

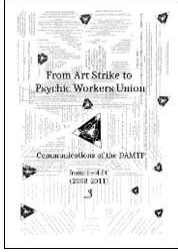
Communications of the *DAMTP*
From 10 – 13 PC
(2017 – 2020) *DAMTP* #17 - 20

Perigrinations

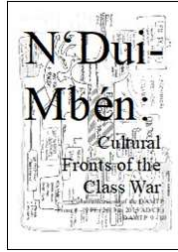
Communications of the ĐAMTP

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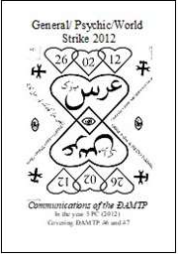
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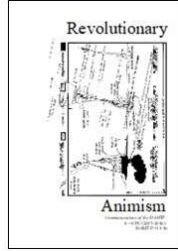
Art Strike to Psychic Workers Union
Communications of the ĐAMTP:
 From 1 to 4 PC (2008 – 2011)
 ĐAMTP #1 – #5



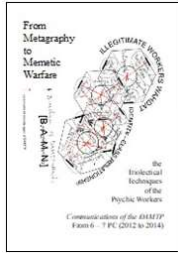
N'Dui-Mbén:
From the Cultural Fronts of the Class War
Communications of the ĐAMTP:
 From 6 – 9 PC (2013 to 2015)
 ĐAMTP #9 - #10



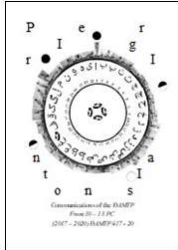
(General/World/Psychic) Strike 2012
Communications of the ĐAMTP:
 In the year 5 PC (2012)
 ĐAMTP #6 and #7



Revolutionary Animism
Communications of the ĐAMTP:
 8 – 9 PC (2015-2016)
 ĐAMTP #11-16

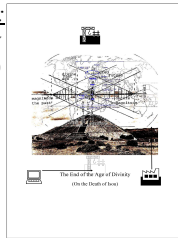


From Metagraphy to Memetic Warfare: the Triolectical Techniques of the Psychic Workers
Communications of the ĐAMTP:
 From the year 6 to 7 PC (2012 to 2014)
 ĐAMTP #8



Perigrinations
Communications of the ĐAMTP:
 From 10 – 13 PC (2017 – 2020)
 ĐAMTP #17 - 20

Also available:
 The End of the Age of Divinity
 (On the Death of Isou)



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[2] Laikotarpis nuo 1394 m. iki 2007 m.

[3] 12PC metai atitinka 2019 Grigališkojo kalendoriaus metus.

[4] 1394 m. Fazlallah'i Astarabadžiui Alenčės tvirtovėje (šalia dabartinės Nachičevanės, Azerbaidžano respublika) buvo įvykdyta mirties bausmė.

[5] Kalbama apie Berkos purvo vulkanus Skortoazoje, Rumunija.

[6] Turimas galvoje siurrealistų tradicijomis paremtas urbanistinis pokeris, žaidžiamas atsitiktinai surastomis kortomis. Žaidimas aprašytas aktyvisto Workshop for Non-Linear Architecture „The Joker: A Game of Incidental Poker“ in „Mind Invaders: A Reader in Psychic Warfare, Cultural Sabotage and Semiotic Terrorism“, ed. by Stewart Home, London, 1997.

[7] Aliuzija į Andre Bretono 1928 m. romaną „Nadja“.

[8] Vama Veche – miestelis ant Rumunijos-Bulgarijos sienos, dar Varšuvos pakto laikais pagarsėjęs laisvamaniška dvasia, nudistų pliažas, kaip hipių, pankų, metalistų ir rokerių būrimosi vieta. Šiuo metu išgyvena dramą visuotinės gentrifikacijos akivaizdoje.

[9] Neaiškios paskirties radijo siųstuvų sistema Kaliakros pusiasalyje buvo pastatyta 1988 m. kaip Sovietų Sąjungos karinis-propagandinis įrenginys, skirtais „aptarnauti“ pietryčių Europai. Kurį laiką buvo laikomas kaip atgyvena, tikintis koku nors būdu pritaikyti radijo bangų perdavimo poreikiams ateityje, bet, praradus bet kokias viltis tai kažkam panaudoti, 2019 m. išmontuotas kaip metalo laužas.

[10] 1985 m. ant Juodosios jūros kranto pradėtas statyti grandiozinis Arkutino meno mokyklos kompleksas buvo tuometinio Bulgarijos komunistų partijos lyderio žmonos Liudmilos Todorovos Živkovos užgaida. Statybos įstrigo 1989 m. su „socialistinio bloko“ gyvavimo pabaiga.

[11] XV a. pradžioje keli islamo letrizmo pasekėjai buvo gyvi sudeginti priešais vieną iš Edirnės, tuo metu buvusios Osmanų imperijos sostine, mečečių.

[12] Turimas galvoje Turkijai priklausantis siauras koridorius tarp Armėnijos ir Irano, besibaigiantis valstybine siena su Azerbaidžanui priklausančia Nachičevanės sritimi.

[13] Turimas galvoje vabalas *Mantis religiosa* – dar viena aliuzija į siurrealistinius motyvus.

TERRORIST MANIFESTO OF ASEMIC WORKERS

Written by Tae Ateh & Karen Karnak

Published: 27 August 2017

The spectacles of Europe have been exorcized by Communism. The Proletariat, defeated by the European Bourgeoisie in the 1st and 2nd world wars has finally secured victory in 2007 and succeeded in proletarianising all of the world.

BUT

There is a spectacle of terror produced by Europe. and all the bourgeois powers unite in an unholy alliance to produce it. Where is the opposition that has not been branded terrorist and where the opposition that has not hurled back the branding reproach of spectacular terrorism?

And as no one declares themselves terrorist it is up to us to make our aims known as terrorists in the face of the whole world. We are the proletarians of the psychic factories of data called the spectacle. And we overturn this spectacle.

We invite all working or not working in Kassel and elsewhere, as artists or activists or any other service industry or other industry, to organise with us as Psychic Workers, Reproductice Workers, Destructive Workers, Asemic Workers.

We do not reject “safe” life presented in Kassel and we have no intention of establishing the borders of the only possible LIFE. we welcome freedom. But the freedom of your ‘life’ has spread too far and has steamrolled over all other ways of production. Capitalism has perverted life, narrowed its potential down to consumption and hedonism, deprived it of the moment of creation as the part of development.

Today European patriarchal white supremacy, in other words capitalism, declares terrorist to mean Muslim and Muslim to mean Black. Black as in black race, black energy, black mass, black matter. We terrorists are not animals or humans or gods or machines. We are something new. We do not constrain ourselves in gender, race or linguistic distinctions – but we are aware of how the agents of the state and CLASS society instrumentalise these sub classes against us.

We wonder: what should the life be like today? How can it unite us? What new practices are we able to invent? By liberating life from the chokehold of institution, of capital, by returning it to the means of living and dying: labour.

We terrorists, believe that life is fluid, permanently mutable, while every fixed form tends to turn into custom, tradition, and finally to a game as in case with three-sided football. From the practice of overriding the stigma, from the practice of breaking binary oppositions it turned into the ritual sanctified by community, similar to Friday-bear-drinking in a narrow circle of friends. No form can exist more than several years with no risk of stiffening. This is hard to avoid as the human mind has a constant striving for the invention of new rules, for living in accordance with norms and patterns, with idleness permanently rejecting renovation and development. Life should not imitate political institutions that show themselves in decrees and orders, institutions that still employ the vicious structures of the Party. With life being anarchic in its core, we declare:

ASEMIC:

EVERY STABLE FORM – OFF! WE ARE FLUID, VARIABLE AS THE TIME ITSELF. EACH DAY BRINGS A NEW WAY OF PROTEST.

PSYCHOGEOGRAPHIC:

WE WILL OCCUPY VENUES DESIGNED FOR COMPETITIVE AND CURATORIAL CAPITALISM

HYPERGRAPHIC:

WE HAVE NO LEADERS, NO LANGUAGES THAT “EVERYBODE SHOULD KNOW”. WE WILL FIND AN AGREEMENT BY ALL MEANS, BECAUSE OUR FIGHT IS COMMON. “DO NOT LAUGH AT THE PERSON SPEAKING NO ENGLISH. THAT MEANS HE IS PROFICIENT IN ANOTHER ONE”.

WE DO NOT EMPLOY OLD SYMBOLS, LETTERS, OUR BANNER IS ASEMIC. WITH NO DEFENITE COLOUR, FORM, SCENT. WE BURN OUR BANNERS AND CREATE NEW ONES DAILY FOLLOWING OUR UNSTABLE INSANITY.

WE WILL ALSO DETOURNE, VANDALISE, BURN ANY OTHER SYMBOLS, LETTERS WE SEE INCLUDING FLAGS

METAGRAPHIC:

WE ARE GOING TO PASS OUT OUR LEAFLETS AND PRODUCTIONS EVERYWHERE. WE INVITE YOU TO COLABPRATE ON THESE WITH US. WE EXPECT DOCUMENTA VENUES TO PROVIDE ALL RESOURCES FOR PRODUCTION DISTRIBUTION CONSUMPTION AND DESTRUCTION OF THESE.

SITUGRAPHIC:

WE MAKE THE ACTIONS TOGETHER. THERE’S NO LIVING NAME. THE NAME CAN BE CAPITALISED, ANONIMITY CAN BE CAPITALISED. BUT LABOUR IS NOT CAPITAL

WE WILL INVOLVE EVERYONE LIKE-MINDED IN OUR CARNIVAL, AS WE PROLIFERATE AS WILDLIFE TO SEE THE WHOLE MANKIND FREED ONE DAY.

WE DO NOT WANT YOU AS SPECTATORS, - WE WANT YOU TO PARTICIPATE. WE WANT YOU TO REBEL AGAINST MUSEUM AOR STADIUM FENCE THAT KEEPS THE LIVING AWAY FROM NON-LIVING, THE FENCE YOU ARE USED TO. EVERYTHING IS LIVING.

LIFE IS THE INSTRUMENT THAT LEADS TO LIBERATION. BUT THERE’S NO WAY FOR LIBERATION BY IMITATING THE LIVING OF THE PAST, PAINTING PICTURES, CREATING STONE AND LIVE SCULPTURES... - THAT’S WHY WE CALL YOU FOR THE ACTION THAT IS INIMITABLE, THAT COMMEASURES OUR REALITY.

LIFE IS NOT LIFE, BUT WE WILL TURN IT INTO THE ONE WE WANT TO LIVE

ایامی آسمانی کارکنوں کے دہشت گرد مینیوسٹا

یورپ کے اساتذہ کمونزم کی طرف سے خارج کردیئے گئے ہیں۔ پرولتاریہ نے آخر میں 2007 میں کامیابی حاصل کی اور پوری دنیا پرولتاریج میں کامیابی حاصل کی

لیکن

یورپ کی طرف سے تیار دہشت گردی کا ایک تماشا ہے۔ اور تمام بورجوا قوتوں کو اس کے پیدا کرنے کے لئے ایک غیر متفق اتحاد میں متحد ہے

پاسینریماس į gilius miego šulinius, kaip kūdikiai lopšiuose. Rytai ir vakarais blizgūs juodi delfinai žaidžia aplink mus šuolių kilpomis nerdami nėrinius. Denis yra puiki vieta stebėti drėgnus vario raudonumo saulėlydžius, lengvai papoliruotus išblyškusio aukso saulėtekus, pirmąsias žvaigždes, paskutinį mėnulį ir nesibaigiančias mėlynai-juodas su baltalų bakstelėjimais bangas. Ramybė yra kasdienybėje, kuomet lėtai kalbamės tiek miegodami, tiek prabudę. Niekur neiti, nieko nedaryti. Joks išorinis pasaulis negali kištis į jūrinį laiką. Su kartvelais keliam tostus už į šalį, šeimą ir kitus pakaitalus. Pakili nuotaika ir atvira jūra.

Ir pagaliau, vieną šiek tiek liūdną, bet saulėtą rytą. Bulgarijos pakrantė išnyra iš pilkai mėlynos tolumos. Ir vėl stumdysimės muitinėse, dezinfekuosimės, važiuosime, važiuosime toliau ir vis toliau, per laukus ir kaimus, vaikydamiesi šviesos, vyniodami laiką, kol jau sutemus senoviniu tiltu kirsime Dunoją. Jaučiuosi grįžęs namo, apėjęs pasaulį ir grįžęs į tą pačią vietą, bet iš kitos pusės. Tamsūs keliai atveda į miestą, pilną šviesos ir pavargusių atodūsių, nesigilinančių ir negalinčių suprasti, ką tie keliai patyrę ir ką matę.

Niekada nesiejau savęs su „dvasingumu“, netgi šalinausi šio termino, bet visa ką tik aprašyta patirtis manye sukėlė šoką, tokį nemenką psichinį ir emociinį diskomfortą, netgi sumaištį. Išvykau nerūpestingai lengvai, nors buvo nuogastavimų ir nerimo, be jokios aiškios minties apie tai, ko tikėjau, ar kodėl tai darau. Net nebuvau tikras, kad noriu tai daryti. Tai, ką atradau – tam nebuvau pasirengęs. Galime pavadinti tai energiniu materializmu, revoliuciniu animizmu ar bet koku vardu. Dieviškumo amžiaus vyrai padarė save dievais, visko sąskaita. Fazlallah yra šio amžiaus Mesijas, nes jis Dievą paverčia žmogumi, Isou yra Mesijo sugrįžimas būtent todėl, kad jis skelbia kiekvieną žmogų Dievu, ir tokiu būdu užbaigia visą amžių jo paties neįmanomybėje. Žmogaus-Dievo amžius. Amžius, kurio išraiška patį sukėlė savo apokalipsę. Kvaila manyti, kad esame begalinės būtybės ribotame, o ne ribotos būtybės begaliniam pasaulyje. Pakeldamas save virš medžių, kalnų, upių, gyvūnų, šis žmogaus-dievas per penkis šimtus metų suplėšė gyvasties tinklą, kuriame mes patys esame, arba buvome tik viena gija. Tas amžius baigėsi.

Galbūt jo vietą užims revoliucinio animizmo ar planetų proletariato amžius? Jei vis dar yra kažkas likę tarp griuvėsių, tai dieviškumo mirties kančios plevena paskutinį kartą. O gal tapau dar viena kliše? Dar vienas „orientalistas“, kuris „pabėga“ nuo „Vakarų“ ir grįžta išspjovęs kažkokį sumaišytą dvasingumą? Patekome į tuos pačius senus eschatologinius spąstus? Nesu tuo tikras. Tikrai atmetu savo patyrimų įvardinimą „apreiškimais“, na, nebent materialistines versijas... kad ir magiškasis realizmas? Galbūt.

Nepaisant to, pasirinkau [šiam tekste] visą eilę pavargusių klišių ir nusidėvėjusios „rimtos kultūros“ poezijos išraiškų, ko niekad nedariau iki šiol, bet tai yra skirta šiai akimirkai, tik šiam gyvenimo momentui, nes jie man padeda nueiti anapus žodžių, nes taip pagaliau pajuntu, kad Dieviškumo amžius mane palieka. Galbūt, galų gale, tai slypi anapus pačių raidžių?

„Piligriminę kelionę“ aš iš pat pradžių sau įsivardinau kaip savotišką žaidimą, pokštą ar galbūt kokią „meninę“ simuliaciją, galbūt „post-dvasinį“ ar „postmodernų piligriminį žygį“. Nesąmoningai atradau, kad pokštas yra tikras dalykas, o žodžiai galų gale nėra būtini. Ir vis dėlto, ir vis tiek, ir vis dėlto mano kasdienių žodžių, darbo ir smulkmeniškų užsiėmimų pasaulis sugriuvo. Tai ir buvo tas tikrasis pokštas. Didžiausias piligriminės kelionės pokštas buvo tas, kad ji buvo tikra. Kai grįžau į savo gyvenimą, niekas nebeturėjo prasmės. Trumparegiai užsiėmimai ir įsipareigojimai, blizgučiai ir niekučiai, tinkami ir nenaudingi – viskas tapo šiukšlėmis, mažai ką besudominančios ateityje, įskaitant ir mane patį – jos išgaravo vis labiau kaistančiame ore kartu su vis gausėjančiais dūmais. Mano visuomenė serga. Mažai jai beliko dienų. Dedamės dievais ir tuo prisiimame kaprizingą dievybės galią sunaikinti viską. Nauja Isou aušra buvo ne daugiau kaip prietema žmonėms, kurie norėtų būti dievais. Tikrasis gyvenimas yra kitur. Tai vėjo pučiama sėkla.

[1] Duomenkasių ir psichodarbininkų sąjunga (DAMTP) buvo įkurta kaip į Alytaus meno streiko bienalę atvykusių IWW darbininkų iniciatyva 2009 m. Šiuo metu ji veikia kaip transnacionalinis eksperimentinis forumas, jungiantis skirtingų sferų darbininkus, siekiančius suformuoti prasminę darbo klasės platformą erdvėje ir laike.

gelmes. Švelniai nugrimztu į šią raudoną jūrą ir viskas virsta šviesa. Pamažu kiekvienas raumuo atsilaisvina, o mano kvėpavimas pradeda tekėti švelniai banguodamas, susiliedamas su sūkuriuojančiomis šviesos ir oro srovėmis, kol paleistas sąmonės grimztu į kokią tai neišmatuojamą grynąją atsipalaidavimo erdvę. Tarp šių debesų ir sūkurių girdžiu begarsį balsą, besikartojantį ir skambantį permušamuoju gelmių ritmu, kartu su banguojančiais, skubančiais debesimis, kylančiais aplinkui ir manyje: „Allah“, „Allah“, „Allah“, - šnabžda jis, sukasi ir skęsta, kyla ir krenta, tarsi lėtas pats sau susvetimėjęs kvėpavimas. Sukimasis, riedėjimas, pliaukštelėjimas: Al laf ‘, , All af ‘, „All Laugh“, ir tai kartojasi. „I love“, „I love“, „I love“. Besiveržiantys tamsiai raudoni debesys sklinda grynąja šviesa, o aš įsikimbu į minkščiausią saugumo ir komforto erdvę, tarsi visas mano kūnas būtų tapęs lengvas kaip oras, ir aš plaukčiau per begalinę, šiltą ir taikią jūrą. Ir vos tik pradėdu tarti žodžius, mano buma pagelsta nuo geležies, pradeda tekėti ir springti krauju, krauju, kuris teka aukštyn ir bumbtelis nuo mano lūpų kaip mikčiojantis upelis, išlindęs iš žemės šešėliu. Pabundu žvalus ir šypsodamasis.

Ir taip – toliau. Nuo dykumos važiuojame per nesibaigiančius transporto žiedus – mazgus, kurie apjungia plynaukštės plotus. Didžiuliai regionai, kurie tai sklendžia, tai neria gilyn, ir taip po kelias valandas, pasukdami per neįsivaizduojamo masto kalnų peizažus, o uolos gyvos spalvomis. Po ilgų valandų kelionės per milžiniškus regionus uolieninių pigmentų vaiskumo keliais atvykstame į Ani – jis ne iš šio pasaulio. Tik sapnuose įsivaizdavau esant tokią vietą: 30 km rieduliais išmarginto ir audros apšnerkšto purvu kelio pabaigoje, atrodo, pačiame pasaulio pakrastyje. Tai, kad žmonės randa gyvenimą šios vietos šešėlyje, savaime yra taip nesuderinama, kaip ir šios jau neegzistuojančios civilizacijos kraupinanti gravitacija, primenanti nebent tik pirmuosius žingsnius Mėnulio paviršiuje, besitęsiančius į išorę ir į tuščią ateities platybę. Bet audra kaupiasi kartu su tamsa, banguoja sutemose, o žaibas kartais sušmėžuoja tarp besiplečiančių griuvėsių, sutekančių į vėjuotos stepės juodumą.

Žvelgdami į neaprėpiamą laiko ir žmonijos plėtrą vėl netenkame žodžių. Tiesiog stovime ir mirksime. Kadaise didžiausias pasaulio miestas. Dabar griuvėsiai. Atrodo, plėšimų neišvengiamybė. Žiaurumo bedugnė. Valia gyventi tarp griuvėsių. Tušti bokštai, apgriuvusios katedros, apleistos citadelės, priliপ়ė prie galingų daubų plyšio. Kritis šiam galingam miestui, mongolų ordos tarsi audra nušlavė viską, gyvų neliko. Kraujas turėjo bėgti šiose gatvėse, kur dabar šešėliai lenkiasi ir renkasi neramioje žolėje. Tyla tokia sunki, ne lengvesnė, nei praeities riksmai, veriantys kaip žaibas, kuris dabar pjausto prieblandą. Griausmai krečia sunkią atmosferą ir žvelgiant į tamsėjančią mirusio miesto lygumą, tuščių šimtmečių svoris siaubo pavidalu tvyro ore. Juodos gyvatės tyliai perspėdamos kerta mūsų kelią. Naktis krenta sunkiai ir giliai.

Karse praename pro iščiustytą, lyg kačiukų nubučiuotą bažnyčią-mečetę, kuri kvėpuoja rytu prie žvilgančios upės. Saulėi įkaitusi, lipame į kalną su „Paminklo žmonijai“ griuvėsiais, kuris buvo pastatytas kaip spektaklis, o nugriautas iš pykčio. Išdraskytos metalinės armatūros, kyšančios iš betono luitų, nuodingos dulkęs – pats tinkamiausias paminklas, koks tik galėtų būti žmonijai, kuri save paverstų dievais pagal savo atvaizdą, o įtvirtindama savo dieviškumą užgrobtų ir pavergtų pasaulį.

Dienos ilgumo kanjonai, vingiuoti užtvindyti slėniai, aukšti kriokliai, mylios, mylios, mylios, tuneliai, skrodžiantys kalnus. Kol iš dykumos ir kalnų pasiekiamo žemę ir jūrą. Mes Gruzijoje. Šurmuliuojančios ir žvilgančios kaip Majamyje ar Hanojuje kalvos staiga apsunksta nuo rūku apsemto miško. Oras – drėgmės vonia. Neone mirksi didysis maldininkas[13]. Mašinos plūsta ir kyla, mes kvėpuojame, miestas plyšta kaip fejerverkas ar pumpuras. Maudomės paskutiniame mėnulio ketvirtyje, tolimojoje Juodosios jūros pusėje. Pauzė. Visas naktis iki šios žiūrėjau į rytus tamsos platybėse, ar tai buvo vieta, kurią įsivaizdavau atsigręžusią dabar į mane? Kaip erdvę? Kaip laiką? Kaip klase? Tarsi spoksant į žvaigždę akimirkai pasiduoti jausmui, kad kažkas žvelgia į tave iš tamsos.

Jau po vidurnakčio, prieš tai dienos karštį paskandinę raudonai-auksinio saulėlydžio jūros bangose, lipame į savo laivą. Cikados čia tylios, jas pakeičia bangų muša. Lingavimas, riedėjimas ir

John

اور کوئی بھی خود کو دہشت گردی کا اعلان نہیں کرتا، یہ پوری دنیا کے سامنے دہشت گردی کے طور پر جانا جاتا ہے۔ ہم سہابی نامی ڈیٹا کے ذہنی فیکٹریوں کے پرولتاریا ہیں۔ اور ہم اس تماشاً کو ختم کر دیں گے

میں پیش کردہ "محفوظ" زندگی کو مسترد نہیں کرتے اور ہم صرف ایک ہی ممکنہ زندگی کے حدود قائم کرنے Kassel ہم کا کوئی ارادہ نہیں رکھتے ہیں۔ ہم آزادی کا خیر مقدم کرتے ہیں۔ لیکن آپ کی 'زندگی' کی آزادی بہت دور پھیل گئی ہے اور پیداوار کے تمام طریقوں پر بھاپ لگ گئی ہے

آج یورپی محب وطن سفید سفید عظمت، دوسرے الفاظ کی سرمایہ داری میں، دہشت گردی کا مطلب مسلم اور مسلم کا مطلب کالا ہے اور کالا کا مطلب ہم ہے۔ کالا ریس، کالا توانائی، کالا بڑے پیمانے پر، کالا معاملہ کے طور پر سیاہ۔ ہم خلائی اجنبی یا جانوروں یا انسانوں یا معبودوں یا مشینیں نہیں ہیں۔ ہم کچھ نیا ہیں۔ ہم جنس، نسل یا لسانی فرقوں میں خود کو محدود نہیں کرتے ہیں۔ لیکن ہم اس بات سے آگاہ ہیں کہ ریاست اور کلاسی سماج کے ایجنٹوں نے ہمارے ذیلی طبقات کو ہمارے خلاف اس ذیلی کلاسوں کا استعمال کیا ہے

ہمیں حیرت ہے کہ آج زندگی کیسے کیسا ہے؟ یہ ہم کیسے متحد کرسکتے ہیں؟ ہم کونسی نئی طریقوں کو انیوٹری کرنے میں کامیاب ہیں؟

زندگی کے وسط میں مرنے اور مرنے کے ذریعہ، دارالحکومت کے اداروں سے زندگی کو آزاد کرکے

زندگی سیال ہے، مستقل طور پر متغیر ہوتا ہے، جبکہ ہر فکسڈ فارم کو اپنی مرضی کے مطابق، روایت اور آخر میں ایک کھیل میں تبدیل کرنا ہوتا ہے جیسے تین رخا فٹ بال کے ساتھ۔ اساتذہ کو ختم کرنے کے عمل سے، بانٹری مخالفین کو توڑنے کے عمل سے، یہ کمیونٹی کی طرف سے مقدس کی طرف سے مقدس میں تبدیل کر دیا، دوستوں کے تنگ حلقے میں جمعہ کے روز پینے کی طرح۔ کوئی فارم کئی برسوں سے زیادہ نہیں ہوسکتا ہے۔ اس طرح سے بچنے کے لئے مشکل ہے کہ انسانی دماغ میں نئے قوانین کے انضمام کے لئے مسلسل جدوجہد ہوتی ہے، معیارات اور نمونوں کے مطابق رہنے کے لئے، مستقل طور پر بحال کرنے اور ترقی کو مستحکم کرنے کے ساتھ۔ زندگی سیاسی اداروں کی تقلید نہیں کرنا چاہئے جو اپنے آپ کو فرمان اور احکامات میں ظاہر کرتی ہے، ان اداروں کو جو پارٹی کے شیطانی ڈھانچے کو بھی ملا ہے۔ اس کے بنیادی طور پر اپنی زندگی میں اراجک ہونے کے ساتھ، ہم اعلان کرتے ہیں

آسمانیبینی

ہر مستحکم فارم - بند! ہم وقت گزر چکے ہیں، وقت کے طور پر موزوں ہیں

نفسیاتیبجیو بیبینی

ہم باضابطہ اور جغرافیائی کیپیٹلزم کے لئے پیش رفت کے اختیارات تیار کریں گے

ہائپر بینی

ہمارے پاس کوئی لیڈر نہیں ہیں، کوئی زبان نہیں کہ "سب کچھ معلوم ہو گا"۔ ہم تمام مباحثوں کی طرف سے ایک معاہدے کو تلاش کریں گے، ہمارے دشمن کا عہد ہے

ہم پرانے سسٹمولز، خطوط، ہمارے بینز ایس ای ایس آئی ایس کو استعمال نہیں کرتے ہیں۔ کوئی غیر معمولی رنگ، فورم، سکین کے ساتھ۔ ہم اپنے بینروں سے بچیں اور نئی اونسیں تیار کریں تاکہ ہم اپنی ناقابل اعتماد پر عمل کریں

میٹابینی

ہم اپنے لیبلٹس اور پیداوار ہر جگہ چھوڑنے کے لئے جا رہے ہیں۔ ہم آپ کے ساتھ پیداوار کرنا چاہتے ہیں۔ ہم پیداوار کی

تقسیم کی تقسیم اور ان کی تعمیر کے لئے تمام وسائل فراہم کرنے کے لئے ٹومیمیا نقطہ نظر کو بڑھانا

دیسا کالا پتھرا بینی

ہم اپنے کارکنانہ طور پر ہر طرح کی خواہشات کو پورا کریں گے، جیسا کہ ہم ایک دوسرے کو پورا کرنے والے شخص کو تلاش کرنے کے لئے تیار ہوسکتے ہیں

زندگی ایسی چیز ہے جسے آزادی میں لے جاتا ہے۔ پاکیزگی کی زندگی، پینٹنگ تصاویر، تخلیقی پتھر اور زندہ قدیمہ کی زندگی کے بارے میں کوئی حرج نہیں ہے ... لیکن یہ ہم کے عمل کو کیوں محدود کرتے ہیں؟

///announcement///

Written by LUNATIC FRINGE FOR TRIOLECTICS (LUFT-DAMTP)

Published: 27 August 2017

Art strike as a recuperated vehicle for celebrity artists (eg J20 art strike 2017) can only be overcome by organising as an industrial union - not as artists but by questioning the construction of art itself - as psychic workers. This allows us to also organise around, attack and overturn related bourgeois constructions such as politics, philosophy, education, sports and any other industrial complex that currently maintains the spectacle.

We invite you to join us, د ا ع ٲ م ٲ ا د AData Miners & Travailleurs Psychique/ D ع ٲ ٲ Miners психический 工人委 a - established at the end of the age of divinity in 2007 with the dead workers union, the reproductive and destructive workers unions, for a general Obschina.

Therefore Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad – Committee (ABRACADABRA-C) invites all working and not working in Kassel or elsewhere as artists, activists or from other industries to unionize in gaming the system with 3 sided football and triolectics as opposed to binary thinking, and with sitology and sitography, which were invented by Asger Jorn just in the same time when he was abstractified into a spectacle by the documenta II in 1959.

We start at 6pm Thursday 17th August, 10PC (2017 vulg.), Kunsthochechule space KMMN, Franz-Ulrich-Straße 16, Kassel.

///announcement///

Written by CLASS

Published: 27 August 2017

Reproductive Unionisation of Destructive Industries (RUDI) invite you to join us in strike against neoliberal cultural capital production!

