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# E C O C O R E

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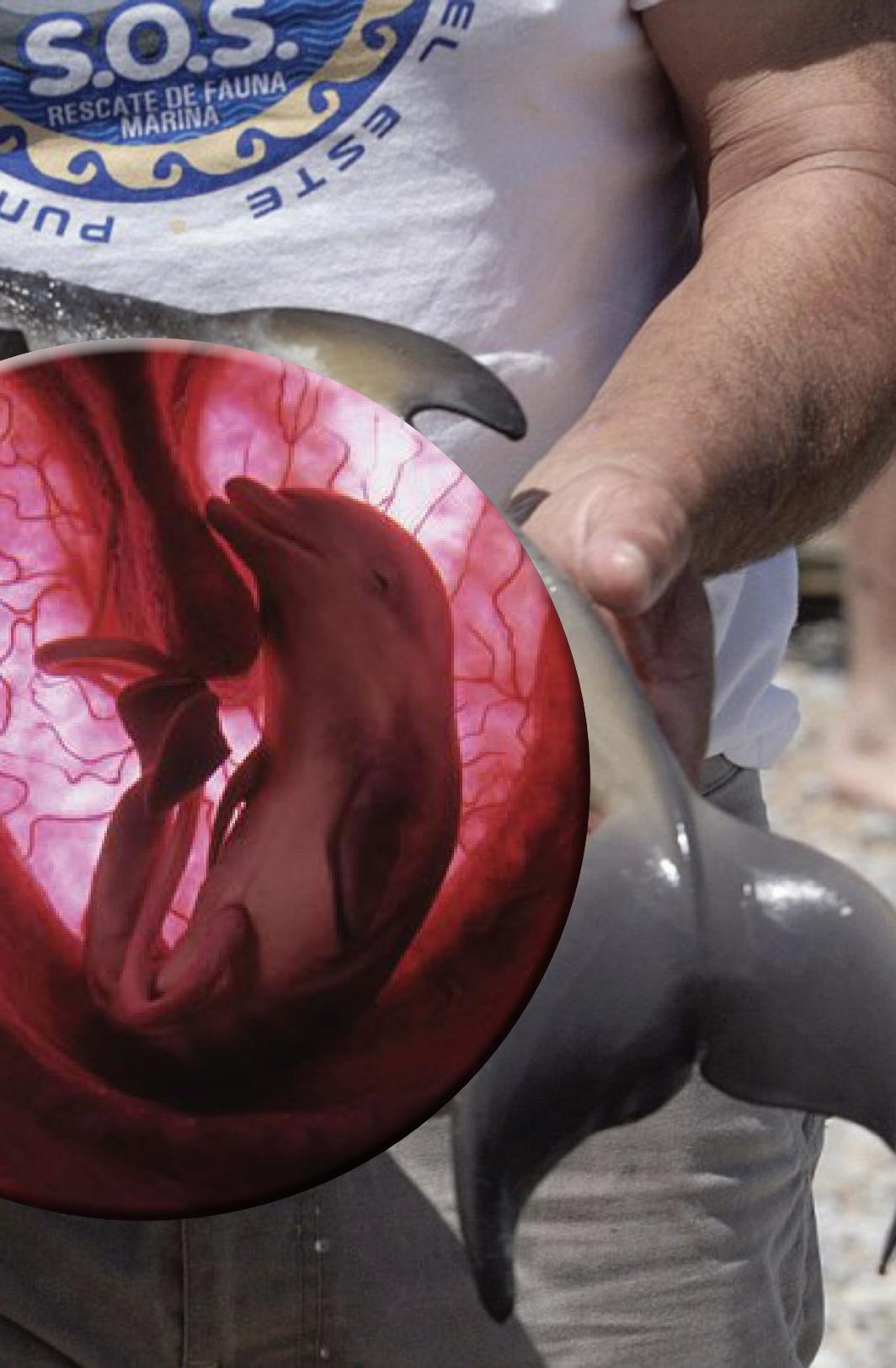
Thomas Ruff

Vincent Beavis

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dolphins

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Vincent Bevins



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In the rivers deep in the jungles of the Amazon, there are pink dolphins. No, they are not quite as spectacularly beautiful as the manatee, but they exist. The Amazon river is sort of brown-red, so they are a pink fleshy colour that stands out in the water. And they have a hump instead of a fin. They are endangered of course, for two reasons: First, the manatee is irresistibly cute to the city-dwellers that decide they should continue to exist. More importantly, because the state of existence in the Amazon is a constant warfare of all living beings against all other living beings, the chance to kill something, especially something big, kills it. The jungle for more than ten minutes knows this. The humans kill the dolphins because they fucking can, and because they are a terrifying threat to their livelihood that must be fought however

you can. In a nice meadow where you go to have a lovely walk, have a seat on a bench, and write a poem about it. In South America, nature is a powerful life force, and anybody who has ever had the technology and power to do so has immediately destroyed as much as possible, to carve out a space that might reasonably expect to survive. That, by the way, is how we got the nice suburban lawn - we killed everything threatening and paved the whole thing over. You would not have wanted to walk around a lawn 100 years ago.

In the middle of Brazil, the people kill the dolphins either to use them for food or because, fuck them, they are another big and intelligent animal and there is no good reason to let it live. The famous dolphin is a very serious threat in the jungle. If nothing else, killing it is a challenge to try to show who is boss.

Some people quote about the dolphins from people who have killed them, as told to my friend Alexei, who did more research on this than me:

He eats too many fish and when he finishes eating he sticks

around  
to be mean to us."

"I have harpooned some just to be mean."

"He's bad, because he takes people and abuses them.  
The dolphins impregnate women."

"I always tell my daughters to stay away from the water during  
their menstrual cycle. Just like my mother told me, a  
dolphin will impregnate them."

Oh, that's right. Another juicy tidbit about the pink Amazon  
legend goes, he loves to fuck local women and impregnate them.  
If you turn up pregnant and you don't have a good reason, it must be  
dolphins that transform into beautiful men at night and secretly  
they fucked you while you weren't looking as you bathed - the  
area.

My friend Alexei spent a lot of time and money on his "investigative  
dolphin. But he failed to find one thing: anyone who gave even the slightest  
reason for why the people were being killed or that the ass hole coast-dwellers who run Brazil  
in the middle of the jungle, there are all kinds of species coming  
to the area. Why care about this one?

## The Jungle

I'm not sure to what extent the image of the Amazon as hellish  
outside of South America. But here, it's fairly well understood.

It's not to be viewed as deeply unfortunate, or deeply ignorant that they do.

You want to go deep into the jungle? Make sure you have a means of escape  
and have the ability to be airlifted out when you almost die. As you enter  
the area is teeming with life. But that life is malicious, malice  
bent on chaos. The air buzzes with millions of living things  
and insanity. You will become infected with something, and  
slightly. Something will try to kill you.

Do not go into any water you do not know very well, because of the  
possibility of piranhas, one of my favourite organisms.

Soon as you go in waist-deep, the tiny little fish see you.

Your penis or vagina, immediately expands with spikes.

They get out, and then starts eating you from inside.

When you wake up in the morning, don't rub your body.

because there is a tiny organism that has evolved to bite your

has evolved to bite your

n."  
ses them.

he water during  
, I tell them the

on river dolphin is that,  
them. It's like this: if  
st have been one of those  
etly have sex with you. Or,  
e story varies from area to

e report" about the endangered  
lightest shit that the dolphins  
razil were so sad about it. Here  
g and going every day, and good

nightmare has much traction  
The people that live there tend  
can leave, or both.

dical team, are heavily armed,  
we are constantly reminded,  
ysterious, and primordially  
s and is hot with disease  
lose your mind ever so

ause, apart from the  
might get you. As  
hoots up either  
es so it can't  
side. When  
r eyes,  
it

arm  
in your sleep,  
so you itch it in your  
sleep, then hopefully touch  
your eyes in the morning, so it  
can enter your body, get to your  
organs and eat them over the course  
of ten years. By the time you realise  
it's happening, you are definitely  
going to die.

Or don't get dengue, as my friend  
did, or you might, as he also  
did, bleed from all of  
his orifices for

a week.

In case you can't imagine what that means, he had blood constantly flowing from his penis, anus, ears, mouth, nose, ears, and eyes for 200 hours, non-stop. Doctors have no idea what to do except watch you and pretend to hope you die.

The Amazon is not FernGully and it is not Avatar. This of course is the main lesson the disillusioned Werner Herzog learned when he spent years trying to make Fitzcarraldo deep in the jungle. His summary of the experience is repeating:

I see [the Amazon jungle] as full of obscenity. Nature here is violence, fornication and asphyxiation and choking and fighting for survival and just rotting away. Of course there is a lot of misery, but it is the same misery around us. The trees are in misery and the birds are in misery. I don't think they screech in pain. It's like a curse weighing on an entire landscape. And who is this, has his share of that curse. It's a land that God, if he exists, has created with some sort of a harmony. It is the harmony of overwhelming and collective.

## Politics

Brazil is living through its best moment in living history. Almost everyone is better off than they were a few years ago, and the country is full of new self-confidence and optimism among the people. In 2003, Brazilians elected to president Lula, a life-time radical union leader, a social organiser, and the first major politician to have been born into poverty. Upon taking office, he was heavily constrained by the force of the "international markets", and by the military and financial elite that really runs the country. So, he abandoned most of his social reform wing plans and Brazil remains one of the most unequal societies in the world. But, his radical impulses and some manoeuvring allowed him to throw money to the poorest people in the country. This had never really happened before. It was a bottom-up revolution in the economy which reverberated all the way up. Some of the latent potential of the marginalised population had been unleashed. That, combined with Chinese demand for Brazilian products, means that Brazil is booming while the rich countries of the US and Europe falter and drown in the crisis they created. Brazil is set to become the world's 5th-largest economy soon, and many parts of the country feel like rich bits of Europe.

The people most affected by Lula's mini-revolution followed

no  
don't

course is the  
at a few years  
situation bears

le and base. I see  
d growing, and  
me misery that is all  
k they sing, they just  
ever goes too deep into  
reated in anger. There is  
murder.

s doing better off than  
as a globally important  
leftist, former labour  
taking office, he was  
São Paulo economic  
his ambitious left-  
world.

o some scraps to  
are, and started a  
up to the top.  
en unleashed.  
means that  
Europe  
to be  
of

through  
now by his strong-  
woman successor, Dilma  
are those in the poor North-  
East of the country, but, almost  
everyone is better off, including the  
super-rich. The situation in the Amazon  
is much more difficult. What to do with  
these people? Very few actually live in the  
jungle, despite its massive size. There are  
those still "undiscovered" tribes who do not  
even know that Brazil exists. Then there are  
the indigenous peoples who are in contact  
with the outside world, but don't speak  
the same language as Brazil, literally  
or figuratively. The Brazilian  
government does its best  
just to get some

there ever  
really bring these  
they'd probably have  
would be akin to destroying  
world needs at the moment

Of course, the deforestation is  
up pace in the last few months. The  
most of the Amazon is, the Brazilian  
using satellite imaging technology. The  
divide by the the size of the previous year  
completely impossible.

It is a fallacy, though, to think that deforestation  
a living. Most of it is cleared to make grazing  
companies. Deforestation is primarily the result of  
tries to go head to head with the lobbies that  
only hope for keeping the Amazon as big as it is  
government to take on business, lose, and then  
But the government did just ram through the code  
the country, however) which will surely destroy  
James Cameron actually showed up and made an  
about. Moving.

### Eco-Terror

Herzog and I may have exaggerated to some slight  
But coming to face with this ugly, exciting and  
environmental commitment or the ecological spirit  
"nature" is some harmonious state to which we  
stretches back to the big bang and it makes no  
"natural" state of things. And, whichever one we

But humans, like all species, need not live everywhere  
as the Amazon - hospitable to us. It's  
pleasant for us. We do not belong there  
not exist.

It's quite clear we are able to induce  
even for us, and that is a fundamental  
should disappear. If humans disappear  
life would spring up where we used to

As long as we are here, we need  
much. But as long as humans  
life, do not expect them to  
the dolphins don't view



doctors in  
ery once in a while. To  
se people into the modern world,  
to leave. Making the Amazon liveable  
aying it, and that is not what the wider

of the Amazon continues, and has in fact picked  
To get a sense of how far removed from civilisation  
n government tracks the deforestation of the Amazon  
they literally take a huge picture from space and kinda  
green part. Sending people out there to check would be

restation is the result of small-time farmers trying to make  
ing space for cattle, by some of the world's largest meat  
ult of meat consumption. Sometimes the Brazilian government  
at ensure this is possible, but they have recently failed. The  
is is the reduction of meat consumption or for the Brazilian  
lose power to a less friendly government.

nstruction of a giant dam (to provide much-needed electricity for  
y a bit of nature and displace some native peoples. For this one,  
emotional speech, saying that this is what Avatar was really all

ight extent the inhospitality and conflictual nature of "nature".  
awe-inspiring reality need not make us feel different about any  
it more generally. That need not be based on some naïve idea that  
can return. Things have always been chaotic and in flux. History  
o sense to pick some point along that time line and call it the  
ve did pick would not be quite as harmonious as we had hoped.  
erywhere, and we need not make every part of the Earth - such  
s human egoism to think nature in all its forms should be  
e in large numbers, and that certainly does not mean it does

e changes, there and elsewhere which makes life impossible  
ental problem. If we really wanted to be altruistic, we  
peared from Europe, you could be sure a great deal of  
ed to be.

d to take what we need while not destroying too  
live in the Amazon, in the primordial fire-pit of  
see those pink dolphins as friends. I'm sure  
us that way as they rape our women.







PSY

15th September

By Shane Scara

In dolphins and tigers

than parents in teaching

This finding was made in

Mississippi psychology depart

a BBC-produced magazine, as

psychology researchers have

arium in Gulfport for the past

According to Dr. Stan Kuczaj, the

tionships of juvenile dolphins may

Kuczaj wanted to find out where

circle of relationships influences

To best observe the dolphins, Kuczaj

phins was made easier in the clear

adulthood.

Researchers took turns driving from

each day. They watched nine dolphins

years of age.

The researchers studied the dolphins

"When the project started, most (re

while the mother is important, calves

Kuczaj also said calves generate mo

juveniles will do new things while

In the wild, dolphins travel in pods

gether, so it is rare for fathers to

same time and juveniles will grow

Rachel Thames, pursuing her de

phins were often given a toy to

blowing bubbles and even pus

"The calf seems to volunta

Thames said young dolphins

the tank. They often wi

they burst at the sur

Thames believes the

the result.

"In my opinio

human ch

Thames

# Dolphin psychology may be similar to humans

2003

retically in humans, peers may play a more important role in learning new behaviour.

from a lengthy study conducted by the University of Southern Mississippi. The research was included in the August issue of *Wildlife*, as part of a larger article on animal intelligence. Student and faculty researchers have been observing play behaviour of dolphins at the Marine Life Oceanarium for six years.

Dr. Charles H. Whalen, chairman of the psychology department at USM, is observing the relay to help better understand childhood psychology. He is studying how new behaviour originates in dolphins and which member of a dolphin's pod is most likely to start it.

Whalen chose to work out of the Marine Life Oceanarium. Observing the dolphins in open water and glassed tanks. Also the dolphins could be observed from birth to adulthood.

Whalen travels from Hattiesburg to Gulfport to observe the dolphins about one to two hours a day. He focuses on calves, born within the last seven years. Dolphins become adults at about 10 years of age.

Whalen's study of play behaviour and social interaction to determine their role models. He and his researchers believed it was the mother, but Kuczaj said, "We found instead that calves are most influenced by other calves."

Whalen observed that new behaviour that other dolphins imitate. Sometimes the adults or older calves -- the most active -- create more new games.

Whalen observed that calves, or small groups of like age and gender. Adult males usually pool together to take a role in their calves' lives. Often mothers will give birth at the same time as to pool up with others of like age.

Whalen, a doctorate in experimental psychology at USM, said that although dolphins are used to stimulate activity, they would also make their own toys, sometimes by pushing other calves around.

Whalen said, "Dolphins rarely allow itself to be pushed as a toy," Thames said.

Whalen said, "Dolphins will sometimes blow bubbles and chase them to the top of the water. They will increase the number of bubbles and try to bite them before they reach the surface," she said.

Whalen said, "The challenge of catching the bubbles is more important than playing with them."

Whalen said, "In humans, we can look for the same influence by peers in children," she said.

Whalen and other USM researchers are now conducting a wild dolphin experiment in the Gulf of Mexico.



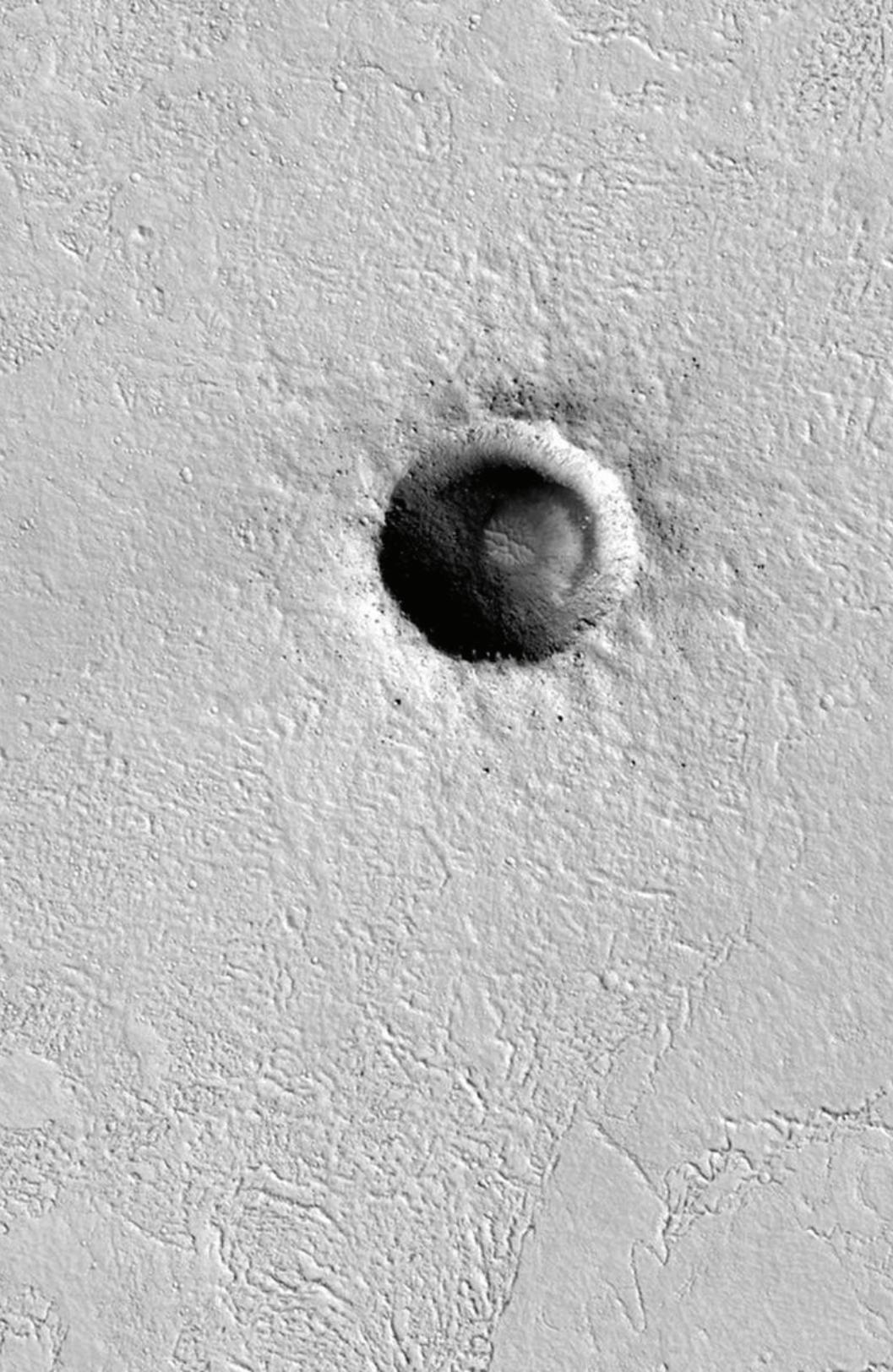


A blue circle with a slight gradient, containing text in a handwritten style. The text is centered within the circle.

