a germinal head has yielded to the cowardly contracts of its own thoughts.

We don't hesitate to let you know that we have woken up today on account of a paroxysmal shaking of the limbs and the evidence that this new body, scanned and rhythmic, has brought to light the motorized conditions for an insurrection of all beginnings.

We let you know that this anatomy of volcanos, of tides and winds that surrounds us refuses to go on denouncing the curse of a monacled image and, indisposed to suffer yet again the limits of a physical contraction, doesn't hesitate to declare a war to the death on whatever anthropomorphic conspiracy.

We let you know that we no longer fear those black masses responsible for propagating your impassible and petulant gravitations, most definitely conjured by a body that recognizes the dynamite whose discharges don't wish to be oriented or sublimated in some sense.

We let you know that any cadaver that aspires to occupy the seat of honor of an inevitable sensation rots, contaminated, in its own waste.

We let you know that for each thousand burning pathogenies dedicated to the unraveling of the deterioratization of a disabled multitude, for each thousand vociferations where the hammers of an usufructary language are wielded, there is a proliferating world of a precocious lunatic and his birth at all levels of life.

We let you know that the gods of this *hallucant* insanity have been multiplied in the sewers of being and an ecstasy superior to the motives of whatever crime overflows the dikes.

We let you know that a force of expectoration strained of all cerebral desclassifications will have no pity for that which has relinquished the

bare act to make its own position surface instead.

We let you know that we have been born of the clear and impure elements of our circulation and not the decisions of some democratic father and from today on the words of his supreme excellence will constitute the pit of consciousness in which we will throw the excremental material of our rites.

We let you know that each true experience of communion can't be born but of a thought bound to the flesh, a thought that doesn't cease to rise above the crystalized operations of reason and, thanks to that, the concert of things and beings are freed of the limited manners of an assembly of objects.

We let you know that the substratum of man is constructed with a marvellous imperfection of accents, with frayed points that are lost in the perimeters of a brain that thinks with echoes of unpronounceable words, the urgency of lightening bolts in a dense sky, with salvos of error that perforate and illuminate the unknown, with suspended images balanced in the neutral point between good and bad solicitations, with bottomless errors of the mind where riches are squandered and where spiritual or sensual seasons no longer matter.

We let you know that having escaped the accidents and cataclysms of the flesh has, at the same time, eradicated the marvellous possibility of reflecting upon its illnesses, depriving it of an extreme source of imagination. Instead, you have taken refuge in this hide out of notions where the putrifaction of life wastes no time in incubating.

We let you know that the crucifying threads that join us to your sclerosis have been cut by a storm of errant sparks and serendipitous phosphorence and that we have stopped this way of retaining the obscene title of the public servants of a point of view, of the ticks of an era and species which abuse reality.

We let you know that your being impotent to cross the border of appearances, and taking care to not cover your tracks, has destroyed the last hope of being reborn in the supreme intellectuality of a physiological sky, and that this limited frame of weakness and functional cowardice only allows you to summon this hybrid procession of bloody inmates and violated things.

We let you know that a nightmare of limbs opens its flight to the summits, that the suffering angles run a course to the confines of intelligence, that the mental stalactites bury the dosage of a mobilizing chill in the

poem, that the unsuspected manias of fate only conduct language to the drooling truth, that the dreaming heads bleat in their cocoons, that nonsense causes the nervous rays of lightening to stand on end, that voices without membrane copulate in an anticipated adultery, that the absurd hours ignite sulfatases in the mind, that the impressions of a palpitating beauty dulls visions and make the futures quiver.

We let you know that the sphynx pregnant with worms is about to explode.

Roberto Cignoni  
*tr. K.A. Kopple*

### **Issue #10**

When they asked the presidential candidate which books he liked to read, he answered that he liked to read the works of Socrates. While reading them he perhaps ran across the famous paradox known as “the paradox of the liar,” attributed to Epimenides, a Cretian who said, “all Cretians are liars,” which at the time perplexed the Greeks. A paradox of the liar exists today, which also perplexes some Argentines. But first of all, the paradox must be translated differently to conserve its meaning. A local approximation might be: The Liar says, “Follow me, I won’t defraud you,” after which he defrauds them again and then says, “Follow me, I won’t defraud you.” The utterance is not of course paradoxical but the result is: the Liar defrauds once again and once again the defraudees follow him.

Political deception is not a novelty, neither are liars: there were, there are, and there will be millions. The question is why the hundreds of thousands repeatedly victimized by the Liar continue supporting him. In a famous story, a lying little boy deceived the villagers crying “wolf, wolf!” so they would save him but, after several consecutive lies, when the wolf actually came, no one helped him. Curiously, the villagers of a certain country in America’s Southern Cone are fooled each time they respond to the call and continue responding each time they are called. A people that believes in a Liar knowing what he is: it is difficult to imagine a stranger political phenomenon. A congenital defect in the social intellect? An inexplicable phenomenon of collective auto-flagelation? The explanation proposed here is of another order: many people respond each time the Liar demands it knowing they will be defrauded, not because they truly want to be but because they suffer from blackmail and, in this situation, they have no choice. A good number of the voters are trapped in a situation similar to