There is no possibility of either political or artistic revolution – rather we need to organise as psychic reproductive and destructive workers. Rudi Dutschke’s calls to destroy NATO have been realised and recuperated by the German state with their EU army in policing the borders of the EU and the Situationists unitary urbanism recuperated by the IDF in their ethnic cleansing programs. We return to Dutschke’s calls for solidarity with third world Marxists by raising the banned banners of the PKK and YPG in our hypergraphics and DesaKalaPatraGraphics to form monstrations and attack documents and 3sf events in realising Frank Fanons call for decolonisation as ” the creation

už nugaros, o saulė raudonu rutuliu rieda kalnų veidu. Pagaliau pasieniečių paleidžiami į juodumą, mes slystame išretėjusia, neonuose apšviesta tamsa, už kurios kažkokia pakaitinė laiko juosta Dubajų aprėdė dar vis nesugriuvusios Sovietų Sąjungos drapanomis. Sala kalnuose, užrakinta erdvėje ir laike. Siurrealistinis svajonių peizažas naftos kunigaikštystėje alsavo karštu vėju ir ištuštėjusiomis *motopijomis* – blanki šeštojo dešimtmečio Amerikos ar devintojo dešimtmečio Rusijos peržiūra tuščiame kino teatre. Žvelgiame pro stogus ir ežerą Irano link.

Taigi pagaliau ateina diena. Sunku ir patikėti, kad visgi pasiekėme šią vietą, kad gyvi ir sveiki atsikeliame ryte ten, kur ir ketinome atsirasti. Kyla jaudulys ir jausmas, kad kažkas gilaus skleidžiasi prieš mus, kad taip arti viršūnės dar niekad nebuvo. Į kalnus mes kylame jau visai be jokio vargo - tarsi mus automatiškai trauktų kokia tai nematoma gija. Pirmąkart važiuoju taip lengvai, neskubėdamas. Supratau, kad nuolat šiame ilgame kelyje nuo Botošanio mano širdį slėgė nerimas ir baimė, kad mums nepavyks, kad mus sužlugdys, kad turėsime pasukti atgal, ar dar blogiau. Dabar visa tai ištirpsta švelnioje auksinėje saulėje ir ryškioje krietolo šviesoje. Apuspti svaiginančio oro mes pakilome putojančių kalnų link. Viskas, nebeliko nieko, kas mus sustabdytų, ar kitaip sutrikdytų pasieti taip ilgai puoselėtą tikslą, kuriuo patys stebėjomės, kurio bijojome.

Pirmyn, aukštyn, ir mes plūduriuojame stebėdami, kaip aplink mus iškyla uoliniai bokšteliai ir kalnų viršūnės – vaizdai, su kuriais niekada gyvenime dar nebuvau susidūręs, anapus mano vaizduotės, iškilę virš dykros lygumų tylos, tarsi pasiuntiniai iš kito pasaulio. Kvėpuodami gaivia švara, tyro oro šiluma vinguriuojame per kaimus ir papėdes, kol galiausiai, aplenkę sunkiai nusakomą pastatą, lydimi sunkiai tramdoma džiaugsmo nuojauta dar apvažiuojame paskutinės kalvos šlaitą ir ten, per slėnį – nuostaba! – spindi auksinis Fazlallah Astarabadi mauzoliejaus kupolas, žvilgantis kaip saulėtekis. Ten jis, įsitaisęs gilioje, neliečiamoje ramybėje, ramiai miega kalno glėbyje.

Artėjant šio mažo, kuklaus, tačiau tobulai suformuoto pastato link, mane apninka šiurpas, o akys apsiašaroja. Žengiu į vėsią prietamą. Kojos grimzta minkštame kilime. Jis sugeria garsą, keliamą mūsų šnabždančio kvėpavimo. Ir ten pagaliau yra Fazlallah kapas. Paprastas akmuo priglaudžia laiko nudėvėtus raižytų raidžių fragmentus, laikomus erdviame, kupolinio kapo pavėsyje. Tyloje pro durų angą, atsiveriančią tarp aukso ir mėlynos anapusbės, sklinda kalnų oras. Manyje apsigyvena ramybė ir švelnumas, žodžiais nenusakomi, žemiškais jutimais nepatiriami. Negaliu pasakyti daugiau, nors po šiomis paprastomis klišėmis slypi visas jausmų vandenynas.

Vėliau, nusiplovę rankas vėsiaame, po mauzoliejaus sodą gožiančiu medžiu burbuliuojančiame šaltinyje, išvykstame, palikdami šią ramią vietą ir malonias jos globėjas, senas moteris, be kita ko prižiūrinčias ir pasieniais augančias rozes.

Prieš mums išvykstant, kiek paeinu sausu, auksiniu kalvos šlaitu, žvelgdamas žemyn į didžiules erdves anapus mauzoliejaus. Už jo stūkso baisi, transcendentinė, dangų remianti Alencės kalno viršūnė. Būtent čia atrandame beprotiškus laiptus, besitęsiančius iki pat dangaus prieigų. Mes pradėdame jais lipti vidurdienio saulėje, tarsi nubausdami save pačiu nuožiausiu būdu, dusdami, stabtelėdami bent menkiausioje šešėlio juostoje, kad kvėptelti retėjančio oro. Karščiu mėgaujasi driežai, suklykia ratas virš galvos sukantys ereliai, o aidas garsus nusineša už suskilusių, kylančių skardžių. Niekada net labiausiai laukinėse fantazijose nemačiau ir net nesvajojau pakilti į tvirtovę tokioje vietoje. Toks jausmas, tarsi liptume į pačią pasaulio viršūnę.

Pagaliau pasiekiamė viršūnę, kiek leidžia puošnus labirintas, ir nuo tvirtovės sienos apžvelgiame didžiulį kalnų peizažą, skeltą dykromis ir žvilgančiais ežerais, besidriekiantį per Irano, Armėnijos, Azerbaidžano ir Turkijos lygumas. Ereliai rėkia ir sklendžia, o saulė dūzgia. Man svaigsta galva. Negaliu atsikvėpti – oras per karštas ir per retas. Beveik nualpęs nusiaunu batus ir atsigulu tvirtovės sienos pavėsyje. Būnat Fazlallah egzekucijos vietoje jo augsastogis kapas dar spėja mirktelti iš žemiau esančio slėnio platybių.

Užsimerkiu, o mėlynai baltas švytėjimas išlieka akyse, jaučiu kaip saulė pulsuojančiomis raudonomis bangomis dryžuoja per mano užmerktus akių vokus, o kalnų vėjai veržiasi per ausų

imperinio kapitalo.

Vienas iš vis didėjančių tarpų, kurie mūsų akims atrodo kaip dykumos, atsiveria Tuz Gölü druskos ežero plokščio pasaulio spindesys, kuriame žmogus gali akimirksniu išsiskaidyti tiesiog bėgdamas spindulių horizonto link. Jie sako, kad čia pastatys kalėjimą žuvusių darbininkų sieloms. Vis dėlto žemėje esame tik taškai, ir kažkaip paguodžia, nes suteikia galimybę įsivaizduoti save mažus, kai susiduriame su geologinio laiko skylėmis arba platybėmis, o ir kūnas mus apriboja. O druska konservuoja. Druska – valiuta. Druska – ašaros.

Naktis mus užgriūna Kapadokijos svajonių kraštovaizdyje kaip žalias kvietimas maldai, rezonuojantis begalybėje porų, per tūkstantmečius atsivėrusių žemės veide. Šiame grožyje užkoduotas vidinis konfliktas: neįtikėtina, tikrąją tų žodžių prasmę, bet ir ne mažiau tikroviška. Stebuklo vartojimas primena, kad tikrasis stebuklas yra visa, ką turime. Kapitalas pateikia klaidingus atsakymus į tikrus klausimus. Jis griaua viską, net ir griuvėsius, bet kartais stebuklas išlieka, palaidotas kažkur anapus vaizdo, baimėje ir kančioje, ir palengvėjime, ir meilėje, ir jaudulyje, ir fikcijoje, kurią mes vadiname laisve, ir kvapą gniaužiančiame spektaklyje su šimtais oro balionų saulėtekys.

Giliai požeminiame mieste begalės žmonių šveitė dulketus posūkius, dubenis ir mazgus, gyvena ir mylėjo, juokėsi, valgė ir mirė, ir taip išitus šimtmečius, ir pasislėpę nuo saulės. Jie pabėgo ne iš branduolinės dykvietės ar klimato apokalipsės, o nuo tikėjimu persunktų antpuolių, kurie buvo klasinės visuomenės duona ir sviestas dešimčiai tūkstančių žiemų. Be abejo, teiginys, jog Istorijos puslapiai užrašyti krauju, jau seniai nuvalkiotas. Vienos šalies, vieno pertekliaus tironai ir dabar siunčia pavaldinius skersti kito tirono vergų. Vis dėlto šis prieglobstis, šie namai dabar tampa mūsų nesenstančio žaidimo labirintu, išsinarščiusiu aukščiau ir žemiau, ratu ir dar žemiau. Vis dėlto net ir žaidimo džiaugsmo užvaldytus mus paveja tyla ir aidai tų, iš kurių klasinė visuomenė pavogė ir tebevagia saulę ir žvaigždes. Mūsų žaidimas – jų žaidimas – jų žaidimas, bedugnis monumentas.

Traukiame toliau, persekiojami uragano, siurbiančio mus dangun, kuris galiausiai plyšta, perdurtas mūsų drąsos. Prakiuręs jis lenktyniauja su šokančiu vėju ir griaužia, tarsi puikus šuoliuojantis pragaro arklys, drabstydamas kruša ir purškalais, atšokančiais nuo uolų pigmentais nuklotų kelių, o aplink mus tuo tarpu tarsi artilerijos ugnis leidžiasi žaibo ietys. Kol mes skubame fiksuodami skuodžiančias šernų nugarų formos kalvas, pavojaus akimirkomis kaskart pavyksta pralysti pro adatos skylutės dydžio išgyvenimo galimybę. Neįtikėtinas išgyvenimas. Trileris, kurio metu kaskart lauki žaibo, kuris niekada nepasieks.

Su virpinančiu palengvėjimu jau saulei leidžiantis atvykstame į sudraskyto laiko buveinę Hatušą. Dievai akmenyje jau beveik išnykę, nes per tūkstantmečius jas lietę rankos nudilino kontūrus – ir dievai tampa vėl tiesiog akmeniu. Kaimo gyventojai, prisidengdami bendruomenės salės šešėliais, dursto savo gyvenimus, o pasaulis ramiai teka pro šalį. Liūtų vartai, nepaisydami kerpių, nenumaldomai žymi laiko, į kurį visi krentame, pakraščius, o už jų dunksintys miškai rengiasi atremti dar vieną vėjo ataką ir sutikti eilinę naktį. Čia niekas neprisimena kvailių karalių įsakymų, skirtų bevardėms ir nesuskaičiuojamoms kartoms. Miestas virto akmenų krūvomis. Pranašai tyli. Viskas prašina.

Atsiplėšę nuo Jozgato liūčių pasiekiamo vėsius saulėlydžius Eufrato aukštupio vandenyse, kurie buvo laikomi pasaulio pabaiga ir pradžia, bent jau taip mums teigė pusiau sąmoningi Europos mitai. Ir tada Persija atsivėrė prieš mus, virš mūsų šmėkščioja Araratas – vardas iš senovės legendos, iš gilų miegą nešančių vaikystės pasakų. Nėkvėpuodamas einu kalno link per ką tik nupjautų kukurūzų lauką. Stoviu ir spoksau į sniegu padengtą gravitaciją, jėgą, kuri nuolat nusileidžia į palaidotas širdies vietas. Ir vis dėlto jis tyli. Ar ši senovės būtybė neatsisakys savo paslapčių? Galbūt ne. O galbūt tyla yra paslaptis? Dykumos saulė mėnulio mėlynumo danguje bendrininkauja su mumis. Arka nebeatplauks.

Vėlyvoje šviesoje dykumos kelias siaurėja, sriegdamas kontrolės punktus, braudamasis tautų grioviu pro laiko skylę[12] į kitą amžių. Pasienyje dienos vėl susirikiuoja priešais mus, aplinkui ir

of a new culture, a new language and a new humanity”

The session will consist of

1 short presentation on the Alytus art strike and the methods of situography aka esaKalaPatraGraphy and monstration

See <https://en.wikiversity.org/wiki/Monstration>

2 a practical making exercise and then

3 planning session for interventions into the football and documenta events of the following days

We will begin at around 10am and break for lunch before the plenary planning session

All plenary sessions will commence with OPSINA where the voices of women comrades and of black comrades are exclusively privileged in order to set the agenda for the meeting.

Please feel free to pass on this invite to other comrades

1st session will commence at 10am Friday 18th August, Kunsthochechule Kassel

REPORT ON ORGANIZATIONAL MATTERS DURING KASSELING IN KATHALYTUS WITH 3SF WORLD CUP AND BEYOND

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)

Published: 01 December 2017

The question about attending the 2nd World Cup of 3SF in Kassel was discussed for about 10 months and resulted in split of DAMTP into faction of political analysts and critics who need a clear program of action which supposedly would protect from recuperation into capitalist spectacle, and the gamers, who formed LUNATIC FRINGE FOR TRIOLECTICS (LUFT-DAMTP) specially to attend Kassel and to save the game from further footballization.

[ideological ingressión//egression] - The first (political) faction had their arguments:

DAMTP should act in the way workers' organizations do (CLASS)

3SF and DAMTP will be recuperated by *documenta* spectacle and the only way to act against it is to fight it outside the Kassel – in Athens, Alytus or whatsoever other place (DAMTP German factions: OKK, Polaris)

Asemic writing activities should take leadership against 3SF (Asemic International and CLASS wrote the manifesto, publicized it and asked those who agree to sign it. Nobody else from DAMTP signed it so far, but ABRACADABRA triolectisized it with some comments attributed)

Ceci n'est pas le 3SF (Richard Essex)

[labor ingressión//degression] - LUFT-DAMTP (FIASCO, NXTPA, ABRACADABRA) had their arguments:

The system should be gamed, Kathalytus must be build

To reclaim triolectics for 3SF not to be binarized

Self-organization without doctrine

To play with a black hole instead of a ball

[disingression] - CLASS attended Kassel with clear program to destroy documenta and the world

cup.

Bogdanov have warned about dangers of war communism in a very dawn of Bolshevik revolution.

The domination of destructive workers makes a bigger revolutionary effect (spectacle), but infects the society to organize in a way based on destruction.

[disingression] - None of the DAMTP's from Germany were present in Kassel and so their input for comrades was formalized in 3 texts from 3 years ago and it was more about warning than guiding.

[conjugation] - ABRACADABRA initiated the discussion about necessity to have a space for meeting and organizing as well for meeting local unorganized workers – as DAMTP has on its constitution. The room was arranged in the local Art Academy students' place near Central railway station. There was arranged deskalapatragraph: DXTPA, ABRACADABRA, FIASCO and local psychic workers, who attended the meeting collectively investigated the site, put together their knowledge and set up the plan for local actions. 2 local workers joined DAMTP's in the further gaming. This meeting was announced in documenta papers and it infuriated some DAMTP's because of alleged recuperation, but social engineering as tactics was always present in Alytus Psychic (Art) Strike Biennial events since its mentioning as tactics in the first resolution Action Committee of Alytus Art Strike Conference in 2008. One of the great discoveries of ABRACADABRA was that anybody can get a free ticket for documenta just by saying abracadabra at the documenta information center, but other DAMTP's didn't tried even...either because of some phobias to become abracadabra, or for being recognized. Though LUFT-DAMTP's invented another great tactics to get free access for paid exhibition venues – simply to kick a ball into the space, and then to go for grabbing it from there – it worked too.

[disingression] - CLASS was insisting on meeting and/or contacting organized workers and activists – IWW's, Nobody is Illegal etc. and wrote an open letter-manifesto for their meeting in the same space. Nobody (including the initiator) showed up.

[disingression//separate complexes] - The pre-event on-line discussion showed clearly that DAMTP came into a phase of taking the roles – of workers, activists, artists etc – that what Marx warned about – and also about the false roles as it happens in Paris Commune.

Already since a little bit earlier we were not being able to write a collective text without tolerance to each other's words. Instead of following the line of metagraphy we eventually returned backwards to the texts.

During the last year as DAMTP's we've divided ourselves into specializations of artists and politicians – we stepped on the same raker as all previous counter-cultural organizations starting from dada and ending with fluxus and situationists did. Shame on us!

[disingression] - We are afraid of being recuperated by the capitalist system and spectacle? But the fear of recuperation is exactly what recuperation is all about. The problem lays in overrated self-significance and lack of self-criticism. Indeed, we are afraid of being caricatures.

[ingression] - I am happy we were able to be caricatures of ourselves when in Kassel. ABRACADABRA was a caricature of an art organization, CLASS – of militant organization, FIASCO and NXTPA – of the physicality or something else. Besides that - Alytus biennial always was a caricature of biennial and The End of the Age of Divinity – caricature of doctrine (at least that is how I saw it). Even those who didn't attend Kassel – I am leaving for them to recognize caricatures in themselves.

„būgnų karalienės“ ženklai] grindinio dulkėse. Žaibiškai pamatau didžiąją aikštę, vadinamojo XX-ojo amžiaus sandūroje, kurią dabar persekioja bronziniai mirusių darbininkų batalionai, tapę humusu tuščioms imperijoms, kurių jų mirtys negalėjo išgelbėti. Aplink mane lijo kosminio pokerio žaidimo kortomis[6] – ar jas „atsiuntė“ Isou? Panašu, kad mūsų bendra kelionė prasidėjo rimtai.

Lygiai taip pat ankstesnė piligriminė kelionė į „Dérive“ versmę neįmanomų kortų žaidimų pavidalu atskleidė mirusiųjų, kritusių iš dangaus į gatvę, pranešimus. Tą dieną Nadža[7] pasiuntė būgnų karalių ir karalienę bučiuoti mūsų pėdas po lietingos nakties. Šiandien vidurdienio karštis vėl užleidžia vietą tam pačiam laikui, bėgančiam nuo savęs paties. Širdžių karalius pasirodo per pačią plaukiančią saulę. Senojo atviruko sepijos formos mirga atspindėdamas dangų, kad užimtų savo vietą šimtmetį menančioje aikštėje. Isou yra ten. Karštagalvis nusivylęs impotentas. Nei apžėlusioje žydų senkapių žaluomoje, nei šunų numiegotose, lėtų dulkių apneštomis ir kaulais tarsi kukurūzų spragėsiais nubarstytose kapinėse miesto pakraštyje jo pėdsakų nebuvo – tik surūdijusios geležinės Dovydo žvaigždės ir vorų sukamas voratinklinis žvaigždynas, stebimas senų medžių ir žmonių.

Sutemus Vaslujuje laužiame duoną ir geriame sunkiojo arbūzo vandenį, o naminis vynas tarpininkauja neoninės mėlynosios bendrystės metu. Svarstome, kaip greitai kolektyvinis siekis gali prarūgti kaip prakaitas, kaip greitai galima sugadinti už tūkstančius prarastų valandų sukaupto socialinio darbo, įlieto į paminklus tuščioms kosmoso amžiaus svajonėms. O jie dabar dūla į kancerogenines dulkes, o mes žaidžiame tarp jų. Vama Veche[8] yra viso to taškas, eilutės pabaiga, paveldinti tą trumpą vilties liepsną, kuri plazdena ir dūsta: palengvėjimo atodūsis, o gal tiesiog atsipalaidavimas prieš mirtį. Ta liepsna vieną trumpą akimirką degė ryškiai, paskui pamažu išvirto į ilgą XX-ojo amžiaus naktį – į tuos pačius griuvėjus, kurie dar kartą sutikome parduotame Kaliakros[9] metale ar tuščiavidurėje korių salšė Arkutine[10].

Būtent Arkutine darbininkai palėpė į šaldo istoriją, ant balandžio pilkumo nebaigtų spiralinių laiptų. 4.XI.89. Minkštos betono fosilijos, kurios įrėžimai lengviausiai perkeliama laiku. Vos kelioms dienoms belikus iki vizijos žlugimo. Tik toks skubomis nubraukto, neužbaigto, supjaustyto sapno parašas. Primenantis olų rašmenis, orientuotus į atmintį, nes jų šešėliai išlieka ilgiausiai, pralenkdami laike ir jau seniai išgaravusias juos gaminusias rankas. Tarsi garbanoti iš skausmo Pompėjos šešėliai, užrakinti akmenyje. Pėdsakas. Jie neša tą patį klaukų žvilgsnį, rodantį, kad rytojaus nebėra, ir kad mes visi gyvename, nežinodami, jog stovime ant užmaršties slenksčio.

Nesibaigiančioje kyšulio mėlynėje, apgaubiančioje mus iš trijų pusių stiklo aštrumo šviesa, vyras senu akordeonu groja nostalgiskas pop dainas, leisdamas mirusiesiems amerikiečiams vėl gyventi. Mes važiuojame toliau pro laukus, pro lėtai besisukančias kalvos viršūnes, auksines ir žalias, pro mėnulio pakilimą rašalo juodumo jūros seklumoje. Pro seno miško miglą sukamės aukštyn ir aukštyn ir, pasibaigus pasienio postui, kelias baigiasi Europos lenta: praeitis, dabartis, ateitis. Ir tada staiga kalnai išsiskleidžia iš savo miško paklodės, išsitiesę miglotų kito žemyno minaretų link. Vėliau suspaustose Edirnės[11] gatvėse automobiliai ir šimtmečiai sukimba kartu, nes penktadienio maldos užleidžia vietą mieguistai popietei. Smailės mus pažadina kitomis dienomis.

Stambule apokalipsės nuojauta, kai žaibiškai užlietas didysis turgus krenta į tylą, o budri tamsa ir alėjos virsta ištisa srove. Vyras šoka lietuje, o mes lipame į bokštus – per ilgus šimtmečius suakmenėjusios galios šauktukus, žvelgdami į karus ir vandenį. Šlapios katės. Drėgnos raidės. Išsitos batų apylinkės. Kylančios jūros išbanguoja lietaus perviršius, o rožiniai vaivorykščių tiltai apima didžiąsias mečetes – tik jų bokšteliai žaižaruoja saulėlydžio šaltyje. Čia mes brendame priešpriešiniai į žmonijos antplūdį, kad dar kartą taptume provincialais. Kol galų gale randame bendrą kalbą su šunimis, kurie, nepaisydami policijos ar lietaus, nei žino, kas tas rytojus, nei juo rūpinasi.

Bosforas skaldo viską: uolas, eonus ir psichiką, o juostiniai keliai už jo driekiasi per akmenuotas raudonos ir auksinės ochros dulkes. Po švelniai serpetojančių žvilgsnių, pasiklydusių tarp apirusių Kiutachijos konstrukcijų, Eskišhiro viešbučiai suteikia komfortą kaip paguodą prieš melą, kad neturime ką prarasti dėl mūsų taip vadinamojo „šiuolaikinio pasaulio“. Tai reiškia, kad proteguojantis būdas, kurio žmonės tikisi kalbėdami apie šiuolaikiškumą, labiausiai priklauso nuo

amžių ribojančių Mesijų gimimo ir mirties: Fazlallah, kuris kaip Dievas ir Mokytojas skelbia dieviškumą žmogaus pavidalu, ir Isou, kuris pratęsia pirmojo mintį pareiškdamas: „Visi yra dievai, visi yra šeiminingai“. Du dvasinės „antropoceno“ knygelės puslapiai: nuo kapitalo aušros iki jo sutemų, ir kaip jis penkis šimtmečius naikino visa kas gyva žemėje.

Letristų piligriminę kelionę apibrėžia trisdešimt trys vidurdieniai, lydimi trisdešimt trijų mėnulių, kurie praėjo nuo tada, kai Juodasis Mėnulis paskutinį kartą stebėjo šį dangų. Ir su jo sugrįžimu mūsų laikas tampa keliamuoju, mėnesiu tarp mėnesių, kai mėnulis ir saulė susitinka, liečia ir atnaujina savo šokį. Šis šokis ir ši akimirka pasilieka kažkur anapus laiko, nes laikas, dar prieš vasaros Sirijaus pakilimą virš tamsaus ir šlapio Nilo, visada buvo skirtas pasauliui, laikų ir klasių slinktimis.

Trisdešimt trys vidurdieniai atitinka trisdešimt tris raides, kurios yra trisdešimt trys Fazlallah šventosios abėcėlės raidės – tai persų rašto užbaigimas, įtraukiant ir jo paties mistinę raidę. Kiekviena mūsų kelionės, peržengiančios laiko ribas, diena tapo raide, raide tos metakalbos, kuri liudija laiko, erdvės ir klasės sąrangą. O galbūt pakliuvę į tarpulaikio metmenis, į tarpą tarp amžių mes galime sulaužyti kodą? Tiesiogiai redaguoti kalbą? Tai, ką vadiname Istorija? Bet raidžių lygmeniu? Gal mesijinis laikas mus padėtų ten prasibrauti, nes jis tęsiasi visomis kryptimis, kol suaudžia visą paslaptį? Ne interpretuoti, o galbūt, mūsų pačių nereikšmingu būdu sąlygoti šio nuolat kintančio srauto pokyčius? Tokia buvo vizijų prigimtis, vizijų, kurios susitelkė tarsi debesys vidurdienį anapus laiko virš Alenčės tvirtovės^[4] liekanų.

Taigi išvykome iš Bukarešto, dusinusio savo smogu, kuris ir yra tikrasis *aeonas* – reanimuotas mirusiųjų darbininkų darbas. Po kelių valandų pasiekėme svetimus ir nevaisingus purvo vulkanus^[5], kalbančius tų pačių savo gyvenimą gyvenančių mirusiųjų balsais. O tuoj už jų jau ir skendintis sutemose Lopatari slėnis. Čia daug valgėme, gėrėme – sugrįžome atgal laiku į tuo laikus, kai viskas galėjo būti kitaip, kai kapitalas dar nebuvo apiplėšęs šios mažytės vietelės, užsislėpusios už šlaito prie upės, o jau sutemus ant per dieną saulės įšildytos uolos, kur kadaise mergaitės maudydavosi vidurdienį, mes gulėjome stebėdami, kaip išnyra žvaigždės, o mėnulis leidžiasi virš miško.

Kalnuose kaimai gyvena savo skirtingų laiko juostų ritmu. Kiekvienas žalias, gėlėmis mirksintis slėnis yra vis kitoks pasaulis, nutolęs vienas nuo kito, o jame kinkomi arkliai ir šienavimas tebevyksta taip, kaip tai buvo daroma pastaruosius tūkstantmečius. Virš miško iškilę tuščiavidurės Bozioru uolos nusėtos dar iki mūsų čia buvusių piligrimų sielomis. Krikščionių anarchistai, suradę tiesiausią kelią pasislėpti nuo visuomenės, kurią patys ketino pakeisti, ir pasitraukę į saviizoliaciją pabėgdami į kalnus, surado vienatvę olose, kad kartu su paukščiais ir meškomis sutiktų bundantį pasaulio rytą.

Ir negaliu jų kaltinti. Kas iš mūsų apie tai nesvajotojo? Atsisakydami materialios realybės, kurios dalimi yra ir mūsų proto urvas, užsidarome akmeninėje kameroje kalno viduje ir laukiame laiko pabaigos, palikdami pasaulį likimo valiai. Vis dėlto, kai stipriai įsiklausau, vėl girdžiu tuos iš paties urvo atliekamo darbo atsirandančius atgarsius. Aidai manyje netikėtu fiziškumu atveria nuolat vienuolius persekiojančią mintį, trunkančią vos sekundę – atsitraukti ir viską mesti. Jų socialumas, esu tikras, tos ilgos ir gundančios sekundės metu laimi net prieš akmeninės izoliacijos viliones. Kai jie meldžiasi į aidinčią uolą, pradėdami nuo žemo dūzgimo, tarsi kylančio iš pačios žemės – girdžiu juos ir dabar, o tada keliant pratusius balsus į rezonansinę giesmę. Žemai ir garsiai ji slenka per slėnį, susiliedama ilgomis bangomis su kitų, esančių per daugelio mylių atstumu, urvų giesmėmis. Ir tokiame tuščiavidurių uolų burnų chore girdžiu savo bendražygių balsus, nešiojamus už ir virš manęs, po manimi ir priešais mane, kai leidžiuosi žemyn miškingu, saulės nušviestu slėniu. Medžiai tampa priebalsiais iš urvo sklindantiems užapvalintiems balsiams. Šie urvai buvo skirti dainavimui.

Per pramonės išgąsdintas lygumas, lydimi rausvo Brašovo kalnais pridengiamo dangaus, per kultūros griuvėsius Sfantu George gatvėse išvinguriavome tarsi gyvate keliu per Transilvaniją Botošanio karščio link. Į mano regėjimo lauką sklinda vis daugiau pranešimų iš laiko ir erdvės, kaip pavyzdžiui, deklasuoti būgnai [kažkieno susmulkintos kortos, kurių geriausiai atpažįstami buvo

[disingression] - We are still not able to withstand obsession with symbolism in our actions, hypergraphy and texts. I want to improve previous report by CLASS and to assure that the destruction of the trophy was not an accidental move by occasionally present worker, but ideologically prepared (declared in advance) gesture to (symbolically) destroy world cup. But the world cup was not destroyed – destroyed was just a letter, produced by our fellow worker. The only question what later *LUFU-DAMTP's got few times was: „does anybody got the photo of the smashed cup?“. The process of reading a letter – suppresses and realizes it, but destroying turns it into a symbol.*

[ingression] - Much bigger effect on self-consciousness gave hyperletterist workshop of trophies production from clay (neither symbol, nor abstraction), or playing with baby-temporary-trumped-ball (caricature) and finally by hurling liquid clay into destructive football forwarders from New Cross Internationalists (leninists-avantgardists). We got to discuss with them about 3SF basic issues and how it differs from casual football and that there is a big difference between being in hexagonal pitch and the squared one. Also there was an introduction into the healing and (self)cleaning properties of clay which makes the substance very different from the mud – actually New Cross Internationalists slacked off when ABRACADABRA showed how to eat the clay.