ON THE  
COMPOSITION OF  
IMAGES, SIGNES  
AND IDEAS

*Giordano Bruno*







#### IV. ATRIUM OF THE HOUSE

Coal  
Ash  
Bellows

Key  
Icon  
Lute

Dog  
Canister  
Idol

Hair  
Screech Owl  
Cypress

HOUSE

Sword  
Spur  
Dog

Clock  
Lagoon  
Nail

Hook  
Cat  
Shrine

Cat  
Tile  
Platter

### III. ATRIUM OF THE PRISON

Noose  
Handcuffs  
Stake

Parrot  
Psaltery  
Axe

Bridge  
Cloud  
Maniple

Dung  
Snow  
Bearskin

PRISON

Bracelet  
Quartal  
Pair of  
Compasses

Ghosts  
Basket  
Winnowing Fan

Dirt  
Frogs  
Old woman

Old man  
Specter  
Mud



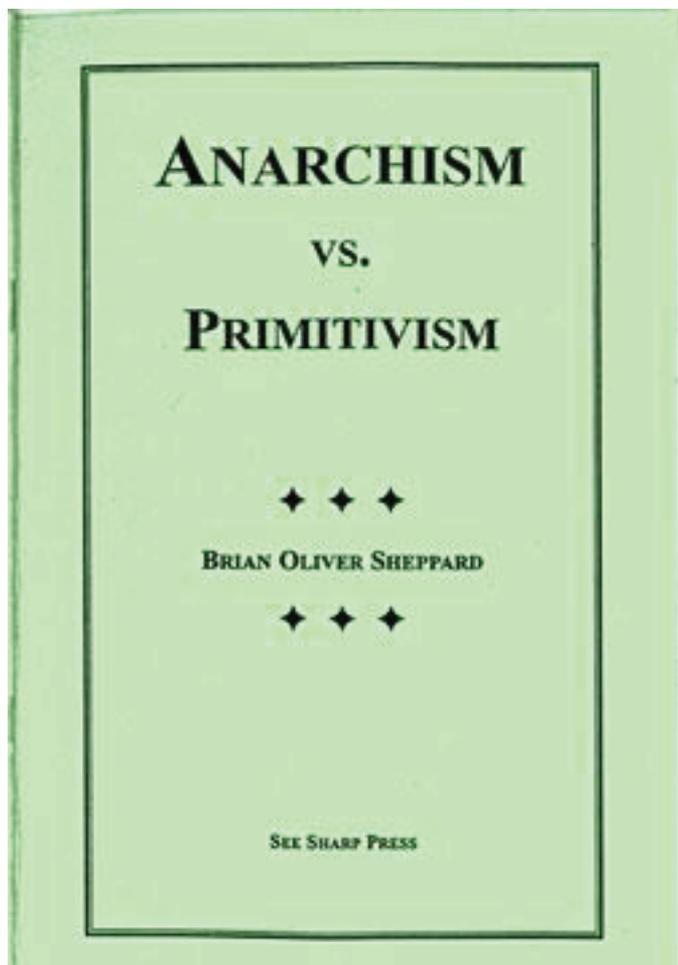
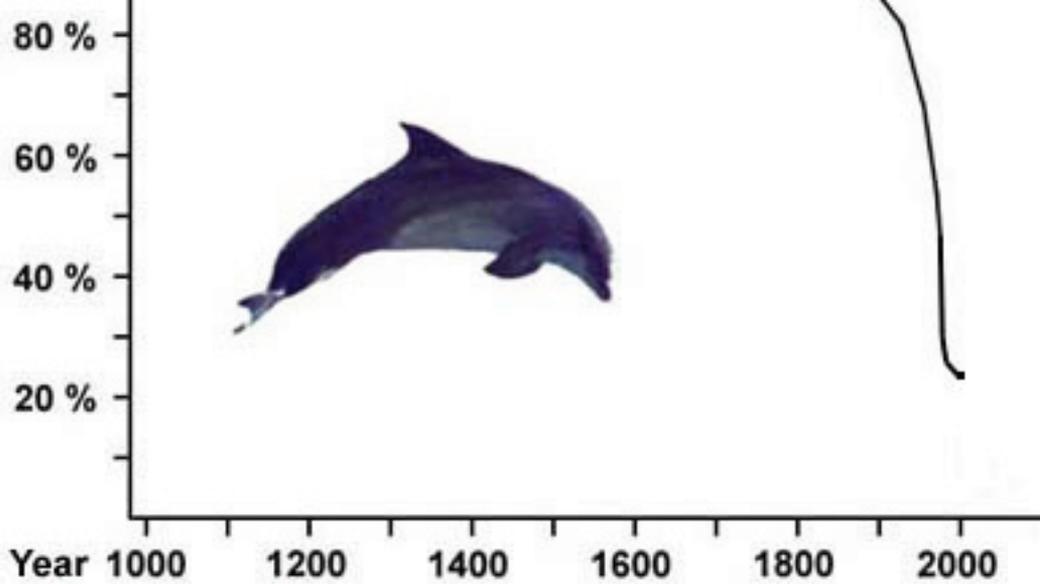
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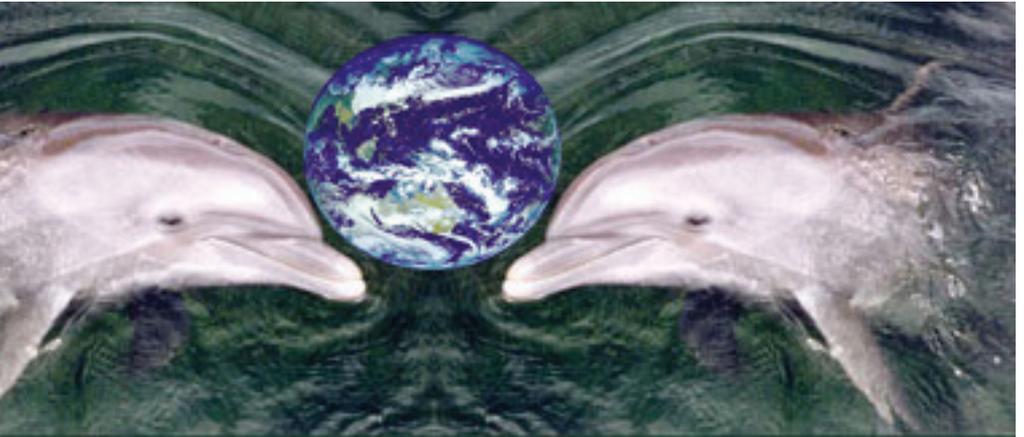
# الرياض



صحيفة يومية تصدر عن مؤسسة اليمامة الصحفية

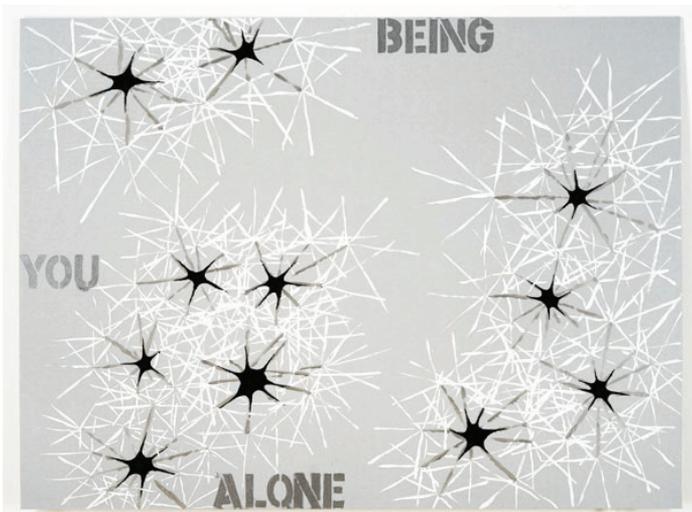
www.Alriyadh.com





# *The Dolphin Embassy*

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



Which of the following  
animals appeals to you most?

Polar Bear

Panda

Koala Bear

And which of these animals?

Eagle

Pigeon

Seagull

And of these animals?

Cat

Bird

Dolphin

Again...

Squirrel

Rabbit

Again...

Sheep

Goat

Deer

Again...

Shark

Whale

Dolphin

Again...

Elephant

Lion

Tiger



*The Great Wall of  
China by Franz Kafka*

*Curated by*

*Christopher Glazek*

The Great Wall of China was finished at its most northerly location. The construction work moved up from the south-east and south-west and joined at this point. This system of building in sections was also followed on a small scale within the two great armies of workers, the eastern and western armies. It was carried out in the following manner: groups of about twenty workers were formed, each of which had to take on a section of the wall, about five hundred metres long. A neighbouring group then built a wall of similar length to meet them. But then afterwards, when the sections were fully joined, construction was not continued on any further at the end of this thousand-metre section. Instead the groups of workers were shipped off again to build the wall in completely different regions. Naturally, with this method many large gaps arose, which were filled in only gradually and slowly, many of them not until after it had already been reported that the building of the wall was complete. In fact, there are said to be gaps which have never been built in at all, although that's merely an assertion which probably belongs among the many legends which have arisen about the structure and which, for individual people at least, are impossible to prove with their own eyes and according to their own standards, because the structure is so immense.

Now, at first one might think it would have been more advantageous in every way to build in continuous sections or at least continuously within two main sections. For the wall was conceived as a protection against the people of the north, as was commonly announced and universally known. But how can protection be provided by a wall which is not built continuously? In fact, not only can such a wall not protect, but the structure itself is in constant danger. Those parts of the wall left standing abandoned in deserted regions could always be destroyed easily by the nomads, especially by those back then who, worried about the building of the wall, changed their place of residence with incredible speed, like grasshoppers, and thus perhaps had an even better over-

all view of how the construction was proceeding than we did, the people who built it. However, there was really no other way to carry out the construction except the way it happened. In order to understand this, one must consider the following: the wall was to become a protection for centuries; thus, the essential prerequisites for the work were the most careful construction, the use of the architectural wisdom of all known ages and peoples, and an enduring sense of personal responsibility in the builders. Of course, for the more humble tasks one could use ignorant day labourers from the people—the men, women, and children who offered their services for good money. But the supervision of even four day labourers required a knowledgeable man, an educated expert in construction, someone who was capable of feeling sympathy deep in his heart for what was at stake here. And the higher the challenge, the greater the demands. And such men were in fact available—if not the crowds of them which this construction could have used, at least in great numbers.

This work was not undertaken recklessly. Fifty years before the start of construction it

was announced throughout the whole region of China which was to be enclosed within the wall that architecture and especially masonry were the most important areas of knowledge, and everything else was recognized only to the extent that it had some relationship to those. I still remember very well how as small children who could hardly walk we stood in our teacher's little garden and had to construct a sort of wall out of pebbles, and how the teacher gathered up his coat and ran against the wall, naturally making everything collapse, and then scolded us so much for the weakness of our construction that we ran off in all directions howling to our parents. A

tiny incident, but an indication of the spirit of the times.

I was lucky that at twenty years of age, when I passed the final examination of the lowest school, the construction of the wall was just starting. I say lucky because many who earlier had attained the highest limit of education available to them had no idea for years what to do with their knowledge and wandered around uselessly, with the most splendid architectural plans in their heads, and a great many of them just went downhill from there. But the ones who finally got to work as supervisors on the construction, even if they had the lowest rank, were really worthy of their position. They were masons who had given much thought to the construction and never stopped thinking about it, men who, right from the first stone which they let sink into the ground, had a sense of themselves as part of the wall. Such masons, of course, were driven not only by the desire to carry out the work as thoroughly as possible but also by impatience to see the structure finally standing there in its complete final perfection. Day labourers do not experience this impatience. They are driven only by their pay. The higher supervisors and, indeed, even the middle supervisors, see enough from their various perspectives of the growth of the wall to keep their spirits energized. But the subordinate supervisors, men who were mentally far above their outwardly trivial tasks, had to be catered to in other ways. One could not, for example, let them lay one building block on top of another in an uninhabited

region of the mountains, hundreds of miles from their homes, for months or even years at a time. The hopelessness of such a hard task, which could not be completed even in a long human lifetime, would have caused them distress and, more than anything else, made them worthless for work. For that reason the system of building in sections was chosen. Five hundred metres could be completed in something like five years, by which time naturally the supervisors were, as a rule, too exhausted and had lost all faith in themselves, in the building, and in the world. Thus, while they were still experiencing the elation of the celebrations for the joining up of a thousand metres of the wall, they were shipped far, far away. On their journey they saw here and there finished sections of the wall rising up; they passed through the quarters of the higher administrators, who gave them gifts as badges of honour, and they heard the rejoicing of new armies of workers streaming past them out of the depths of the land, saw forests being laid low, wood designated as scaffolding for the wall, witnessed mountains being broken up into rocks for the wall, and heard in the holy places the hymns of the pious praying for the construction to be finished. All this calmed their impatience. The quiet life of home, where they spent some time, reinvigorated them. The high regard which all those doing the building enjoyed, the devout humility with which people listened to their reports, the trust that simple quiet citizens had that the wall would be completed someday—all this tuned the strings of their souls. Then, like eternally hopeful children, they took leave of their home. The enthusiasm for labouring once again at the people's work became irresistible. They set out from their houses earlier than necessary, and half the village accompanied them for a long way. On all the roads there were groups of people, pennants, banners—they had never seen how great and rich and beautiful and endearing their country was. Every countryman was a brother for whom they were building a protective wall and who would thank him with everything he had and was for all his life. Unity! Unity! Shoulder to shoulder, a coordinated movement of the people, their blood no longer confined in the limited circulation of the body but rolling sweetly and yet still returning through the infinite extent of China.

In view of all this, the system of piecemeal building becomes understandable. But there were still other reasons, too. And there is nothing strange in the fact that I have held off on this point for so long. It is the central issue in the whole construction of the wall, no matter how unimportant it appears at first. If I want to convey the ideas and experiences of that time and make them intelligible, I cannot probe deeply enough into this particular question.

First, it has to be said that achievements were brought to fruition at that time which rank slightly behind the Tower of Babel, although in the pleasure they gave to God, at least by human reckoning, they made an impression exactly the opposite of that structure. I mention this because at the time construction was beginning a scholar wrote a book in which he drew this comparison very precisely. In it he tried to show that the

Tower of Babel had failed to attain its goal not at all for the reasons commonly asserted, or at least that the most important causes were not among these well-

known ones. He not only based his proofs on texts and reports, but also claimed to have carried out personal inspections of the location and thus to have found that the structure collapsed and had to collapse because of the weakness of its foundation. And it is true that in this respect our age was far superior to that one long ago. Almost every educated person in our age was a mason by profession and infallible when it came to the business of laying foundations. But it was not at all the scholar's aim to prove this. Instead he claimed that the great wall alone would for the first time in the age of human beings create a secure foundation for a new Tower of Babel. So first the wall and then the tower. In those days the book was in everyone's hands, but I confess that even today I do not understand exactly how he imagined this tower. How could the wall, which never once took the form of a circle but only a sort of quarter or half circle, provide the foundation for a tower? But it could be meant only in a spiritual sense. But then why the wall, which was something real, a product of the efforts and lives of hundreds of thousands of people? And why were there plans in the book—admittedly hazy plans—sketching the tower, as well as detailed proposals about how the energies of the people could be strictly channelled into the new work in the future. There was a great deal of mental confusion at the time—this book is only one example—perhaps

for the simple reason that so many people were trying as hard as they could to join together for a single purpose. Human nature, which is fundamentally careless and by nature like the whirling dust, endures no restraint. If it restricts itself, it will soon begin to shake the restraints madly and tear up walls, chains, and even itself in every direction.

It is possible that even these considerations, which argued against building the wall in the first place, were not ignored by the leadership when they decided on piecemeal construction. We—and here I'm really speaking on behalf of many—actually first found out about it by spelling out the orders from the highest levels of management and learned for ourselves that without the leadership neither our school learning nor our human understanding would have been adequate for the small position we had within the enormous totality. In the office of the leadership—where it was and who sat there no one I asked knows or knew—in this office I imagine that all human thoughts and wishes revolve in a circle, and all human aims and fulfillments in a circle going in the opposite direction. But through the window the reflection of the divine worlds fell onto the hands of the leadership as they drew up the plans.

And for this reason the incorruptible observer will reject the notion that if the leadership had seriously wanted a continuous construction of the wall, they would not have been able to overcome the difficulties standing in the way. So the only conclusion left is that the leadership deliberately chose piecemeal construction. But building in sections was something merely makeshift and impractical. So the conclusion remains that the leadership wanted something impractical. An odd conclusion! True enough, and yet from another perspective it had some inherent justification.

Nowadays one can perhaps speak about it without danger. At that time for many

people, even the best, there was a secret principle: Try with all your powers to understand the orders of the leadership, but only up to a certain limit—then stop thinking about them. A very reasonable principle, which incidentally found an even

wider interpretation in a later often repeated comparison: Stop further thinking, not because it could harm you—it is not at all certain that it will harm you. In this matter one cannot speak in general about harming or not harming. What will happen to you is like a river in spring. It rises, grows stronger, eats away more powerfully at the land along its banks, and still maintains its own course down to the sea and is more welcome as a fitter partner for the sea. Reflect upon the orders of the leadership as far as that. But then the river overflows its banks, loses its form and shape, slows down its forward movement, tries, contrary to its destiny, to form small seas inland, damages the fields, and yet cannot maintain its expansion long, but runs back within its banks, in fact, even dries up miserably in the hot time of year which follows. Do not reflect on the orders of the leadership to that extent.

Now, this comparison may perhaps have been extraordinarily apt during the construction of the wall, but it has at least only a limited relevance to my present report. For my investigation is merely historical. There is no lightning strike flashing any more from storm clouds which have long since vanished, and thus I may seek an explanation for the piecemeal construction which goes further than the one people were satisfied with back then. The limits which my ability to think sets for me are certainly narrow enough, but the region one would have to pass through here is endless.

Against whom was the great wall to provide protection? Against the people of the north. I come from south-east China. No northern people can threaten us there. We read about them in the books of the ancients. The atrocities which their nature prompts them to commit make us heave a sigh on our peaceful porches. In the faithfully accurate pictures of artists we see these faces of damnation, with their mouths flung open, the sharp pointed teeth stuck in their jaws, their straining eyes, which seem to be squinting for someone to seize, someone their jaws will crush and rip to pieces. When children are naughty, we hold up these pictures in front of them, and they immediately burst into tears and run into our arms. But we know nothing else about these northern lands. We have never seen them, and if we remain in our village, we never will see them, even if they charge straight at us and hunt us on their wild horses. The land is so huge, it would not permit them to reach us, and they would lose themselves in the empty air.

So if things are like this, why do we leave our homeland, the river and bridges, our mothers and fathers, our crying wives, our children in need of education, and go away to school in the distant city, with our thoughts on the wall to the north, even further away? Why? Ask the leadership. They know us. As they mull over their immense concerns, they know about us, understand our small worries, see us all sitting together in our humble huts, and approve or disapprove of the prayer which the father of the house says in the evening in the circle of his fam-

ily. And if I may be permitted such ideas about the leadership, then I must say that in my view the leadership existed even earlier. It did not come together like some high mandarins quickly summoned to a meeting by a beautiful dream of the future, something hastily concluded, a meeting which by evening saw to it that the general population was driven from their beds by a knocking on the door so that they could carry out the decision, even if it was only to set up a lantern in honour of a god who had shown favour to the masters the day before, so that he could thrash them in some dark corner the next day, when the lantern had only just died out. On the contrary, I imagine the leadership has existed since time immemorial, along with the decision to construct the wall as well. Innocent northern people believed they were the cause; the admirable and innocent emperor believed he had given orders for it. We who were builders of the wall know otherwise and are silent.

Even back then during the construction of the wall and afterwards, right up to the present day, I have devoted myself almost exclusively to the histories of different people. There are certain questions for which one can, to some extent, get to the heart of the matter only in this way. Using this method I have found that we Chinese possess certain popular and state institutions which are uniquely clear and, then again, others which are uniquely obscure. Tracking down the reasons for these, especially for the latter phenomena, always appealed to me, and still does, and the construction of the wall is fundamentally concerned with these issues. Now, among our most obscure institutions one can certainly include the empire itself. Of course, in Peking, right in the court, there is some clarity about it, although even this is more apparent than real. And the teachers of constitutional law and history in the high schools give out that they are precisely informed about these things and that they are able to pass this knowledge on to their students. The deeper one descends into the lower schools, the more the doubts about the students' own knowledge understandably disappear, and a superficial education surges up as high as a mountain around a few precepts drilled into them for centuries, sayings which, in fact, have lost nothing of their eternal truth, but which remain also eternally unrecognized in this mist and fog. But, in my view, it's precisely the empire we should be asking the people about, because in them the empire has its final support. It's true that in this matter I can speak once again only about my own homeland. Other than the agricultural deities and the service to them, which so beautifully and variously fills up the entire year, our thinking concerns itself only with the emperor. But not with the present emperor. We would have concerned ourselves with the present one if we had recognized who he was or had known anything definite about him. We were naturally always trying—and it's the single curiosity which consumed us—to find out something or other about him, but, no matter how strange this sounds, it was hardly possible to learn anything, either from pilgrims, even though they wandered through much of our land, or from the close or remote villages, or from boatmen, although they have travelled not merely on our little waterways but also on the sacred rivers. Of course, we heard a great deal, but could gather nothing from the many details.

Our land is so huge, that no fairy tale can adequately deal with its size. Heaven hardly covers it all. And Peking is only a point, the imperial palace only a tiny dot. It's true that, by contrast, throughout all the different levels of the world the emperor, as emperor, is great. But the living emperor, a human being like us, lies on a peaceful bed, just as we do. It is, no doubt, of ample proportions, but it could be merely narrow and short. Like us, he sometime stretches out his limbs and, if he is very tired, yawns with his delicately delineated mouth. But how are we to know about that thousands of miles to the south, where we almost border on the Tibetan highlands? Besides, any report which might come, even if it reached us, would get there much too late and would be long out of date. Around the emperor the glittering and yet murky court throngs— malice and enmity clothed as servants and friends, the counterbalance to the imperial power, with their poisoned arrows always trying to shoot the emperor down from his side of the balance scales. The empire is immortal, but the individual emperor falls and collapses. Even entire dynasties finally sink down and breathe their one last death rattle. The people will never know anything about these struggles and suffering. Like those who have come too late, like strangers to the city, they stand at the end of the thickly populated side alleyways, quietly living off the provisions they have brought with them, while far off in the market place right in the middle foreground the execution of their master is taking place.

There is a legend which expresses this relationship well. The Emperor— so they say— has sent a message, directly from his death bed, to you alone, his pathetic subject, a tiny shadow which has taken refuge at the furthest distance from the imperial sun. He ordered the herald to kneel down beside his death bed and whispered the message to him. He thought it was so important that he had the herald repeat it back to him. He confirmed the accuracy of the verbal message by nodding his head. And in front of the entire crowd of those who have come to witness his death—all the obstructing walls have been broken down and all the great ones of his empire

are standing in a circle on the broad and high soaring flights of stairs—in front of all of them he dispatched his herald. The messenger started off at once, a powerful, tireless man. Sticking one arm out and then another, he makes his way through the crowd. If he runs into resistance, he points to his breast where there is a sign of the sun. So he moves forward easily, unlike anyone else. But the crowd is so huge; its dwelling places are infinite. If there were an open field, how he would fly along, and soon you would hear the marvellous pounding of his fist on your door. But instead of that, how futile are all his efforts. He is still forcing his way through the private rooms of the innermost palace. He will never he win his way through. And if he did manage that, nothing would have been achieved. He would have to fight his way down the steps, and, if he managed to do that, nothing would have been achieved. He would have to stride through the courtyards, and after the courtyards the second palace encircling the first, and, then again, stairs and courtyards, and then, once again, a palace, and so on for thousands of years. And if he finally did burst through the outermost door—but

that can never, never happen—the royal capital city, the centre of the world, is still there in front of him, piled high and full of sediment. No one pushes his way through here, certainly not with a message from a dead man. But you sit at your window and dream to yourself of that message when evening comes.

That's exactly how our people look at the emperor, hopelessly and full of hope. They don't know which emperor is on the throne, and there are even doubts about the name of the dynasty. In the schools they learn a great deal about things like the succession, but the common uncertainty in this respect is so great that even the best pupils are drawn into it. In our villages

emperors long since dead are set on the throne, and one of them who still lives on only in songs had one of his announcements issued a little while ago, which the priest read out from the altar. Battles from our most ancient history are now fought for the first time, and with a glowing face your neighbour charges into your house with the report. The imperial wives, overindulged on silk cushions, alienated from noble customs by shrewd courtiers, swollen with thirst for power, driven by greed, excessive in their lust, are always committing their evil acts over again. The further back they are in time, the more terrible all their colours glow, and with a loud cry of grief our village eventually gets to learn how an empress thousands of years ago drank her husband's blood in lengthy gulps.

That, then, is how the people deal with the rulers from the past, but they mix up the present rulers with the dead ones. If once, once in a person's lifetime an imperial official travelling around the province chances to come into our village, sets out some demands or other in the name of the rulers, checks the tax lists, attends a school class, interrogates the priest about our comings and goings, and then, before climbing into his sedan chair, summarizes everything in a long sermon to the assembled local population, at that point a smile crosses every face, one man looks furtively at another and bends over his children, so as not to let the official see him. How, people think, can he speak of a dead man as if he were alive. This emperor already died a long time ago, the dynasty has been extinguished, the official is having fun with us. But we'll act as if we didn't notice, so that we don't hurt his feelings. However, in all seriousness we'll obey only our present ruler,

for anything else would be a sin. And behind the official's sedan chair as it hurries away there

arises from the already decomposed urn someone high up who is arbitrarily endorsed as ruler of the village.

Similarly, with us people are, as a rule, little affected by political revolutions and contemporary wars. Here I recall an incident from my youth. In a neighbouring but still very far distant province a rebellion broke out. I cannot remember the causes any more. Besides, they are not important here. In that province reasons for rebellion arise every new day—they are an excitable people. Well, on one occasion a rebel pamphlet was brought into my father's house by a beggar who had travelled through that province. It happened to be a holiday. Our living room was full of guests. The priest sat in their midst and studied the pamphlet. Suddenly everyone started laughing, the sheet was torn to pieces in the general confusion,

and the beggar, although he had already been richly rewarded, was chased out of the room with blows. Everyone scattered and ran out into the beautiful day. Why? The dialect of the neighbouring province is essentially different from ours, and these differences manifest themselves also in certain forms of the written language, which for us have an antiquated character. Well, the priest had scarcely read two pages like that, and people had already decided. Old matters heard long ago, and long since got over. And although—as I recall from my memory—a horrifying way of life seemed to speak irrefutably through the beggar, people laughed and shook their head and were unwilling to hear any more. That's how ready people are among us to obliterate the present.

If one wanted to conclude from such phenomena that we basically have no emperor at all, one would not be far from the truth. I need to say it again and again:

There is perhaps no people more

faithful to the emperor than we are in the south, but the emperor derives no benefits from our loyalty. It's true that on the way out of our village there stands on a little pillar the sacred dragon, which, for as long as men can remember, has paid tribute by blowing its fiery breath straight

in the direction of Peking. But for the people in the village Peking itself is much stranger than living in the next world. Could there really be a village where houses stand right beside each other covering the fields and reaching further than the view from our hills, with men standing shoulder to shoulder between these houses day and night? Rather than imagining such a city, it's easier for us to believe that Peking and its emperor are one, something like a cloud, peacefully moving along under the sun as the ages pass.

Now, the consequence of such opinions is a life which is to some extent free and uncontrolled. Not in any way immoral—purity of morals like those in my homeland I have hardly ever come across in my travels. But nonetheless a way of life that stands under no present law and only pays attention to the wisdom and advice which reach across to us from ancient times.

I guard again generalizations and do not claim that things like this go on in all ten thousand villages of our province or, indeed, in all five hundred provinces of China. But on the basis of the many writings which I have read concerning this subject, as well as on the basis of my own observations, especially since with the construction of the wall the human material provided an opportunity for a man of feeling to travel through the souls of almost all the provinces—on the basis of all this perhaps I may state that with respect to the emperor the prevailing idea again and again reveals

everywhere a certain essential feature common to the conception in my homeland. Now, I have no desire at all to let this conception stand as a virtue—quite the contrary. It's true that in the main things the blame rests with the government, which in the oldest empire on earth right up to the present day has not been able or has, among other things, neglected to cultivate the institution of empire sufficiently clearly so that it is immediately and ceaselessly effective right up to the most remote frontiers of the empire. On the other hand, however, there is in this also a weakness in the people's power of imagining or believing, which has

not succeeded in pulling the empire out of its deep contemplative state in Peking and making it something fully vital and present in the hearts of subjects, who nonetheless want nothing better than to feel its touch once and then die from the experience.

So this conception is really not a virtue. It's all the more striking that this very weakness appears to be one of the most important ways of unifying our people. Indeed, if one may go so far as to use the expression, it is the very ground itself on which we live. To provide a detailed account of why we have a flaw here would amount not just to rattling our consciences but, what is much more serious, to making our legs tremble. And therefore I do not wish to go any further in the investigation of these questions at the present time.

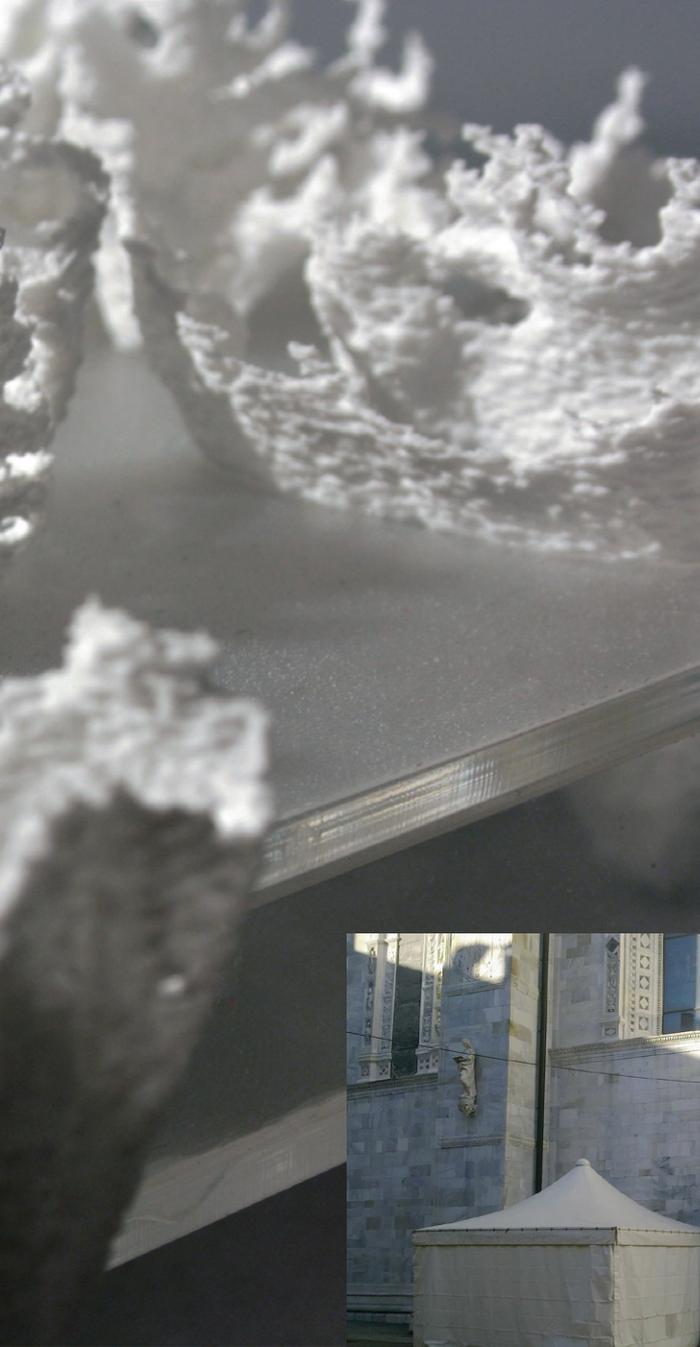




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# ADOPHIN WOE

Up comes his tail,  
from the glistening wave  
Surfing and swimming in the crest  
trying to behave  
His mother had warned him  
not to wander too far  
that the ocean was filled  
with many things that can scar

But he did not listen  
he wanted to play  
so he swam through the ocean  
all the night and the day

He was unaware of the danger  
that lay just ahead  
until it was too late  
he was filled with such dread

He was caught in a net  
he didn't know what to do

He was scared for his life  
and his mother's too

He screamed and he echoed  
he tossed and he turned  
The more that he moved  
the more he was doomed

Then all of a sudden  
he knew he was saved  
His savior had arrived  
and he knew to be brave

She was so beautiful  
a creature that was so rare  
It was a glorious mermaid  
come to show him sweet care

She removed a large shell  
from her gorgeous blonde hair  
And started to cut and saw

at the net that was there

At last he was free  
never to wander again  
to remember his mother  
and the words she had said

The dolphin was grateful  
For the love she had shown  
He knew he was lucky  
And he would never be alone

The mermaid led the way  
to the place he wanted to be  
he knew he was safe  
and would continue to be free

They swam away together  
being careful not to roam  
He knew where she was going  
to his mother...his home.

## Greek MEP

Kriton Arsenis has called for a "phasing out" of all dolphinariums in Europe.

His demand comes after a "shocking" new report highlighting the plight of dolphins used for "entertainment."

The report, by the Whale and Dolphin Conservation Society (WDCS) says that not one of the 34 dolphinariums in 14 EU member states complies with the necessary legal animal welfare requirements.

These include those set out by the EU zoos directive and the wildlife trade convention, both of which aim to protect whales and dolphins in captivity.

The report, compiled in association with the Born Free Foundation, says that member states that keep such animals in captivity contravene regulations by failing to meet criteria relating to conservation, education and animal welfare.

The 14 member states display a reported 286 small whales, dolphins and porpoises.

It said that while the average age of a dolphin in the wild is 45 years, 53 per cent die within three months of being kept in captivity for displays in zoos.

In other cases, they go blind or develop disease, it said. Dolphins are forced to swim 100 miles per day in small pools and also have to travel long distances.

Speaking at a news conference in parliament, Arsenis said, "When I read this report I was shocked. What is happening is quite brutal. There has been growing awareness regarding the plight of cetaceans amongst governments, scientists and the public, it is thus particularly sad that the lack of knowledge on cetaceans such as a report on the dolphinariums within the EU is not only a failure but also reveals some disturbing results."

He added, "The findings show that urgent action is necessary and I am calling for immediate revision of the zoo directive and also a phasing out of dolphinariums in Europe, including the UK shows."

His comments were echoed by Cathy Williamson, of the WDCS, who said, "These circus-style shows may seem like fun but the truth is much sadder."

"Although there are a number of different pieces of legislation safeguarding wild whales and dolphins in the EU, only the zoos directive provides captive whales and dolphins with any form of EU-wide protection."

"By requiring that member states ensure the zoos in their countries operate for the benefit of biodiversity, zoos (including dolphinariums) must meet certain conditions in terms of conservation and education."

"They must keep the animals under conditions that provide them with their natural biological needs - which is simply impossible for whales and dolphins."

Daniel Turner, of the Born Free Foundation, said the findings were "hugely significant".

He added, "So often, these facilities, and the hundreds of marine mammals held within them, are forgotten."

"The WDCS aims to ensure this is not the case and that member states recognise that dolphinariums, like other zoos, must not only abide by national zoo laws but must ensure they provide all their animals with their species-specific needs."

In a report it branded as "damning", the WDCS found that dolphinariums in the EU are "mak-

# EU member states urged to stop 'shocking' Dolphin cruelty

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whales and dolphins.