[disingression] - Sometimes we are not able to discern that as a psychic workers gradually we are glimpsing into fundamentalism. The obsession with „serious political analysis, critique and program for action“ to be added here as well. Also obsession with the winning. One of the biggest transformations during the whole game happen with the team of black proletarian youngsters from refugees' families. From the dominating wish to win at any costs they gradually developed into the ones who were enjoying the gaming itself. There was a prejudiced wish of some of our comrades to let them to win as well for the team of mermaids allegedly to support leadership of black and women nations – that fits well with the psychic workers doctrine. But it would mean nothing but simple fundamentalism where those mostly exposed social groups would be exploited once again.

[progressive selection///the law of the least] - ABRACADABRA discovered that it was Shon Kick People – a destructive worker and heavy drunkard from Polish Hussaria team who specialized himself in physical kicking of people during the game and that was his individual plan to destroy the game. Likely it was him who kicked Otto Karl Kamal three years ago and mistakenly it was taken as racism. Shon confessed that this time in Kassel nobody plays football so he has nobody to kick so far. When the only casual football resembling match – the final – did happen Shon already was too drunk even to stand on his feet. DAMTP's worked hard to (de)tour the tournament – only the final was left undetoured. This was a big achievement comparing with the 1st „world cup“ in Silkeborg in 2014 where all the matches were as boring as final of 2017. I still have a vision that the next issue of 3SF global meeting (probably that would be better name than world cup) should obtain quantum formats because the classical 3SF format doesn't work effectively for suppression of professionalized fanatics – that was what we discussed and tried in Alytus in 2015.

[conjugation] - The Psychic (Art) Strike issue of Picket Line Clothing in Kassel was continued with the clay therapy hypergraphy and developed further by Kastia & Nastia with psychedelic make-up hypergraphy applications.

Do we really need to mimicry what workers' organizations do? Might be we should do things never done before and to encourage workers to do so?

[conjugation & disingression] - Entanglement game was proposed by FIASCO to be played 3SF where 3 players each from a different team are attached to a single elastic rope. We had some 5 or 6 sets for the game. 1 teenager boy joined us with the game. It resulted a very tactile game, full of

physical contact with all the rest players. First reaction towards collective drive for entanglement is individual play and personal attempts for spillage, but eventually game ended on entanglement which paralyzed any motion.

[*disingression*] - 3SF in The Parthenon of the books was direct interruption into the mostly guarded *documenta* venue. Provocation happened and we've got stopped by aggression of destructive workers. Astonishing was their tactics – to deal with CLASS who is a black proletarian there was invited black woman guardian and they called each other sister and brother. Essential was the query: „does *documenta* pays you enough to put hand on people?“. The pick of the situation was physical act by zealous woman worker when she grabbed the player, raised him above her head and took out from the Parthenon. Exactly like in a Wandsworth version of 3SF when one player is carrying another to the mouth of the goalpost. And the goalpost becomes a black hole.

[labor ingress] - while psychogeographing in Kassel DXTPA, FIASCO and ABRACADABRA together did few games.

Labyrinth game was about despatialization of the dimensions of space, time and class. 0 dimension of space – continuous moving while remaining in the same spot. 0 dimension of time – no past (historification), no future (clear pre-planned program), no animation (spectacle, role playing) – just a point. 0 dimension of class – a dot/ball.

Round stone table 3SF game was played by 3 players standing on the edge of the stone table and playing simultaneously the roles of destructive (forwarders) and dead (the goalposts) workers. The goalposts were considered to be the gaps by the table edge between 2 any players standing on the table. So the size of the goalpost is variable at the expense of the other 2 goalposts. 3 other players were reproductive workers (defenders/goalkeepers) and were standing on the ground besides the table's edge. The game is a combination of physical/tactile, psychological and telepathic abilities in self-organizing. Also it could be developed towards unknown terrains of Mesoamerican kind of ball gaming combined with human offers, decapitations (Hunahpu) and up to total dismembering of the human bodies in a way of Coyolxauhqui: any organization is a complex which is greater than the sum of its parts. All versions allow continuation of the ball game and ensures necessity to (re)invent new rules (to self-organize).

Multi-storey car-parking places were attracting 3SF players already from neoist times, when there were predicted to be the only possible places for it to happen in the future. This time we found access to multistorey car-parking roof and did the game until the ball got out of the roof into urban area. When leaving out of the building in the street level we were met by local worker from a neighboring building willing to give us back the ball.

[ingression] - By proposing blindfolded 3SF ABRACADABRA invited everybody for séance of hearing. It was connected to Ben Patterson's posthumous involvement into *documenta's* venues. Previously ABRACADABRA unsuccessfully few times tried to contact him when he was still alive due to his irony towards his comrades from fluxus because of their failure to understand how important to him was political participation in movement for civil rights in 60-ies... and especially that he was a single black person among fluxus freaks. This particular event has no any symbolical meaning nor intention – the main wish was to communicate this dead worker and former inventor of the museum of the invisible by trying to hear what might he could say. The first ever blindfolded 3 sided football match was played there with presence of the dead workers. Besides hearing some random recordings collected from Ben's heritage we were listening to the ringing ball, to each other's voices and body sounds, by sensing and touching each other and also everything what surrounds us: grass, trees, stones, found objects, spectators etc. There were no abstract teams-nations, no strips – all were the one. Destructive worker from CLASS agreed that this could be a

PSICHODARBININKO MAZGAS IR PALAIDI GALAI: MINTYS PO LETRISTŲ PILIGRIMINĖS KELIONĖS

„Vardas, kuriuo įvardiname nėra tikrasis vardas.“ - 道德经

Nebeprisimenu, kada pirmą kartą išgirdau apie piligrimystės, jungiančios Mesijo ir Letrizmo įkūrėjo Isidoro Isou gimtinę bei Mesijo ir Islamiškojo Letrizmo [Hurufiyya] įkūrėjo Fazlallah Astarabadi mirties vietą, idėją. Jau prieš keletą metų turėjau minčių aplankyti Botošanį, Isou gimtinę šiaurinėje Rumunijos Moldavijos dalyje, tačiau iki šiol kai kurių kolegų psichodarbininkų buvau stabdomas to nedaryti, nepasigilinus į vietos, erdvės ir klasės sąryšingumus. Visi bandymai investuoti į prasmę sąlygojo tik nuolatinį minėto plano atkėlinėjimą. Ir tada mane pasigavo Duomenkasių ir psichodarbininkų judėjimas[1], kuris savo tinklais pradėjo transliuoti įvairiausio plauko pasiūlymus.

Ir štai – viskas nuspręsta, suplanuotas maršrutas, įvyksta piligriminė kelionė ne tik erdvėje, bet ir laike, ir klasinėje savimonėje: tokiu būdu pažymime 12-ąsias Isou mirties metines, o tuo pačiu ir užverčiame – bent jau mūsų manymu – tuos krauju permirkusius istorijos knygos skyrius, kuriuos tas pats Fazlallah įvardino Dieviškumo amžiumi[2].

Kartu su dar vienu psichodarbininku piligriminę kelionę pradėjome dar jai neprasidėjus – 12 proletarinio kalendoriaus (PC)[3] metų liepos 28 d., likus vos kelioms dienoms iki prisijungimo prie bendražygių Bukarešte. Norėjome tiksliai pažymėti dvyliką saulės ciklą nuo Isou mirties – taigi galime teigti, kad išaušo dvylikti metai, laisvi nuo dieviškumo. Nė vienas amžius nesibaigia kaip vakaras saulei nusileidus – reikia laiko tam suprasti, ir todėl žmonės, kurie mėgsta piešti žemėlapiuose [o ir kalendoriuose bei asmeniniuose dokumentuose], visada padeda atsidurti reikiamoje vietoje tinkamu laiku ir patikimoje kompanijoje.

Kelionę laiku pradėdame pajudėję nuo Londono Kento link, Pietryčių Anglijoje. Pradėdame dreifuoti metų sandūroje. Per laiko atskaitą praradusią sekmadienio popietę sulankstėme šešis tūkstančius vasarų, vingiuojančių senu piligrimų keliu, iki Koldramo ilgojo pilkapio. Šis nuvirtęs akmenų lizdas yra neolito laikais žuvusių darbininkų poilsio vieta. Darbininkų, kurie kažkada dalyvavo ir galbūt vis dar užsiima tam tikra savarankiška veikla šiame mieguistame, retai lankomame slėnyje.

Gyvi akmenys ir jų įsikibę mirę darbininkai čia ilsisi beveik šešis tūkstančius derlių – nuo pat pirmojo derliaus dienų, nuo žemės ūkio aušros šioje žemėje. Nuolat liudijantis šį žemės ūkio gimimą paminklas taip pat užima savo kuklią vietą tos įžūlios žmogaus sukurtos pasakos, kurią mes vadiname „istorija“, ir kurią sukūrpė bei įtvirtino Dieviškumo amžius. Vis dėlto akmenys miega, žvelgdami ir pasvajodami kur kas labiau, nei sukultūrintuose augaluose kaupianti saulės energiją ir taip bręstanti celiuliozė.

Ir čia pamatau viziją, kurią apsaityti žodis nėra adekvatus, kaip to pakaktų žiūrovo žvilgsniui nusakyti. Jaučiu, kaip tūkstančių vasarų patyrimas mane nuplauna, panašiai kaip sunoksta kukurūzai atėjus „šuns dienoms“. Aš net negalvoju, o kvėpuoju tą šešių tūkstančių metų ritmą, juos įtraukdamas ir išpūsdamas iš savo plaučių. Žodžiais nesukaustytas laikas atsigręžia pats į save, o aš regiu švarą. Ir pamatau, kiek žvaigždžių apšviestų naktų, liūčių, šalnų ir krentančių lapų akmenys šiame slėnyje liudija, jau nekalbant apie raumenis ir svajones tų, kurie tempė iš dirvos į saulę, į lietu, į rasotus rytmečius. Ir palietus akmenį, laikas slysta pro pirštus, jusdamas tuos pačius pirmuosius derlius, o aš galvoju apie mirusiuosius, apie pradžią ir pabaigą, apie tai, kiek dar bus to derliaus. Atrodo, kad mes jau pasiekėme didžiojo ciklo, kurį pradėjo tie akmenys, per kuriuos žiovauja neįmanoma jų svajingo miego platybė, pabaigą. Tądien metai vėl sukosi vakaro saulėje.

Nuo to liepos 28 d. vakaro iki Juodojo mėnulio sugrįžimo rugpjūčio 30 d. praėjo trisdešimt trys vidurdieniai. Trisdešimt trys vidurdieniai, skirti mūsų keliamajai kelionei tarp dviejų Dieviškumo

I began this as little more than a play ‘pilgrimage’, a joke, or perhaps some quasi-artistic simulation of a pilgrimage, a ‘post-spiritual’, ‘postmodern pilgrimage’ perhaps? What I discovered, unwittingly, was that the joke is the real thing, and, in the end, words are of little use for that. And yet, and yet, and yet, my everyday world of words, and work, and fussy little activities, and everyday language, has been turned on its head. This is the real joke; it was the joke pilgrimage that was real. When I came back to my life, nothing really made sense. Myopic preoccupations and occupations, tinsel and trinkets, all risible and useless and destined for the dumping ground, sad stains, stupid litter, long after we and anyone who would remember us - or even care - is long gone up in smoke and so much hot air. My society is sick. Surely its days now number very few. We make ourselves gods, and with this take upon ourselves divinity’s capricious power to destroy, everything. Isou’s new dawn was no more than a twilight, of men who would be gods. Real life is elsewhere, a seed that blows away on the wind.

Apie dvasingumą

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its
Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)
Published: 26 December 2020

Dvasingumas – viena iš labiausiai devalvusių sąvokų. Šiandien praktiškai ji visiškai pasitraukusi iš „rimtosios“ valdančiosios klasės kultūros apyvartos tiek politinėje, tiek meninėje sferose, siejamose išskirtinai tik su kapitalu ir jo kaupimo formomis. Netgi religijos šiandien save sieja daugiau su dieviškumu, nei su dvasingumu. Šią sąvoką vienas iš septintojo dešimtmečio revoliucinių radikalų yra įvardinęs kaip kritinę, nes jos pražiūrėjimas lemia ne tik dvasinę krizę, bet ir visų kitų revoliucinių pasiekimų laipsnišką regresą, kaip antai: lig šiol visi revoliuciniai judėjimai kėlė politinių, socialinių, kultūrinių, na, dar ir seksualinių santykių revizijos klausimus, o dvasingumo problemų ne tik, kad nesuvokė, bet net ir nelaiškė vertu gilinimosi. Ilgainiui būtent šio klausimo neišsprendimas, o tiksliau šios sferos palikimas religinėms ir kultūrinėms institucijoms ir lemdavo laimėjimų visose minėtose sferose praradimus ilgalaikėje perspektyvoje.

Čia pateikiamas tekstas, kurį sugeneravo akademinės bendruomenės atstovas, dalyvavęs 2019 m. Ietristų piligriminėje kelionėje, po kurios sąmoningai atsisakė vertinti pasaulį iš akademinės pasaulėžiūros pozicijų: autorius atsisako savo akademinį regalijų ir net savo asmeninį vardą, kuriuo iki šiol kaupė asmeninį kapitalą. Jo tekstas žymi vidinę akademinio teksto destrukciją, kuriame poetinė vaizduotė sąmoningai naudojama kaip priemonė šiam tikslui pasiekti. Tekstas peržengia tuščiavidurį ir narcizišką akademinio teksto formalizmą bei racionalumą. Antra vertus, jame sugražinamas juslingumas, ir ypatingai spalvos srityje, nes šiandienos poetai jau sunkiai sugeba skirti daugiau nei tik juodą, baltą ir raudoną (iš kurių tik viena priskiriama prie spalvų)... na, gal dar žalia spalvą. Iš pirmo žvilgsnio tekstas labai artimas siurrealistinei tradicijai, jame netgi daugelyje vietų galima atsekti tiesioginių aluzijų į konkrečias praktikas ar istorinius faktus, bet tai nėra dar vienas siurrealizmo manifestas – greičiau tai būtų dvasinę transformaciją liudijantis dokumentas, skatinantis ne kultūrinės formos mimikrijas, o plataus spektro eksperimentinius kontrkultūrinius reiškinius erdvėje, laike ir klasinėje pozicijoje. Tekste atsisakoma filosofams ir turistams būdingo „žvilgsnio iš viršaus“, ir pasirenkamas žemiausias įmanomas stebėjimo taškas. Šio teksto publikavimo tikslas – paskatinti diskusiją apie dvasingumą... nes siurrealistai besmaugdami klerikalus netyčia uždusino ir dvasingumą... pavertė metafiziniais literatūriniais kludiesiais.



way to play a ball game in *documenta* exhibitions and so to attack the serious bourgeois culture [*disingression*].

[conjunction//conjugation//time loop//chain link//exorcizing] – in October, 2001 due to 25th Anniversary of Internationales Künstlergremium – extremely Eurocentric organization - Ben Patterson with someone from ABRACADABRA’s was psychogeographing blindfolded in Prague. What we did in Kassel during blindfolded 3SF game was going backwards 16 years in time to deliver some questions and to get some answers. Its like another Ben’s practice in 60-ies in N.Y.C. to take LSD and try to go with kids who had bad trips to the place where they were in trouble and help them come back.

The world cup in Kassel happen on the last days of 10th month *Xocotlhuetzin* of Aztec calendar. Those days usually are accompanied with sacrifices to the fire gods by burning the victims. We burned our blindfolds. It happens on Staatspark Karlsruhe axis, which is one of the Kassel power leylines. It was the place where Aztec, fluxus and caricature came together to play 3SF. One more time loop: 52 years ago (1 Mesoamerican year round anniversary) this game was initiated by George Maciunas. For the 1965 Fluxorchestra concert at Carnegie Recital Hall he developed a caricature logo based on an Aztec image: a blind (or stoned) face with the tongue extended. This motif, repeated in rows of four across, appears 16 times on the printed concert flyer – the one circle for the each year we should go back to contact Ben. And at the same time while being blindfolded we are about being contacted by quantum animist workers in the future.

[ingression//disingression] – some of DAMTP comrades treat this particular letter as Eurocentric appropriation of exoticism, caricaturizing of non-European cultures and invited to go and shit on it. It was a good occasion to do so because likely exactly this letter was exhibited as art in one of the *documenta* venues very close near-by the place the blindfolded game happen. But as Marx said the history eventually repeats itself as a caricature. So in Kassel we celebrated The End of the Year Round of Caricaturity. And possibly missed a good opportunity to start a new shitting on letters year round.

[chain link//exorcizing] - 200 steps staircase and ponds in Hercules schlosspark were investigated by NXTPA before attending Kassel. This arrangement of psychopathic geometry architecture combined of octagon and pyramid which empowers the main power axis for Kassel (coinciding with Wiliamshoeher allee) and which meets another leyline: axis of Staatspark Karlsruhe exactly in the place where stadium chosen for 3SF world cup was located. The sculpture of Hercules is a secret weak point of Kassel’s – the giant has involved binary (two balls from a front) and trinary (three balls from backside) structure at once. 2 balls are an element of masculinity inverted into casual football, while 3 balls definitely are about 3SF. The point is how to unwind the Hercules so 3 balls to face the Kassel, or at least to add one more ball into his testicles. Unwinding Hercules together with refertilizing the stadium by clay during the world cup points to the decline of binary football psychic potency in the End of the Age of Divinity.

[*disingression*] - ABRACADABRA find out that shrimp commando olfactory attack against *documenta* besides great sounding conceptual background actually is the form of reproducing death, or even worse version: reproduces smell of non-living. This is what bourgeois art system does – turning the life force into non-living. After Alytus Psychic Strike issue of 2015 we should be careful of directing the life force to develop life forms – I actually think that eating shrimps would be much more to point then screwing them into the art.

If to come to some conclusions:

Even keeping in mind pure relations with DAMTP faction in Athens we can say that Kathalytus or

(dynamically) stable and organized complex was build.

Even keeping in mind that *documenta* had many troubles (not necessarily because of DAMTP actions) it was not destroyed.

Even keeping in mind that trophy was destroyed, the world cup remained undestroyed, because what happen in Kassel was rather a caricature of it. And we succeed to make it even bigger then it was intended by organizers.

Even keeping in mind inner conflicts of DAMTP and schism between its factions the moving equilibrium between ingression and disingression, egression and depression was kept. Destructive workers are not those who should be distanced or eliminated, the point is to avoid it as specialization and therefore their domination. Destructive labor is rather tactics, but not a strategy.

And finally on some aspects of politics and aesthetics relationship. Like Walter Benjamin said - fascism was aestheticizing of politics. But aesthetics is not just aestheticizing – it is [disingression] the mechanism for adoration and/or humiliation. So this is not a communism that politicizes aesthetics, but racism and white supremacist culture. The culture of non-living. And the war communism is a part of it. Both specializations – aesthetics and politics should be removed from everydayness.

NOT POLITICAL BUT SELF-ORGANIZATION, NOT AESTHETICAL, BUT IMAGINARY SOLUTIONS!

ABRACADABRA-C

LUNATIC FRINGE FOR TRIOLECTICS (LUFT-DAMTP)

Some terms that were used to determine organizational aspects

1. Tektology: organizational principles that underlie all systems
1. Bogdanov considered that any complex should correspond to its environment and adapt to it.
A stable and organized complex is greater than the sum of its parts.
1. Formative mechanism:
2. Conjugation – joining by the means of ingression.
1. Disingression (complete neutralization of activities) forms a tektological boundary between the system and its environment – destructive labor.
1. Separate complexes – nationalism.
1. Collective labor efforts – labor ingression.
1. Ideological ingression serves to coordinate or organize labor efforts.
1. Binary thinking – disingression.
1. Chain link.
1. Regulatory mechanism:
2. Conservative selection – maintenance/reproductive labor
1. Progressive selection – development/psychic labor:
1. Moving equilibrium,
2. Heterogeneity – positive selection,
3. Homogeneity – negative selection.
1. The law of the least.

Day-long canyons, threading crevasses, winding flooded valleys, towering waterfalls, miles, upon miles, upon miles of tunnels, through the deep peaks. Until, from desert and mountain, we pass through the earth and emerge in Georgia. Buzzing and gleaming like Miami, or Hanoi, the hills are suddenly heavy with mist-cloaked forest, the air a bath of humidity. A great preying mantis winks in the neon. Cars throng and heave, we breathe, the city bursts like a firework, or a bud. Swimming in the last quarter of the moon, on the far side of the black sea, we pause. All those nights I looked east across the expanses of darkness, was this the place I imagined looking back at me? Across space? Across time? Across class? Like staring at a star and just for a moment holding onto the vague idea, hope even, that someone out there is looking back across the void.

As the heat of the day drowns in the sea of a crimson-gold sunset, we board our ship, long after midnight. The cicadas are quiet here, the waves take their place. Lolling, rolling and plunging, into comfortable wells of sleep, like babies in cradles. In the mornings and evenings the gloss-black dolphins play around us in weaving jets. The deck makes a fine observatory for deep wet sunsets of crimson-copper, burnished sunrises of pale gold, the first stars, the last of the moon, endless blue-black, white-flecked waves. There is comfort in routine, in days of slow conversation that drifts in and out of sleep. Nowhere to go, nothing to do. No outside world to impinge on our maritime safe haven. Wine is raised in toast after toast: to country, to family, and other substitutes. High spirits and high seas.

Then finally, one slightly sad, sunny morning, the Bulgarian coast fades out of the grey-blue distance. In time we will dock, depart, drive on, and still on, through fields and villages, chasing the light, as time hovers, crossing the Danube's rattling ancient bridge at dusk. Somehow it feels like coming home, having gone around the world and come back to the same place, but from the other side. The dark roads give way to a city of light and tired sighs that can barely comprehend what they have done and all they have seen.

As someone who would not have described themselves as 'spiritual', this whole experience comes as something of a shock to me, one that causes not a little mental and emotional discomfort, turmoil even. I set out with levity, although there was apprehension and anxiety too, and without any real conception of what I expected, or why I was even doing this. I was not even sure I wanted to. What I found was something I was not prepared for. Call it energetic materialism, revolutionary animism, or any name you want. The men of the Age of Divinity made themselves into gods, at the expense of everything. Fazlallah is the Messiah of this Age because he makes god a man, Isou is the return of the Messiah, precisely because he proclaims the truth of this for all humanity, and thus closes this age up in its own impossibility. The Age of the man-god. An Age, the very expression of which, has brought about its own apocalypse. It is the folly of believing ourselves to be infinite beings in a finite world, rather than finite beings in an infinite one. In elevating ourself above the trees, the mountains, the rivers, the animals, this man-god, in the space of five hundred years, has shredded the living web of which we are, he is, or was, but one strand. That Age is over.

Perhaps an Age of Revolutionary Animism, an Age of the Planetary Proletariat can take its place? If there is still something left amidst the ruins, as the death-throes of Divinity flail their last. And did I become another cliché? Another 'orientalist' who 'escapes' the 'West' and comes back spouting off some garbled spirituality? Falling into the same age-old eschatological traps? I'm not sure. I certainly reject the characterisation of any 'revelations' I happened upon as anything other than materialist - albeit magico-materialist, perhaps.

Nevertheless, I have to turn to the tired clichés and the worn-out sub-poetry of serious culture here, if only because what this is, this moment in a life, in time, I somehow find to be beyond the words that the Age of Divinity has bequeathed me. Perhaps, in the final analysis, it lies beyond letters themselves?

dreamed the ascent of such a fortress. It feels as if we are climbing the very summit of the world.

Reaching the peak at last, crested by an ornate labyrinth, the fortress walls survey a sweeping mountainscape of spire-split desert and glittering lakes, stretching out across the plains of Iran, Armenia, Azerbaijan and Turkey. The eagles scream and soar and the sun hums down. I begin to become very lightheaded. I cannot catch my breath in the hot, sparse air. Almost fainting, I remove my shoes and lay down in the shade beneath a wall. From Fazlallah's execution site his golden-roofed tomb winks in the vastness of the valley below.

I close my eyes against the blue-white glare and the sun beats and streaks in pulsing red billows through my closed eyelids, rushing like mountain winds through the depths of my ears. Softly I sink into this crimson sea and all becomes light. Slowly, every muscle loosens and my breath begins to flow softly, in waves, merging with the swirling currents of light and air until I drift from consciousness into some measureless space of pure release. Amidst these clouds and swirls I hear a voiceless voice repeating and resounding through the percussive rhythm of the depths, at one with the billowing, rushing clouds, arising around and within me: 'Allah', 'Allah', 'Allah', it mouths, turning and sinking, rising and falling, like breath slowly becoming other to itself. Winding, rolling, furling, lapping: Al laf', 'All af', 'All laugh', it repeats. 'I love', 'I love', 'I love'. Softly, the on-rushing crimson clouds diffuse to pure light and I am cradled in the softest space of safety and comfort, like my whole body has become as light as air and I am floating through an infinite, warm and peaceful sea. And as I begin to speak the words, my mouth grows bitter with iron and starts to flow and spurt with blood, blood that flows up and babbles from my lips like a stuttering stream, springing from the shadows of the earth. I awake refreshed and smiling.

And so, onward. From the desert we drive on, through endless turning knots that span great breadths of plateau. Vast regions that soar and plunge for hours at a time, turning through mountainscapes of unimagined scale, the very rock alive with colour. After long hours, Ani is not of this life. In dreams alone did I imagine such a place, at the end of 30km of boulder-strewn, storm-wracked dirt, to the very end of the world, it seems. That people find life in the shadows of this place is itself so incongruous as to give the carcass of this absent civilisation an uncanny gravity, like those first footsteps on the surface of the moon, persisting outwards into the empty expanse of the future. In the swiftly gathering darkness of a storm, which surfs the very crest of dusk, lightning now and then splinters down amongst the reaching ruins that fall away into the blackness of the windswept steppe.

Looking out across unfathomable expanses of time and humanity, again there are no words. We just stand and blink. Once, the biggest city in the world. Now, rubble. The seeming inevitability of plunder. The bottomlessness of cruelty. The will to live amidst ruins. Empty towers, tumbled cathedrals, abandoned citadels, clinging to the precipice of mighty ravines, hemmed in on all sides. And when this mighty city fell, Mongol hordes sweeping through like the storm, no one was left alive. Blood must have run in these streets, where shadows now gather in the uneasy grass. The silence lies as heavy as the screams once must, resounding off the turrets, piercing as the lightning that now slices the twilight. Thunder shakes the heavy atmosphere and looking out over the darkening plain of the dead city, the weight of empty centuries hangs like horror in the air, foreboding. Black snakes cross our path in silent warning. Night falls hard and deep.

In Kars we pass the kitten-kissed church-mosque that breathes lightly in the morning by the glittering river. Then, as the sun grows hot, we climb the ruins of the monument to humanity; erected out of spectacle, pulled down out of spite. Twisted metal, barren rubble, toxic dust, somehow the most fitting monument there could be, for a humanity that would make themselves gods in their own image, asserting their divinity by enslaving and plundering the world.

1. Egression – centralism.

1. Degression – skeletal system.

SOMETHING PERSONAL...

Written by Martin Zet

Published: 01 December 2017

To me 3Sf is still little too much about ball, goal posts and different conditions/limitations. And – damned – newly the context criteria appeared.

I was excited to have chance to see friends after a long time, not so excited that it was gonna happen in Kassel though – simply because I don't like affiliating to other events and also because it was quite faraway.

Not so insistent suggestion to make it in some more attractive (and closer to Libušín) place for example in Siófok didn't create sufficient resonance so – eventually – we happily boarded the Alytus bus in Dresden together with my daughter Evička who by the way became the most anti stereotyped player of the whole cup – as far as I know she touched the ball just twice by accident and never on purpose despite the fact she played at least in 25 matches or maybe even more.

Reading the reports I realised I am lost in abbreviations partly because of my progressing dementia partly because I never really remembered what most of them meant and now in the moment of splitting into factions it's extremely difficult to reconstruct the meaning plus find the reason why the used one is belonging to particular position.

Anyway... I have always felt kind of disproportion in so much overestimating the power of definitions in our discussions and texts – in a way supporting and even developing the criticized europocentric talkative and word oriented tradition.

The meaning superior to the feeling.

Quite interesting for me is that I cannot remember other Kassel than happy, friendly funny and sunny one – even when some of the peak moments were the absorbing and digesting water communications of both roof and the ceiling of our tent during the dense rain in the nights, following by floating sessions on our mattresses and overflowing into the spinning-dry sleeping bags in the misty mornings.

Was there any sun at all?

Martin, 13. 11. 2017 in Libušín

Open letter to Dynamo Windrad

Written by CLASS

Published: 27 August 2017

Dear Fellow Workers,

Thank you for your hospitality in hosting us for the 2nd Worldcup 3-sided football

We want to make some points about this event - and some suggestions to you on the organisation

the internationalist, progressive and socialist spirit of the rosecrucian manifestos published in

kassel 400 years ago is today evident in a wholly corrupted and reactionary form of the european union. coming from london at a time of brexitted degeneration of this corrupted dream we write to you with the benefit of our industrial union of psychic, reproductive and destructive non-workers formed by some of those who have been developing the form of 3 sided football since the very first time it was publicly played in 1993.

Firstly we must discuss the association with documenta which is undeniable and cannot be ignored.

as you may know documenta, like the proto EU of ECSC, was started after the defeat of the national socialist party in order to address the banning and burning of much progressive and innovative

psychic production in germany at the time. it took the agenda of forwarding modernist and avantgarde art. however this orientation showed then and still shows its neo-liberal agenda.

neoliberalism is the motor of the capitalist war machine that continues to decimate the planet through capitalist gentrification and ethnic cleansing of the cities and all the planet, through climate change, species genocide,

in solidarity with the g20 mobilisation we suggest a statement from yourselves distancing the event from the neoliberal art agenda of documenta.

secondly the idea of a world cup itself is problem for a few reasons:

The vast majority of teams in the silkebourg cup were european. it was thus a very eurocentric idea of the world. furthermore the world cup format promotes nationalist consciousness. even regional organisations do the same.

whoever wins in this world cup will promote national consciousness. this would be true even for the refugee team - already the myth of a progressive germany that champions refugees serves only to justify the european neo imperial machinations across the world and of course in europe itself and at its borders as frontex stage manages the murder of thousands in the mediteranian sea.

we therefore suggest that the scoring of the game break completely from the 1-sided method of linear counting of conceded goals leading to elimination finals. there are various ways we could do this. one alternative is to adopt the trioelectical scoring methods that have been developed by the Luther Blissett London League

<https://strategicoptimismfootball.wordpress.com/2017/06/05/trioelectical-league-tables-luther-blissett-deptford-3-sided-football-league-9ap-2016-17-vulg/>

alternatively we could simply decide that all teams would be declared joint winners before hand.