It says a "significant" number of dolphins in captivity die from capture shock, pneumonia, intestinal disease, ulcers, chlorine poisoning, and other stress-related illnesses.

"In many tanks within dolphinariums the water is full of chemicals as well as bacteria, causing many health problems in dolphins including blindness.

"Although marine mammals do breed in captivity, the birth rate is not nearly as successful as the one in the wild, with high infant mortality rates.

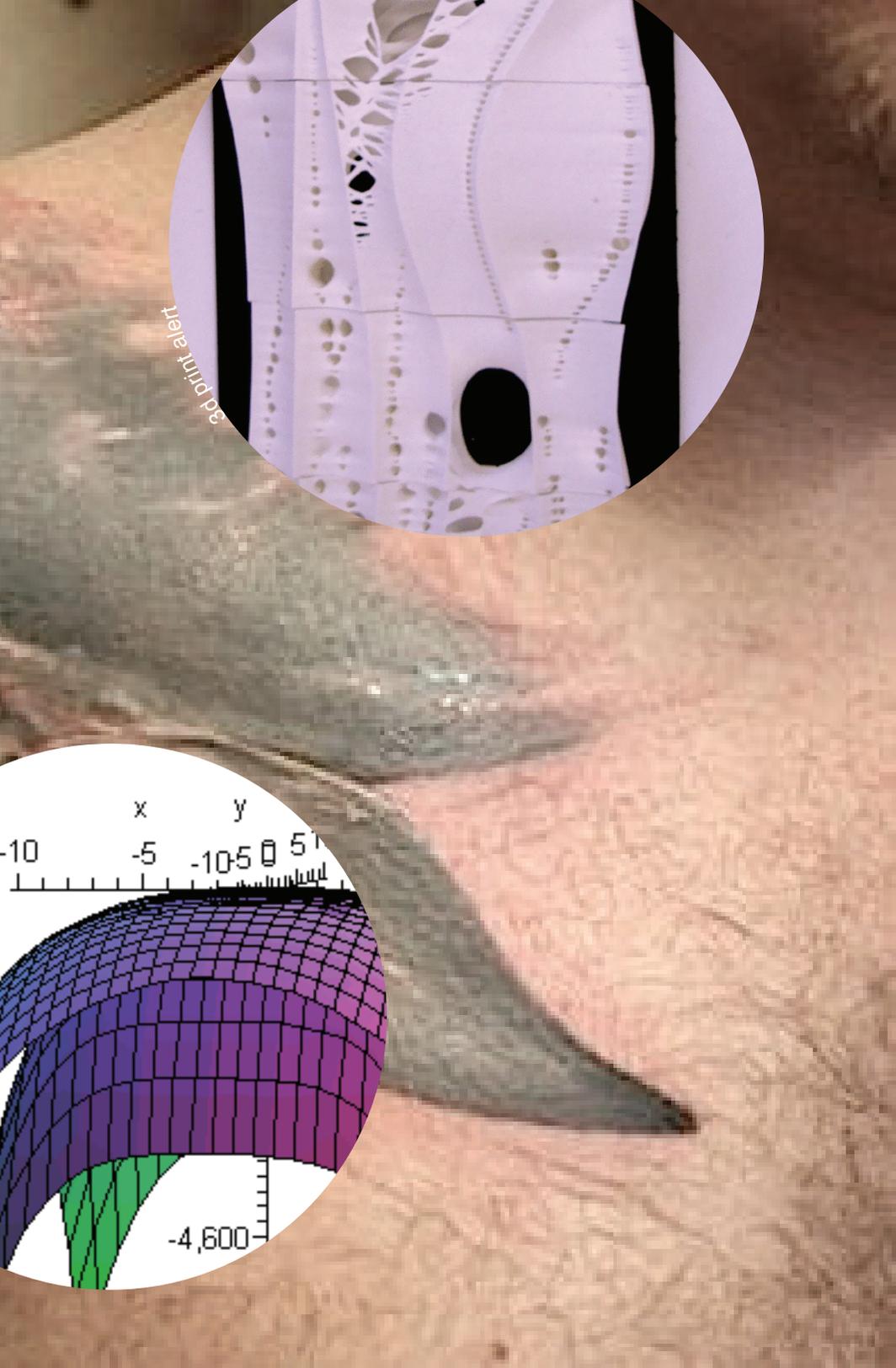
"Many marine parks subject their mammals to hunger so they will perform for their food.

"Confined animals who abuse themselves, for example, banging their heads against the walls, are creating stimuli which their environment cannot supply.

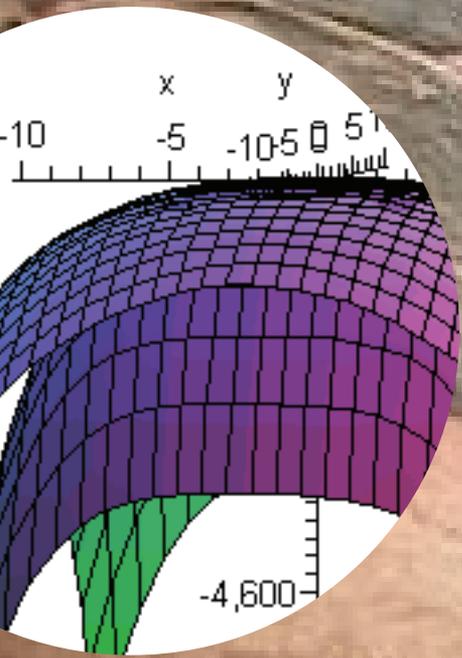
"Dolphins in captivity tend to develop stereotypical behaviour such as swimming in a repetitive circle pattern, with eyes closed and in silence because of boredom and confinement.

"When trapped together, males often become agitated and domineering. This causes an increased number of unprovoked attacks on each other and the trainers."

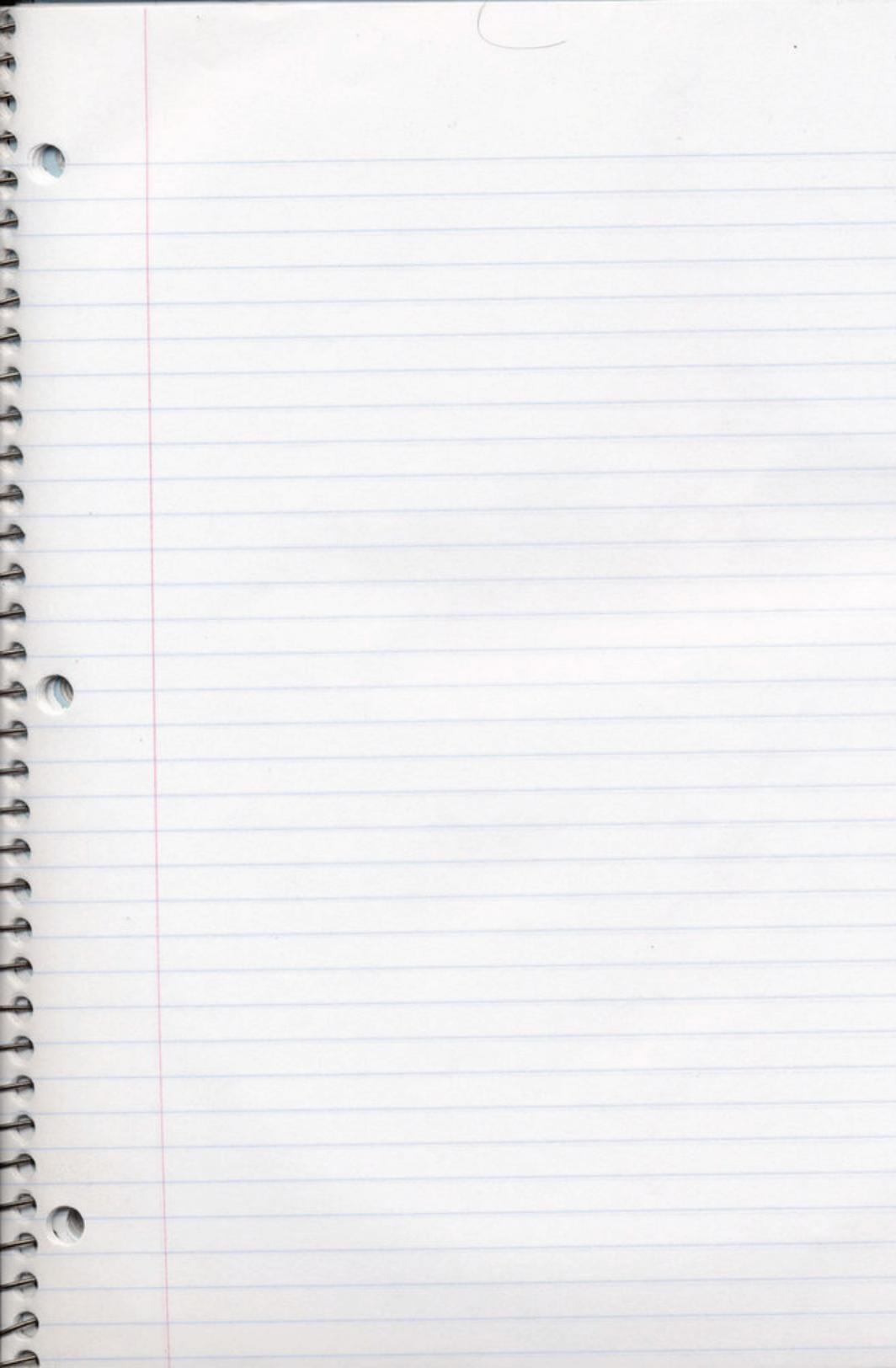


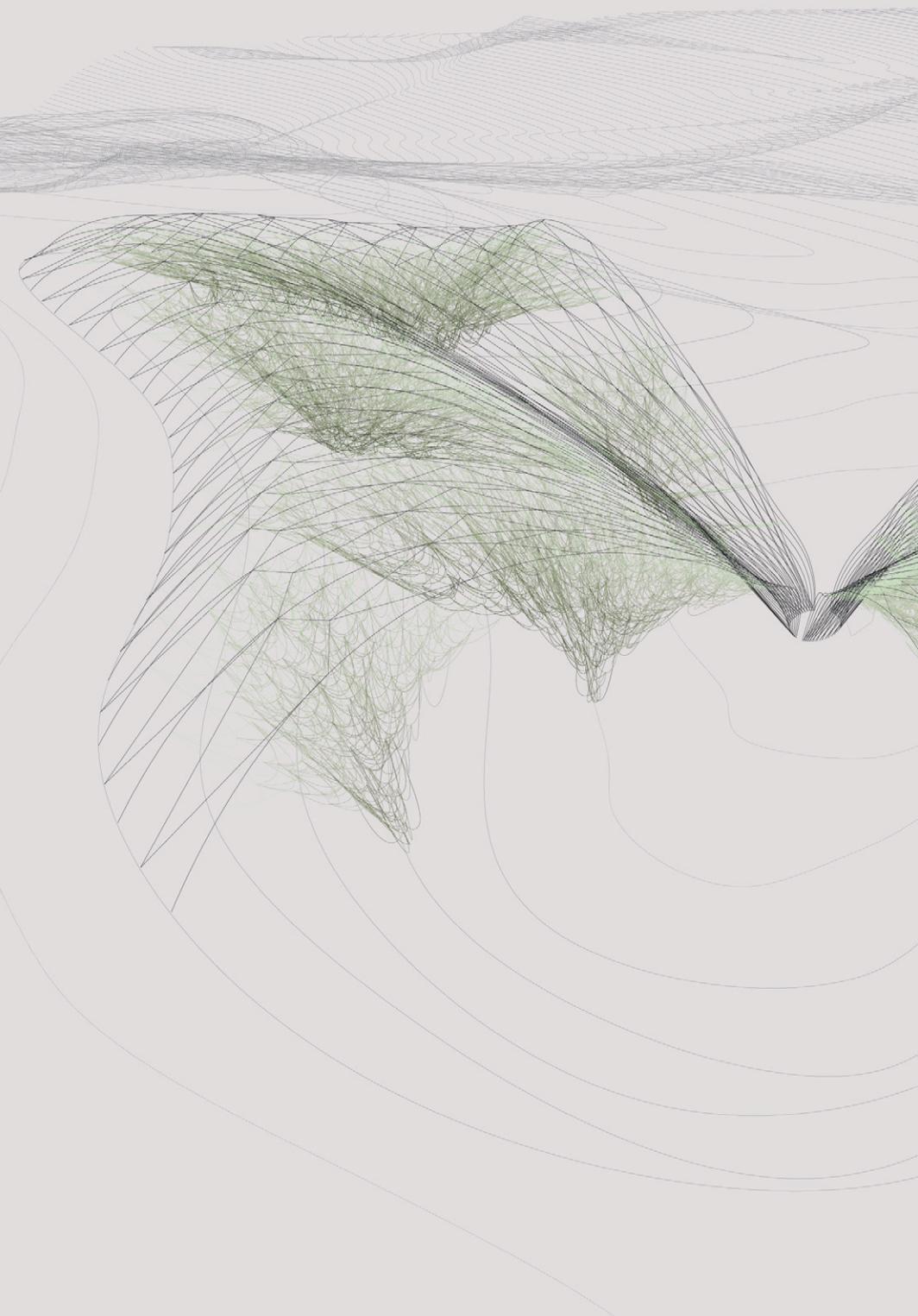


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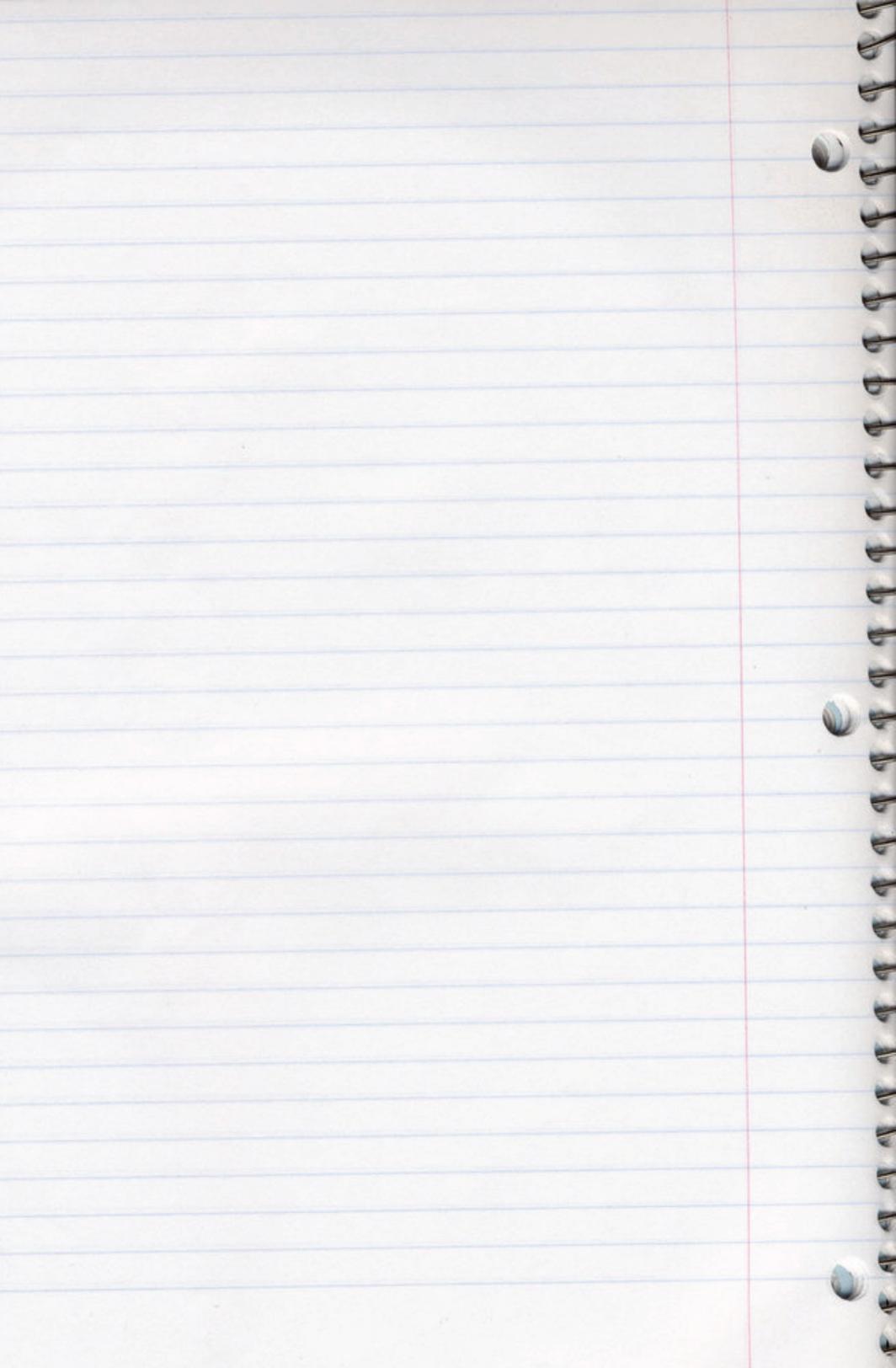


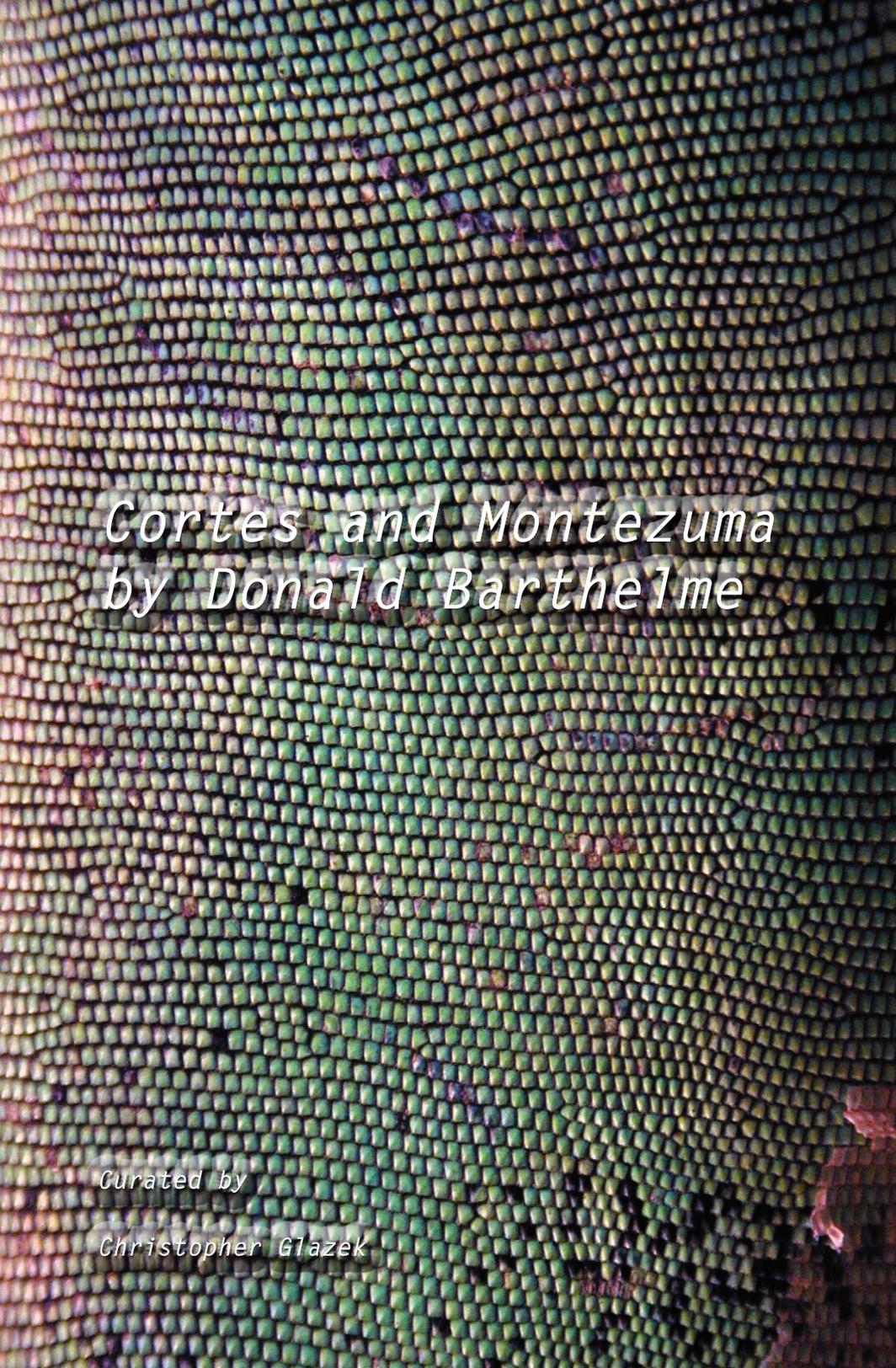






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*Cortes and Montezuma*  
by Donald Barthelme

*Curated by*

*Christopher Glazek*

Because Cortes lands on a day specified in the ancient writings, because he is dressed in black, because his armor is silver in color, a certain ugliness of the strangers taken as a group—for these reasons, Montezuma considers Cortes to be Quetzalcoatl, the great god who left Mexico many years before, on a raft of snakes, vowing to return.

Montezuma gives Cortes a carved jade drinking cup. Cortes places around Montezuma's neck a necklace of glass beads strung on a cord scented with musk. Montezuma offers Cortes an earthenware platter containing small pieces of meat lightly breaded and browned which Cortes declines because he knows the small pieces of meat are human fingers.

Cortes sends Montezuma a huge basket of that Spanish bread of which Montezuma's messengers had said, on first encountering the Spaniards, "As to their food, it is like human food, it is white and not heavy, and slightly sweet. . ."

Cortes and Montezuma are walking, down by the docks. Little green flies fill the air. Cortes and Montezuma are holding hands; Montezuma receives new messages, in picture writing, from the hills. These he burns, so that Cortes will not learn their contents. Cortes is trimming his black beard.

Dona Marina, the Indian translator, is sleeping with Cortes in the palace given him by Montezuma. Cortes awakens; they share a cup of chocolate. She looks tired, Cortes thinks.

Down by the docks, Cortes and Montezuma walk, holding hands. "Are you acquainted with a Father Sanchez?" Montezuma asks. "Sanchez, yes, what's he been up to?" says Cortes. "Overturning idols," says Montezuma. "Yes," Cortes says vaguely, "yes, he does that, everywhere we go." At a concert later that evening, Cortes is bitten on the ankle by a green insect. The bug crawls into his velvet slipper. Cortes removes the slipper, feels around

inside, finds the bug and removes it. "Is this poisonous?" he asks Dona Marina. "Perfectly," she says. Montezuma himself performs the operation upon Cortes's swollen ankle. He lances the bitten place with a sharp knife, then sucks the poison from the wound, spits. Soon they are walking again, down by the docks. Montezuma writes, in a letter to his mother: "The new forwardness of the nobility has come as a welcome relief. Whereas formerly members of the nobility took pains to hide among the general population, to pretend that they were ordinary people, they are now flaunting themselves and their position in the most disgusting ways. Once again they wear scarlet sashes from shoulder to hip, even on the boulevards; once again they prance about in their great powdered wigs; once again they employ lackeys to stand in pairs on little shelves at the rear of their limousines. The din raised by their incessant visiting of one another is with us from noon until early in the morning..."

"This flagrant behavior is, as I say, welcome. For we are all tired of having to deal with their manifold deceptions, of uncovering their places of concealment, of keeping track of their movements—in short, of having to think about them, of having to remember them. Their new assertiveness, however much it reminds us of the excesses of former times, is easier. The interesting question is, what has emboldened the nobility to emerge from obscurity at this time? Why now?"

"Many people here are of the opinion that it is a direct consequence of the plague of devils we have had recently. It is easily seen that, against a horizon of devils, the reappearance of the nobility can only be considered a more or less tolerable circumstance—they themselves must have realized this. Not since the late years of the last Bundle have we had so many spitting, farting, hair-shedding devils abroad. Along with the devils there have been roaches, roaches big as ironing boards. Then, too, we have the Spaniards..."

A group of great lords hostile to Montezuma holds a secret meeting in Vera Cruz, under the special protection of the god Smoking Mirror. Debate is fierce; a heavy rain is falling; new arrivals crowd the room.

Dona Marina, although she is the mistress of Cortes, has an Indian lover of high rank as well. Making her confession to Father Sanchez, she touches upon this. "His name is Cuitlahuac? This may be useful politically. I cannot give you absolution, but I will remember you in my prayers."

In the gardens of Tenochtitlan, whisperers exchange strange new words: guillotine, white pepper, sincerity, temperament.

Cortes's men break through many more walls but behind these walls they find, invariably, only the mummified carcasses of dogs, cats, and sacred birds.

Down by the docks, Cortes and Montezuma walk, holding hands. Cortes has employed a detective to follow Montezuma; Montezuma has employed a detective to follow Father Sanchez. "There are only five detectives of talent in Tenochtitlan," says Montezuma.

"There are others, but I don't use them. Visions are best-better than the best detective."

Atop the great Cue, or pyramid, Cortes strikes an effigy of the god Blue Hummingbird and knocks off its golden mask; an image of the Virgin is installed in its place.

"The heads of the Spaniards," says Dona Marina, "Juan de Escalante and the five others, were arranged in a row on a pike. The heads of their horses were arranged in another row on another pike, set beneath the first."

Cortes screams.

The guards run in, first Cristóbal de Olid, and following him Pedro de Alvarado and then de Ordas and de Tapia.

Cortes is raving. He runs from the palace into the plaza where he meets and is greeted by Montezuma. Two great lords stand on either side of Montezuma supporting his arms, which are spread wide in greeting. They fold Montezuma's arms around Cortes. Cortes speaks urgently into Montezuma's ear.

Montezuma removes from his bosom a long cactus thorn and pricks his ear with it repeatedly, until the blood flows.

Dona Marina is walking, down by the docks, with her lover Cuitlahuac, Lord of the Place of the Dugged Water. "When I was young," says Cuitlahuac, "I was at school with Montezuma. He was, in contrast to the rest of us, remarkably chaste. A very religious man, a great student—I'll wager that's what they talk about, Montezuma and Cortes. Theology." Dona Marina tucks a hand inside his belt, at the back.

Bernal Diaz del Castillo, who will one day write *The True History of the Conquest of New Spain*, stands in a square whittling upon a piece of mesquite. The Proclamation of Vera Cruz is read, in which the friendship of Cortes and Montezuma is denounced as contrary to the best interests of the people of Mexico, born and yet unborn.

Cortes and Montezuma are walking, down by the docks. "I especially like the Holy Ghost. Qua idea," says Montezuma. "The other God, the Father, is also—" "One God, three Persons," Cortes corrects gently. "That the Son should be sacrificed: Montezuma continues, "seems to me wrong. It seems to me He should be sacrificed to. Furthermore," Montezuma stops and taps Cortes meaningfully on the chest with a brown forefinger, "where is the Mother?"

Bernal asks Montezuma, as a great favor, for a young pretty woman; Montezuma sends him a young woman of good family, together with a featherwork mantle, some crickets in cages, and a quantity of freshly made soap. Montezuma observes, of Hemal, that "he seems to be a gentleman."

"The ruler prepares dramas for the people," Montezuma says. Cortes, sitting in an armchair, nods. "Because the cultivation of maize requires on the average only fifty days' labor per person per year, the people's energies may be invested in these dramas—for example the eternal struggle to win, to retain, the good will of Smoking Mirror, Blue Hummingbird, Quetzalcoatl..."

Cortes smiles and bows.

"Easing the psychological strain on the ruler who would otherwise be forced to face alone the prospect of world collapse, the prospect of the world folding in on itself..." Cortes blinks.

If the drama is not of my authorship, if events are not controllable by me—"

Cortes has no reply. "Therefore it is incumbent upon you, dear brother, to disclose to me the ending or at least what you know of the drama's probable course so that I may attempt to manipulate it in a favorable direction with the application of what magic is left to me." Cortes has no reply.

Breaking through a new wall, Cortes's men discover, on the floor of a chamber behind the wall, a tiny puddle of gold. The proclamation is circulated throughout the city; is sent to other cities.

Bernal builds a stout hen coop for Dona Marina. The sky over Tenochtitlan darkens; flashes of lightning; then rain sweeping off the lake.

Down by the docks, Cortes and Montezuma take shelter in a doorway. "Dona Marina translated it; I have a copy," says Cortes. "When you smashed Blue Hummingbird with the crowbar—" "I was rash. I admit it." "You may take the gold with you. All of it. My gift." "Your Highness is most kind."

"Your ships are ready. My messengers say their sails are as many as the clouds over the water." "I cannot leave until all of the gold in Mexico, past, present and future, is stacked

in the holds.” “Impossible on the face of it.” “I agree. Let us talk of something else.” Montezuma notices that a certain amount of white lint has accumulated on his friend’s black velvet doublet. He thinks: She should take better care of him.

In bed with Cortes, Dona Marina displays for his eyes her beautiful golden buttocks, which he strokes reverently. A tiny green fly is buzzing about the room; Cortes brushes it away with a fly whisk made of golden wire. She tells him about a vision. In the vision Montezuma is struck in the forehead by a large stone, and falls. His enraged subjects hurl more stones.

“Don’t worry,” says Cortes. “Trust me.”

Father Sanchez confronts Cortes with the report of the detective he has hired to follow Dona Marina, together with other reports, documents, photographs. Cortes orders that all of the detectives in the city be arrested, that the profession of detective be abolished forever in Tenochtitlan, and that Father Sanchez be sent back to Cuba in chains.

In the marketplaces and theaters of the city, new words are passed about. tranquility, vinegar, entitlement, schnell.

On another day Montezuma and Cortes and Dona Marina and the guard of Cortes and certain great lords of Tenochtitlan leave their palaces and are carried in palanquins to the part of the city called Cotaxtla.

There, they halt before a great house and dismount. “What is this place?” Cortes asks, for he has never seen it before.

Montezuma replies that it is the meeting place of the Aztec councilor legislature which formulates the laws of his people.

Cortes expresses surprise and states that it had been his understanding that Montezuma is an absolute ruler answerable to no one—a statement Dona Marina tactfully neglects to translate lest Montezuma be given offense by it.

Cortes, with his guard at his back and Montezuma at his right hand, enters the building. At the end of a long hallway he sees a group of functionaries each of whom wears in his ears long white goose quills filled with powdered gold. Here Cortes and his men are fumigated with incense from large pottery braziers, but Montezuma is not, the major-domos fix their eyes on the ground and do not look at him but greet him with great reverence saying, “Lord, my Lord, my Great Lord.” The party is ushered through a pair of tall doors of fragrant cedar into a vast chamber hung with red and yellow banners. There, on low wooden benches divided by a broad aisle, sit the members of the council, facing a dais. There are perhaps three hundred of them, each wearing

affixed to his buttocks a pair of mirrors as is appropriate to his rank. On the dais are three figures of considerable majesty, the one in the center raised somewhat above his fellows; behind them, on the wall, hangs a great wheel of gold with much intricate featherwork depicting a whirlpool with the features of the goddess Chalchihuitlicue in the center. The council members sit in attitudes of rigid attention, arms held at their sides, chins lifted, eyes fixed on the dais. Cortes lays a hand on the shoulder of one of them, then recoils.

He raps with his knuckles on that shoulder which gives forth a hollow sound. “They are pottery,” he says to Montezuma. Montezuma winks. Cortes begins to laugh. Montezuma begins to laugh. Cortes is choking, hysterical. Cortes and Montezuma run around the great hall, dodging in and out of the rows

of benches, jumping into the laps of one or another of the clay figures, overturning some, turning others backwards in their seats. “I am the State!” shouts Montezuma, and Cortes shouts, “Mother of God, forgive this poor fool who doesn’t know what he is saying!”

In the kindest possible way, Cortes places Montezuma under house arrest. “Best you come to stay with me a while.” “Thank you but I’d rather not.” “We’ll have games and in the evenings, home movies.”

“The people wouldn’t understand.” “We’ve got Pitalpitoque shackled to the great chain.” “I thought it was Quintalbor.” “Pitalpitoque, Quintalbor, Tendile.” “I’ll send them chocolate.” “Come away, come away, come away with me.” “The people will be frightened.” “What do the omens say?” “I don’t know I can’t read them anymore.” “Cutting people’s hearts out, forty, fifty, sixty at a crack.” “It’s the custom around here.” “The people of the South say you take too much tribute.” “Can’t run an empire without tribute.” “Our Lord Jesus Christ loves you.” “I’ll send Him chocolate.” “Come away, come away, come away with me.”

Down by the docks, Cortes and Montezuma are walking with Charles V, Emperor of Spain. Dona Marina follows at a respectful distance carrying two picnic baskets containing many delicacies: caviar, white wine, stuffed thrushes, gumbo. Charles V bends to hear what Montezuma is saying; Cortes brushes from the person of the Emperor little green flies, using a fly whisk made of golden wire. “Was there no alternative?” Charles asks. “I did what I thought best,” says Cortes, “proceeding with gaiety and conscience. “I am murdered,” says Montezuma.

The sky over Tenochtitlan darkens; flashes of lightning; then rain sweeping off the lake. The pair walking down by the docks, hand in hand, the ghost of Montezuma rebukes the ghost of

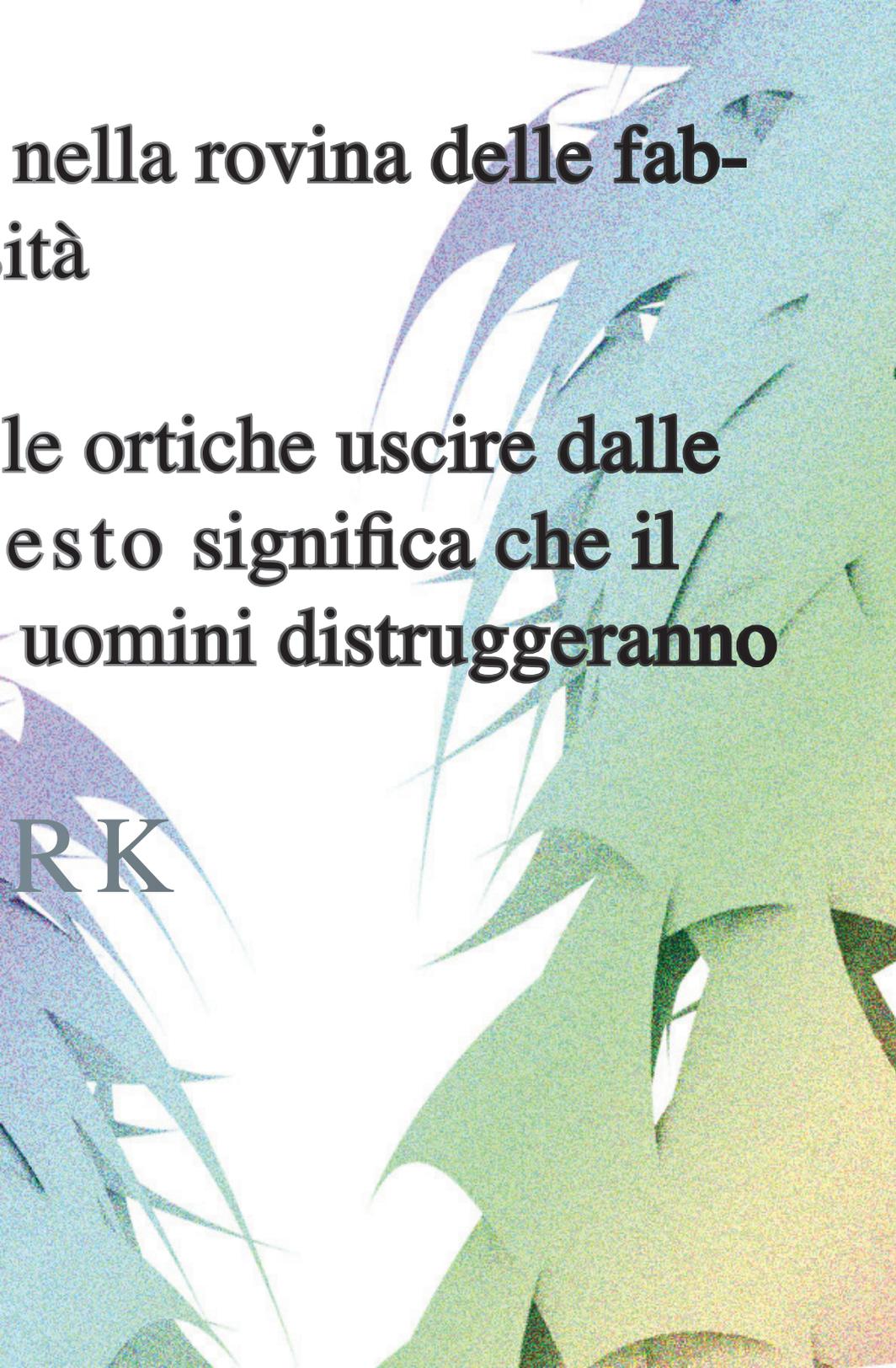
Cortes, “Why did you not throw up your hand, and catch the stone?”



forse un giorno vedranno  
bricche un segno di necess

la gente dice si vedranno  
fabbriche di vetro....e qu  
mondo degli uomini...gli  
ogni cosa

Glow IN THE D A



**nella rovina delle fab-  
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**RK**

# The Dolphin Reality

Timothy Whillie



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## Dolphins.