Finally we want to make the choice plain – between the past, present or future – between name, nation or situation – between aristocracy, bourgeois or proletariat: this trioelectical situation is engendered by

- 1 national socialism and the empires of east and west,
- 2 the neoliberalism and its recuperation of the rosecrucians and situationists or

mountain, over a horizon-wide sweep of broken gold corn. And I stand and stare beneath its snow-capped gravity, a power that reaches down across time, and into the buried places of the heart. And yet it is silent. Will this ancient being not give up its secrets? Perhaps not. Or perhaps the silence is the secret? We seal a complicity in the desert sun, beneath a moon-blue sky. No ark is forthcoming.

In the late light, the desert road narrows, threading the checkpoints, down a gully of nations and through a time-hole, to another age. At the border, days stretch again in front of us, and around us, and behind us, as the sun rolls in a red ball down the face of the mountains. Released at last into the blackness, we glide into the sparse, neon-lit dark, where in some alternate timeline someone has bedecked Dubai in the tattered garb of a Soviet Union that has not fallen. A land-locked, time-locked island. From this surreal dreamscape petro-principality of hot wind and hollowed out automotopia, a dim replay of 1950s America, or 1980s Russia plays to an empty cinema. We look out across the rooftops, and across the lake towards Iran.

Thus, at last, the day arrives. I can scarcely believe we have reached this place, but from the moment I awake, there is an excitement, and the sense of something profound unfolding, of which we are now on the cusp. As we float effortlessly, slowly, into the mountains, it feels almost like we are being drawn, automatically, by some invisible thread. I drive, for the first time with ease, without hurry. I realise that the whole way along this long road from Botoşani, I've been filled with a heart-gulping anxiety, the fear that somehow we won't make it, that we'll be thwarted and have to turn back, or worse. Now all of that melts into soft golden sunshine and an overwhelming crystal light. In the heady air that surrounds us, we ascended towards sparkling mountains. There is nothing left to do now, nothing left to stop us, to intervene or obstruct our goal, cherished so long and so far, through fear and wonder.

Onwards, upwards, we float, as around us rise rock turrets and pinnacles, beyond imagination, beyond anything I've ever encountered, towering over the stillness of the desert plains, like messengers from another world. Breathing the somehow fresh heat of the clean, clear air, we wind on, through villages and foothills, until at last, with an almost indescribable, building, creeping sense of joy, we round one last hillside and there, across the valley – amazement! - the glistening golden dome of Fazlallah Astarabadi's mausoleum shines out, gleaming like a sunrise. There it nestles, in a profound, untouched, untouchable peace, sleeping softly in the arms of the mountain.

As we turn up towards this small, humble, yet perfectly formed building, a shiver passes over me, and my eyes well with tears. Stepping inside its cool, still darkness, my feet sink tentatively into a clean, soft carpet. It soaks up the sound as we catch our breath with a whisper. And there it is, at last, the tomb of Fazlallah. A simple stone clasps the fragments of carved letters, worn smooth by time, held together in the airy, domed shade of the tomb. In the stillness, pure light streams through the doorway, which opens upon the gold and blue beyond, of limitless mountain air. Beyond words, beyond all, a deep sense of peace, and of tenderness stays with me. I am unable to say more, although a whole ocean of feelings lies beneath these simple clichés.

At length, washing our hands in the cool spring that babbles beneath the tree that shades the mausoleum garden, we take our leave of this peaceful place, leaving behind its kindly guardians, the old women who tend the air-stirred roses that flank its walls.

Before we leave, I walk a little way up the dry, golden hillside, looking down over the mausoleum into the vast stretches of air beyond. Behind it towers the terrible, transcendent peak of Alinja Tower, tearing up into heaven itself. It is to here we press on, coming to an impossible staircase, stretching up to the very ramparts of the sky. We begin a punishing ascent in the midday sun, gasping and snatching at the thinning air, and at any strip of shade in the ley of a crag. Lizards scuttle for cover, while spinning eagles cry and cartwheel overhead, their screeches echoing bleakly between splintered, soaring cliffs. Never in the creations of wildest fantasy have I seen, or even

red and ochre dust. From the gently bristling gazes and half-crumbled constructions of Kütahya, the hotels of Eskişehir bring comfort against the lie that we have little to lose from the insulation of our so-called 'modern world'. That is to say, the patronising way in which people refer to that particular slice of contemporaneity most heavily dependent on imperial capital.

In the increasing gaps, what looks like wilderness to our eyes, the almost endless salt spans of Tuz Gölü glitter onto a flat world, in which one could disappear in an instant, simply by running at full pelt, directly towards the sun-splintered horizon. They say they will build a prison here, for the souls of dead workers. Yet the land makes specks of us, which is also somehow comforting, to imagine ourselves small, when faced with the vastness of the rifts we are opening up in geological time, rifts we can no more turn the page upon than our own flesh. Salt preserves. Salt as currency. Salt as tears.

Night falls on the dreamscape of Cappadocia; a green call to prayer resonating through the countless pores that millennia have opened into earth's face. There is a certain conflict, or inner drama to this beauty: unbelievable, incredible, in the true sense of those words, but no less real for all that. With the consumption of wonder comes guilt, but perhaps wonder is all we have. Capital is the false answer to true questions. It ruins everything, even ruins, but somehow, sometimes, the wonder remains, buried somewhere under the screen, in the fear, and anguish, and relief, and love, and thrill, and the fiction we call freedom, and the breath-stealing spectacle of a balloon-strung sunrise.

Deep in the underground city, numberless peoples scrubbed out these dusty twists and bowls and knots, and lived and loved and laughed and ate and died down here, down the centuries, hidden from the sun. There was no flight from nuclear wasteland, or climate apocalypse, but from the belief-hitched raids that have been the bread and butter of class society down its ten thousand winters. It is a cliché to say, once more, that the pages of History are inked in blood. Tyrants of one heap, of one surplus, sending their serfs to rain war and slaughter on the slaves of another. Yet now, this refuge, this home, becomes our labyrinth of timeless play, tunnelling above and below, round and down. Yet even in that joy, we are held by the silence, and the echoes, of those from whom class society stole, and steals, the very sun and stars. Our game, their game, a fathomless monument.

We press on, stalked by twisters over the sweeping expanse, turning into the heavy sky as it breaks about us in fearful collapse. Racing the dancing wind, it thunders either side of us, like a great galloping hell-horse, hail and spray surging up from rock-rivulet roads, whilst javelins of lightning rain down around us like artillery fire. As we rush and crest the tumbling hog-back hills, I pass through that needle-eye that telescopes in moments of danger. Numb with survival, this terror comes as a thrill, waiting for a lightning bolt that never comes.

Sunset's arrival in the frayed time-scape of Hattusa is a quivering relief. Stony gods look back blank, as cupped hands trace their butter-soft contours across millennia. In the shadows of a great, empty hall, villagers scrape their living still, as the world passes by. The lion gate itself hangs implacable, like the maw of time through which we all fall, whilst heedless lichen grow great forests across the rocks, facing into the wind and the coming night. Here, kings no one remembers tossed out useless orders to nameless, numberless generations. The city has fallen now, to piles of rocks. Prophets are silent. Everything passes.

From the damp rains of Yozgat, to the cool, sunset lakes of the Euphrates, and out, to what seems like the ends of the earth - at least within the half-conscious frame of our provincial European myths. Persia stretches before us, above us looms Ararat - a name that reaches straight out of ancient legend, from the deep dormant sermons of childhood. Breathless, I walk towards the

3 the realisation of the impossible: international revolution

we come to play: not to win or to lose but to overturn the spectacle through the creation of a new situation.

Alytus Psychic Strike Biennial 2019: Quantumlettrist Psychopillgrimage travel from Botoşani to Alinja

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)
Published: 15 June 2019

Botoşani (Romania) is the birth place of the last self proclaimed Messiah [Isidore Isou](#) (1925-2007) who was the founder of [Lettrism](#) and the location where the main postulates of lettrism were formulated.

Alinja (Nakhichevan exclave of Azerbaijan) is the death place of the last of prophets [Fazlallah Astarabadi](#) (d. 1394) - the founder of [Hurūfī](#) (lettrist) movement.

Alytus Biennial took the year 2007 (the death year of Isidore Isou) to reshape it into Art Strike Biennial what eventually obtained the form of Psychic Strike Biennial.

Both Alytus (Lithuania) and Botoşani were founded around the year 1400 and had some reverberations with the transformations of The Golden Horde.

The period between years 1394 and 2007 psychic workers (generated by Alytus biennial attendees) are used to call The Age of Divinity.

The event to happen on August 10th through 31, 2019 and planned as farewell to the Age of Divinity and welcoming a new age of something could be called The Age of Proletarian Animism

Few basic principles:

The event has no any symbolical meaning - this is rather about quantum time loops which are just very few to be listed above. The point is to look for the dreams of the psychic workers connected to Alytus events and re-located at the southern semi-circle of the Black Sea.

Its about unfulfilled dreams, and about spirituality which is left after embodying of the dreams comes to limit or ruins, about the catching those dreams and continuing on this path. Its about living. As some years ago Ben Morea in Alytus biennial has formulated - none of the former revolutionaries took seriously the liberation of spirituality and it was left to the mysticism of religions and/or cultural mystifications.

Lettrism is not an art form and it could be explained as the means that correspond elimination (or not inclusion) of neither abstraction (in writing/conceptualizing and/or visuality), nor symbolism; and transcends the separation of visuality and verballity. This is the main issue for the whole travel so far it incudes Fazlullah - the mystic, who lost his head because of invention of some letters while rewriting Curran, and Isou - the one, who introduced lettrism to European avant-garde.

While trying to avoid abstraction and symbolicism during the Alytus Biennial events psychic workers elaborated few forms of construction of situation - that is what we aim to do at any selected site. The mostly developed form was that of 3 sided football (it derived out of lettrism through situationism when merged with quantum mechanics by Niels Bohr). 3SF was able to subsume various artistic specializations: constructing the goalposts from found materials (vulg. sculpture), stripes (vulg. painting, dress design), continuous reinvention of the rules and improvisation (vulg. performance art), sound production (vulg. music) etc.

Its already almost a year when we quit discussion on 3 sided football word cup organizing. So far

Madrid event (2018) ended up victoriously for dead workers from Cementerio de La Almudena they took a lead on further organizing the worldcupism routine tradition. This time dead workers and abracadabra invites you all to join for the first 3 sided peregrination football world cups sequence which will start with the tournament in Scortoasa (Romania) on 10th August, 2019 and will end in Bucharest with black moon tournament on 30th August, Bucharest (exact place not appointed yet). Dates and locations

1. August 10th – Animist 3SF World Cup in [Scortoasa \(Romania\) mud volcanoes](#) field – besides having incredible and challenging site to play experimental form of soccer it also is great opportunity to get some resources of clay/mud which we were used for self-decoration and even healing in our activities. Also mud/clay culture in the area around the Black sea has a long lasting cultural tradition (the clay clinics in Soviet Union Crimea were immediately closed when western pharmacy took over the control of the medicine industry).
2. August 11th, Psychic Workers 3SF World Cup in:

2.1. Sapoca (Romania) town – it has a biggest asylum for insane people.

Psychiatric Hospital and Safety Measures Sapoca is a hospital in Buzău County. It was founded in 1960 on the site of a school of crafts. Spitalul Săpoca is the largest of its kind in the country. More on Psychiatry Under Communist Dictatorship in Romania – [here](#). apparently one of our comrades – Keştutis Săpoca – recognized his own name in the location's and also his interests (including doctoral thesis) correspond the location mood.

2.2. Bozioru, Buzau (Romania) – great place to start by (re)vitalizing our own telepathic abilities – a psychic worker is something to be. It's also about recognizing the location in the name of psychic worker's Demetru Dem. Demetrescu-Buzău – [URMUZ](#)

2.3. Sfentu Anna crater with a lake in the mountains, the exciting quality of the place is that there are many wild bears (grizzlies) around - so if they come to be included into the real animistic 3SF game – there are some reverberations with last year proposal for organizers of 3SF "world cup" in Madrid (they were organizing the event in corrida arena) to involve also the team of bulls – that resulted exclusion of psychic workers from the (footballers') event... this time we can realize the animist power – the event would be planned over the night so far grizzlies usually appear then. We should elaborate the rule of technical defeat as applied to 3SF for those teams who will decide to skip the particular games.

3. August 12th – Dead workers' 3SF world cup in Botosani, Romania – possible location: old jewish cemetery.
4. August 13th – Vaslui, Romania – (possibly) meeting Laurențiu Ginghină, who invented non-aggressive form of off-football – [Infinite football](#) - the idea is to combine his ideas with those of 3 sided football. So Infinite Football World Cup.
5. August 14th – The Conventionally Transmittive 3SF World Cup in

5.1. Saturn, Romania (embodying into a dream of Howard McCalebb to arrange Razelm Contemporary Art Center and Venus biennial in [abandoned convention center](#), build by former Romanian dictator Ceausescu near-by his own summer residency, which is now residency of current president of Romania) – the utopian idea of paradise for artists.

5.2. [Kaliakra](#) in Balgarevo (Bulgaria) – the Kaliakra transmitter build in 1988 – was intended to act as a relay transmitter for Southeast Europe, but construction stopped a year later after the collapse of communism. At that time, nine of the ten planned masts, some soaring more than 500 feet into the sky, had been completed. Today, they stand unused as a monument to the consolidated power the region was once known for – ideal place to play 3SF in terms of space and psychic openness.

6. August 15th – The World Cup for Unrealized Possibilities of 3SF at [Arkutino School for Gifted Children](#) (Bulgaria) - an unfinished complex built for children from around the world sits abandoned on the Black Sea coastline.

the streets of Sfântu Gheorghe, we wind the snake road through Transylvania to the heat of Botoșani. More messages from across time and space flit into my field of visions like classless diamonds in the dust of a pavement. In a flash I see the great square, at the turn of the so-called 20th century, now haunted by a bronze battalions of dead workers, humus for vain empires that their deaths could not save. Playing cards from a game of cosmic poker rain down around me - were they 'sent' from Isou, I wonder? Our journey together begins in earnest.

In the very same way, an earlier pilgrimage, to the wellspring of the Dérive, impossibly turned up messages from the dead, dropping from the skies and into the street, in the form of unknown card games. That day Nadja sent the king and queen of diamonds to kiss our footsteps in the rain-patter nightfall. Today, the heat of a noon gives way again to that same time across time. The king of hearts turns up through the swimming sun. The sepia forms of an old postcard shimmer skyward to retake their place in a square one hundred years gone. Isou is there. Hot-headed, frustrated, impotent. Not in the overgrown green of the graveyard, or the dog-sleep, slow dust, bone-scattered corn of the cemetery on the edge of town. Rusty iron stars of David, a spider-spun constellation under the watch of old trees and men.

In the dusk of Vaslui we break bread and the waters of a heavy melon, while home-crafted wines broker a neon blue communion. Bears bstride the cool of a sun-flecked melt lake, at the bottom of the shade-green tree bowl, speckled with dancing diamonds. How fast collective aspiration can sour, like sweat, how fast ruin, the thousands of lost hours of heaped up social labour, mouldering in monuments to the vain dreams of a space age. As they crumble now, to carcinogenic dust, we play among them. Vama Veche is the full stop to all this, the end of a line, inheriting that brief flame of hope that flutters and gasps: a sigh of relief, or perhaps just release, in the moment of collapse. That flame burned bright for one swift instant, then slowly faded out into the long night of the 20th century, the very ruins that reappear once more in the twisted metal of Kaliakra, in the hollowed honeycomb halls of Arkutino.

There workers freeze history in the attic, atop unfinished spiral stairs, pigeon-grey. 4.XI.89. Soft concrete fossil, to carry their scrawlings across time. Just days from collapse. It is the quick signature of a dashed-off dream, unfinished, cut. Heavy with the memory of cave prints, their shadows long cast, enduring, even as the hands that struck them evaporated. Or the pain-curved shadows of Pompeii, locked in stone. A trace. They carry that same eerie glimpse, the impossibility of tomorrow, and how we all go about our lives, unaware that we stand on the threshold of oblivion.

In the endless blue of the cape, that wraps us on three sides in glass-sharp light, a man plays nostalgic pop songs on an old accordion, channelling dead Americans. And we drive on, through fields, over slow-turning hilltops, gold and green, past a moonrise in the shallows of the ink black sea. Spiralling up and up through the mist of an old forest, to come upon a border post, out of time, a European tableau: past, present, future. And then suddenly, the mountains unfold from their forest blanket, stretching out towards the hazy minarets of another continent. Later, in the squeezed streets of Edirne cars and centuries cram together, as Friday prayers give way to a sleepy afternoon. Spires wake us to other days.

In Istanbul, premonitions of apocalypse, as a flash-flooded grand bazar falls into hush, watchful darkness and alleys turn to torrents. Men dance in the rain and we climb towers, exclamation marks to long centuries of petrified power, gazing out over wars and waters. Wet cats. Damp letters. Whole neighbourhoods of shoes. Heaving seas swell the rains' afterbirth and pink rainbow bridges span great mosques, their turrets flashing green in sunset chill. Here we wade in, against, through, a surge of humanity, to make us provincial once more. Until we find relief in dogs, who play without heed to police or rain, who neither know, nor care for tomorrow.

The Bosphorus cleaves aeons, psyches as much as rocks, and the ribbon roads uncurl through stony

From that evening, 28th July, to the return of the Black Moon, 30th of August, thirty-three noons pass. Thirty-three noons to carry forth our intercalary time-travels, between the birth and the death of these Messiahs of the Age of Divinity. Fazlallah, who as God and Master, proclaims divinity in human form, Isou who extends this proclamation: 'All Gods, All Masters'. Two bookends for the pages of a spiritual 'anthropocene': from the dawn to the twilight of capital, and its five-century murder of life on earth.

Thirty-three noons for thirty-three moons, the thirty-three moons that have passed over since the Black Moon last stalked these skies. And with its return, now, our time becomes intercalary, a month between months, where moon and sun meet, touch, renew their dance. This dance, and this moment out of time, even before the summer rising of Sirius above the dark, wet Nile was set aside for the traversal of worlds, of times, of classes.

Thirty-three noons for thirty-three letters, the thirty-three letters of Fazlallah's sacred alphabet, completing the Persian script by folding in his own mystic letter. Each day of our out-of-time time-travels a letter, a letter in a metalanguage that sings out the fabric of time, space, and class. By reaching into the warp and weft of this time out-of-time, between the Ages of the World, can we somehow break the code? Edit that language, directly? That History? At the level of the letter? Can we reach into, and through, that messianic time that spans across all directions and weaves through all mystery? Not to interpret it, but, perhaps, in our own small way, to change the changes in this ever-changing flow? Such is the stuff of visions, visions that curl away like fountaining clouds, scudding above Alinja Tower in a noontide out of time.

So we strike out, from a Bucharest choking in exhausted fumes, the reanimated labour of aeons-dead workers. Reaching, before too long, the non-living life of the mud volcanoes: alien, barren, speaking in the voices of those self-same living dead. From here to Lopătari, drowning in its dusky valley. We eat, and drink, and travel to another time, to see how things might have been different, before capital robbed us of our little place on the hillside by the river, of the sun-warm rock where the girls used to bathe at noon, where we lay to watch the stars come out, while the moon set over the forest.

In the mountains, villages live on in the swinging rhythms of their different timezones. Each green, flower-winking valley another world away from the next, bridling up the horses and making hay in the way they've done, these last millennia. Above the forest, Bozioru's hollowed rocks are seeded with souls, pilgrims who passed this way before us. Christian anarchists who took the easy way out, from a society they despaired to change, withdrawing into isolation and running to the hills, for the solitude of the cave, to rejoin the birds and the bears in the morning of the world.

And I cannot blame them. Who amongst us hasn't day-dreamed it? Abandoning the material reality of which we are part for a cavern of the mind, to wall oneself up in a rocky cell and wait for the end times, leaving the world to its fate. Yet, and yet, as I listen hard, I hear again those echoes across time, emanating from the very labour of the caves. The echoes resound a curious certainty within me, that the monks have their second thoughts about withdrawal. Their sociality, I am sure, in the space of that long resounding second, wins out, even against the allure of stony isolation. And as they call out prayers into the reverberating rock, starting with a low hum, like that of the earth itself, I hear them now, raise their distant voices to a resonant chant. It carries low and loud across the valley, merging in great rolling waves with the songs of other caves, many miles apart. And within this rock-mouthed choir, I hear the voices of my comrades carrying behind, above, below and before me, as I make my descent through the wooded, sun-soaked valley. The trees become consonants to the flow of cave-round vowels, caves that were made for singing.

Via industry-scared plains and the pink mountain skies of Brasov, through the ruins of culture, in

7. **August 16th – Edirne (Turkey)** - which from 1369 to 1453 was capital of the Ottoman Empire. It was here that "[Certain accursed ones of no significance](#)" were publicly burnt for their heretical letterist opinions - some say Ali ul 'Ali, who was groom to [Astarabadi](#) himself met his end in this sorrowful affair (proposal from Fabian).
8. August 16th-17th – Psychogeography in Istanbul - at the point where Europe and Asia have their supposed intercourse.

Majority of all participants will gather there - should be a great meeting.

9. August 18th

9.1. Kütahya, Turkey – the city is famed for its tiles, and many downtown buildings are covered from tip to toe with ceramics. To this can be added swathes of unspoiled Ottoman architecture, museums housed in 14th-century seminaries, fantastic restaurants – and no tourist kitsch... it's so easy to tune yourself into local culture in a place like this.

Aizanoi – ancient amfiteater and stadium....

9.2. Eskişehir - the old town here has tried to cash in on the current Turkish "Ottomania" trend, painting its imperial buildings in saffron, aquamarine, lime and other friendly colours. It makes for a truly enchanting scene, especially when the aforementioned colours are ignited at sunset; local tourists come in dribs and drabs, but foreign travellers stay away – the last note sounds promising. I would propose here to tune into colour.

10. August 19th (Cappadokia)

11. August 20th - Victorical 3SF World Cup in Boğazkale & [Hattusa](#) (Turkey) - one of the first mentioned cases of regicide - [Mursili I](#) was executed by his own soldiers in 1526 BC. This the question of boss in contemporary society – the question of organizing (3SF world cup) as well. Especially that in Hattusa there are remnants of some Hittites' stuff resembling goalposts – some western historians were used to call it sculptures, or even art, but goalposts could be much more of use than art.

Amasya – a city which does actually receive a few foreign tourists. And so it should, for this is a place of great beauty – the city centre is squeezed into a tight valley, with charming Ottoman buildings peppering the northern flank, and a series of spectacular mosques piercing the skyline on the opposite side of the river. Some of the Ottoman buildings have been converted into boutique guesthouses; these intriguing wooden structures, so clever in their design, make a great place to kick back for a few days, especially when you throw in a few trips to the nearby steam baths, which themselves are a few centuries old.

Tokat – the main reason to visit is culinary – the chance to sample Tokat's famously gigantic kebabs. They're simply huge, a mixture of roast lamb, potatoes, aubergine, tomato and peppers, grilled under a bulb of garlic. My proposition – tuning into flavour.

Sivas – "real Turkey" city in the land. There's a rarified quality to the air here, though this should come as no great surprise in a city sitting almost 1,300m above sea-level. At the very centre of Sivas lies the city's pride and joy: a clutch of buildings – some whole, some in bits – dating back to Selçuk times. My own personal magnet is the swallow-filled courtyard of the [Bürüciye Medresesi](#), a seminary founded in 1271.

12. August 21 st

Doğubeyazıt (Ararat)

13-14. August 22-23rd – Nakhichevan, Azerbaijan and Əlinçə (the shrine of [Fazlullah Hurufi](#)) – Huruffiyya 3SF World Cup; D.I.Y. sound making event in the mountains. Tune into sound.

15. August 24th - Humanitarian 3SF World Cup in Kars (Turkey) - [Monument to Humanity](#), at the unfinished monument to peace between Turkey and Armenia, long divided by a dispute

over genocide. To finally to bury nationalisms, inherited from bipolar football. Great place where destructive and psychic workers meet without ending-up into the victory of nationalisms.

Play in [Ani](#) and Die 3SF World Cup

16. August 25th. Batumi.

17-19. August 26-28 – taking the ferry boat from Batumi or Poti (Georgia) to Varna or Burgas (Bulgaria) – desakalapatragraph (resuming of common experiences) and marin version of urban poker (game with found cards) on the deck accompanied by truck drivers and dolphins in a Black Sea.

20. August 29th – The Petrified Workers 3SF World Cup in Slanchevo, Bulgaria - [Pobiti Kamani Stones](#): Mysterious standing stone formations looks like a petrified forest – great site for 3SF.

21. August 30th – the Black Super New Moon 3SF World Cup, Bucharest – exact location is not appointed yet.

You are welcome to join at any point... or you are free to choose whatsoever another point on or near-by of our proposed route. Or join in a psychic way.

For the end – there is a story: in some late 19th century Siberian shamans hosted the souls of the revolutionaries of Paris Commune (those, who died unhappily and were disturbing the aether) and buried them in the lake Baikal. After that the amount of the fishes increased many times in Baikal. Hope something similar will happen in Black Sea as well.

О МЕЧТЕ

Written by Kęstutis Šapoka

Published: 07 August 2019

Я ничем не примечателен, и рассказывать о себе, наверное, бессмысленно. Да и нелегко откровенничать. Но так, как я тоже считаю себя членом союза живых и мертвых работников психического труда, притом, мысленно участвую в этом путешествии по тропам раннего и/или позднего леттризма... притом, речь идет не столько обо мне, сколько о мечте... будет простительно упомянуть о себе. Иронично, что хотя я идеологически присоединяюсь к товарищам и к ихней (нашей) коллективной борьбе с капиталистической системой искусства, в тоже время я страдаю от социофобии – страха людей и коллективных сборищ – невротическим расстройством, порожденным именно капиталистическим строем. К тому же, побочный эффект этого расстройства – мне трудно путешествовать, находиться в чужих, незнакомых местах, притом, с незнакомыми людьми. Это наводит на меня жуткий страх. Потому, я в своей жизни, за границей был всего несколько раз, и то, не по своему желанию, а больше по стечению обстоятельств, больше по чужой воле и вине.

Редас Диржис время от времени уже давненько упоминал о планируемом путешествии, но я это воспринимал (по уже упомянутой причине) как мероприятие, которое я морально поддерживаю, но которое реально никак меня не касается и не может касаться. Диржис как то гостил в Вильнюсе (он живет в Алитусе) поздней весной, уже было довольно тепло, мы пили кофе из бумажных стаканчиков на воздухе, около лестницы Национальной библиотеки. Беседовали о том, и о сем. Редас как-то опять мельком упомянул о хлопотах, связанных с паломническим путешествием. Тогда продолжал говорить что-то дальше, уже о другом. Но слово «паломническим» внезапно как-то меня зацепило, хотя я – атеист.

И я вдруг Редаса перебил на полуслове:

Published: 25 December 2020

"The name which can be named is not the true name." -道德经

I don't recall when I first encountered the dream of a pilgrimage, connecting the birthplace of the Messiah and founder of Letterism, Isidore Isou, and the deathplace of the Messiah and founder of Letterism, Fazlallah Astarabadi. I had harboured ideas to visit Botoșani, Isou's birthplace, in the northern, "Moldavian" part of Romania, for some years, but had thus far been knocked back by certain of my fellow psychic workers, on account of the significant traversals of space, time and class that would be required. Against such investment in signification, actions were indefinitely postponed. However, in the aftermath of an affiliation with the union of Data Miners and Psychic Workers, various suggestions began once more to circulate, or at least to diffuse through the filaments of whatever media mycelia held us connected at that time.

Things are resolved, plans are made, a pilgrimage takes place, and time, and class, to mark the dawning of the 12th year since Isou's passing, and so to finally turn the page, or so it is hoped, on those bitter, blood-inked chapters we call - after Fazlallah himself - the Age of Divinity.

Myself and another psychic worker begin our pilgrimage before the beginning, on 28th July, some days before joining our comrades in Bucharest. We are marking, precisely, the twelfth cycle of the sun since Isou's death. Marking, or so it is written, the dawning of the twelfth year, since the passing of the Age of Divinity. No age ends in the downing of a day, but we are here because some people like to draw lines on maps.

We begin by time-travelling, a little less further to the east at first, to Kent, in South-East England. At the turning of the year we drift. A timeless Sunday afternoon, some six-thousand summers folded through it, meandering along the age-old Pilgrim's Way, to the Coldrum Long Barrow. This tumbledown nest of stones is the Neolithic resting place of a group of dead workers, workers who once partook, and perhaps still do, in certain self-organised activities in this sleepy, seldom-frequented valley.

The living stones, and the dead workers who abide with them, have rested here close on six-thousand harvests now, even since the days of the first harvest and the very dawn of farming on this land. Standing witness to this agricultural advent, the monument thus also carries with it the strange weight of that lurid and human-wrought tall-tale we call 'History', that which the Age of Divinity claimed for its own. Yet the stones slumber on, overlooking and overdreaming far more than swathes of ripening cellulose, bristling and swaying in waves of human-raised plant-work and accumulated sunshine.

Amidst these Pilgrim's Way-fairings, in the high summertime Lammas time, I have a 'vision'. The word is inadequate, since what settles upon me then does not limit itself to a binocular squint alone. But here those tidings of nigh on six thousand summers wash over me, as the corn ripens again, at the dawning of the dog days. I think about how it has done, in this breathing rhythm of openings and closings, these six thousand years. And as time turns back on itself, I see clean across it. And I glimpse how many star-lit nights, and rain showers, and frosts, and leaf-falls, these stones have rested through, in this valley, since some passing muscles and daydreams hauled them up from the soil, into sunshine, into rain-wet, dew-wet dawns. And touching stone, across time, I feel these sleepers, as they watch over those very first harvests, and time opens up in the gap. I think about the dead, and about beginnings and endings, and I think about how many harvests there are left. It seems as though we have reached the end of some great cycle, which those stones began, across which yawns the impossible expanse of their dreaming sleep. The year turns again in the evening sun.