What magnificent Beings. Which of us by now has not seen these sleek, agile creatures either swimming freely in the sea, in a delphinarium, or in one of many spectacular films and television documentaries?

Just mere 50 years ago, dolphins would have been a fable to the majority of us on the planet. But with the advent of modern communications, the grace and the beauty of these planetary cousins of ours has been turning up in every livingroom and every screen in the civilized world.

Have you noticed that whenever you see or are shown pictures of these extraordinary creatures there is a certain quickening of the blood? A certain lifting of the spirits? A certain gasping that such fluid beauty should exist on this curious little planet?

How much we really know about dolphins, the answer there is still--very little.

They're virtually impossible to study in the wild. They move so fast, they are hard to track. From a boat, from a fisherman's point of view, they are elusive and extremely difficult to monitor from a boat. As a result, we do not have even a very good idea of how many of them there might be on the planet. The fact that Gaia, our Mother Planet, is approximately 7/8 water, it's not impossible to think that there may be many more dolphins than human beings. Which in itself raises a question: Are there more of them than there are of us, could it possibly be their planet "straightforwardly" ours, as we might have thought?

Despite all the fuss about them, many people ask. Suddenly everybody is talking about dolphins--they're just another large fish--the sea is full of them. What is it, they wonder, that makes the difference between a dolphin and a tuna, for instance?

The primary difference lies in the mammalian nature of the dolphins. This means they're very similar to us. Scientists believe they may have been a distant kin of ours but they went back into the sea and developed from there.

Now, within the great family of cetacean mammals, the dolphins have yet another remarkable significance and in our very human scientific value system, too. Scientists can show that the ratio which compares an animal's body size to its brain weight in certain prescribed ways indicates the degree of intelligence

we can  
expect to find in that animal.  
Naturally enough, we place our species so  
where in the middle of the chart. But when all  
ses are added and the pencils are sucked, it is the  
come out, if anything, somewhat more well-endowed even  
humans and inventors of the very criteria by which we judge  
ligence.

In short, all the evidence leads us to believe these creatures are  
are and quite probably a great deal more.

Another potent factor in the area of conscious intelligence is the length  
in the way they are now. The human being has been formed in such a way  
Within this framework, a dolphin has been shaped and equipped with es  
system and brain for well over 30 million years. So that implies that the dolphins  
there--have been doing it thirty times as long as whatever we're doing up here.

Continuing from an appreciation of just how complex a dolphin's brain appears to be in the area of  
communication. They are able to use no less than four different communicative systems  
of generating sound at the same time. Best known to us, of course, is their echolocation.

We call it sonar, after the underwater radar device, and because it works in much the same way  
to clapping your hands in a dark room and getting a rough sense of where the walls are.

Because sound travels further and more clearly in the water than in air, the dolphins' sense of  
picture of their world by interpreting the echoes they hear returning from the bottom and other  
this very means of communication must inevitably lead to telepathic contact between dolphins.  
discern between the densities of differing metals and we know they can see in the dark, they  
always know when females of the human races are pregnant and consistently know where  
the water together.

Glandular changes in the bodies of all mammals reflect variations in emotional states. Over the course of  
their 30-million year history and supersensitive acoustical systems, are sensitive to the needs of  
welfare with an accuracy which we would probably find supernatural.

I know from personal experiences that dolphins and the larger cetaceans  
-are indeed telepathic, but perhaps not in a manner we can directly appreciate. I know  
the degree and detail of the telepathic communication and the near-telepathic  
holographic.

It is more like receiving a message in all five senses at the same time. It is like receiving  
the 28 different senses we are capable, physiologically, of receiving. It is like receiving  
too much for the frail human nervous system to handle. It is like receiving a message  
who've been zapped by an orca's sonar who say every sense tingles like a clear bell for minutes afterwards.

And herein, of course, lies the nub of the matter. What is starting to emerge is

some-  
the plus-  
dolphins who  
then than we, proud  
large prospective intel-

at least as intelligent as we

with of time a species has formed  
way a little over one million years.  
essentially the same type of nervous  
dolphins--whatever they are doing down  
here.

seems to be, we come to their means of  
communication channels, literally four different ways  
of echolocation ability.

in much the same way. It's analogous perhaps  
to the walls are.

Dolphins are able to perceive a very precise  
of their environment. We are now realizing that  
it's not. The dolphins' sonar is clearly able to  
penetrate the body as if it were an X-ray. They  
deserve them special attention if they are in

of their and physical well-being. Dolphins, with  
are clearly able to gauge their companion's

of them--orcas and many of the whales--  
appreciate. Many have now noticed  
that the best I can get to describing it is

of time. Plus some other of  
are registering. It is almost  
impossible. I've known people  
to feel a cell in their body

the is-

t h a t  
these marvelous  
graceful creatures are  
not only as intelligent as  
us, but quite evidently far  
more complexly intelligent. In-  
telligence indeed of a totally dif-  
ferent sort.

Looking at it from their point  
of view, the challenge is  
to simplify their  
communication-

tion  
systems to a point  
at which we can accommodate  
them.

Then, of course, add to the cauldron that our human species might not currently be overly-interested in a lecture on keeping the oceans clear of pollution. Even if we could understand what on earth they were saying!

However where this marvelously-developed communication system is beginning to bear fruit for us is in the growing field of research with autism, and a variety of psycho-physiological problems, which are on the whole little understood by human medicine. There is much quiet research experience which shows that autistic children, when encouraged to spend time in the water with dolphins, will often dissolve into merriment. The dolphins are perfectly wonderful with them, supremely gentle and very caring. Many of these quiet ones have talked for the first time in the presence of dolphins and there hasn't been a single one who has remained entirely unaffected.

Quite possibly it is the dolphins' aura that is among those things that affect the kids so profoundly.

In Russia, where they take such matters far more seriously, they talk of the aura as the biofield of the dolphin. This is the measurable energy field that projects around the dolphin sometimes for yards in all directions. The Russians also tell us of their work with underwater birthing: where the newborn infant joyously moves from amniotic fluid to the clear warm friendly water of a large bath.

They add that pregnant mothers invariably find the presence of dolphins to be particularly relaxing and supportive. Some mothers even talk of giving birth in ecstasy.

Indeed, there are hints everywhere of a new





shared  
destiny involving dolphins and the  
human race. Both species are meeting, I  
expect, at exactly the most meaningful time for  
growth of their potentials.

For human, the dolphins offer us another picture of  
honesty before we all rejoin our galactic brothers and sisters  
so-far-off future. As we find ways of opening to the great  
wisdom of the dolphins, so we will also start to resolve our  
problems intuitively, and from my many and varied interactions with dolphins  
our two races have a closely entwined future.

They quite evidently have many clues and answers to problems particular  
to our race like ours. Their need for cooperation and mutual interdependence  
aspects of our species' personality which we are far too close to understand  
instance: we are inundated by it. Any look at life on this planet for certainly  
a high quotient of fear.

In contrast, the dolphins really know no fear. They have no predators and are  
They can, for instance, butt a shark to death with their powerful beak; know  
the shark's vulnerable, gristly body with their precision sonar. Perhaps it is as  
know so little of fear. What a lesson this could be for us, if we could fully  
it would be!

Human beings appear to have always known about dolphins.

But as we have seen, interaction with them has been generally restricted to sea  
warm beaches of the world. They've always been known as friendly to man; many  
men or women, guiding or pushing them ashore.

Those of the south seas in all probability have a far more intimate relationship  
of the northern hemisphere.

The Maoris of New Zealand have a long history of close relationship--and  
Polynesia to New Zealand in the first place. In the Maori afterlife, for instance  
left its body, it travels to the northernmost tip of the North Island and  
Spirits, gathers at a certain tree which clings to a cliff high over the bay  
kind, the soul dives down into the water to turn into a dolphin.

There follows an ecstatic flowing easy swim up to the Islands of the  
once again, takes the body of a human to complete any unfinished business.

In the Caribbean Islands, among the beach dwellers, the Rastafarians  
ships with their cousins in the sea. The anecdotal story which  
in this human/dolphin interchange, is that of the old Rastafarian  
alone on a beach in Jamaica. "An' every mornin', he get up  
he swim straight out to sea, mon, just as far as his  
arms and his legs can carry him no longer, until  
no more, mon, only den. Den he turn back. Ya  
out, mon." And work it out I did. I  
it. It works. The dolphins

I sus-  
for maximum

ourselves. A necessary  
ers sometime in the not-  
telligence and compassionate  
pressing challenges. From all I  
phins, I have become certain that

- to a somewhat paranoid and conten-  
ce allows them to see and comprehend  
stand, let alone put aside. Our fear, for  
the knowable past has to turn up an im-

adequately able to take care of themselves.  
ing, of course, precisely where to strike in  
a result of this that allows the dolphins to  
take it in. A fearless existence. What a learning

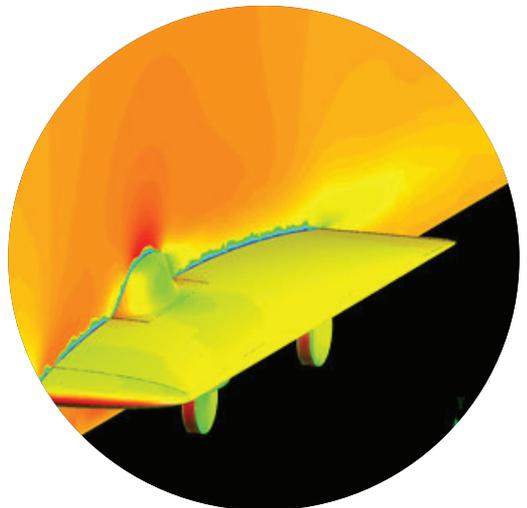
going peoples and those who live on the quiet,  
are the stories of dolphins rescuing stranded

with the dolphins than most of the cultures

most probably the dolphins led them from  
nce, after the soul of the newly dead has  
, following the contours of the Bay of  
. Then in the company of others of its

the Three Kings where the dead soul,  
business on the earth plane.

arians have very close relation-  
ch represents the very best  
man, a prophet, who lived  
an' go for a swim and  
e is able, until his  
he can't swim  
ou work it  
tried



escorted  
me back too.

Through the last decade, a whole new upsurge of interest in dolphins and the great whales is starting to make itself felt throughout the world. Here, I am not speaking about scientific research, which as I have already said, tends to be difficult to practice, but a much gentler and more humane interaction between two species. Innumerable have become the stories of individual people who have befriended dolphins or been befriended by them.

Right now, there is a magnificent dolphin who has made herself known just off the Irish coast. Off Dingle, in Kerry, on the west coast of Ireland. People go out to swim with her, to play and make gentle contact.

She is always there; has been there now for a year or so. She absolutely loves people and we are told she plays vigorously with divers.

There's another who lives in a quiet cove in Brittany, in northern France. Called Jean-

Louis, he  
has become guardian of La  
Baie des Trespasses. Odd that! The  
Bay in which people dare to trespass.

And, in a sense, swimming with the dolphins is trespassing because the first thing you feel is how profoundly the water is their element and not yours. And this I assure you, however good a swimmer you are. They are so utterly self-contained and perfectly adapted to the water. They are also quite feisty creatures once you get to know them a bit. I'm talking here of dolphins who spend their time in the care of humans, not wild dolphins.

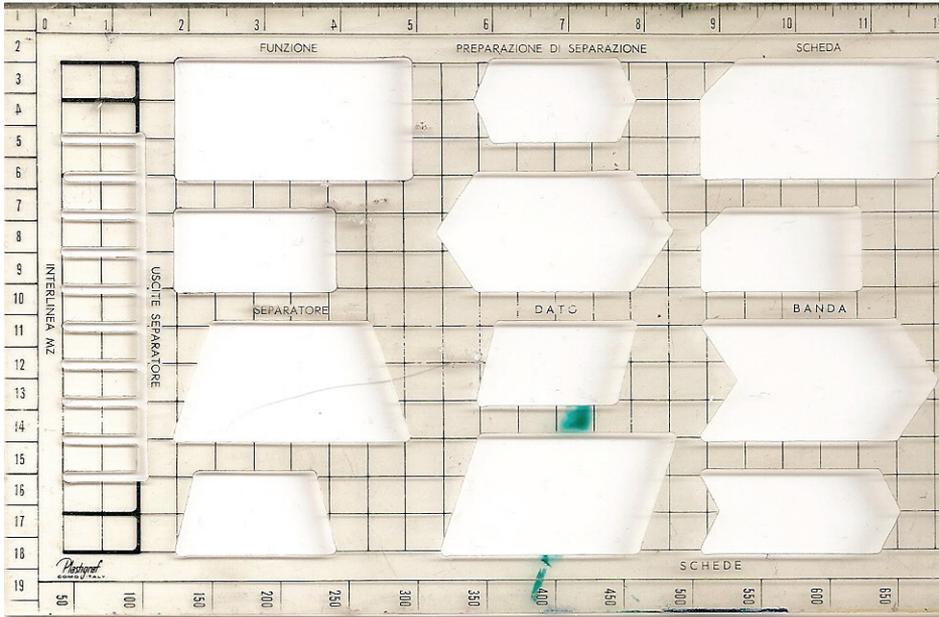
These dolphins could be called envoys, the leading edge of the dolphin community, in all probability chosen by them to experiment on our species, unbeknownst to us.

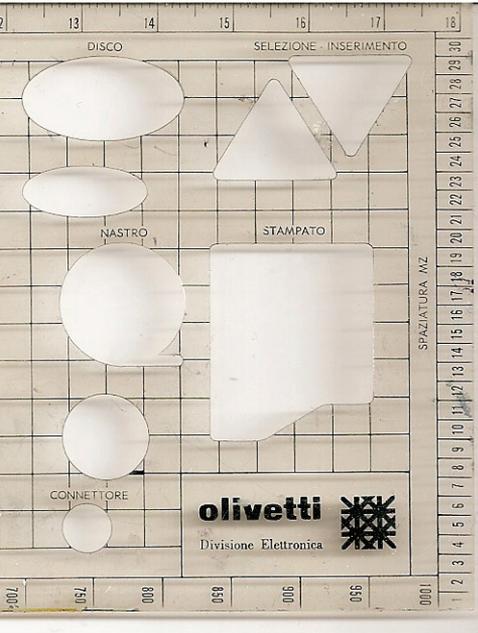
They will push your fear buttons, quite naturally too, so that the fear can rise to the surface of consciousness and be released. In doing so I believe the dolphins are actively involved in helping us consciously let go of some of the fear we walk around with. Research suggests that this fear is locked onto us on a cellular level and that it is this that makes any move toward  
a more bal-

anced  
planet so difficult.

Could it be that the dolphins with their strong sense of species identity and their no-nonsense courage are, among other things, here to clear our systems, our very biology, of all those stored-up fear-trapped thoughtforms? Might they, with their incredibly powerful and accurate sonic devices be quite capable of producing resonant fields well able to dissolve the worst biophysical blockage?

After swimming some  
time with a





p o d  
of dolphins off the west  
coast of Florida, I, for one, became  
convinced that they'd performed what I  
called at the time, a sonic operation, on my body.  
I believe they cured me of a small cancerous growth  
by zapping me very precisely with two crossed beams of very  
tightly concentrated ultra high frequency sound. The next day I  
even had a discharge which personally corroborated this for me.

When I started my own journey of exploration with these magnificent  
beings I laid out for myself five questions which, if the dolphins could  
allow me to see the answers, would go a long way towards explaining what  
they'd been doing down there these last 30 million years. And quite possible  
too, help us discover some essential clues for our own survival.

The questions were: 1) How do dolphins deal with violence and predation?, 2)  
How did a society like the dolphins, if indeed they are intelligent, deal with dis-  
ease without any apparent technology?, 3) How does such a society sustain a  
sense of continuity without apparent books or record-keeping technology?,  
4) How do dolphins balance their populations?, 5) Of great personal interest:  
have the dolphins have any information about, or contact with, the flying  
objects consistently reported coming and going from our oceans?

I'm happy to report over the last seven years' research that all five  
questions have been answered to my satisfaction.

I have been shown by the dolphins that they are indeed  
here at a key time for every individual human being  
who desires to make closer contact with  
them. There are now a number of  
places in the world,



espe-  
cially in the Florida Keys,  
in which it is possible to have the  
direct experience of being in the water with  
dolphins. It is not to be missed. Not only does  
their presence teach us so much about ourselves but  
it also starts to slow us down. It allows us to move more  
easily into the long, slow rhythms of the brain, that scientists  
call theta. It is the rhythm of daydreaming and lucid reverie; it is a  
state of great creativity and one in which whole new levels of reality  
can open up to us.

Quiet yourself inside. make yourself as comfortable as you can and come  
with me to a quiet lagoon on a small deserted island in a warm tropical  
sea.

Feel yourself floating easily below the surface of the water.

It is warm and harmonious and we find we can breathe with no difficulty  
underwater. We move slowly, drifting with the tide until we see there be-  
fore us a pod of half a dozen of these magnificent languid creatures.

They swim slowly, lazily, but at the same time massively powerful,  
confident beings, around a single female dolphin. Two females de-  
tach themselves from the slowly circulating chain and attend  
the expectant mother.

Already a small tail is wriggling out from under her  
rippling underbelly. The midwives are ready.

With their bodies they

catch  
and hold the newly born  
between them, then, rising to the sur-  
face, they guide the young one to its first  
conscious breath. The most natural thing in the  
world. The birth of a new being.

And, by our standards, a miraculously gentle birth, too.

Within minutes, the little dolphin is swimming easily and freely, nuzzling  
her mother's side for the teat in its long, silky sheath.

The small group moves out of the lagoon with the tide, the tiny new dolphin  
now swimming with vigor and confidence. She finds herself born into a sea of  
sound and restless movement.

She feels the vibrations, carried by the water, moving through her little frame.  
Dormant nerve cells come alive, memories and images pop, fully formed into her  
consciousness. She knows herself as part of the great dolphin group soul.  
She rejoins her consciousness with this Oneness, knowing in those moments  
all-that-is-ever-known, the entire history of this aquatic species is held in a  
standing wave, an acoustic hologram that allows every dolphin that has ever  
been the most intimate access to every other dolphin. There are no secrets.  
All is known because all is experienced--simultaneously.

In this race there is no real childhood, just the learning of muscles  
and the joy of physical growth. All-that-is-ever-known is known  
by all. But each individual dolphin also lives within this stu-  
pendous hologram, moving it along moment by moment,  
pulse by pulse. A reality created quite literally by  
the dolphins in which we humans surely  
exist only as bit-part players.



The  
little female grows and  
dreams, and moves slowly and easily  
through days of ease and plenty. Food is ever-  
plentiful. She becomes more skilled with practice, at  
using her multidimensional communication systems. She  
starts to be able to read the ocean. The delicate scents of min-  
eral traces in the water constantly present her with a never-ending  
display of who and what is out there way beyond the effective range  
of her echo-sounding. She also finds, as she sweeps the bottom of the  
seas with sound, certain shells and small sea creatures light up in the most  
delicious manner. She tightens her beam and focuses in on a sea urchin, for  
instance, and finds a whole history encoded within its living protoplasm.

She learns through delightful experience that other dolphins have long been beau-  
tifying their underwater paradise by slowly growing shells of certain sea creatures  
with sonic holograms. She moves through these gardens of knowledge as we might  
move through a field of wildflowers, bursting into rapid bloom as her supersensitive  
intelligence picks up every note of every melody.

Life for our female dolphin is perhaps more like a great song. A great concerto  
of meaning, in which each dolphin has his or her own unique destiny within the  
glory of the dolphin oversoul.

There is very little difference between what is inside our little dolphin,  
and what lies outside her. To her, she is like a point of consciousness  
floating in a sea of sounds, of echoes and forms. When she reaches  
out to another dolphin in help or support she is reaching out  
to herself. She feels another's emotions much as she feels  
her own. Another's pain and joy are simultaneously felt  
by all through the giant web of infrasound. Not  
a nuance is lost as it reverberates still in  
the hologram.



A n d

because of this sensitivity and the peculiarly conductive qualities of large bodies of water, dolphins are also privy to all those signals that flow into our planet's electromagnetic envelope from the sun and other close solar and planetary bodies. Our little dolphin receives a continual flow of information that pours down from the galactic core, downstepped through the constellations and finally from the sun itself.

She is constantly and continually in touch with all manner of wave forms, gravity and yet what secrets she could tell us of all the scents and colors of those great, long, slow gravity waves, waves that sweep out from the galactic core, of a kind greatly valued by advanced societies. Our little dolphin will know all about the mastering of her ability to comprehend the enormous amount of data that is c

In this she is always helped by the Watchers, the wise old dolphins who have mastered the hologram in which we all live.

The pods grow, and change and mix as they follow the tides, the currents, the fields. The field is always appropriate to their needs. Our female dolphin herself has a young one and is getting to know the new scents and sounds of other seas and other rhythms.

Sometimes great convocations will draw millions of dolphins together to swirl and dance in the massive biofield produced by so many, so close together. For days on end they live in a state we call deep trance, their body rhythms quiet and slow while Sirius A and Sirius B, and the Pale Fox, endlessly circle each other in the deep southern sky.

Then the great day arrives. Our female dolphin learns to fly. She has mastered the Web; experienced the potentials in the glistening hologram.

The Watchers lead her into new regions. She learns, with her consciousness, to fly into the void. She visits those planets and constellations that she has seen on the Web; Arcturus, the Pleiades, the Orion cluster, Orion, Antares, and the great galaxy of Andromeda. Now she can fly there, as easily as she can fly here, and meld with beings from a thousand races who travel the highways and byways of inner space. She is a part of a vast, immense and wonderful multiverse; thronging with vitality and interest, populated beyond her imagination, each with its own learning and its own transformative experience.

The Watchers take her out of her body to Phinsouse, in the heart of the Andromeda galaxy, a natural sphere that has been designated center of space activity for this area of the galaxy. Every inhabited planet has its own chamber, part meeting place, part museum, part vivarium, part transforming biomontage representing the state of life on home planet.

She sees what in many ways she is unable to fully appreciate from the Web. The other species, "the split-fin," have over the recent few hundred cycles allowed a gradual degeneration of the biosphere to disintegrate into a sorry state of affairs.

With the Watchers, she exults inwardly; seeing this, and yet knowing that such challenges can easily be met with the full cooperation of the two species. Knowing this, she rejoices.

She is overjoyed at the shared

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little female  
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continuously pouring in.

astered the Web, the great sonic

ash--the composition of the pods  
nd pods with an entirely new group,

play and commune within the joy of  
ie there, completely passive, in what  
mysterious Digitalia, the Black Dwarf

enced all the feelings and thoughts that

inner realms of the collective imagina-  
s, the Pleiades, Ursa Major, the Sirius  
u as she can swim. She can meet and  
ce. She finds herself part of an im-  
wildest dreams, multiple levels of

a galaxy; to the great architec-  
laxy. There she is shown that  
varium, a constantly changing,

b; that the secondary  
appropriate steward-

presciently  
coop-

des-  
tiny of the two spe-  
cies as it becomes unveiled for  
her. She opens to the wonder of her  
assignments ahead. She knows suddenly,  
amazingly, of what lies in front of her, as our  
beautiful little blue-green planet, seemingly so far  
from the main star routes, floats wondrously, ir-  
revocably, into its own Great Transformation. For it is  
our Planet itself, our sweet Mother Gaia, who has come  
of age. It is S4E who is about to become, once again,  
reunited with her cosmic brothers and sisters. Our female  
dolphin sees all this and exults.

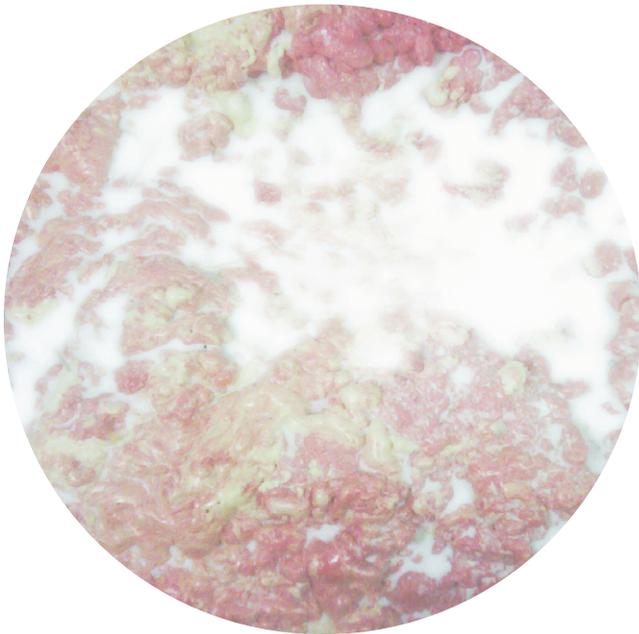
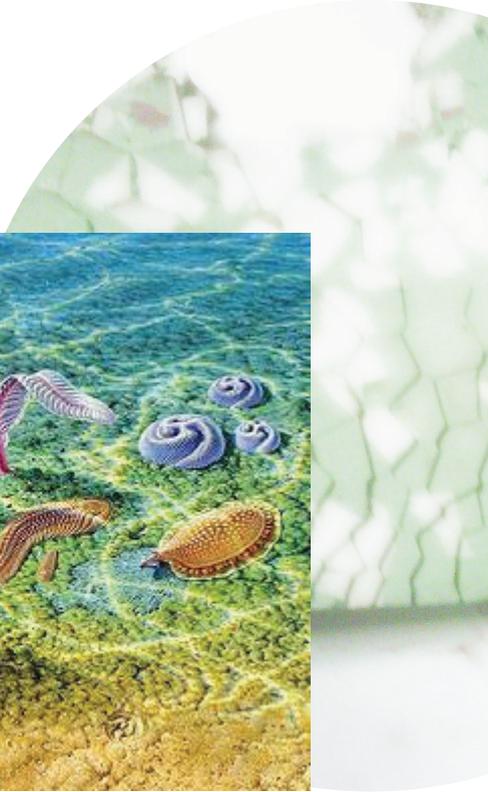
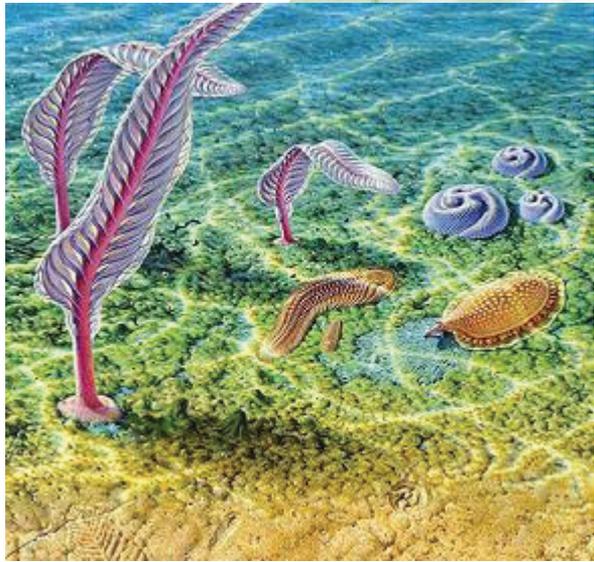
She knows and sees the destinies of all, as the two  
great species once again rejoin and rejoice in hav-  
ing found one another. Cosmic cousins in this  
great unfolding galactic drama.



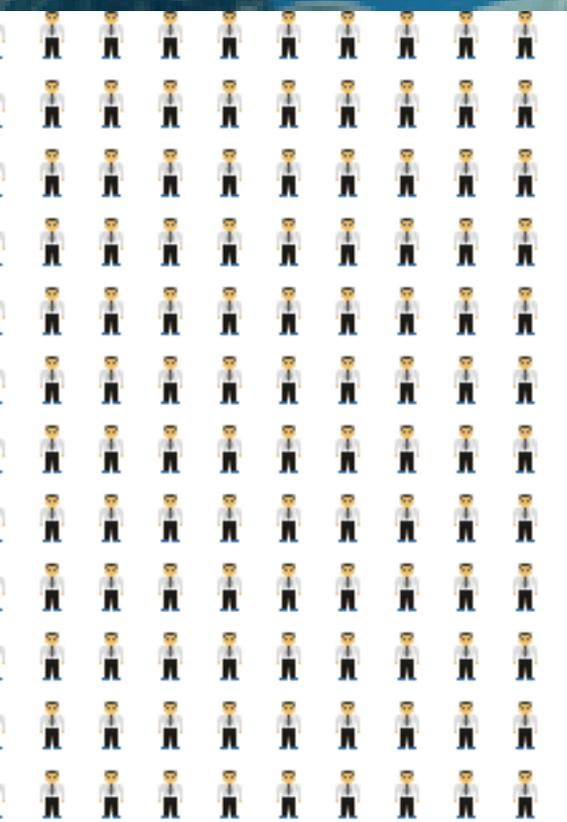
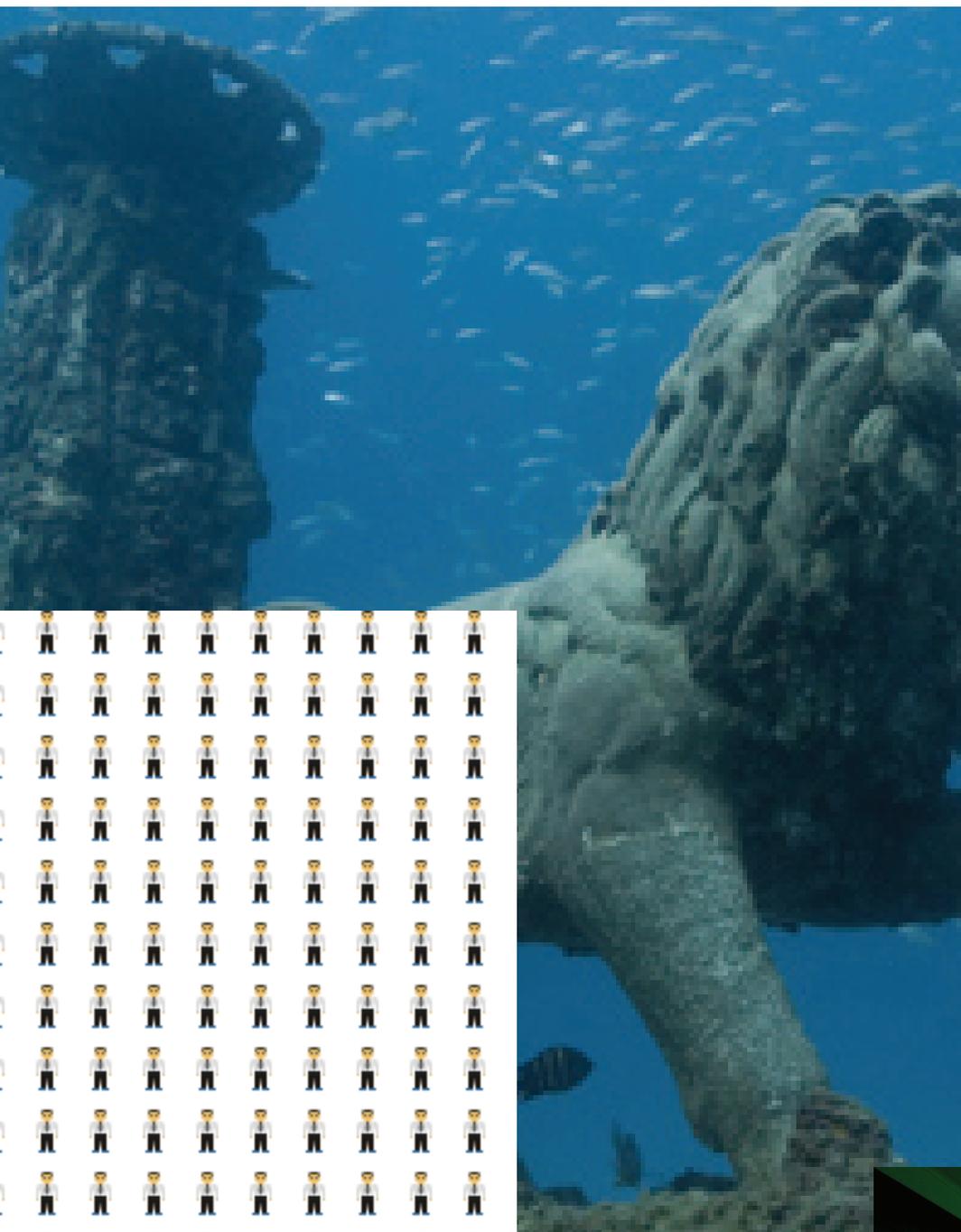
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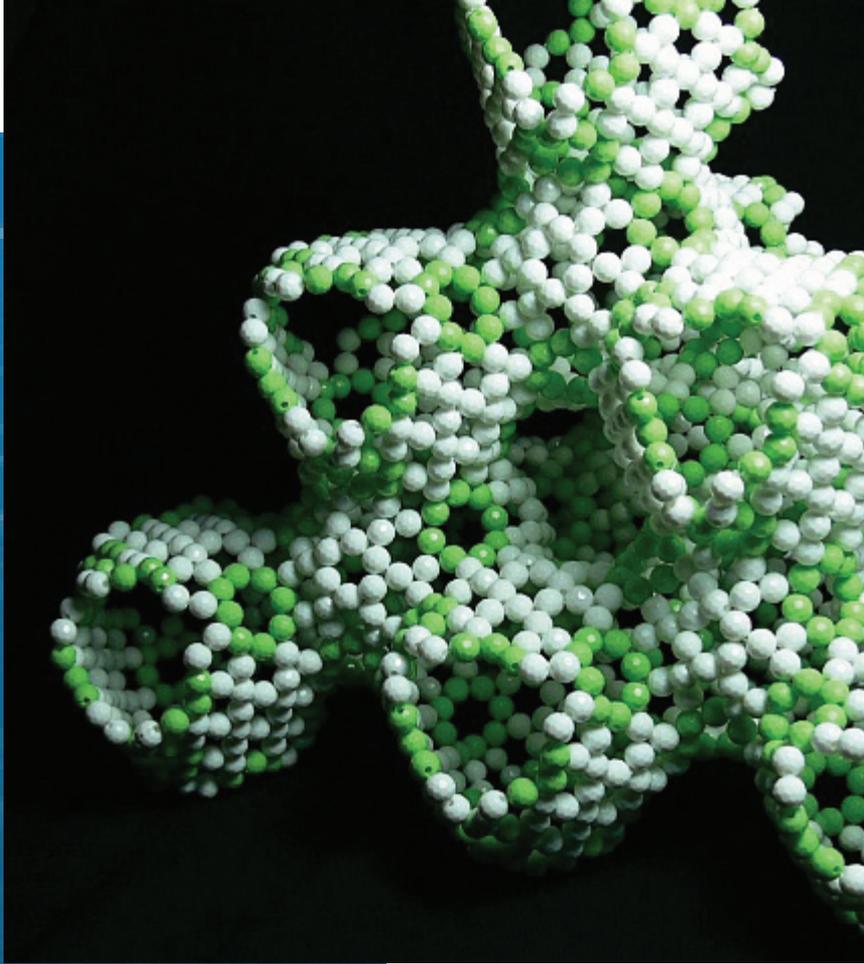














HIGH WIND  
RESISTANCE



HIGH SNOW  
LOAD RESISTANCE

SUPP  
CAPA



INFLATIO  
METHOD

# AIRCELL

★ ● **Alessandro Bava** Hi Mr Koolhaas, I'm Alessandro, AA Intermediate student, we spoke yesterday o...

★ **PA Rem Koolhaas a me**

Dear Mr. Bava,

Thank you for your kind message, which I have relayed to Rem Koolhaas.

You can imagine Mr. Koolhaas' calendar is quite busy, so next week he will unfortunately not be available.

Please allow me to come back to you once I have his feedback.

With best regards,  
Pam van Helden

Pam van Helden  
Personal Assistant to Rem Koolhaas

Office for Metropolitan Architecture  
Heer Bokelweg 149 - 3032 AD Rotterdam - The Netherlands  
T. +31 10 243 82 07 - F. +31 10 243 82 02 - M. +31 6 22 57 08 46



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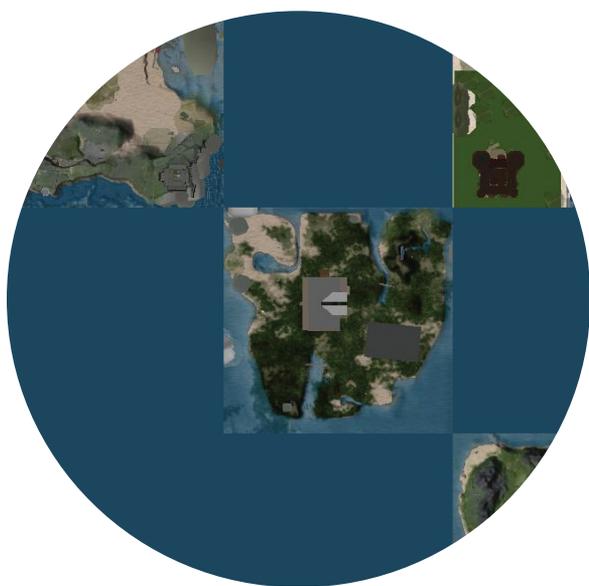
S.	g.	S.	g.	S.	g.
<u>79.5</u>	<u>90.5</u>	<u>82.2</u>	<u>91.7</u>	<u>90.0</u>	<u>94.1</u>
76	76	60	60	31	31

S.	g.	S.	g.	S.	g.	S.	g.
<u>75.8</u>	<u>86.</u>	<u>79.2</u>	<u>90.2</u>	<u>87.1</u>	<u>92.1</u>	<u>89.8</u>	<u>94.3</u>
25	25	81	81	59	59	25	25



*There where  
territories  
tremble*

*Daniel Ayat*



## The City and The Farm

Typically and traditionally, the city and the farm are viewed as distinct and autonomous spaces; even, perhaps, as opposing territories that belie a fundamental separation between rural and urban ways of life. The farm is frequently viewed as a spatial practice that is necessarily extraneous to that of the metropolis, and directly antithetical to the bustle and vitality of urban life. Particularly in the United Kingdom, perceptions of the farm represent an archetypal mode of life that impregnates the rural landscape of "the country" as a space that is deeply formative of cultural attitudes, and which is as a result often materialized in opposition to urban processes. This tendency to dichotomize the urban and the rural, however, is a limiting and archaic presupposition that undermines the potential to establish an integrated field of ecology and economy that operates in recognition of the necessarily and critically interrelated (and oftentimes indistinct) identities of agriculture and urbanity.