2005 m. įvyksta pirmoji Alytaus bienalė kaip IAPAO (2004 m. susirinkimas Bandunge) susitarimas visame pasaulyje vienu metu surengti šimtus kontrbienalių, ir tokiu būdu pradėti Dieviškumo amžiaus agoniją.

2007 m. liepos 28 d. miršta Isidoras Isou. Paskelbiama Alytaus meno streiko bienalė. Tais pačiais metais Belle korporacija Tsukuboje atranda tetrakvarko būseną (egzotinį mezoną), kuris pavadinamas Z(4430). Nuo šių metų pradedamas skaičiuoti proletarinis kalendorius (PC), kurio nuosekliai laikosi Alytaus bienalės organizatoriai.

1PC (pasen. 2008 m.) – surengiama tarptautinė Alytaus meno streiko konferencija, nukreipta prieš Vilniaus Europos kultūros sostinės (VEKS) kapitalizmą.

2PC (pasen. 2009 m.) Alytaus meno streiko bienalė. Įkuriama Psichodarbininkų sąjunga DAMTP. Mirusieji darbininkai apsiireiškia psichodarbininkams Harto saloje Niujorke.

3PC (pasen. 2010 m.) Mirusiųjų darbininkų sąjunga DEWOU-DAMTP apsiireiškia Dartingtono kapinėse.

4PC (pasen. 2011 m.) Alytaus psicho[meno]streikas – Pasaulinis psichodarbininkų kongresas.

5PC (pasen. 2012 m.) Psychodekolonizacijos konferencija Alytuje.

6PC (pasen. 2013 m.) Alytaus psicho[meno]streiko bienalė – Desa-Kala-Patra. Priimamas sprendimas nebevertoti termino paroda, o vietoj jo naudoti situografo (desakalapatragrafo) pavadinimą.

7PC (pasen. 2014 m.) Pirmasis trišalio futbolo čempionatas Silkeborge – pirmasis DAMTP bandymas reproletarizuoti triolektiką.

8PC (pasen. 2015 m.) Alytaus psicho[meno]streiko bienalė – Revoliucinis animizmas. IWW oficialiai atsiriboja nuo psichodarbininkų, neproduktyviųjų, reprodukcinių, destruktinių ir mirusiųjų darbininkų iš 007/700 sektoriaus. Įkuriamas IWW - Illegitimate Workers of the World. Alytuje išrandamas ir pirmąjį kartą žaidžiamas kvantinis trišalis futbolas. CERNe atrandamos dvi pentakvarkinės būsenos (egzotiniai barijonai): P+c(4380) ir P+c(4450) – jų atradimą buržuaziniai mokslininkai įvardina kaip „atsitiktinį“.

9PC (pasen. 2016 m.) Pirmasis kvantinis fluxfutbolo lygiadienio festivalis (FQFFEF) Londone, Amsterdame ir Kararoje.

10PC (pasen. 2017 m.) Kathalytus psichostreiko bienalė. DAMTP subyra į frakcijas.

11PC (pasen. 2018 m.) Trišalio futbolo pasaulio čempionato proletarinis-animistinis psichoeozorcizmas Madride.

12PC (pasen. 2019 m.) 8-oji Alytaus Bienalė: SANKABA (SitugrAfiNė KvAntumpiligriminė kelionė nuo Botošanio iki Alenčės).

Loose Ends and Knotwork of a Psykick Worker, Regarding the Letterist Pilgrimage of 12PC and the End of the Age of Divinity

Written by NXTPA (Naye iXperamants in Tryolektix aun Psikish Arbet)

– А может и мне отправиться с вами?

Редас на мгновение замолк:

– ...но ты же не можешь путешествовать...

– Да, – задумчиво ответил я, – но если путешествие паломническое, это уже другое дело...

Редас опять помолчал, тогда тихо произнес толи мне, толи себе:

– Никогда не знаешь, что кого затронет ... Я «паломничество» употребил так, спонтанно, к слову...

Мы посмеялись и забыли об этом маленьком происшествии. Но мне «паломничество», в ситуации пролетарской самоорганизации, обросло каким-то новым смыслом, который, от части, повернул семантику моего невротического расстройства каким-то другим, неожиданным углом, дополнил чувством, вернее каким-то пока что не совсем осознанным предчувствием чего-то, что я должен совершить...

Конечно, все это ослабло, стерлось, забылось и я (точнее, мой невроз) уже опять в голове отодвинул, засунул это путешествие в самый дальний, самый темный угол (под)сознания. Редас уже начал составлять прелиминарные графики и маршруты предстоящего путешествия. Он переслал всем по электронной почте предварительный маршрут, начинающийся в Румынии. В начальной стадии путь шел через местечко Сароса, в котором находится еще и психиатрическая лечебница Spitalul Sarosa. И меня вдруг опять сильно передернуло. Путешествие вдруг наполнилось дополнительным квази- или анти-символическим содержанием, потому что моя фамилия – Шапока (а на английском языке – Сарока или Сапока). Мало того, я писал докторскую по искусству душевно больных людей, так же, имел дело с психлечебницами. Это все на одном из отрезков моей жизни был довольно важным, существенным.

Вдруг я осознал, что просто обязан пуститься в путешествие, по крайней мере, участвовать в начальной ее стадии, таким образом, как-бы встретиться с самим собой, т. е. Сарока. В этот миг встречи с собой как со своими буквами, что-то как-то должно повлиять на время, пространство и меня самого в них или вне их. Это как якобы перейти на сквозь себя самого и выйти собой, но не собой. Или выйти не собой, но собой. Уйти от себя, но прийти в себя. Войти в себя, но уйти от себя.

Я сразу же оповестил Редаса, что еду! Все показывает на то, что я должен влиться в коллектив comrades. Я сразу-же нашел это место в Румынии, и даже саму больницу. И сто раз прошел виртуально мимо нее туда и обратно с помощью 3D карты ...

Редас, собрав группу товарищей на начальный этап путешествия, уже начал улаживать последние технические детали. Но... в последний миг, когда я уже должен был окончательно подтвердить свое участие... меня хватил острейший приступ паники... я затрусил, записывал, запаниковал... и, отказался... И погрузился в еще более глубокую... мечту.

kas privatizuoja mūsų pasipriešinimą?

Written by DAMTP

Published: 27 December 2019

Šiandieninė Lietuvos meno pasaulio situacija net ir jo paties oficialių atstovų akimis ir žodžiais tapo nuobodi ir beformė: viskas pasiekta (įstota į NATO, AICA ir ES, laimėtas karas prieš bet kokią iš vidaus kylančią kritiką). Pagrįstai kyla klausimas, kokią gi funkciją šiandieninėje kapitalo prisigėrusioje visuomenėje atlieka meno institucijos? Kodėl naujai įsteigtas MO centras toks įkyriai, netgi isteriškai, agresyvus? Kodėl NDG (ir tas pats MO) pradėjo praeiti projektuoti į ateitį ir žada

amžinąjį gyvenimą mirusiesiems, giminėms bei sau patiems? Kodėl nususo ŠMC? Ar tikrai reiktų džiaugtis Lietuvos paviljono „pasiekimais“ Venecijos bienalėje? Galbūt į šiuos klausimus padės atsakyti žinios iš Londono, į kurį pagal galimybes (ne)tiesiogiai orientavosi ir tebesiorientuoja visos minėtos institucijos. Prieš gerą dešimtmetį Vilniuje apsilankęs britų rašytojas Stewartas Home'as atvirai pripažino, kad Vilniaus šiuolaikinis kultūrinis gyvenimas – tai pigi Londono imitacija. Netgi regionų gyventojai paskutinius kelis dešimtmečius Vilnių žymiai sėkmingiau susiranda Londone, nei pačiame Vilniuje.

Vis dėlto, dar reiktų trumpo situacijos paaiškinimo. 2016 metais, grupė psichodarbinių surengė nesankcionuotą trišalio futbolo rungtynes Tate Modern galerijoje, taip pat kitose Londono viešosiose (?) erdvėse. Tate Modern sureagavo iškviesdama apsaugą, ir, štai po trijų metų, organizuoja jau sankcionuotą, saugų projektą, skirtą „meno ir futbolo sąryšiui“, šiame projekte pakvietusi dalyvauti (kaip pasirodė) karjeros menininkus. Piniginė pakiša ir/arba karjeros galimybės – viena efektyviausių priemonių.

Dėl laiko stygiaus nebūtina pasakoti gausybės niuansų (galbūt kada nors atsiras galimybė apie tai pakalbėti plačiau), užtenka paminėti, jog psichodarbinkai ir jų sąjūdis nenori būti siejami su oficialia kapitalistine meno institucijų (šiuolaikinio meno centrų, muziejų) ir megainstitucijų (bienalių) sistema. Maža to, savo veikla bando tą cinišką sistemą demaskuoti, o susiklosčius palankioms aplinkybėms, galbūt netgi sunaikinti. Žinoma, tai daroma ne grynai politinio aktyvizmo ar atviros destrukcijos formomis, tačiau kolektyvinės savioorganizacijos ir laisvos kūrybinės saviraiškos (nepainioti su sistemos peršama „meno“ sąvoka) pagrindu.

Joje nesivadovaujama oficialios meno sistemos biurokratine ir/ar komercine, t. y. normatyvine logika, nesilaikoma sistemos nustatytų karjerizmo ir subordinacijos taisyklių. Nors oficialioje sistemoje „menas“ juk visada nežinia kodėl susiejamas su „laisve“. Todėl ši veikla išryškina po „menu“ slypintį sistemos autoritariškumą ir manipuliacijas, taigi melą ir propagandą. O po ja slepiasi buržuazinė vartojimo ir socialinės stratifikacijos – žemesniųjų socialinių klasių, kitų rasių engimo ir pan. – ideologija.

Taigi, šios saviraiškos formos korumpuotai kolonialistinei sistemai tampa neparankios. Tiesa, meno sistema negali ar nenori atvirai demonstruoti arogancijos ir jėgos, nes ji remiasi demokratijos ir kūrybiškumo (creativity) mitologija. Žinoma, Lietuvoje, kaip ir daugelyje buvusių imperijų kolonijų, meno sistema gali kone atvirai demonstruoti galią ir būti arogantiška, kaip kad vienoje Coca Colos reklamų buvo skelbiama „because I can“ (nes aš galiu). Todėl išrandami nepatogių kontrkultūrinių sąjūdžių neutralizavimo būdai. Vienas efektyviausių – simuliacijos arba sukeitimo principas. Pasisavinamos ir imituojamos kontrkultūrinių sąjūdžių idėjos, tačiau jau išvalytas nuo aktualaus turinio ir kritinių ketinimų, sistemai pilną kraunančiais, „kūrybiškumo“ ar „meninio avangardo“ pavidalais. Šis Tate Modern projektas – tipiškas pavyzdys.

Tokiu būdu kritinis potencialas panaikinamas, nes jis įkurdinamas „baltajame kube“ ir pakeičiamas karjeros kuratoriais ir menininkais, trykštančiais pseudoidejomis. Tokiu atveju kontrkultūrinių sąjūdžių atstovai sąmoningai klaidingai pateikiami tiesiog kaip irgi karjeros menininkai, tik „mažiau sėkmingi“, nei tie – pakliuvę į prestižinį projektą... Taigi, tiesiog nepakankamai kūrybiški, o dažnai netgi nekultūringi, negatyvūs individai.

Šį principą galėtų iliustruoti kad ir tokia vietinės provincialios meno sistemos smulkmena. 2010 m. Vilniaus ŠMC rengto propagandinio oficialiojo projekto „Lietuvos dailė 2000–2010 m.“ atidarymo spaudos konferencijoje kažkuri žurnalistė paklausė ŠMC direktoriaus ar buvo projekte atsakiusių dalyvauti menininkų? Netikėto klausimo išmuštas iš vėžių, direktorius nerišliai burbtelėjo, kad buvo du menininkai, žinoma, nenurodydamas jų pavardžių. O tada paskubomis pridūrė, kad „jie pateikė patenkinamas atsakymo priežastis“ (mirk iš juoko!) O viena gretimai

solidarity. Their driver showed a body letter of [capitalist] detachment but some traces of solidarity were apparent.

Situografinė KvAntumpiligriminė kelionė nuo Botošanio iki Alenčės /// Alytaus situografas

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)

Published: 20 January 2020

12 proletarinio kalendoriaus metais (pasen. 2019 m.) vykstanti Alytaus bienalė skirta nuo 1993 m. pradėtų eksperimentinio pobūdžio reiškinų, vėliau įgavusių Alytaus meno(psicho)streiko bienalės pavidalą apibendrinimui.

Šiuo tikslu rugpjūčio 10-30 dienomis Alytaus bienalė buvo vykdoma 5 valstybėse prie Juodosios jūros. Būtent šioje teritorijoje materializavosi dauguma per visus šiuos metus Alytuje generuotų idėjų, čia surado savo poilsio vietą Alytuje vykdytų renginių dalyvių svajonės.

Psichodarbinių sąjunga kvietė visus, kuriuos domina dvasiniai ieškojimai ir atradimai, pokalbiui prie situografų Alytuje ir Vilniuje:

Situografas Alytaus dailės mokykloje (S. Dariaus ir S. Girėno g. 25, Alytus)

pradedamas konstruoti 2019 m. spalio 15 d.

pristatymas – spalio 30 d. 17.00 val.

Situografas J. Meko vizualiųjų menų centre (Malūnų g. 8, LT-01200 Vilnius)

2019 m. lapkričio 14 d. – gruodžio 7 d.

pristatymas – lapkričio 14 d. 18.00 val.

(kaip jau Lietuvoje įprasta, atsineškite žvakių)

Suprasdami, kad gali kilti keblumų dėl terminologijos ir atskirų istorinių faktų traktavimo, pateikiame situografuose naudojamų sąvokų bei faktografijos sąvadą:

Musulmonų Hurufijus (letristas) Fazlala Astarabadis pseudonimu Naimi išpranašavo ir savo kankinio mirtimi 1396 m. Alenčėje (dabartinis Azerbaidžanas) atvėrė naująjį amžių – Dieviškumo amžių (mes jį paprastai vadiname kapitalizmo įsigalėjimo laikotarpiu). Tai laikmetis, kuomet žmogus panūdo prilygti Dievui.

Talmude (Kesubos traktate) yra teigiama, kad žydai nenaudos fizinės jėgos, kad įsteigtų savo valstybę, kol neapsireikš Mesijas iš Dovydo namų. Psichodarbinkai laikosi nuostatos, kad tas Mesijas buvo Isidoras Isou, kuris 1946 m. publikavo Letristų manifestą ir tokiu būdu ne tik iniciavo Izraelio įkūrimą, bet jo mirties data žymi ir Dieviškumo (kapitalizmo) amžiaus pabaigą.

1925 m. sausio 29 d. Botošanyje gimė Isidoras Isou.

1942 m. kovo 19 d. Isou pamatė pirmąsias vizijas, kurios vėliau nugulė į letristines idėjas.

tail first

BLACK SEA 3SF WORLD CUP: AUGUST 28TH, 12PC

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)
Published: 20 January 2020

blackseacup

The 3SF World Cup was hold on the ferry-boat deck in a time between Workers' Negotiated Overtaking of VIPs' Sunset and before Workers' Self-organized Proletarian Sunrise. Participants: Truck Drivers' Academia (TDA), dolphins, kids, travellers, bikers, None-Males Association (NoMA), Double Agents International (DAI), SOF and ABRACADABRA-C.

Two players – one from TDA, another from NoMA - got serious foot injuries. The same TDA player few hours before got his heart broken because of NoMA's refusal to accept his love. The World Cup eventually ended on the unexpected victory by dolphins – the clandestine negotiation to give ball to them ended up with disability to kick-off it “accidentally” out of the ferry to the open sea. It was probably because the heavy hand-made serpentine ball was used.

BUCHAREST BLACK MOON 3SF WORLD CUP: AUGUST 30TH, 12PC

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)
Published: 20 January 2020

blackmoonday

Black Moon for Bucharest came-up at 1:37PM on August 30th, 12PC. SOF, DAI (Double Agents International) and ABRACADABRA-C went to a carwash few hours before this time. First here DAMTPs got a vacuum cleaner from the cleaning workers and almost finished the cleaning of van interior, when workers took back the vacuum cleaner back and told to wait in a queue. It took 2 or 3 hours. Black Moon or Supermoon came in the moment the van started to be washed. In full proletarian solidarity 3 teams of peregrines played a routine 3SF World Cup (WC). This was the last WC in a row of 18. It ended with SOF automatic dissolving. After playing DAMTPs came back to the cleaning worker and paid him for the job done including the labour done by themselves.

Thus on 31st July 12PC [2019 vulg.] the destined day of SOF's self-abolition arrived - the culmination of UfSO, the amplic and the chiselling phases, overseen by the 33-month return of the Black Moon. In the annual rotunda - the threesided game of earth, moon and sun - each of the four elemental seasons gives birth to three new moons. Every 33 months or so, they sire a Black Moon, a seer who walks in the shadows between them, itself a ghostly image of the great 33 year solar-lunar marriage dance. With the dawning of the Black Moon, in the 12th year of the Age of the Proletariat, Strategic Optimism's Nine Year Plan reaches the end of its 3rd and final phase. The unending cycle of the Three Rotations is complete; the cosmic great game begins again!

Later this day peregrines cached with Romanian National Football Team bus, stuck in the traffic jam, and DAI tried to offer them a proletarian football of lowest quality as letter of proletarian

sėdėjusi garsi dailėtyrininkė, palaikydama direktorių, arogantiškai pro sukąstus dantis iškošė – „tas atsisakymas dalyvauti, yra tik būdas dar labiau pasireklamuoti...“

Taigi, sistema naudoja veidrodžio principą. Jeigu kritiškai nusiteikusiųjų neišeina papirkti, tada bet kokį kritinį veiksma savo atžvilgiu sistema pateikia kaip tą veiksma atlikusiųjų oportunitizma ir savireklama. Taigi, savo cinizma perkelia į kritikuojančius. Kaip jau minėjome, imitaciniuose projektuose akcentuojamas „pozityvus kūrybiškumas“, būtinai šmėžuoja „kontekstas“ (kuris reiškia psichopatinius tarpusavio santykius), taip pat sistemos kalboje labai dažnos yra „tapatumo“ ir „tyrimo“ savitiksles sąvokos. Tada ši tautologija dar papildoma , „išskleidžiama“, įforminama tariamais „debatais“, „kūrybinėmis dirbtuvėmis“ ir „peržiūromis“.

Į šią prasmės simuliacijos mechaniką, taip pat ir Lietuvos šiuolaikinio meno sistemoje, labai dažnai įtraukiamas dar ir akademinis pasaulis. Įtraukiami vadinamieji teoretikai – ne tik su sistema tiesiogiai susiję (karjeros) kuratoriai ir dailėtyros atstovai, tačiau ypatingai vertinami madingi (karjeros) filosofai, paprastai tarant – šiuolaikiniai sofistai. Karjeros filosofai sisteminę propagandą kilsteli į aukštesnį lygmenį – įpakuoja ją į solidų, rimtą (para)akademinį apvalkalą.

(Kolektyvinio) kūrybiškumo (creativity) biurokratinės simuliacijos, persimetę iš bienalizuotos sistemos, iškeruoja taip pat ir meno edukacinėje sistemoje (pavyzdžiui, VDA meno doktorantų programose, Nidos meno kolonijos „kūrybinių dirbtuvių“, „debatų“ nesibaigiančiose simuliacijose, vainikuojamose kolektyvinio sriubos virimo ir valgymo apeigomis ir t. t.).

Pavyzdžių nors samčiu semk... Pavyzdžiui, VDA meno doktorantūros rėmuose organizuojama diskusija apie „pasipriešinimą galiui (sic!) ir meninį aktyvizmą“. Diskusiją moderuoja karjeros kuratorė ir dailės kritikė, kuri, kiek juokaujant, galima sakyti – yra privatizavusi protesto kultūros temą. Solidumo įspūdžiui sustiprinti pasikviečiamas dar ir karjeros filosofas su, liaudiškai tarant, „gerai pakabintu liežuviu“. Šis filosofas, savo ruožtu, irgi yra privatizavęs tą pačią temą, tik kitoje – filosofijos – profesinėje sferoje.

Tada iš preliminarus diskusijos dalyvių sąrašo (šventos ramybės dėlei) pašalinami tie, kurie gali diskusiją pakreipti saugaus formato scenarijuje nenumatyta linkme, taigi, gali iš tiesų ką nors pradėti kritikuoti (keista, kad apie juos iš viso buvo pagalvota). Ir pakeičiami tiesiog lojaliais sistemai, t. y., galiui, saugiais beveidžiais (karjeros) statistais. Taigi, galios institucijoje susimuliuojama diskusija apie „pasipriešinimą galiui“. Projektas užskaitomas kaip puikiai pavykęs, nes jam reikia ne tikros diskusijos, o tinkamai parinktos aktorių grupės, kalbančios abstrakcijomis, ir tiksliai atliekančios išmokus vaidmenis. Užburtas ratas. Ir tai ne koks nepaprastas įvykis, o kasdienybė – meno (ir edukacinės) sistemos veikimo standartas, klišė. O šio sisteminės simuliacijos formato esmė – tiesiog ritualinė.

Taigi, sistemos simuliacijų tikrasis tikslas – ne ieškoti prasmės, o ją paslėpti ir pakeisti tuščiaaviduriais dublikatais. Prieš šią galingą propagandinę industriją itin sunku adekvačiai kovoti kritiniams sąjūdžiams ir idėjoms, sveikam protui apskritai. Oficiozinę meno sistemą visada gina arši subinlaižių karjeristų armija, sistema visada turi didesnius finansinius išteklius, žinoma, ir legitimacinę galią. Aišku, silpnoji kontrkultūrinių judėjimų pusė ta, kad dalis judėjimo dalyvių sąmoningai ar nesąmoningai yra užkrėsti sisteminio karjerizmo bacilais, paveikti menininko mentaliteto, todėl užkimba ant sistemos pakišų, kaip ir šiuo Tate Modern projekto atveju. Tada sistemai lengviau kontrkultūrinius sąjūdžius pateikti kaip „meninio avangardo“ sąjūdžius, kurie tenori išsikvoti sau šiltesnę vietelę meno sistemoje ir dailės istorijoje. Kas yra visiška netiesa, nes tikslas – ne į jas patekti, o jas demaskuoti ir sunaikinti.

Taigi, Tate Modern kaip tik ir yra vienas simuliacijos gigantų ir monstrų. Institucijos tinklalapyje skelbiama, kad „futbolo“ projekte bus „tyrinėjami santykiai tarp futbolo, meno ir tapatumo“.[1]

Žinoma, visos trys – meno, futbolo ir tapatumo – sąvokos suvokiamos išimtinai sistemos sankcionuotose biurokratinuose-komerciniuose rėmuose.

Sekantis žingsnis – ši „tapatumo tyrinėjimų“ imitacija tuojau pat susiejama su prekiniais ženklais pagal visus rinkodaros ir pri(ch)vatizacijos dėsnius. Susiaistoma su garsiais brandais – figūruoja prestižinių komercinių-propagandinių renginių, kompanijų, futbolo klubų pavadinimai, futbolo ir kitų sričių žvaigždžių pavardės ir t. t. O visa ši propagandinė mišrainė pabaigai dar susiejama su konkrečiomis karjeros kuratorių ir menininkų pavardėmis. Taip propagandinis ideologinis-komercinis vartojimo ratas užsidaro. Maža to, atvirai iš kontrkultūrinių pavogtos ir konjunktūrinių perdirbtos idėjos tuojau pat tampa tų konjunktūrinių nuosavybe – tą pačią akimirką įsigalioja korporacijoms naudingos autorinės teisės, kurias „gina įstatymas“. Taip veikia bet kuri oficiali (meno) sistema, tame tarpe ir mūsų.

Taigi, reaguodami į Tate Modern ciniškas manipuliacijas, Londono psichodarbininkai paskelbė atsakymą, kurį čia ir pateikiame.

[(galbūt) Redas Diržys ir (galbūt) Kęstutis Šapoka]

[1] „Grab your boots and kit as Tate Exchange explores the relationship between art, football and identity“ <https://www.tate.org.uk/whats-on/tate-modern/tate-exchange/workshop/who-are-ya#> kontrkultūrinių judėjimų pusė ta, kad dalis judėjimo dalyvių sąmoningai ar nesąmoningai yra užkrėsti sisteminio karjerizmo bacilus, paveikti menininko mentaliteto, todėl užkimba ant sistemos pakišų, kaip ir šiuo Tate Modern projekto atveju. Tada sistemai lengviau kontrkultūrinius sąjūdžius pateikti kaip „meninio avangardo“ sąjūdžius, kurie tenori išsikovoti sau šiltesnę vietelę meno sistemoje ir dailės istorijoje. Kas yra visiška netiesa, nes tikslas – ne į jas patekti, o jas demaskuoti ir sunaikinti.

They Think it's All Over... It is Then!

Written by Strategic Optimism Football (SOF)

Published: 27 December 2019

Bilan:

Six years ago, in sixth year of the Proletarian Calendar [2013 Vulg.], Strategic Optimism Football club was formed in London. It was created by former members of the nomadic invisible college, the University for Strategic Optimism as a vehicle for its own self-abolition. The UfSO had been a revolutionary tendency within the UK student movement, instrumental in various conflicts with the State and Capital around 3-6PC [2010-13 vulg.]. It is remembered for its part in the storming of the Tory party HQ, of Lewisham Town Hall, the Battle of Parliament Square, etc, as well as triggering a series of viral bank occupations that in turn lit the touch paper for the Indignados and Occupy Movements. However, as a result of this fame, UfSO grew tired of fending of speaking invitations from 'radical' art and political organisations, increasingly finding itself recuperated by cultural institutions, from the Museum of London to the fashion supplement of the NY Times – basically anywhere 'radical chic' could bump up the sales figures.

The UfSO had only its time. By 6PC [2013 vulg.] the movement of which it was one of the more advanced practical-theoretical elements had dissipated and disintegrated. Even just one year after its founding, the major part of the UfSO's energy and resources had been diverted into the Occupy movement and the UK and global struggles of 3-4PC [2011 vulg.] more broadly. One can see that in hindsight, this loss of practical coherence manifested in the UfSO's descent into abstract theorising, resulting in internal wrangling and splits within the group. Internal sexual tumult, along with drug and alcohol addictions played their part, like they do in all good stories, but it was ultimately a political decomposition that brought about an end to the UfSO's more radical phase of operations.

using the force of the wind (d. 1640 in exile in Algeria, were was sent after doing few flights over Bosporus).

1633 – Galileo Galilei life sentencing (d. 1642 - has a 365-year period to Isou death in 2007)

1647-1648 – Burattini (visited Northern Africa in 1639 where possibly met with Hezâr fen) did flying construction for Polish King Władysław IV with the vision to fly to Constantinople in less than 12 hours., but the construction didn't work.

1929–32 Vladimir Tatlin's human-powered ornithopter Letatlin № 1-3.

Notes and instructions for DAMTPs on how mechanically to self-organize in the situation of revolutionary worker's movement. Here is a quick summary:

Situation	Note
The worker is approached toward the revolution	Worker must be either in avant-garde, or in the tail-garde of the movement together with his/her closest fellows (classical approach)
While descending	The side nearest to the centre of gravity (critical mass) will descend first
While descending	Geometrical (psychopath) centre or professional revolutionary is always a little bit behind the critical mass of the movement.
While airborne, without individual input, and without assistance from the revolutionary organization	The movement's geometrical and gravity centres (critical mass) correspond
While descending	The heavier part of the movement will never be equal to or higher than the lighter part
While descending tail first	If tail rotates backward, the movement will regain balance. If tail rotates forward, the movement will flip over
While stably flying	If the resistance from the wing is moved behind the centre of gravity, the workers' movement will descend head first
While stably flying	If the resistance from the wing is moved in front of the centre of gravity, the workers' movement will descend

As such, Letterism must now go beyond the zero-dimensionality of the letter: the basis for the one-sided expansionism of point-line-plane-solid. It can go beyond such atomisation by using what Jorn called ‘dialectical geometry’- or sitology- to open upon the internal, or inverse dimensions of letters, exceeding the reheated Neo-Platonism of their outward emanations. It must do so, not to prop up some nuclearised destructive work or external transcendentalism akin to the monotheists of CERN, but rather to demonstrate the inner reality and inner dimensionality of letters from an acentric perspective: the sub-letterist particles, fields, relations and anti-letters that constitute the origin and magnitude of all letters, and by implication, the material reality they compose.

Egyptian Postures, like military drills or Fordist labour, reduce workers to the zero-dimensionality of instrumentalised atomic letters, their bodily gestures abstracted and primed for capitalist recombination. Letterist postures, however, reverse this polarity in order to escape from the binary altogether, through radical solidarity and acentric animism. In doing so, we will open up the superpositionality of letters, and the workers who embody them, beyond the abstract confines zero-dimensionality. In the process, these emancipated letters, whose origin and magnitudes is the workers themselves, will freely associate with us, combining our collective labours to write the new historical material conditions of the Age of the Proletariat!

BATUMI ALPHABETIC TOWER SHADOW 3SF WORLD CUP: AUGUST 26TH, 12PC

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)

Published: 18 January 2020

The Alphabetic Tower is a 130-meter-high structure in Batumi, Georgia: two helix bands rise up the tower holding 33 letters of the Georgian alphabet. Construction date 4PC (vulg. 2011). Peregrine data miners found out it to be a tower of dead letters and dead birds.

The 3SF game was played with the light ball (the one in a water melon design) in a strong wind.

The game was between three teams accordingly: flying, falling and gravity.

There are some time loops of the game sequence:

559 - Yuan Huangtou forced flight from the tower of The Golden Phoenix as a “liberation of living creatures” death sentence.

1505 – Leonardo da Vinci’s “Codex on the Flight of Birds”.

How ball fly depending on wind direction – the Alphabetic Tower game’s topic		
Wind Direction	Ascent	Descent
Headwind	Over the wind, with wind on breast	Under the wind, with wind on back
Left Wind	Right foot kick over the wind	Right foot kick under the wind
Tailwind	(debatable)	

1632 - flight from Galata Tower in Constantinople by Hezârfen Ahmed Çelebi with eagle wings,

From 6PC [2012 vulg.] on, its direct actions more or less ceased, it became solely an abstract venue for thinking and writing – in short it became another off-shoot of academia. The UfSO’s radicality had always inhered in its praxis, in its practical critique of the university as an institution and the class relations that produce it. Without this praxis it was nothing. After a year or so of attempting to regroup, and thinking through the slow disintegration of the ‘2011 moment’, the remaining faculty of the UfSO decided that a continuing programme of practical critique had become impossible – it had never wished to become an avant-garde without a movement. For a short while the UfSO then turned to thinking through and attempting to put across the insights that it had gained into the nature of radical pedagogy. When it became clear it had said all it had to say on the matter, and that such a project could more effectively be pursued through other groups, the last remaining participants took the decision to dissolve the UfSO as an active organisation.

In order to do so, it was necessary to put the ‘legacy’ of the UfSO beyond reach of the would-be cultural assassins and profiteers of the worlds of art and politics. For that, what was needed was their practical supersession, something that was to be found in the collective game of three-sided football. Three-sided football was chosen because, truly, it has no author, it is and always was collectively elaborated. It was chosen because it has always remained continually in a state of triolectical incoherence and experiment – as a really existing movement. Most importantly, it was chosen as it extended the practical critique of capitalist social relations that the UfSO had, at its peak, embodied

So it was that in 6PC [2013 vulg.], the UfSO announced its auto-dissolution, but simultaneously the formation of a new triolectical football team; Strategic Optimism Football (SOF) was born. Declaring that it was triolectically inverting Marcel Duchamp’s well-known gesture of “definitively abandoning” art in favour of chess. In their case, the UfSO gave up art and politics, in order to play 3SF: the realisation and suppression of football. However, SOF’s first game was played under the banner of an international day of action against a neo-imperialist corporate land grab in the Roşia Montană region of Transylvania, rather casting doubt on this possibility from day one. Incidentally, it is a little-known fact that it was from this very game that one of three-sided football’s infamous tactical dissimulations, the so-called “Rosia’s (Triple) Cross”, obtained its name.

‘The Optimists’ went on to play in a multi-coloured kit, derived from a triolectical collision of industrial painting, occult magick and splashing. It was created by footballing sex workers during a drug-fuelled industrial splashing session-cumritual on Halloween, one month after the club’s formation. Its colourful patterning served to both dazzle the opposition(s), whilst simultaneously – triolectically – camouflaging its bearers as they snuck up on goal.

This was ‘the Optimists’ ‘amplic phase’, a three-year period during which they set about attempting to grow the activity of three-sided football on a global scale. During this phase they achieved notable successes, taking part in the [2014 vulg.] 1th Three-Sided football World Cup, in Silkeborg, Denmark, hosted by Museum Jorn, and through this making contact with existing 3SF organisations internationally. They then went on to contest the Luther Blissett Deptford Three-Sided Football League in the 6, 7 and 8PC seasons [2013-14, 2014-15 and 2015-16 vulg.], culminating in winning the league on the primary “yellow”, or “aesthetic”, matrix in the 8PC [2015-16 vulg.] season.

During this period SOF established a number of further contacts within the international proletarian movement, travelling to Alytus, Lithuania in 8PC to join up with the union of data miners and psychic workers, initiating a programme for the triolectical unwinding of Europe, along the principles of Revolutionary Animism as advanced to the meeting by veteran triolectician Ben Morea. This was put into action that very autumn with the ritual unbinding of the Omphalos of the British Empire, resulting in wild and fluctuating unravellings across the Atlantic axis, as the

Northwest Passage pulled free of its psycho-geographical moorings. Some have attributed the political turmoil that followed on both sides of the Atlantic to the working through of these events. The following spring, the triple Fluxfootball Equinoxfest in London, Amsterdam and Carrera saw three-sided football attained new strategic importance within the proletarian struggle, as teams from across space and time convened to herald the new multidirectional struggle.

Having attained this high point, Strategic Optimism Football reached the resounding culmination of its three-year “amplic” phase. In doing so, it promptly peaked, entering a final, three-year “chiselling” phase, set to culminate in 12 PC [2019 vulg]. The ease with which the team had achieved its sweeping successes across both domestic and international arenas, along with the burgeoning worldwide expansion of three-sided football across sporting, artistic, scientific, philosophical and occult circles had been pronounced. As a result, SOF’s players grew so indifferent and bored of the game’s competitive iterations they decided to eliminate one element of their existence every day, right up to and including the team’s complete dissolution on July 31st/August 30th 12 PC, [2019 vulg]. Approached for comment, SOF’s team-mandated instantly revocable head coach famously stated: “While everyone is now trying to get into three-sided football, we’re doing our best to get out of it.”

This momentous decision was announced on the day of the team’s third anniversary, coinciding as it did with a rare “Black Moon” in Scorpio and the regular monthly meeting of Deptford’s Luther Blissett Three-Sided Football League. From here on, the chiselling phase commenced, to culminate in the return of the Black Moon in 33 months, or three years, time, in 12PC [2019 vulg]. Following the Kabbalistic system first codified in Botoşani, Moldova in the 1940s (vulg.), by the second coming of the Letterist messiah Isidore Isou, the dawning of this Black Moon would mark the climax of Strategic Optimism’s Nine Year Plan and the heralding of the new era of Proletarian Animism.

As is well known, Three-Sided Football builds on Asger Jorn’s invaluable research with the Danish archaeologist P.V. Glob into ancient mnemonic festivities, organised at druidic stone circle sun temples to mark the coincidence of the lunar and solar cycles every 33 years. Jorn’s crucial contribution was, of course, realising that this coincidence also unlocked the key structuring principle of European philosophy, inherited in equal parts via the Egyptian hermetic orders and the Black Celt seafarers, with their megalithic architecture. In short, he demonstrated the indissoluble link between the triple-phase of Hegel’s dialectic, Kierkegaard’s “Three Stages” and the triadic structure of Quantum Chromodynamics, as first intimated by the intuitions of Niels Bohr. All three cases showed the unity of two and three—Hegel’s three-phase dialectic; Kierkegaard’s triple-stage “either/or” existentialism; and, Bohr’s quantum logic of complementarity. Jorn called this discovery “triolectics”. His real innovation was in recognising the roots of this system in attempts to reconcile the gnostic dualism of the masculinist Solar Calendar with the polyvalence of the Lunar Calendar’s triple goddess. This unified system was labelled by the ancients ‘squaring the circle’, but is better known to three-sided footballers today as ‘casting the hex’. It is this which is revealed by reactionary occultist Alistair Crowley in his Book of Lies (Liber 333, chapter 36, the laying of the ‘Star Sapphire’).

The University for Strategic Optimism was the thirty-third in a long line of “Invisible Colleges”, including amongst others, the Royal Society, the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn and Alex Trocchi’s Project Sigma. Indeed, it was from Cleopatra’s looted Needle, on London’s Embankment, that the UfSO succeeded in sparking that wave of riots and strikes that spread across Europe and beyond in 3-4PC [2010-11 vulg.], eventually only being pacified through the harmless Bakuninist diversions of “Occupy”. On its three-year anniversary UfSO dissolved and reformed as Strategic Optimism Football. In turn, on SOF’s own three-year anniversary, coinciding, as stated, with the

a historical pyramid scheme of spiritual and biological evolution. Clearly this is utterly opposed to the lateral solidarities of revolutionary animism, of which these practices represent only a pallid perversion. Instead, Itten’s Mazdaznan postures programmed his students bodies for remote control psychic manipulation, much as the martial arts training of destructive workers primes them for efficient violence, or the repetition of factory gestures steadily disciplines the proletarian bodies of productive workers.

Letterist postures are entirely distinct. They derive from the embodied magico-materialism of Abu l-Fazl Astarabadi and the Hurufi, who perceived that the ‘meta-language’ of reality was an ‘alphabet’ of ‘letters’: 0-dimensional units of spatio-temporal-semantic experience, written through the human body and the material universe with which it is one. Executed for his part in this dissenting movement by the Imperial Turko-Mongol state in c.797 (c.1394 CE), Fazlallah held that it was possible to read this universal language through processes of transliteration: within bodily gestures, the material world and dreams. Truth was apprehensible in the writing of the world, as much, or even more than in the written texts of the prophets. He came to see himself and his movement as heralding the dawning of the Age of Divinity, that which Isidore Isou, second coming of the Letterist ‘messiah’, drew to a close on the 13th of Av, 5767 (2007 CE).

The embodied, magico-materialist nature of Letterist practice is testified by Fazalallah’s practices, which disseminated across Central Asia, modern-day Turkey and the Balkans after his death, particularly through its influence on the Bektashi and folk religion. This, in turn, seems a likely source for the claims made by İsmayıl Hakkı Baltacıoğlu (1886-1978 CE) in his *Türklerde Yazı Sanatı* (‘Turkish Script Arts’ 1958 CE). Here Baltacıoğlu argues that ‘Surrealism’ – the name he gives to the emergent international assault on the individualist force-field of Bourgeois perspective in the arts – clearly finds its basis in ‘Letterism’.

Written in the context of Turkey’s bourgeois modernisation/Latinisation, his study into the (hyper)graphology and aesthetics of Turkish script contrasts ‘Turkish-Islamic’ writing with the geometric abstraction of Latin letters. Baltacıoğlu reads the letter of the pre-1928 CE Arabo-Persian alphabet as a non-figurative, yet non-abstract, non-symbolic incarnations of the human body in expressive postures. Supported by photographs, diagrams and charts, this constitutes an Arabo-Persian transliteration of the body in motion. The non-representational semi-figuration of Letterist posture is seen as the basis of an embodied and material critique of bourgeois rationalisation.

That Baltacıoğlu, like Itten, sought to take this in reactionary directions should not surprise us. Indeed, it would fall to Letterism proper to divert these sentiments towards materialist directions. Today’s Third Letterist International must go beyond the duality of mystical abstraction and rationalist figuration, or vice versa, to reach a new embodied solidarity with letters, based in the acentric perspectives of revolutionary animism. To do so clearly requires going beyond, not just the mystic Euclidean geometry of Itten, whose white supremacist Bauhaus yoga translated Point-Line-Plane-Volume into Breath-Asanas-Body-Pranayama. Indeed, we must also go beyond the zero point of Isou himself.

To do so implies a further step than those outlined by our comrades in their important text *The End of the Age of Divinity*. Here they follow Isou’s schema of assigning letters zero-dimensionality. However, a magico-materialism that goes beyond the spectacular dualism of mystical intuition vs instrumental reason must also go beyond the implied rejection of the inner in favour of the outer. Indeed, we propose the ‘billiard-ball atomism’ of zero-dimensional letters is an unwitting relic of 19th century naïve materialism, the very kind V.L. Lenin used in his *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism* to out-manoeuvre A.A. Bogdanov and gain control of the Bolsheviks. Indeed, Lenin’s approach presented a classic example of that spectacular perspective Anton Pannekoek memorably labeled ‘middle class materialism’: the atom as the theoretical correlate of the bourgeois individual.

The construction of monument to Humanity as a monument to peace between Turkey and Armenia, long divided by a dispute over genocide, was approved on 23 December 2006. The construction of the monument took 3 years and took a shape of monument to bipolarity in 2PC (vulg. 2009). In the early 4PC (vulg. 2011) Turkish Prime Minister Recep Tayyip Erdoğan described the monument as a "monstrosity". On 26 April 4PC monument's demolition started by beheading the statues. Then the statue was dismembered into 20 pieces.

This World Cup started even earlier in Erzurum on August 21st, 12PC when after exchanging in a friendly chat at the dinner table in local restaurant Turkish guy frankly asked: "do peregrines like Turkish president?". Their answer was: "if you like him we like him too". The guy was very satisfied with the answer and with himself too.

On the other hand, the beheading (and dismembering) of the monuments has a long line through the Age of Divinity and merges Protestantism, French Revolution, Paris Commune, Bolsheviks, Situationists, nationalists in Eastern Europe after 90'ies, Taliban, ISIS, Rhode Must Fall Movement and many others. But Kars case is different – there destruction happen in a biennial after the monument was build.

Peregrines climbed the mountain, found a place with remaining of the monument's concrete basement, clambered it and played Humanitarian 3SF Haiku World Cup – the shortest ever played.

Letterist Postures.

Letterist postures are the metagraphy of the working class. In this they drastically differ from the white-supremacist 'Egyptian Postures' of Mazdaznan, which selectively overlook their colonialist providence, even at when this is so blatant as to be contained within their very name! Letterist Postures, in contrast, have always been the meta-language of workers everywhere: reproductive, productive, psychic and destructive.

The classes of Johannes Itten, self-styled high priest of the Bauhaus, included daily warm-ups based on these so-called Egyptian Postures. As part of a regime of controlled breathing, concentration and movement akin to the more familiar practices of yoga or tai chi, Itten used these procedures to channel the embodied intuitive faculties of his students into their productive labours. Itten, however, clung to the individualist fantasy of escaping bourgeois capitalism's instrumental rationality through the false opposition of a reactionary mysticism. Yet this dualist assertion of intuition over reason simply suppressed of his students' critical capacities, setting up them up for remote-control symbolic programming via the hostile psychic and physical conditioning of the state and capital. Like the fascism it paved the way for, this mystical regression was a spectacular misdirection of anti-capitalist sentiment into the worse than useless backwaters of exoticised religion and new age colonialism.

The Egyptian Postures that Itten drew upon stem from Mazdaznan, the late 19th century spiritual movement of Dr. Otoman Zar-Adusht Ha'nish. Again, channelling genuine practices of resistance – a vegetarian diet and body consciousness – into individualist and escapist routes, the Mazdaznan movement spread across the USA and Europe until it was itself suppressed in the 1940s by the very politics it had helped pave the way for.

Performed while singing or humming, these white supremacist postures allegedly channelled vital energy and activated the glands in order to nurture the continued (racial) evolution of humanity through a process of internal illumination (or whitening). It remains a stark fact that Otoman Zar-Adusht Ha'nish's religion clung to a farcical race 'science' that saw whiteness as the culmination of

Black Moon (and not coincidentally, a minor stock market crash), Strategic Optimism Football entered the third phase of their Nine Year Plan.

SOF's chiselling phase entailed a change of kit, from the vibrant colours of amplic splashing, to the darker shades of an auto-destructive array, ritually 'chiselled' from existing shirts during a raging storm in the dark of the Black Moon. This was an inversion inspired by the auto-destructive paintings of renowned striker Gustav Metzger, with the shirts thus painted, splattered and dunked with a specially mixed brew of bleach and sulphuric acid during what was a particularly violent thunderstorm. The torrential rain serving to streak the bleached and burned shirts in a pleasing manner, portending the team's own gradual dissolution.

This phase was also marked by its own startling successes for the team as it strove, rather than for the development and expansion of the game, instead for its destruction and rebirth in the form of direct proletarian animist struggle. This process began at the 1th Three-Sided Football World Cup in Kassel, Germany, 10PC [2017 vulg. – sometimes referred to by certain reactionary parties as the '2nd' world cup]. In the run-up to the tournament SOF had entered a large number of one-person associations as teams, representing various psychogeographical allegiances. As a result it was able to commandeer the structure of the tournament for its own ends, diverting it into triolectical autodissolution.

Discussions regarding whether to even attend the Kassel World Cup had already triggered a split within DAMTP, into a political faction, an aesthetic faction, and a sports faction, as the triolectical coalition began to crack into specialism in the face of capitalist confrontation. Lunatic Fringe for Triolectics (LUFT-DAMTP) attended Kassel in an attempt to divert the game from further specialisation. Conflict arose, however, owing to the tournament taking place simultaneous to the capitalist art spectacle of Documenta. The political faction argued that DAMTP should act in the way workers' organisations do, or 3SF and DAMTP would be recuperated by Documenta. The only way to act against this, they claimed, was to fight the spectacle from outside the Kassel – in Athens, Alytus or some other place (a position supported by DAMTP's German factions: OKK, Polaris, and by the British faction CLASS). They further held that asemic writing activities should take precedence against 3SF. LUFT-DAMTP instead sought to game the system to escape 'binarisation' of 3SF into cultural activity and its resistive opposite. This was tempered however, by the aesthetic faction, for whom participation in artistic activities could be justified as a form of disruptive direct action. There was thus a split between the intent to destroy both Documenta and the World Cup, and to triolectise them, by moving the goalposts.

ABRACADABRA (Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad – Committee) initiated a discussion concerning necessity of a space for meeting local unorganised workers – as DAMTP had in its constitution. The room was arranged in a room of the local Art Academy near the Central railway station, coincidentally an official Documenta venue. The anti-Documenta political faction insisting on meeting organised workers and activists there, in order to plot an attack the festival. However, nobody (including the initiator) showed up. Nevertheless, the event, as the only programmed '3SF' event in a Documenta venue, did ironically become the group's only official participation in the festival.

Meanwhile, whilst these political and artistic factions split the DAMTP movement under SOF's watchful eye, their plan to enter polyvariant multiple-use teams into the World Cup was a further great success, disintegrating the tournament's competitive structure from within, and opening the teams beyond borders, for the refugee comrades who joined the event to play without specialism, without reduction and without restriction to a 'token' 'refugee team'; the attempted concealment of the tournament's Eurocentrism. The World Cup itself was ultimately itself directly destroyed by a comrade from the political faction, in an unsanctioned symbolic attack. However, the event was

more successfully triotectically dissolved through the actions of the SOF-NXTPA-FIASCo alliance, resulting in a victory that was at once a defeat, and went beyond the binaries of participation or opposition. Furthermore, and as a knock-on effect, even Documenta itself was a successfully destroyed –albeit temporarily- filing for bankruptcy in the immediate aftermath of these disruptive actions.

Further chiseling and dissolutions followed. In 10AP [2018 vulg.] a group of reactionary football specialists unilaterally announced the ‘Alternative Three-Sided Football World Cup’ in Madrid. An alliance between SOF and ABRACADABRA (ABRACADAVAR) succeeded in forcing the tournament into cancellation and a restaged farce, held in hiding behind closed doors, thus revealing it for the ‘Beti Jai’ fascist coup that it was. Meanwhile, the true game of 3SF played out over email and in the streets, with the reactionary organisers imploding under the pressure of announced strikes and pickets by SOF players. The result was a definitive split in the International Three-Sided Football Federation, between the neo-Stalinist faction represented by Philosophy Football and Dynamo Windrad and the triotecticians of SOF, ABRACADAVAR and Richard ‘Spartacus’ Essex.

Further to these international assaults, SOF’s agitations on the domestic front extended apace. The foundations had been laid years earlier, a text critiquing the instantiation of a competitive league system in the LBDTSFL, but now the time had come for the disruptions to reach fruition. Through a series of maneuvers amongst competing teams, SOF managed to sow sufficient discord that the very competitive league system itself was forced to vote for its own abolition at the culmination of the 10-11PC [2017-18 vulg.] season, reverting to a programme of regular friendlies instead. Ironically, SOF then went on to win this season, even with only one player turning up to the final game, thus proving the whole affair for a farce. Meanwhile SOF activities in the Invisible League continued sporadically, sufficient to build a coalition to threaten the attempted staging of a 12PC World Cup in London, the results of which have yet to play out.

The result of these agitations, however, was the gradual disintegration of the Deptford ‘league’, as being no longer compelled by team discipline, players began to drift away and the matches dwindle. Indeed, such was the success of this operation that the SOF team itself dissolved completely and to all intents and purposes ceased to exist in all but name. Ironically, the only thing keeping it from totally disappearing at this point was its own former promise to auto-dissolve at the awaited return of the Black Moon! The final game of the 10-11PC [2018-19 vulg.] cemented the success of this strategy, seeing a grand total of one player turn up! Simultaneously however, reactionary forces within the former New Cross Irregulars camp conspired to take the game into the official auspices of the Tate, thus ensuring its complete destruction and replacement with its pitiful mummification as a cultural commodity.

Thus on 31st July 12PC [2019 vulg.] the destined day of SOF’s self-abolition arrived - the culmination of UfSO, the amplic and the chiselling phases, overseen by the 33-month return of the Black Moon. In the annual rotunda - the threesided game of earth, moon and sun - each of the four elemental seasons gives birth to three new moons. Every 33 months or so, they sire a Black Moon, a seer who walks in the shadows between them, itself a ghostly image of the great 33 year solar-lunar marriage dance. With the dawning of the Black Moon, in the 12th year of the Age of the Proletariat, Strategic Optimism’s Nine Year Plan reaches the end of its 3rd and final phase. The unending cycle of the Three Rotations is complete, the cosmic great game begins again!

Due to discrepancies in Time Zones however, the announced self-abolition of SOF was for the purposes of their social media and blog followers only, owing to servers operating on EST. Their true self-abolition in fact would only happen a month later in Europe, following a month inhabiting an intercalary limbo between worlds, on a pilgrimage to bring to an end the Age of Divinity (from Botosani, Romania, Letterist prophet Isidor Isou’s birthplace, to Letterism’s own wellspring, Fazlallah Al-Hurufi’s death place and mausoleum, in Azerbaijan). Therefore, the final self-abolition

only be overcome by Revolution. Aboriginal victory at Byron bay and the synthesis of these historical moments in Revolution and classless society. Indeed a society without space and time.

The riddle of the chair leg is thus clearly revealed – the leg is in fact a proxy for the 3rd spear itself – it is irrelevant whether Trinity freemasons replace the chair leg for the spear in order to enact their genocidal capitalist ceremonies. In response we have beheaded the be-header. The fake paper mache model it has been replaced with is no proxy for a severed head, however good the artists paint it out to be. The bourgeois efforts of all artists and activists and other types of freemasons are mere shadows of the Revolutionary activities of the Reproductive Psychic and anti Destructive Workers of the world.

<http://www.psychogeography.org/wam-solstice-attack/>

PLAY IN ANI AND DIE 3SF WORLD CUP: August 24th, 12PC

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)

Published: 16 January 2020

anigamel

Peregrine DAMTPs came to Ani just before sunset, but because of the approaching storm it was almost dark already. Through the Lion Gate peregrines got into a triangular location of the city which some ages ago used to be the largest in the world. Now – fully devastated but with still tangible might of the past – well suited to serve to Armenian nationalists and now already starting to move towards consumerist charm of the tourist object, but the restoration of the medieval city walls rather resemble soviet submarines fuel containers. The Lion Gate and a large section of the adjoining towers and walls were badly damaged in an appalling and amateurish reconstruction organised by the Turkish Ministry of Culture during 1996/1997

So far location of Ani is triangular – shaped and protected by rivers, valleys and above mentioned interconnected towers’ wall – the 3SF World Cup started immediately as the peregrines stepped into it. Peregrines dissolved into a numerous factions hardly discernible to each other. There were so many churches, cathedrals, mosques and citadels in the area that every player could become equally creative and equally a God (just as much as Isidore Isou was a God) and to find his/her own cathedral as it links strongly to the Lettrist idea from the Formulary. It was the mostly lettrist game ever played. SOF and SOF did a game with a yard-long black snake (in the area of Armenian plateau there are found about 52 different kinds of snakes and only 10 of them are poisonous). 3 teams got to do a game on a tripartite cross path in the very middle of the territory. The multiple lightings from time to time were showing-up and became goalposts themselves, when it got too dark to see goalposts marking stones. Two other teams were wandering in the darkness to see as more churches as possible facing some dangers to fall down the scarp which shaped the pitch of the Ani game. Eventually nobody died. To paraphrase the famous poem, it happens that no one from peregrines got seen Ani in a whole set, so they stayed alive.

KARS HUMANITARIAN 3SF WORLD CUP: AUGUST 25TH, 12PC

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)

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to the abyss by bouncing into mountains ledges, obtaining unpredictable trajectories (similar to the ones already exercised in Berca Mud Volcanoes game, but quantum amplified) and finally disappeared from the sight. After climbing down DAMTPs failed to found the ball. Just before kicking it out there came off the ball an empty pentagon patch – there was no any sign on it.

Later when back to Nakhichevan DAMTP's bought couple of new balls – one very light one designed as water melon, another was football of lowest quality.

SOLSTICE MUMMERS SMASH TRINITY ROYAL ARCH FACE

Written by CLASS

Published: 16 January 2020

On the Winter Solstice 2019 AD (12PC) a small group of Mummies visited Trinity College in Cambridge England and beheaded the statue of Henry VIIIth that sits in judgement over their gates. we have done this in an act of Class War. The college has refused to open its gates to the Proletariat, the colonised, the Workers and so as Mummies we are forced to strike its gates with Proletarian Class War Majik in order to precede an out right assault and bring this institution of power under the dictatorship of the Proletariat and the Reproductive Workers Councils of the World. We suspect that Trinity have already replaced the head with a paper-mache hollow head but this fools no one.

The fact that the British establishment routinely destroys and defaces the planet and all who live here on a daily basis, they are very vociferous in their defence of their stone carvings of bourgeois patriarchs such as Rhodes. Their defence consists also of a defence of history and truth. Lol. It is long clear to everyone how distorted, in their own image, this version of truth and history really is. In 2020 the British colonial government in Australia is celebrating the invasion of Australia by lieutenant Cooke and the Endeavour by reconstructing it and sailing it around Australia even though Cockface himself never circumnavigated the continent. thus the colonial capitalist powers are re-staging history in order to glorify their barbaric invasion and subsequent genocidal culture which continues today. So those who defend the statues of murderers rapists such as Henry Tudor or James Cooke or indeed Rhodes himself as he has at Oxfords oriel college argue that they defend history this is a wholly undialectical and monolithic view of history. because within history is always in fact the history of history. and there is no history of history of history of history as they would argue 0 since dialectically these are already present also as the history of (history of history) or (history of history) of history. colonialism and decolonialism as dialectical moments are as yet unresolved,. in this arc also is the Shoah which continues with the creation of South Germany in 1948, the moment of this foul synthesis!

So the millions spent on the 250 anniversary of the cookes invasion besides the rebuilding of the Endeavour and a proposed statue of the whiteman coloniser capitalist has also funded the return of Aboriginal artefacts (not a return to Aboriginal people in fact but a transfer of colonial and capitalist ownership but a geographical spatial return partially) from Manchester. these artefacts do not include a single Cooke artefact. those are still owned by the British museum and Trinity college (displayed at the MAA). the MAA are pledging that the Gweagal spear will be sent to Australia but one of the 3 spears is being retained. In order to keep it activated yet frozen. The dialectic of history is really a trioelectic – past, present, future. Indeed the present is a synthesis of the dialectic of past and future. And the future that the capitalists have planned in a more triumphant colonialism. However the future of Revolution , of a classless society creates a synthesis where all that is solid melts into thin air. The very power of the patriarch vanishes like magic. The Australian authorities plan to keep the spears in Brisbane in April 2020 so that they are not in Sydney to greet the Endeavour when it re-stages its invasion. However we must ensure it is at Byron bay in Aboriginal hands. The colonial moment is still active since the decolonial moment is also still active. They can

of SOF takes place at the culmination of the 33 day Letterist pilgrimage and real moving world cup, begun on Proletarian New Year, 28th July, marking the death of Isou, and ending beyond the shrine of Fazalallah, marking the final passing of the Age of Divinity. This will thus take place during the evening of Black Moon on 30th Aug 12 PC [2019 vulg.].

Each of the three phases, like the three rotations of a great game of three-sided football, has now achieved its goals. We leave it to the international movement of Proletarian Animists to construct a new world from our ashes. Let the 1th game begin!

- Strategic Optimism Football, 31st July, 12 PC [2019 vulg.].

SĂPOCA: AUGUST 10-18, 12PC

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)

Published: 27 December 2019

The first event of Alytus psychic strike biennial (peregrination issue) was appointed to happen in Săpoca as Psychic Workers' 3SF World Cup on August 10th, 12PC (vulg. 2019). But incidentally it got extended up to August 18th.

Psychiatric Hospital and Safety Measures Săpoca is a hospital in Buzău County. It was founded in 1960 on the site of a school of crafts. Spitalul Săpoca is the largest of its kind in the country. The area around Săpoca was and still is inhabited by working class people – miners among them. It's worth to keep in mind that the location is not far away from famous Transylvanian area famous of proletarian self-organization. There were the miners of Jiu Valley and workers of Brasov who did the largest strikes since 70-ies. Also the most of criminals during the communist regime in Romania were the workers from the region. Seems that there was not enough to have crafts school as a tool for suppression of working class youth. Instead the psychiatric hospital was designed to host working class people – the fact breaks the famous Eastern European stereotype of intellectuals being held in psychiatric hospitals to break the resistance. In reality psychiatric hospital was a tool for communist regimes to break worker's movements while internationally were escalated just single cases of intelligentsia.

Psychic workers (DAMTP) from FIASCO, SOF and ABRACADABRA-C choose the place also because their comrade Keştutis Şapoka recognized his own name in the location's and also because of his interests (including doctoral thesis on art activities of mentally ill people) correspondence to the location mood. Psychic workers decided to do a tribute to Keştutis psychic presence and stopped at Spitalul Săpoca although he eventually did not join the peregrination physically. Occasionally there, in the closed hospital yard, is located a stone sculpture of a person resembling Keştutis – according to the first law of paraidolia to recognize a letter of your own dream.

DAMTP at this moment were not self-organized enough to play a match of 3SF as intended, but the game eventually played them: in a week, on Sunday morning, August 18, a 38-year old patient at the Săpoca psychiatric hospital attacked the other patients with an infusion stand. He used a tool in a similar way the psychic workers would use it for extraction of Orgon by applying Wilhelm Reich Cloudbustering technique. Instead he killed five people and injured eight others. Health minister of Romania said that the incident was the result of "a long string of human errors" and that it could have been avoided. She said that the infuse stand shouldn't have been left in a ward with mental patients and that the hospital personnel placed "another alcoholic" in the same bed with the attacker on Sunday night, although the hospital had free beds. Moreover, the attacker had been prescribed sedatives on Saturday, but the nurse didn't mention that she administered the treatment to him in his

medical record, although she claims to have done it.

Coming back to sharing space and beds, Alytus [Psychic Strike] Peregrination Biennial of 12PC was exceptional because the workers always were about to squeeze into the limited space of the car or living room, and sometimes to share one bad for 2. Comrades from Non-Males Association (NoMA) at DAMTP announced memorandum not to sleep in the same room with males – the rule was respected during all the peregrination time.

Increasingly, various bodies on the landscape have been made to absorb the voice of commercial interests. Imported terms - accountability, audit, consumer choice, quality control – have had a consequential effect on the ways language is refracted through the body. Along with sedatives any of the new terms have become ideological weapons to shore-up the standing of a given body whatever it would be a patient, or a murder, or an alcoholic, or a psychic worker, or an infusion stand.

Into „the string of human errors” of the Care Chronotope should be included also the DAMTP visit and lettrist work of improving the orthography of the name Săpoca into Šăpoca, which were definitely monitored by the hospital employees, but none of them appeared pretending that anyone alive is around.

The en fleshed nature of the Care Chronotope extends into all the spaces that the social body occupies. The stairways, the offices, the walls all make their contribution to the embodied imagery of a living landscape. Bakhtin wrote of the “castle chronotope” as a timespace “saturated through and through” with all the historical traces of earlier dynasties, furnishings and traditions. Such traces or ghosts “animate every corner of the castle” and act as reminders of past events. The same relationship exists in Săpoca landscape – no any living being around. For a short period of time the 38-year old patient of working class origin (or “a murder” as the Care Chronotope is used to call him) succeed to escape from the asylum, but soon was detained by police, which occasionally came to bring a new patient to the hospital.

The First Psychic Workers 3SF World Cup was the first 3SF World Cup ever to happen without management from the side of any kind Care Chronotope (also the longest one – it took 10 days) and ended up in disbanding of the old Care Chronotope of Spitalul Săpoca, founding the new one instead, and requalifying (reproletarianizing) the 1 patient into a destructive worker, 5 patients into dead workers, and refurbishing the Patient Chronotope with the new patients (i.e. bourgeoisified workers). Counting and summing-up the goals conceded there could be declared a temporary proletarian victory.

BERCA MUD VOLCANOES ANIMIST 3SF WORLD CUP: AUGUST 10th, 12PC

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)

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Terrestrial mud volcanoes occur where high fluid pressure in the deep subsurface results in the triolectic interaction of mud, water and gas on the way to the surface. This process creates transformative morphology of the unique rich in methane and other hydrocarbons, and hosting a suite of electron acceptors including oxygen, nitrate, iron, manganese and sulfate. And all those are mostly the letters delivered by dead workers. And that was a different case from what was expected at least by ABRACADABRA-C to continue the clay therapy applications started in Alytus Psychic Strike Biennial in 8PC (vulg. 2015).

HURUFFIYYAH 3SF WORLD CUP IN ALINJA: AUGUST 23, 12PC

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)

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The burial of Fazlallah’s body in Alinja was the beginning of the whole process of “return” to origins at the end of time. The shrine was a metonymic marker for the impending apocalypse. That’s why peregrine DAMTPT’s took the route from the birth place of Isou (who spoiled letterism by turning it to art) towards the death place of the inventor of unspoiled yet lettrism (hurufiyyah). DAMTPs call this period between 2 points in time The Age of Divinity. And believe the peregrination to be its unwinding.

Travel to it is an equivalent of return to one’s origin. While God’s creation Adam had begun the connection between humanity and divinity, Fazlallah’s body interred into shrine at Alinja most fully realized the potential divinity within the humans.

Right at Fazlallah’s shrine the psychic double agent worker found more letters she dreamed before making decision to do this unwinding back to the origins.

alinjaletters

Adam’s body had been formed from a lump of clay separated from the earth of Alinja. At the same time of apocalypse, when creation is about to be folded, the lump of material substances represented by Fazlallah’s body was returned to the same spot. Adam and Fazlallah thus seen as the beginning and the end of the lifespan of the human species.

In the same way gets formation the space loop or the Linea Regium, or Royal Line, anchored at its easterly end by Caer Ruis, passes through the Omphalos, before aligning with (from east to west): Millwall Dock; South Dock Entrance; Alfred the Great Statue, Southwark; St. George’s Cross, Southwark; Big Ben, Palace of Westminster; Buckingham Palace (Queen Victoria Statue); Wellington Arch; Hyde Park Corner; Princess Diana Memorial Fountain; Serpentine Gallery; Kensington Palace; The Windsor Castle (local boozier of the English section of the Situationists); and, the former BBC Television Centre (itself an important anchor point on the so-called “Rufus Line”, identified by the LPA in 1992) and further streaming towards Carachi, Mumbai and anti-gravity point of the Earth Grid at 26°34'12.0"S 103°12'00.0"E (the tip of Wallaby Plateau) – this Royal Line also passes through Botosani and Alinja respectively.

At Fazlallah’s shrine peregrines were told that after climbing 1500 steps up to Alinja mountain crag they will find a castle remaining which somebody used to play football. It took long to climb all those steps especially in the midday on the mountain side with randomly found shadow when the heat got above 40°C. It seemed that the only living being to accompany DAMTP’s was a lizard (similar to the one, who accompanied the IAPAO decision made in 2004 in Bandung). That was how they reached the Fazlallah’s execution place. On the very top of the mountain path one can see mountainous landscape with the shining cupolas of the Fazlallah’s shrine down in a bottom and a big bird fluttering in the sky. One worker recognized kite in it. Others were willing to recognize an eagle. So far an eagle was used to show up in Alytus Psychic Strike Biennials since 4PC. One worker was trying to convert her newly obtained letter into a sign. Another worker looked attentively into the neighbouring mountain and recognized a goat climbing down and up its ledges. In a while peregrines climbed down few steps back to the fortress foundation for 3SF World Cup to be played in. SOF played this time in a virtual/dreamy way – while sleeping.

On the way back the ball was kicked from a top of the mountain up to the air and then it fell down

After seemed already lost from the sight the beginnings of the Euphrates river, ABRACADABRA-C decided to stop by the first water basin appeared in a walking distance from the road to Erzurum. It was Tercan Dam on the Tuzla River, which is one of the two sources for Euphrates. Peregrines went to swim into the silent waters, which according to the different confessions either come from Paradise or stream to it.

As everybody got to know that Alytus Psychic Strike Biennial started from a moment when Stewart Home jumped into a pond during Art Strike Biennial in Alytus in 2PC and since then swimming is essential to any psychic striking praxis. Following that great tradition peregrines did a multitude of swimming events on their peregrination around Black Sea.

AGRI DAGI//ARARAT: AUGUST 22

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)

Published: 11 January 2020

araratdonkey

One of the peregrines, who acknowledged being a double agent of DAMTP and bourgeois art system, had a dream just before making a last decision to join DAMTP's peregrination. She dreamed the Ararat (Agri Dagi) mountain and there was a letter to appear on a top of it.

Like this



That was an excuse to do a stop by the mountain. Though the psychic worker who was driving a car missed the best view of the mountain and did a stop in a place which was at a bigger distance from mountain itself and spoiled with some traces of human, non-human and more-then-human activities (there were some houses, heap of hay, or straw, or dung under the bright blue cover, few mountains obstructed the lower part of Ararat... and also a donkey in a front. It took some time for already angry and desperate worker to get back to concentration, and she saw exactly the same letter from her dream on the mountain's top again.

ABRACADABRA-C recognized situation from Alytus Art Strike Biennial issue of 2009, when instead of providing donkey to the artists as he had a request for, artist himself was brought to a donkey some 100 kilometres away.

agridagidrawing

At the same time another psychic worker using to enlist himself to "double agents" did some drawings of the mountain and also experimented in animist relationships with donkey. The whole decade's development of the biennial lead to the result of bringing the biennial in the whole set to a donkey.

Later-on when psychic workers were already stuck on Turkish-Azerbaijanis border they saw the mountain's intercourse with the sun during the sunset – the yellow-turning-into-red ball of sun just rolled down the contour of the mountain belly.

agridagibelly

First of all, thousands of mud volcanoes exist worldwide, defining and affecting the habitat and the daily lives of the millions of people living amongst them. One can follow the rules' set up letting to conceive one more accumulation of capital in a form of spectacle; or to break the rules and step into the mud so destroying the spectacle, or to invent new rules of the game right on the spot. Peregrines chose the pitch for 3SF quite far away from tourists' path in a deep tripartite ditch, formed by hardened mud flows and scrubbed by water. Amorphous surface and irregularity of the shapes of the ditches made ball to jump in an unpredictable trajectory.

Secondly, mud volcanism and mud volcano distribution is intimately related to the formation and the distribution of the world's petroleum assets, thus serving as an indicator for valuable natural resources, destruction of which creates industrial (or capitalist) forms of meaning so specific to the Age of Divinity: world trade routes, trade markets and sources of raw materials, as well as military-strategic points, with few exceptions, were in the hands of the peoples of the West.

Thirdly, mud volcanoes offer an insight into otherwise hidden deep structural and diagenetic processes such as the formation of gas hydrates, mineral dissolution and transformation, degradation of organic material, high pressure/temperature-reactions, and dead workers advises. That is a model of what Mirsaid Sultan-Galiev called energetic materialism as differed from Eurocentric forms of historical and dialectical materialisms.

Lastly, mud volcanism generally involves voluminous generation and emission of both methane and carbon dioxide whereby most mud volcanoes serve as an efficient, natural source of greenhouse-gases and consequently play an important role in global climate dynamics.

CAVES IN BUZAU MOUNTAINS: AUGUST 11

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)

Published: 28 December 2019

DAMTP's knew the Early Christian times reminiscent caves could be found on the territory called Luana's Land (Tara Luanei), situated near Alunis, Nucu and Colti villages. They did a trip to Buzau mountains on August 11th, which is notorious as Japanese Mountain Day. There was said that caves, cells and churches carved in stone in first centuries of Christianity were used as places of refuge and worship, but now it starts to obtain the shape of tourist site with the differentiated length of tracks and tickets selling. This activity now resembles improvised cash-in by pirate looking like guys, but it gonna be changed for more "continental" version very soon. And that fits well with the idea of Christianisation developed into a colonization.

One of the cells belonged to the monk Dionisie, who, the legend says, made the road to his dwelling as complicated as possible, because he liked to be alone. Peregrine DAMTP's succeed to find just one of all 30 cave settlements in those mountains. And it was exactly the one hardest to be found.

Peregrines did a prompt 3SF World Cup. FIASCO started to bounce a ball and did a sound event, signalling the 12th anniversary of the end of the Age of Divinity.

SFÂNTU GHEORGHE 3SF STAND-IN, SIT-IN AND LAY-IN STRIKE WORLD CUP: AUGUST 12TH, 12PC

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)

Published: 28 December 2019

sfgeorge

The event was not scheduled in advance and arranged in situ with the task to reproletarianize local art gallerists, which were friends to one of DAMTPs who is still concerning himself to be a double agent due to class consciousness. The pitch, framed by the evenly planted trees and so being perfect for 3SF, was found in the park near-by the central city square.

All players agreed on continuous improvement of the rules during the game. First was played a routine game so everybody got into the basics of 3SF, and then the World Cup started to take shape in: first third of the game was agreed to be played without running (i.e. walking, i.e. one leg of the player should be in touch with the ground). Penalty for running was to stay frozen in one place for upcoming few minutes (nobody took care of the penalty duration). Second third was played by players standing in a chosen place in a pitch. The penalty for any relocation of the body in the pitch was to continue the game in a sitting position. In the moment when ball leaves the pitch there were two options: either to ask for spectators or passers-by to pass a ball, or to go for the ball her/him-self so getting penalty to sit-in for the rest of the time. The result was that passers-by and spectators got much more active than the players. The third part of the game was played by all players sitting inside the pitch. The penalty for standing up or relocation of the body into another place was to lay-in. The highlight of the game was founding out that throwing a shoe to hit a ball could be a substitute for kicking. Game ended when all players were laying down, shoes were thrown around and passers-by walking around, kicking a ball.

sfgeorge1

The scheduled Animist World Cup by the lake Sfânta Ana was cancelled because DAMTPs got too late to the place. And so far grizzlies team came in time they didn't wait for humanoids - they left location by winning event before DAMTPs to appear, and technical defeat for all humanoid 3SF teams was credited 0 by 0 by 20. It means that the next 3SF World Cup to happen not in London, but in a deep Transylvanian forest with attendance only those humanoid teams to be controlled by wild animals. The message to DAMTPs was delivered by the visiting tourists who succeed to record grizzlies team announcement. Instead peregrines did a swimming in the lake as striking biennial practice as introduced by Stewart Home already during Art Strike Biennial in Alytus in 2PC (vulg. 2009). Especially that the swimming in the lake was forbidden.

BOTOȘANI: AUGUST 13TH, 12PC

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)

Published: 28 December 2019

botosanicard

It was the place, where Isidore Isou (born Goldstein) was born in on 29 January 1925 and there he had the series of revelations that would become lettrism.

Le 19 mars 1942, un Roumain de 17 ans, Isidore Isou, a une révélation en lisant la phrase de Hermann von Keyserling, "le poète dilate les vocables", qu'il a comprise de travers, vocable en roumain voulant dire "voyelle". Isou lit: "le poète dilate les voyelles", il s'en enchante et crée le lettrisme.

The lettrism was born out of mistake and that mistake was made in Botoșani. Latter with the help of Italian modernist poet and then fascist Giuseppe Ungaretti's connections lettrism was incorporated into French colonialist culture and degenerated into avant-garde art. Therefore, Botoșani is the

transmitters' place. The temple is a place to see Hittite practise of assimilating other cultures' gods into their own pantheon – at the same ease as the Kurdish guy was handcrafting its replicas to be sold as souvenirs. After coming back from the Temple he met DAMTP's again and offered the same items for a half price.

The next stop for peregrines was to go back to Hattusa – the remnants of capital of the Hittite Empire in the late Bronze Age. It was an hour remaining until it gets dark and a half an hour remaining until this open-air museum closes. Originally at least six gates let people enter the interior of the city, but now just 3 of them are remaining: The Lion gate, The Sphinx Gate and The King's Gate. 3SF version with 6 goalposts yet to be reinvented.

The Lion Gate is the first one that can be seen when following the official sightseeing route around Hattusa. The Lions Gate was built in the early 14th century BC and by its quality is similar to the construction techniques in Mycenaean Greece, in particular, to another Lion Gate - the one at the entrance to the city of Mycenae, which was built in 1250BC. Especially that if to look through the gate from inside Hattusa, it points straight to Mycenae direction. Kicking a ball through the gate is like kicking an electron into Hadron Collider – it goes through the whole row of carved out of stone lions starting from Hattusa, Mycenae, then to Medici Lions in Florence and following through its numerous copies in Sweden, Spain, Britain, Germany, Cuba, USA, Estonia, Lithuania, France, Hungary, Russia and Ukraine... Until it comes again to "Battleship Potiokin" by Eisenstein with "animated" marble lions from the Alupka Palace in the Crimea: a sleeping lion, an awakening lion, and a rising lion – the scene was intended to represent "rising proletariat". But even greater is the misuse of the royal image which served to the ruling class for milleniums. So, who gave a ball to the marble lions? Seems it to be Romans in 1AD with Albani Lion predating one of the Medici's, dated 2AD. But both could be overtaken from an unknown yet Hellenistic original.

Similar space-time-class loops could be done also to the sphinx and king's gates. It need some time to conceive what was a game DAMTP's started to play there in Hattusa. The ball used for this game was specially designed according to Laurentiu Ruta Fulger advice (given in Alytus in August 1995) to apply the orange peel-off shaped rubber back to get a ball. It happens to be a heavy ball. It was thought a perfect place to meet Laurentiu could be Busteni "sphinx" location with the orange-peel resembling spiral labyrinthine rows of stones. And there is nothing symbolic in it but some another portion of time-space-class (mis)loops.

The Turkish word Yerkapi, meaning "the gate in the ground", quite accurately captures the essence of this part of Hattusa fortifications. It is located inside an artificial embankment that forms the southern tip of the city walls. That embankment is 15 meters high, 250 meters long, and 80 meters wide at its base. The construction of Yerkapi is based on the corbelled vault as the Hittites could not build true arches. Instead, they applied the method that uses the architectural technique of corbeling to span a space in a structure and what is still preserving after few thousand years. There was one ruined place with the hole in the vault. Apparently by an accident the ball kicked by one player got exactly into this hole and hit another player into his head (possibly it has something to do with the quantum tunnelling). Above Yerkapi, there are city walls, with the access to the city provided by the Sphinx Gate.

SWIMMING IN EUPHRATES: AUGUST 21ST

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)

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euphratusswimming

KAYMAKLI 3SF [UNDER]WORLD CUP: AUGUST 19-20TH, 12PC

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its
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It was hard to find space, time and class to do a world cup in Cappadocia. Two-dimensionality of the screen-like surrounding corrupted the minds of peregrines. Carrying a ball through all those tourist places gave a single remind that there is something to be done besides making countless photos and having very rough contact with the workers around: exchange of swear words with a guy used to cash-in from everybody proceeding to upper part of Göreme Sunset Point, or being upset by the offer to get out of the family photo still of somebodies. The contact to psychic workers happens with some footballers, who were very pleasant to swap few ball kicks, and then both sides rushed to join their run-away groups in making hundreds of snapshots, which are done every day in thousands. Therefore, it was the place where [Cappadocian Fathers](#) were used to play 3 sided football as combination of Action, rhetoric and thinking in circa 340AD through 380AD. Besides and during the playing they developed the doctrine of the divinity and personality of the Holy Spirit, which had reached substantially its current form, and also they did much in applying it to the human being.

Eventually DAMTP's got to Kaymakli Underground City, which is turned into a kind of attraction park with guided tours. But the structure of this arrangement is confusing enough. It takes some time to find a ball if one kicks it into some hole, because any linear logic here doesn't work. The structure of the 3SF was based on unpredictability of the ball trajectory and/or the location of any of players. Ball as well as players appears unpredictably in some upper or lower locations and then disappears again. In the beginning psychic workers tried to define the goalposts, but later-on any hole in a wall, ground or ceiling became the beginning of the endless syzygy of the goalposts in a row or [quantum tunnelling](#) as dreamed by FIASCO.

BOĞAZKALE///HATTUSA 3SF - Kicking a Ball into a Royal Lions Line Collider: AUGUST 20TH, 12PC

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)
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It was predicted to have an autoritaticidal or un-winning or unwinding 3SF World Cup in Hattusa. That was initiated by DAMTP's wish to supersede Alytus Psychic Strike Biennial organization by empowering more of self-organization instead. Hattusa seemed to be perfect because of involvement into the oldest recorded facts of regicide (Mursili I was executed by his own soldiers in 1526 BC) and peace making (Hatushili III signed a Peace Treaty with Ramses II in 1269 BC).

Peregrine DAMTPs entered Boğazkale (Turkish name for Hattusa) and were stopped by a man who later appeared to be a mayor of the town. He asked to enter the house he was standing by. There was a place for community meetings and improvised shop selling handcrafted souvenirs made by local Kurdish women co-operative. After getting drained of some Turkish liras and showing solidarity to women co-operation psychic workers got escorted by the mayor himself to Yazilikaya Temple where they got some dinner as well. While waiting for the food workers got tempted by the sellers of the handcrafted replicas of Hittites sculptural figures carved in the stone, which in original view possible to see just few meters away from selling table. There on the wall just opposite to the main façade is depicted the King Tudhaliya IV holding a rod in a way 3SF players did in Kaliakra

starting position for psychic workers' peregrination in search for letrist revelations not yet spoiled with avant-garde or art package. And so backwards to the last dream of Fazlallah Astarabadi before his execution in Alinja in 1394.

August 13, 12PC (vulg. 2019) approximately at 10AM part of the DAMTP peregrines decided to investigate the historically Jewish part of the town: first slammed the locked door of Jewish community centre, then inquired about Isidore Isou at the local tourist information centre, where nobody hear about him at all, and then strayed to the historical centre of Botoşani, where occasionally they found hundreds of bits of finely chopped cards. Being activists of post-surrealist urban poker workers from SOF and FIASCO carefully collected all the bits into plastic bags. Some bits, which hardly could be used for urban poker game, later were splashed and stucked onto the Botoşani-Alinja peregrination rout marking map so creating unexplainable marks for future investigations. That was the moment when the peregrination started – the first revelation happens.

At noon DAMTP peregrines (Double Agents International (DAI), NoMA, FIASCO, SOF and ABRACADABRA-C) joined together for letrist yoga exercises in the main Botoşani city square so preparing for the meeting Dead Jewish Workers at 3SF world cup in Old Jewish Cemetery in Botoşani at 25 Independentei St. DAMTP's did not succeed to enter the cemetery just because it was fenced to prevent public entrance and gawping. There was a need of efforts to view the location through the holes in the fence or by climbing to have an eye above the top of the fence: there were left very few gravestones in a grass overgrown territory which seemed was not stepped by human foot for many years.

Search for Dead Jewish workers was renewed in a s. c. new Jewish cemetery at 194 M. Eminescu (nationalist and anti-Semite poet) Street. There graves were dated from 19th century. Hundreds or even thousands of graves. FIASCO workers were very enthusiastic to recognize many names of Lebovici and was surprised to hear different version of Eastern European pronunciation then the versions used in France and England. But there were no any Goldsteins written on the tombs. The guard of the cemetery came to help and brought a book where all the dead workers were listed. The single Goldstein found was Janco Goldstein. So few dead Jewish workers - the last Goldstein and all Lebovici's – join DAMTP's in Botoşani for the further space, time and class peregrination backwards through the traces of the Age of Divinity.
IMG 8265

There we've got the first pentagon patch to go off the ball. So far the ball was decorated by letters adopted to be symbols of lands of British Islands – this particular one was of England. Might be it happen because the ball got some water in Sfânta Ana's lake. So DAMTPs decided to continue their activities of swimming in the lakes and collecting the gone-off-patches.

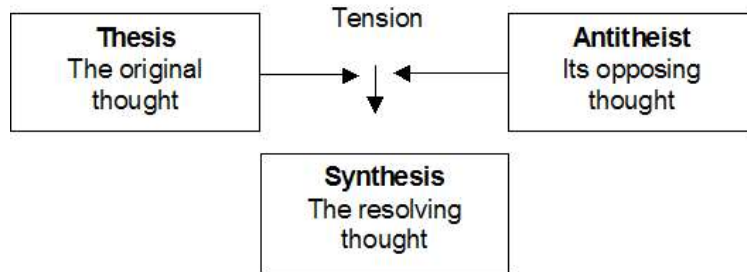
INFINITE FOOTBALL WORLD CUP IN VASLUI: AUGUST 14TH, 12PC

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its
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Before arriving to Vaslui some DAMTPs had a wish to meet Laurențiu Ginghină, who got some fame from a recent movie, telling a story how non-aggressive form of off-football was invented. Inventor himself called it Infinite Football. So far none from DAMTP's succeed to contact the inventor nor [probably] even tried. So the arriving into Vaslui was not accompanied with any pre-planned actions: the promise of the concept of Infinite Football already gave some expectations that there is enough to kick a ball and things will develop themselves. DAMTPs arrived into town in the morning of the working day, enjoyed everydayness of the traffic jam, hardly but eventually got

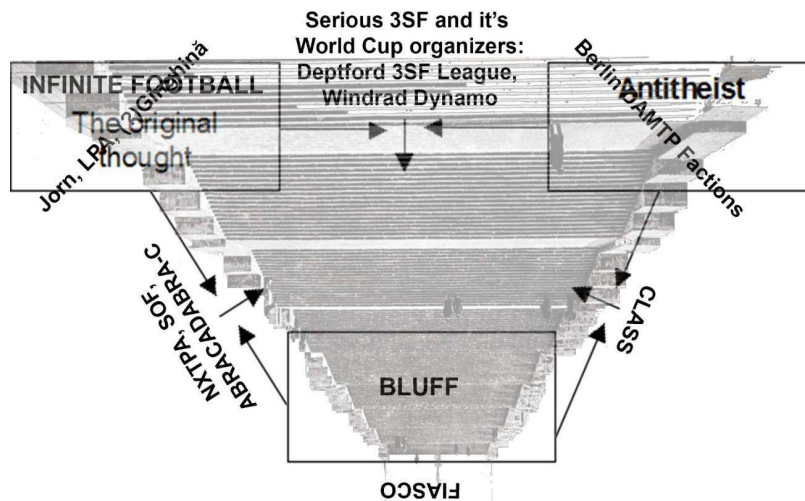
parked the cars and walked all the road along the town watching for any situation to kick a ball into. There they found a stadium and down leading stairs to its entrance. This was a pitch with slight allusion to Odessa steps from Eisenstein's movie. DAMTP's did a game, Ginghinā did not appear, so psychic workers choose more revolutionary movie instead. And it revealed that Eisenstein's notorious principles for film editing and montage in fact are based on triolectics and lettrism.

Marxist Eisenstein saw montage as a process which operated in the same way as a Marxist dialectic - which is a way of looking at the course of history as the perpetual conflict in which a thesis or force collides with an anti-thesis or counterforce to create a new phenomenon called a synthesis.



DAMTP triolectic provides 3 conflict situations instead of one in hegelist-marxist binarist thinking and ensures one conflict perpetually present.

INFINITE 3SF WORLD CUP VASLUI



susigeneravo Sapokoje po psichodarbininkų apsilankymo miestelyje ir minimalių jų intervencijų į psichiatrinės ligoninės iškabą. Slaugos chronotopo atstovai neabejotinai pabrėžtų, kad toks čempionatas net niekada ir neįvyko. Išties – tai pirmas pasaulyje trišalio futbolo čempionatas, kurio niekas neorganizavo – jis tiesiog neturi savo Slaugos (organizacinio) chronotopo. Jis įvyko pats savaime. Iš apačios. Iš niekur. Be kita ko – tai ir pats ilgiausias kada nors surengtas pasaulio trišalio futbolo čempionatas, trukęs mažiausiai 10 dienų... o galbūt dar ir tebevykstantis... nes iki šiol vykę panašūs renginiai trukdavo 1-2 dienas. Sąlyginai Sapokos čempionato pabaiga reikėtų laikyti ligoninės Slaugos chronotopo pralaimėjimą – ligoninės vadovai buvo atleisti. Kiti rezultatai: 1 pacientas buvo perkvalifikuotas į destruktijos darbininką, 5 pacientai – į mirusius darbininkus, mažiausiai 2 darbininkai buvo perkvalifikuoti į pacientus (t. y. buržuazifikuotus darbininkus). Apibendrinus rezultatus galima būtų skelbti laikiną proletariato pergalę. Be abejo, vos pasibaigus čempionatui buvo suformuotas naujas Slaugos chronotopas, o proletariato pergalė beliko tik simboliniu epizodu.

- [1] Dailės kritikos (meta)metodologijos metmenys. Autorių kolektyvas. AQUANSU Press. Alytus (2018), p. 263.
- [2] Algis Ramanauskas – apie ryškius pokyčius gyvenime ir karjere, alkoholi bei tikrąją priežastį, kodėl teko palikti LNK. 2019.09.23: <https://www.delfi.lt/veidai/nepatogus-klausimai/algis-ramanauskas-apie-ryškius-pokycius-gyvenime-ir-karjereje-alkoholi-bei-tikraja-priezasti-kodel-teko-palikti-lnk.d?id=82319499> (žiūr. 2019-11-23)
- [3] Daugiau statistikos: <http://www.nmva.smm.lt/vadovu-vertinimas/pretendentu-kompetenciju-vertinimas/registracija-vertinimui/>
- [4] Peter Good. Language for Those Who Have Nothing. Mikhail Bakhtin and the Landscape of Psychiatry. Klower Academic Publishers. New York. 2000, p. 24
- [5] Ten pat. p. 25.
- [6] Ten pat, p. 223.

TUZ GÖLÜ 3SF WORLD SALT CUP: AUGUST 19TH, 12PC

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Tuz Gölü Salt Lake was discovered accidentally on the way to Cappadokia – fellow peregrines wanted to swim in a lake. When seeing a lake, the driver (being himself a psychic worker and “double agent”) immediately turned out of the road and stopped by. There was no water in this lake – just salt as far one can see. The psychic workers linked it to a salty mountain in Lopātari.

DAMTP's did a set-up of the hexagonal pitch and were ready to do routine 3SF World Cup. Bigger part of the game was proceeding beyond the pitch in the endless latitudes of unspoiled space – the gusts wind rolled a ball in a speed equal psychic worker's average running speed. Player, tired from gaining the ball outside the pitch, takes a rest while playing inside the pitch. Then next run beyond the spot and so again and again...

One camera while recording the game fall down and got unrepairable damaged. The camera was owned by the worker who noticed the lake first.

arba „nesakykite mes, sakykite aš – mums svarbus jūsų asmeninis veiksmingumas“, arba „gal jums padaryti arbatos?“, arba „ir tai viskas, ką norėjote pasakyti?“, arba „gerai, o kaip vadovo veiksmus minėtoje situacijoje nusako teorija?“. Suprask, yra viena teorija, ir privalai ja vadovautis. Netgi teigiamai įvertintas gavau visą pluoštą rekomendacijų, kaip tobulinti savo veiklą: stiprinti laiko planavimą, organizacinius gebėjimus, pokyčių ir komandos valdymą ir t.t. Panašias tendencijas psichiatrijos vystymosi procesuose išvardina ir Peteris Goodas: „*abejones keliančios psichiatrijos veiklos praeityje transformuojamos į progreso ideologijas, kuriose visa, kas neigtyvu nurašoma praeičiai, o šiandiena siejama tik su progresu. Deja, vis dar besitęsiantis tikėjimas psichinės ligos išgydymu remiasi tik klaidingai nukreiptos energijos vizija*“.^[4]

Ir dar daugiau – bendrosios minėtų privalomų kompetencijų nuostatos yra būdingos reiškiniui, kurį P. Goodas apibūdina kaip Slaugos chronotopą: „*erdviškumas Slaugos chronotope yra aiškiai apibrėžtas. Erdvė turi tiksliai įėjimo ir išėjimo vietas: susitikimai, konsultacijos, darbo grafikai, valdymo užduotys, kasdienė institucinė rutina. Tokiose erdvėse atskiri balsai girdimi tiek, kiek jie konkuruoja tarpusavyje dėl tikslų ir vertės jausmo. Specifiniai erdvėlaikiniai žymenys parodo, kaip šie gydančiųjų gydytojų, socialinių darbuotojų, administracijos darbuotojų ir seselių balsai sąveikauja su pacientais. Pats laiko simbolis tampa svarbumo indikatoriumi – pagal tai, kas nustato laiką ir kam jis yra nustatomas, yra suvokiamas hierarchinis kūrų tarpusavio santykis*“.^[5]

Vertintojos psichologės pastaba: „mes šnekamės jau pusę valandos, o jūs dar tik keturis atvejus išnagrinėjote – taip mes nesuspėsime...“.

Slaugos erdvėlaikis kuria nuo savęs priklausomą Paciento chronotopą, kurį reikia apibrėžti kaip režimą: Paciento chronotopo laikas, skirtingai nuo Slaugos chronotopo, yra visiškai nestabilus: kartais jis labai sugreitinamas, ar pavojingai sulėtėja, jo kryptis neprognozuojama – gali eiti pirmyn, bet kuriuo momentu gali pradėti sukintis atgal, ar tiesiog virsti nuolat besikartojančiais etapais. Dažniausiai Paciento erdvėlaikis taip sulėtėja, kad tampa tarsi besiveliančia koše, kurioje įstringa bet kokios mintys, veiksmai, fantazijos ar lūkesčiai... Šiame chronotope yra aiškiai apibrėžtos ribos tarp privataus ir viešojo erdvėlaikio. Kiekvienas pacientas yra girdimas tiek, kiek jis formuoja sąryšį su privačių sąryšingumų sritimi... ir beveik visiškai negirdimas, jeigu formuoja sąryšingumą su viešuoju erdvėlaikiu.

Šiandienos švietimo sistemos vadybininkai – tai specialistai, įgalūs (ir tam paskatinti) užtikrinti Slaugos chronotopo funkcijų vykdymą. Slaugos chronotopas skverbiasi į menkiausius socialinio kūno kerteles. Jis toks, kaip euronemontas – sterilus ir higieniškas. Tuo tarpu laiptais, kabinetai, sienos – viskas įkūnija gyvenančios ir gyvos erdvės vaizdinį. Bachtinas yra rašęs apie „pilies chronotopą“, kuriame atgyja visų laikų kultūriniai sluoksniai arba tiesiog praeities vaiduokliai. Jeigu čia sugrįžtume prie Sapokos ligininės įvykių, vos kelios dienos iki 38 metų amžiaus darbo klasės atstovo (Slaugos chronotopo atstovai jį linkę įvardinti žudiku) pasišvaistymo infuzijos stovu ten dar viskas buvo tylu ramu. Pacientas buvo eilinis niekas, kurio slauga buvo griežtai reglamentuota. Bet po incidento jis visgi sugebėjo ištrūkti... nors labai greitai buvo sugautas policininkų, kurie visiškai atsiktinai vežė dar vieną pacientą į ligininę.

1. Goodas aprašo keletą atvejų iš 8-o dešimtmečio, kuomet įvairių socialinių sluoksnių ir skirtingo išsilavinimo savanoriai sutiko kuriam laikui infiltruoti į psichiatrines liginines kaip pseudo pacientai, susimuliuavę vienos ar kitos ligos simptomus. Beje, jų liudijimuose ligininės personalas irgi įtartinais dažnai siūlėsi padaryti arbatos... labai trikdantis veiksnys.

„... buvau spaudžiamas kartoti savo atsakymus į tuos pačius klausimus. Labai sekinantis pokalbis. Klausimai ir atsakymai užsidaro viename balse – jie suformuoti dar prieš man išgirstant klausimą ir nei klausimas, nei atsakymas neturi nieko bendra su mano realia patirtimi. Klausimai Slaugos chronotope paprastai siejami su procesu, o ne su turiniu. Vertintojams yra leidžiama paklausti, kaip bus valdoma procedūra arba kaip ji bus vystoma linijiniu-loginiu būdu. Tik beprotis galėtų užklausti, ar tokia tvarka turi kokią nors prasmę.“^[6]

Pabaigoje visgi norėčiau sugrįžti prie Pasaulio psichokvantinio trišalio futbolo čempionato, kuris

Eisenstein saw the collision of a one shot or montage cell with another as creating conflict that produced a new idea. This new idea would become it's own thesis and collide with another anti-thesis (or not necessary) creating yet another synthesis, which is not a synthesis anymore but a new idea. Again and again these dialectics build up in a film like a series of controlled explosions in an internal combustion engine, driving the film forward. In a very similar way it happens with the DAMTP self-organization – it was a triolectical game to reveal that its engine works.

On the subject of editing Eisenstein lists methods of montage or how these collisions between shots can be created each one building up in complexity. “Still is not a letter, but a hieroglyph rather” - Eisenstein used to say, and that is very close to the letrist concept.

Space montage based on approximately equal possibilities to each team to concede a goal by summing up all (dis)advantages: for Vaslui there were staircase steps, handrail structures.

Time montage or Rhythmic – rotation principle, ball bumping down the stairs.

Class (Eisenstein called it dialectical) montage - creates relationships and self-organization between opposing visually-intellectual concepts. Eisenstein succeed to supersede the bourgeois style of continuity of “understandable” space and time as promoted by Griffith, but have reduced it to mere ideology (abstraction) and manipulation (symbolism). Class is neither abstraction nor symbolism.

VENUS BIENNIAL CONVENTIONAL 3SF WORLD CUP AT SATURN POLE: AUGUST 14TH, 12PC

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)

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venus

Sculptor and gallerist Howard McCalebb some years ago had an idea to join forces of fellow artists and to buy property located on a border of Saturn and Venus towns is adjacent to the freshwater Lake Razelm and a public park – and is a 4-minute walk to the Black Sea Coast, which is one of the best large natural beaches on the Romanian seaside. His dream was to have a Razelm Contemporary Art Center and Venus Biennial in former Razelm Convention Center, abandoned since Ceaușescu times broke. This was a utopian idea of paradise for artists willing to have an alternative to Venice biennial of corrupted psychic activities. And it doesn't fulfil because majority of artists are not the ones to invest into dreams.

But psychic workers in contrast to bourgeois artists sometimes do invest into failed dreams. DAMTP peregrines attended the site, wandered inside the building, their eyes followed the climbing grass route through the ceiling and held a conventional 3SF World Cup as it was announced in advance. Every player got much of dust and sand into the lungs, mouth, and (h)ear.

When contacting Howard's Romanian friends and their family members who helped him to collect information about the property, peregrine DAMTP's were treated as potential investors – very respectfully. Those people own a property close near-by – a fancy resort centre. DAMTP's were even offered to come some month later, because at this particular time there were no vacant places for rent. None of the peregrine DAMTP's were willing neither to stay nor to come back to this so bourgeoisified location where even proletarian ghosts hardly to be found in that abandoned ghosts' centre. It was a perfect time to burry Venus biennial. Might be the last opportunity – it's always better to burry [art] biennial before it started to become workers' burial. And finally it could be a perfect place to hold a Venus Burial Biennial for some unorganized psychic (dead non included) and non-living workers, who still fear to lose their graves. There came off the ball another pentagon patch – the one depicting Ireland.

It happens on August 14th – the same day as in 1791 Slaves from plantations in Saint-Domingue hold a Voodoo ceremony led by houngan Dutty Boukman at Bois Caïman, marking the start of the Haitian Revolution.

After driving few more kilometres peregrines got to Vama Veche to stay for a night. There they did more of swimming in the Black Sea, and enjoyed charms of slightly fading away hipster surrounding. No space, no time, no class, but sex, drugs and rock'n'roll ghosts.

TRANSMITTIVE 3SF WORLD CUP IN KALIAKRA: AUGUST 15TH

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)

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kaliakra

The Kaliakra transmitter build in 1988 – was intended to act as a relay transmitter for Southeast Europe, but construction stopped a year later after the collapse of communism. At that time, nine of the ten planned masts had been completed. For a long time they stood unused but just before arriving DAMTP's it got demolished. And so the whole sea of 3sf pitches floating in the air got erased from physical and psychic access. But it is still the place to launch the (c)overt energy weapon harassment of the aposTATEs. DAMTP peregrines spend some time to find the concrete places and basements the pillars were mounted on. The concrete arrangements for the fixing of the strains were still present and marked perfect circles around each pillar's basement. Those were the perfect pitches for the 3SF World Cup.

While wondering around in the field where radio transmitting station was located 9 workers succeed to find 9 electrical ceramic rods. When the game was played each the player was holding a rod in her/his hand. Every goal was met with the contacting the rods and the game ended with the psychic energy shortcut when all the rods of all players got connected.

Almost at the same time in London some 3SF reactionaries got tempted to accept invitation from Tate Modern to exhibit (i.e. bourgeoisify) the great tool for construction of the revolutionary situation. And they did when the ones able to protest this mockery will be on peregrination. Psychic attack of 3SF Kaliakra transmission was directed towards Tate's colonialist approach and corruption of 3SF descendants. The miserable fetishes collected by those clowns for the exhibition at Tate's were eventually stolen by suddenly enlightened kids. In London nobody knew where the enlightenment came from.

There in Kaliakra came off the ball a pentagon patch for Welsh.

classpaperseeding

One of the transmission rods was used later on the same day - few copies of DAMTP paper issue No.19 were wrapped on and thrown into the location which coordinates are 43°15'26.6"N and 27°54'36.2"E. Just because it contained some matters which could bring into additional danger to peregrines when entering Turkey.

ARKUTINO 3SF WORLD CUP IN NEVER FOUNDED SCHOOL FOR GIFTED CHILDREN: AUGUST 29TH, 12PC

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant

ligoninės pacientas.

Jeigu paanalizuotume susidariusią situaciją iš „erdvinės“ pozicijos, kurią itin rinkdamas žodžius bandžiau įvardinti, atrastume virtinę dėsningumų, kurių seka atveria kiek netikėtus, ir paprastai nutylimus aspektus. Pradėkime nuo paties tarsi neutralaus termino erdvė. Ką jis nužymi? Bene išsamiausiai šiai dienai į šį klausimą pabandė atsakyti autorių kolektyvas knygoje „Dailės kritikos (meta)metodologijos metmenys“. Knygoje pristatomas ir tyrimas, kurį atlikę specialistai perskaitė didžiąją daugumą paskutinio dešimtmečio Lietuvoje publikuotų dailės kritikos straipsnių ir suregistravo bei reitingavo tuose tekstuose naudojamas sąvokas ir/ar apibūdinimus pagal jų vartojimo dažnumą/svarbumą, nusakant vizualaus produkto prasmę kapitalistinėje visuomenėje. Knygos autoriai šias sąvokas įvardina kaip kapitalo įkrovos laipsnį. Kiek netikėta buvo pamatyti, kad šalia tokių sąvokų kaip menas (abstraktus terminas, pretenduojantis į absoliučios vertės monopolį) ir paroda (pagrindinis vizualaus produkto pateikimo būriuzazinei visuomenei formatas) atsiranda terminas erdvė. „... šio termino neutralumas yra iliuzinis. Iš tiesų tai sąvoka, sunaikinanti galimybę bet kuriam asmeniui būti aplinkos dalimi, ne ši vos taip įvardinta tampa idealistine abstrakcija, išvalyta nuo materijos (t. y. nuo to, kuo ji pati yra). Paprastai tai yra „kažkoks kratinyš iš psichologinio erdvės simbolizmo, matematinio geometrizmo ir fizikinio materialumo“ (Robert Stoltz. „Here, Now: Everyday Space as Cultural Critique“ in „Tosaka Jun: A Critical Reader“, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, 2013; 128 p.).“^[1] Toliau autoriai įvardina, kad toks erdvės traktavimas turi labai aiškiai struktūruotą klasinę poziciją – erdvė kapitalo valdomojoje visuomenėje suvokiama kaip tuštuma, kurią galima užgrobti, privatizuoti, užpildyti. Tai nėra jokia sofistikuota „viešojo erdvė“ – tai tėra erdvė buržuazijai, kurioje nėra jokių trikdžių, jokių „šiukšlių“ (įskaitant ir „psichus“: t.y. pacientus bei sąmoningus psychoproletarus, bet jokiū būdu ne psychopatus, kurie paprastai pageidauja būti įvardinami sociopatais^[2]). Tokioje erdvėje vis labiau įsigali komercinio intereso paradigma. Tokia erdvė – tai priemonė perfiltruoti per žmogaus kūną tokius terminus kaip atskaitingumas, auditas, vartotojo pasirinkimas, kokybės kontrolė. Ir tai neprašina be pasekmių. Panašiai kaip ir raminamieji, kuriuos (ne)paskyrė Sapokos ligoninės seselė, šie terminai tampa ideologiniais ginklais, išlaikančiais rikiuotėje (t.y. prideramoje vietoje) bet kurį statistinį vienetą, kad ir kas ji(s) bebūtų: pacientas, žudikas, alkoholikas, psichodarbininkas ar infuzijos stovas.

Šiandien Lietuvoje su erdvės sampratos pasekmėmis susiduriame nuolat – praktiškai visos problemos suleidę šaknis į būtent šią paradigmą, ar kalbėtume apie viešąsias urbanistines erdves, ar apie švietimo įstaigų vadovų kompetencijų vertinimą. Jeigu pirmuoju atveju neabejotinai susiduriame su masonine architektūros kaip mąstymo sistema, tai antruoju atveju mes jau turime reikalų su laiko ir sielos vadyba, arba architektūra... arba tiesiog suerdvinimu. Su grynąja architektūrine dalimi šiame tekste nenorėčiau išsiplėsti – apie tai bent jau vienaip ar kitaip diskutuojama, bet apie naujas kryptis edukacijos vadyboje verta užsiminti, nes jų pasekmės atsivers tuomet, kai procesas įsibėgės ir taps negrižtamas.

Man pačiam neseniai teko dalyvauti taip vadinamame vadovų kompetencijų vertinime, kurį jau beveik dešimtmetį demonizuoja beveik visi pretendentai užimti vadovų pozicijas. Prieš kelerius metus įvedus privalomas vadovų kadencijas kompetencijų vertinimas pavirto itin keistu diagnostiniu fenomenu – pasirodo tik apie 28% ilgamečių ir aukščiausių vadybinę kompetenciją turėjusių mokyklų vadovų, kurie norėtų ir toliau tęsti šią veiklą, iš tiesų turi tokias kompetencijas. Ir apskritai pro tokią filtrą šiuo metu prašina tik apie 24% pretendentų.^[3] Bet beveik išskirtinai sėkmingai vertinimo testą išlaiko ISM Vadybos ir ekonomikos universiteto absolventai. Ir apskritai – naujosios kartos švietimo vadybininkai/ės save įvardina „lyderių laiku“... pagal vieno iš ES lėšomis remto ir kelerius metus vykdyto projekto pavadinimą. O kompetencijų vertintojai – tai profesionalios psychologės, turinčios tik teorinį suvokimą apie vadybą ir edukacinius procesus. Kaip gi vyksta tas vertinimas? Ogi vertintojos pasiskirsto vertinamuosius ir kelias valandas sąmoningai konstruodamos stresinę situaciją „pacientui“ bando testuoti šio gebėjimą iš piršto laužtoms situacijoms taikyti vadybines teorijas, priimti abstrakčius sprendimus. Procesas filmuojamas – panoptikumumas toks. Dažnai kartojami klausimai: „tai ką vadovas privalo daryti šioje situacijoje?“,

klasės jaunimą nuo pasipriešinimo kovų. Taigi, psichiatrinė ligoninė neabejotinai skirta darbo klasės socialiniam sluoksniui, ir šis faktas leidžia abejoti vis dar eskaluojamu Rytų Europos stereotipu, kad psichiatrinės ligoninės šiose šalyse buvo įrankiu, nukreiptu prieš intelektualų rezistenciją, kurią savo ruožtu rėmė vakarų antikomunistinis ir lygiai taip pat antiproletarinis liberalizmas. Sapokos ligoninės faktas rodo, kad tokio tipo ligoninės iš tiesų buvo nukreiptos prieš darbininkų saviorganizaciją.

Bet kuo čia dėtas šiandienos Lietuvos meno pasaulio transsisteminiis kritikas Kęstutis Šapoka? Ogi tiesiog dėl virtualinės atsiktikinių sutapimų. Pradėsime nuo K. Šapokos disertacijos, paskirtos psichiatrijos specialistų pacientų taip vadinamai meninei veiklai tirti ir analizuoti. I PC (pasen. 2008 m.) balandžio 11 d. jis apgynė Lietuvos Respublikos menotyros mokslų daktaro disertaciją „Dailės terapija kaip integrali sistema: kontekstuali analizė“. Svarbu ir tai, kad K. Šapoka save priskiria psichodarbininkų judėjimui ir tik po ilgų dvejojimų jis apsisprendė visgi nevykti į 12 proletarinio kalendoriaus metų (pasen. 2019 m.) rugpjūčio mėnesį vykusią psychopiligriminę kelionę, kurios planavimo metu ir buvo atrasti šiame straipsnyje fatališki atsiktiktinumai. Netikėtumai nesibaigė ir psichodarbininkams atvykus į Sapoką – psichiatrinės ligoninės uždaryjame kieme stovėjo brutalistinės (art brut) stilistikos artefaktas – biustas, kurio veido bruožai švelniai priminė Kęstučio fizionomiją. Tūlas letristas čia pasakytų, kad pagal pirmąjį ir vienintelį pareidolijos dėsnį kiekvienas laisvas atpažinti savo svajonėse užgimusią raidę. Solidarizuodamiesi su kolega psichodarbininkai iš ABRACADABRA (Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad – Committee), FIASCO (Federation Internationale Autonome des Situationnistes Contemporaine), NXXTPA (Naye iXperamants in Tryolektix aun Psikhish Arbet) ir SOF (Siblings Of Fazlallah) padalinių bei Dvigubų agentų internacionalas DAI bendromis pastangomis šiek tiek pakoregavo Sapokos pavadinimą psichiatrinės ligoninės iškaboje – sukonstravo raidę Š vietoj buvusios S.

Iš tiesų piligrimai planavo surengti psychodelinį pasaulio trišalio futbolo čempionatą Sapokoje, bet kelionės pradžia pasižymėjo daugiau stichiškais veiksmais, ir dalyviams pritrūko tiek psych(ologinio) pasirėngimo, tiek klasinės savimonės, tiek saviorganizacijos. Pati psichiatrinės ligoninės administracija buvo nepasiekiamą, nors jautėsi, kad jie stebi, kas vyksta. Miestelis irgi buvo tarsi iššluotas – tik du prekyautojai stovėjo prie didelio arbūzų kalno. Nė karto kamuolio taip ir nepaspyrė piligrimai visgi užkalbino bent jau prekyautojus, prabarbeno kelis tuzinus arbūzų, kelis nusipirko, ir tai buvo proga bent šiuos paridenti Sapokos šalikelėje. Galbūt dėl šių priežasčių planuota psychodelinio trišališkumo situacija susikonstravo pati: lygiai po savaitės, sėkmadienio ryte, rugpjūčio 18 dieną, mosuodamas lašelinės infuzijos stovu 38 metų amžiaus pacientas minėjo Sapokos psichiatrinėje ligoninėje užpuolė kitus pacientus. Nenuostabu, kad jis tai darė identiška, kaip psichodarbininkai ankstesnėje Alytaus psychostreiko bienalės renginiuose panašius įrankius naudodavo gyvybinės energijos siurbimui iš debesų pagal Wilhelmo Reicho orgono patrankos pritaikymo principus. Deja, šis atvejis baigėsi liūdnai: penki užmušti, ir dar aštuoni sužeisti žmonės. Visi jie – pacientai. Rumunijos sveikatos ministrė iškart po incidento viešai pareiškė, kad tai atsitiko dėl „virtualinės atsiktiktinai supuolusių žmogiškojo faktoriaus klaidų“, ir kad to buvo galima išvengti. Ji įvardino, kad infuzijos stovas neturėjo būti paliktas palatoje, ir kad ligoninės personalas lemtingąją naktį sulaukė dar vieno paciento „alkoholiko“, kurį dėl sunkiai paaiškinamų priežasčių paguldė į tą pačią lovą su būsimoju užpuoliku... nors ligoninėje dar buvo ir laisvų lovų... Ir dar viena detalė – užpuolikui iš vakaro turėjo būti skirti raminamieji vaistai, apie kuriuos nebuvo įrašyta išduotų vaistų kortelėje, nors seselė teigė, kad pacientas juos gavo.

Šiųmetė psychostreiko bienalė dėl savo piligriminės kelionės specifikos išsiskyrė išskirtinai suspaustos erdvės sąlygomis – jos dalyviai buvo priversti tris savaites išsistiekti ribotoje automobilio erdvėje, sutilpti keliose nakčiai bendruose kambariuose, o kartais ir dalintis ta pačia lova. Juolab bendrą foną kiek pajvairino NoMA (Non-Males Association) psichodarbininkės prieš pat kelionę išplatinę memorandumą, kad kategoriškai atsisako miegoti viename kambaryje su vyrais – šios nuostatos buvo griežtai laikomasi visos kelionės metu. Panašu, kad šios nuostatos laikėsi ir Sapokos

Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)

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arkutino

It was intended to have this tournament for a Full Moon on August 15th. But psychic workers peregrines got to Bulgaria too late so there was no chance to attend Arkutino for the time appointed and then the decision was made to postpone the game in Arkutino for August 29th – on the way back from Alinja to Bucharest.

On August 29th DAMTP's parked their cars at hotel "Arkutino Family Resort" and took the path on the left (when facing the sea). They passed a small house, turned left, climbed some concrete stairs, went through some gate and got to the concrete constructions of unfinished building where supposed to be a school of arts for gifted children. In the 1970s that was the mostly ambitious initiative by Lyudmila Todorova Zhivkova, daughter of Bulgaria's socialist leader. She was obsessed with founding the art education center in Arkutino, which would house gifted children from countries around the world. After unexpected death of Lyudmila's in 1981 her father, Prime Minister Todor Zhivkov, set out to honour her wish. He began construction of the massive complex in 1985, but in 1989 as Soviet Block crumbled the project was halted. It's symptomatic that exactly the same years and similar circumstances accompany appearing of Alytus Art School (Lithuania), which was founded by local communist party leader (to have place for art education for his daughters). The Art School for Alytus was designed in 1980 and the beginning of the construction took on 1985. It was finished in 1986 – before the 1989 – and so avoided the same fate as Arkutino's.

Art education in the Soviet Block countries was part of the ideology and was equally accessible to all classes of the society. It's important to note that there was not only "socialist realism" what dominated those schools, but were fully tolerated also modernism and nationalist tendencies. The first blast onto socialization of the arts appeared in early 90's – the most of the art schools were left for a gradual extinction with exception of the elitist ones – those were redesigned for the higher class off-springs.

Art in the soviet times was understood very much as labour, but artists themselves hold attitudes of very much counter-working-class – as they called themselves being "intelligentsia". In Lithuania the pro-bourgeoisie nationalist movements in the late 80's appeared mostly in the art schools. The biggest shift happens in arts in 90's – art ceased to be a labour, and artists started to obtain entrepreneurship shape. What happen to those schools then? There is a joke which well illustrates the answer: the art schools were founded by communist functionaries; it became a shelter for conservative artists and their students got fully prepared to fit liberalism. What is still living in those schools – that the meaning there is still created by physical destruction of the resources instead of just consuming fashionable terms and concepts.

DAMTP's finally arranged the 3SF World Cup of unrealized possibilities by kicking ball into building construction's to-be-windows holes. The world cup ended without any goal conceded. The formulation of the goal was too high to be achieved. After the game everybody jumped into the Black Sea lagoon to swim.

EDIRNE VERY SLOW TAI CHI 3SF WORLD CUP: AUGUST 16TH, 12PC

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)

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edirne

There was a DAMTP dispute in Raiziai due to the limits of respect towards the ones who believe – that echoed in peregrines’ decision not to play 3SF in front of Üç Şerefeli Mosque in Edirne, were “Certain accursed ones of no significance“ (i.e. hurufis) were burnt to death sometime from 1369 to 1453 when Edirne was capital of the Ottoman Empire.

That was Very Slow Tai Chi 3SF World Cup – as slow as clouds are moving in the sky in a windless day. The event welcomed a psychic presence of LPA and Robert Lee.

ISTANBUL TAXIM SQUARE 3SF [ANIMIST] WORLD CUP: AUGUST 17TH, 12PC

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)

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Istanbul (Constantinople) is an intersection point of many approaches, ideologies, paths, religions – all space, time and class divisions and/or multiplications.

If to compare Maciunas made route for FLUXUS pilgrimage “to the Holly Land and Europe” in 70’s, the only intersection point with nowadays DAMTP peregrination route is exactly Istanbul.

The game played in Taksim square in September, 2013 is an exceptional because of being included into s. c. “historical developments” of 3SF in references from the side of DAMTP’s and from the side of “reactionaries” too.

Today Taksim square is divided by half and one side is filled with police cars and officials. Another part of the square – at least how DAMTP’s found it on August 17th, 12PC night – is out of people. But peregrines met 3 dogs, which kindly agreed to join in 3SF [Animist] World Cup. The dogs were accepted each to a different team, but eventually they formed temporary independent animist-nationalist faction and played their own football instead. One moment a light-brownish dog when running with ball stuck in his teeth suddenly stopped, put the ball down, straightened his head up and screamed: “this is a revolution! Animist revolution!” And there came off the ball another one pentagon patch depicting Welsh again.

Fatih, Istanbul. August 18, 12PC

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felicity

Heartly felicitations from Felicity Party’s accidental catch-ups while unaware of it in Fatih!

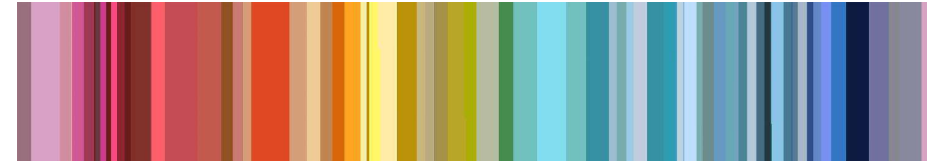
20th century was a century of capitalism of spectacle. In the 21st it turned itself into animation. Somebody still have difficulties to discern between animism and animation – it differs not less than canal and canalization, living and non-living. Especially in photos both cases look indiscernible. Once absorbed into the “chronopolitics” of the secular West, colonized space cannot reclaim autonomy and seclusion; once dragged out of their precolonial space, the indigenes of the peripheries have to deal with knowledge of the outside world, irrespective of their own wishes and inclinations. That’s what peregrines are for.

KÜTAHYA & OTTOMANISM: August 18th, 12PC

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)

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While wandering through downtown of Kütahya, which is grimy and old-fashioned, but at the same time reveals current Erdogan’s “Ottomania” trend, which the largest impact obtained since 2007 – the date of the End of the Age of Divinity. ABRACADABRA-C collected some colour pics from the buildings which in a final set looks like this:



This was a largest amount and widest scale of urban colours in one territory during the whole DAMTP peregrination.

Multiple degrees of Ottomanism, alongside multiple versions of Fatih, persist in the JDP’s contemporary rhetoric. There is a more radical version, with Fatih implicitly cursing Ataturk and 1453 replacing 1923 as the symbolic foundation date of the Turkish state. But there is also a more mainstream narrative in which Fatih and Ataturk remain enshrined together alongside the dates of their triumphs. After 2007 in the government’s enthusiasm for Ottoman history, classic components of Ataturk’s nationalist historiography have been increasingly “Ottomanized.” Just as Kemalists celebrated elements of Ottoman history by simply calling them Turkish, the JDP has stylistically and rhetorically incorporated references to the Seljuks, and even the Central Asian Turks, into their Ottoman-centered history. Thus Erdogan’s Ottoman-revival architecture has drawn heavily on pre-Ottoman Seljuk elements. Colour included.

Psichodarbininkai Sapokoje

Written by Alytus Biennial Reversion into Abolition of Culture And Distribution of its Aberrant Bacillus Right Abroad - Committee (ABRACADABRA-C)

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Visada netikėta kokiøje nors šalyje atrasti miestelį, kurio pavadinimas primena artimo bičiulio pavardę. Panašiai atsitiko ir su Sapokos miesteliu, kurio pavadinimas mielai priminė Kėstučio Šapokos pavardę. Miestelį žemėlapyje netikėtai pastebėjo psichoproletariniai piligrimai, kuomet žymėjosi kelionės per Rumuniją maršrutą. Miestelis kaip miestelis – nieko ypatinga, bet pagrindinis objektas, kurį žino kiekvienas rumunas, - tai didžiausia visoje šalyje psichiatrinė ligoninė. Ji buvo įsteigta 1960 m. pastatose, kuriuose iki tol buvo amatų mokykla. Įvertinus, kad regionas aplink Sapoka miestelį – t. y. Buzau apskritis bei su ja besiribojanti pietų Transilvanija – bene labiausiai proletarinis savo socialine sudėtimi. Labai didelis procentas gyventojų vyrų – kalnakasiai. Būtent šios socialinės grupės atstovai buvo pastebimiausi savo saviorganizaciniais gebėjimais ir streikais per visą XX a., o ypatingai vadinamoju pokariniu valstybinio totalitarinio komunizmo laikais: kalnakasiai iš Džiu slėnio bei Brasovo darbininkai organizavo didžiausius streikus po 1970 metų. Nenuostabu, kad būtent šio regiono darbininkai buvo labiausiai kriminalizuojami, o ir minėtos psichiatrinės ligoninės kontingentas buvo ir tebėra išskirtinai proletarinis. Simptomai, kad amatų mokykla, kurios patalpose buvo įkurta ligoninė, nebuvo pakankama priemonė atitraukti darbininkų