This disconnected view of the urban and the rural is resultantly territorialized into organizations that are embedded in space and through which political systems and socio-cultural values are constructed. Distance between the city and the farm, both spatially and functionally, has therefore become a characterizing outcome of modern attitudes to agriculture, often painting a divergent picture of the ways by which agriculture and urbanity operate. Thus throughout the modern history of urbanization, as the farm and the city enter into a functionally overlapping system of production, agriculture is increasingly segregated and alienated from the urban, yet paradoxically so as a result of their necessary functional codependence.

A contextualization of how the urban-rural relationship has historically arisen reveals that spatial and functional separations have emerged as a result of limiting assumptions and understandings of the processes of urbanization. And rather than operating as separate bodies, the city and the farm represent a worldwide network of territories that may be spatially dispersed but are nevertheless politically, economically and socially performative by virtue of their engagement in a

functional system. Resultantly, it is the fundamental connectivity of this relationship within a field of economical and ecological variables that serve to redefine the city as a field of action, in which agricultural practices play a major determinant role in the processes of urbanization.

### *The Green Revolution and the Territorializations of Capitalism*

In 1943, precisely as Patrick Abercrombie was undertaking surveyance studies that the basis of his well-known Abercrombie Plan, an agronomist named Norman Borlaug experimental cross-breeding of wheat crops in Mexico that was to have the most drastic on the global spatial interrelations of food production to date. Borlaug's contributions demonstrated that selective breeding of a variety of common crop traits could yield highly plant varieties. Financed by American private foundations such as the Rockefeller Foundation support by the United States government, agricultural research following World War II selecting high-yield strains of rice, wheat, maize and soya in combination with a controlled fertilizers, herbicides and pesticides in large mono-cultural populations. These cultivations merged breeding techniques that had been developed nearly half a century beforehand, but advancements in understandings of fertilizers allowed there to be a huge augmentation of food output per land area capital in land. Furthermore, after World War II, a shift in the global balance of power trans worldwide availability of different crop varieties. For instance, Borlaug's most significant break of dwarf wheat stalks native to Japan into wheat strains from the United States, which created a thicker, more powerful stalk and could thus support its own weight when grown at high speed nitrogen fertilizer, which resulted in higher yields after a shorter period of growth.

But what is in fact most significant about this process, which came to be known as the "Green Revolution" diffusion of these high yield crops and chemical treatments to third-world countries, mostly in South America. Under the auspices of a humanitarian campaign against world hunger, these high yield crops and pesticides, devising a reterritorialized spatial and social order that engendered a network of agricultural production. The "Green Revolution" was thus to have profound effects on world food output, dramatically altering supply and drastically altering the global territorial network of food production and its relationship. For instance, by 1967 Mexico had tripled its corn surplus, while India's grain harvest doubled the majority of this grain surplus and landed capital was being traded with the United States and other countries. As a result, cultivation and landed capital was forced into a pattern of large-scale and corporately chocked off smaller-scale farms, and meant that the city, especially in United States, became a by suburban sprawl in the spaces formally occupied by agriculture.

The "Green Revolution" of the 1960s thus set in motion a globalized system of food production and isolated agro-industry as the default farming methodology worldwide, resulting in what was described as: dramatic, transforming one nation after another from food importer to food exporter, a process, enriching some and disturbing the precarious tranquility of many ... relationships in urban and rural areas.

On a global scale then, the "Green Revolution" thus caused an entirely new set of spatial and social conditions. And this territorial organization of the city and farm was a result of rather economy, as technological advancements assured that it was not geography but rather economy that dictated the fundamental relationship between agriculture and urbanity. It is then perhaps only logical that there was an eventual spatial disconnection of agriculture from urbanity that is manifested in the food production patterns of the "Green Revolution," as the culmination of a post-geographical model of food production.

Indeed since

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the disintegration of the necessity of territorial proximity for the successful operation of both agriculture and urbanity, the farm developed as an isolated space from the city because centralizing and specializing production on large industrial farms ensured a maximum efficiency and profitability. However, this isolation came at the expense of variety in the types and sources of food available in cities since global food output was increasingly being controlled by a limited number of agricultural corporations. This had the effect of alienating production as the farm became what Henri Lefebvre calls "an invented absolute realm"; a space increasingly alienated through the "reduction of realities" into isolated realms dictated by capital. Resultantly, both the social practices of food production and of the city were becoming subject to the patterns of "the abstract space of capitalism, dependent on global networks, [...] on flows of energy and raw material" as K. Michael Hays describes. In effect, the "Green Revolution" took the radical step of dissociating the territoriality of the city and that of the farm, since it had been the case since the Industrial Revolution that once could operate successfully without the other. This is to say that the "Green Revolution" implemented a strategy of spatial separation between city and farm in order to maximize profit from landed capital, since agriculture could as a result be consolidated into large-scale mono-cultural industrial complexes benefitting from cheap third-world labor. However, the consequence of such was an alienation of the methodologies of production that had initially ensured this separation.

Satellite photographs showing farmland in Germany (right) with a varied medieval spatial organization, Missouri (left) with a nineteenth century organization, and Kansas (center) with an abstracted spatial organization.



Functionally  
then, there was an increasingly  
overlapping system of production between  
the operational logics of urbanity and that of  
agriculture that was based in capitalist growth and  
exchange. Yet the territorialities that emerged as a result  
had the ultimate effect of alienating the production of food from  
urban centers, which was especially felt in the effects that this  
distanciation had on the social and political practices of urban life.

As the history of spatial production in the last hundred years demonstrates,  
agriculture has been pivotal in shaping the processes of urbanization yet has  
resulted in a distinctly abstracted and segregated relation between food production  
and daily life in the city. Indeed, the supermarket has become the default space  
of food access in many cities, including London, yet is stringently dependent on the  
"commercial images, signs and objects" of consumerism that render the issue of  
food production largely invisible and innocuous within urbanization processes. Urban  
social practice and the production of food remain two largely isolated and abstracted  
facts as a result. The majority of city-dwellers remain unaware and uninvolved with  
food production as a significant mechanism of social and cultural production, leaving  
many disillusioned and prone to the "blatant and oppressive alienation" of capitalism due  
to the lack of affordable options for a healthy and varied diet.

As such, the 2008 food crisis is revealed to be a highly evocative indication of the  
effects of agro-industrial reterritorializations. The agricultural paradigms that  
privilege agglomeration into isolated and alienating spaces shaped by economic  
forces effectively reveal that the prerogatives of capital growth actually begin to  
undermine the functionality of the global system that they purport to uphold.

While agro-industry may have created large amounts of efficiently grown and  
cheap foods, the application of this abstract model of food and space  
had problematic effects on the social practices associated with  
food consumption in the city. The territorialized consolidation  
of food production in fact creates conditions whereby  
access to food is not universally assured, and  
is especially manifest for the world's  
most vulnerable urban residents.

Furthermore, agro-

industry created crops that were vulnerable to disease, pests and soil degradation, and additionally lost biodiversity and created vitamin and nutrient deficiencies that are detrimental to world health through the proliferating health conditions such as diabetes and obesity. The metaphorical "Green Revolution" also results in increased carbon sequestration, massive amounts of energy to ship global food supplies, thus contributing to climate change. Ultimately, the "worldwide, homogenous and monotonous" abstraction described by Lefebvre in regards to the production of space directly measurable effects when applied to the production of food.

Effectively, the functional and productive capabilities of agriculture become a territorialized pattern that stagnated the relation of "spatialized permanence" and urbanization. Agriculture had become increasingly and exclusively attuned to a model of what Harvey describes as a "socially just and politically emancipatory mix of space." However, models of agricultural production soon emerged in reaction to this hegemony, doing offer alternative influences on the territorial patterns of urbanization.

### The Ecology of Urbanization

As is demonstrated by urban farm development worldwide, ecology is not limited to a simple recourse to abstract qualities such as "nature" and "the country." However, ecology is often the aforementioned system of thought that often simplistically and reductively positions the farm in opposition to the city as an "unnatural" or "artificial" entity. Such as climate change and a loss of biodiversity are thus often characterized by a deep yearning for a simpler way of life, usually romantically rural, that is perceived not to infringe upon the environment. For example, this approach to ecology is most visibly championed by Prince Charles and his focus upon a perceived return to the communitarianism and value systems of "the country," which is flawed as it simplistically upholds the territorial ethos that have contributed to the alienation and socio-politically disempower the urban subject as a participant.

So though having largely emerged from reactions against agricultural paradigms, the current understandings of ecology are frequently expressed in an anti-urban rhetoric, in accordance with a "myth ... that cities are anti-ecological (unnatural, artificial, or in some way 'outsider')." This demonstrates that ecological practices have the potential to operate as processes of resistance to established attitudes and behaviors that have constructed the socio-political, economic and cultural landscape. Though ecology is remarkable in its vast permutations of understandings and implications, a substantial legacy is the resultant reexaminations of the singular and essentialist understandings through previously established territorialities, and thus of the identity of the city. Urbanization, specifically as a process that is inseparable in its functional relation to the land, in fact marks the fundamental basis of ecological thought and practice. For ecology to have any force in shaping the forms and qualities of human and non-human life, life support systems of the planet, ecology must necessarily relate to the site of human activity and settlement. And as the historical codependent relationship between urbanity demonstrates, the relationship between environmental concerns and economic practices of urbanity is intrinsically and indissolubly intertwined. In fact fundamentally contingent upon urbanization, and is as a result a central element in its processes.

Urban farming demonstrates the tenets and capabilities of urbanization, which entails engaging ecological practices at the scale of the urban and within its processes. On this subject, Sanford Kuintner

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The resulting solutions to ecological crises  
oly conservative "return to nature" or a return  
the "natural" world. In contemporary Britain,  
his support for urban practices that are based  
1." However, this approach is fundamentally  
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the inherent "natural" arguments in common  
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characterizes "ecological urbanism" as a solution that "might refer to Cities and might mean something more." He explains transformations of territory - of which economic and biospheric crises are direct results and false opposition between what he calls the "in and Country." As such, urban agricultural models are an intrinsically urbanized response to these crises, and fo

the distinction between environment as commonly understood (a economic environment is artificial and that the urban and every solution as it is a contributing factor to ecological difficulties.

Urban practices therefore have intrinsically and fundamental capabilities belief. The urban farm is thus significant as it demonstrates a record of urbanization processes, in keeping with Harvey's contention that "high design are the only paths to a more ecologically sensitive form of civiliza

In so doing, urban farms illustrate a divergent definition and use of the life, that effectively operates outside of a typical rhetorical recourse to of life perceived to be "closer to nature") as an essentialist concept that necessity of a separation between city and farm. Instead, the urban farm between agriculture and urbanity, and thus deterritorializes the ethos of a means to open up the processes of urbanization to deterritorialization, the fallacies of the territorializations that establish "nature" as a concept that as a conceptual underpinning of ecology. Rather, urban farms operate according where "nature" is consequently redefined as an engaged and infinitely multipolar factors that shape urbanizations, or yet more radically so, is abandoned altogether. Resultantly, the deterritorializing ethos of the urban farm act as a redefinition in fact demonstrating their inseparability, and perhaps even that they are mere Ecological models such as urban agriculture transcend formal "green-washing" instead profoundly recognizing a functionality dependent on, and part of, urban highly telling instances of the intrinsically urban role of ecology, and consequently ecology constructs within the processes of urbanization.

The ecological strategies embodied by the urban farm thus reframe the urban study for the potentialities and pragmatics of the development of an ecology a process of deterritorialization through the introduction of individuals participate in the systems of production that shape the identity of the order in space, that reflects the contemporary conditions of urban life, productive economic activities, but also in the resulting socio-political redefining the identity of the city from a formal object to a field of action. The urban farm permits there to be an incorporation of ecology through a recognition of the urban territory as a vital constituent environment. This is noteworthy as it demonstrates a model for to the socio-political forces that shape the processes of urban and ecological concerns are important and indissoluble ingredients.

In effect, the urban farm provides a model of agriculture "registers" of ecology outlined in Felix Guattari's co- Ecologies. Specifically, these three registers are "and human subjectivity" and it is the relationship between ecology, philosophy that create an ecological worldview through political, social and cultural revolution, resulting in the production of both material and

The urban farm accordingly agricultural methods

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he term "ecology," in all its implications for urbanized  
o "nature" (or to "the country" as the locus of a way  
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quite bluntly challenges any need for a spatial separation  
it are dependent on this "imaginary axis." And by providing  
these reactionary agricultural models thus demonstrate the  
t is positioned in opposition to urbanity, and consequently  
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ion of both the urban question and the ecological question,  
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ban question in several ways and are significant models of  
logy of urbanization. Firstly, the urban farm represents  
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that encourages "the interrelations between individual responsibilities and group actions" that allow the urban subject to construct an identity via their engagement in the processes of urbanization through "real territories of existence, that is, with the everyday domains of their lives and actions." And as opposed to territorialities based on social or historical conventions, the urban identity is constructed, for both the individual and the urban population as a group, through the micropolitics created by a variety of scales and actions.

Urban agriculture reflects an approach to urbanity that is firstly based in space as a component of the environment as a material (spatial, biological, mineral, climactic) condition, secondly as a result of communitarian labor on a micro-economic and -political scale, and thirdly, the locus for the (urban) subject to shape their everyday lives by directly engaging the processes of urbanization through their actions. Guattari's position outlines that the urban farm, as both an urban and ecological entity, demonstrates that agricultural production is as much a socio-political engagement as it is an economic one, and as such demonstrates the potentialities of "human intervention" in shaping the "material and immaterial assets" that formulate the processes of urbanization and their consequences on urban identity.

Thus in opposition to the capital-driven industrial farm, the urban farm provides a means of production while also fostering the possibility of socio-political action through human engagement within a diverse variety of small-scale and local





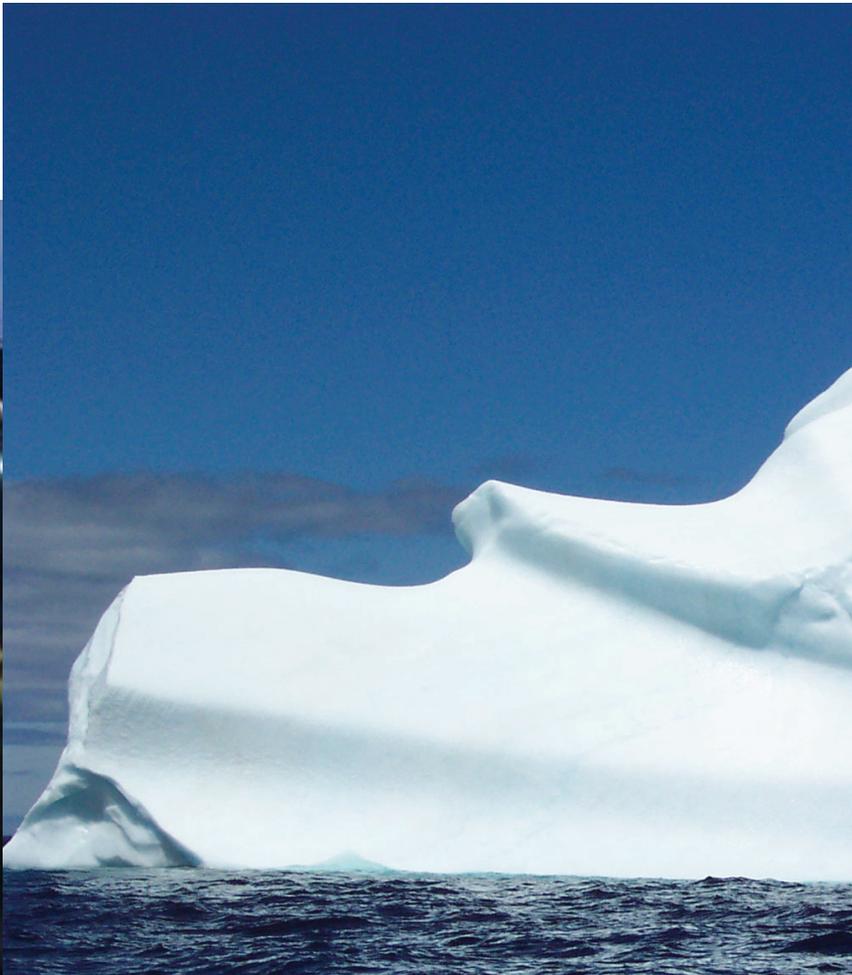
economies  
that directly interact with  
the palimpsest of processes that  
characterize and enliven the urban condition.  
Manifestly, the movement is akin to Henri Lefebvre's  
description in *The Production of Space* of "a diversification  
of space that would be consistent with a liberal, pluralistic  
society." And while there is a strong temptation to categorize this  
movement as anti-capitalist, the reality is that the urban farm arises  
and distinctly benefits from the development of an abstracted capitalist  
territory. Lefebvre states the potential result of the abstraction of space  
is that "space itself ... will now be seen to embody its own contradictions. ...  
Tak[ing] on a new meaning and com[ing] to designate something else - another  
mode of production." And by looking at the urban farm as a space rife with  
these internal ambiguities, the abstract categories in which "the farm" and "the  
city" are placed as a result of historical territorializations can thus be re-examined  
in light of these contradictions. As K. Michael Hays states, "it is precisely the  
instability of abstract space that produces the potential to resist its domination,  
the produce an 'other' space, by what Lefebvre calls the appropriation of space  
from its alienation in capitalism."

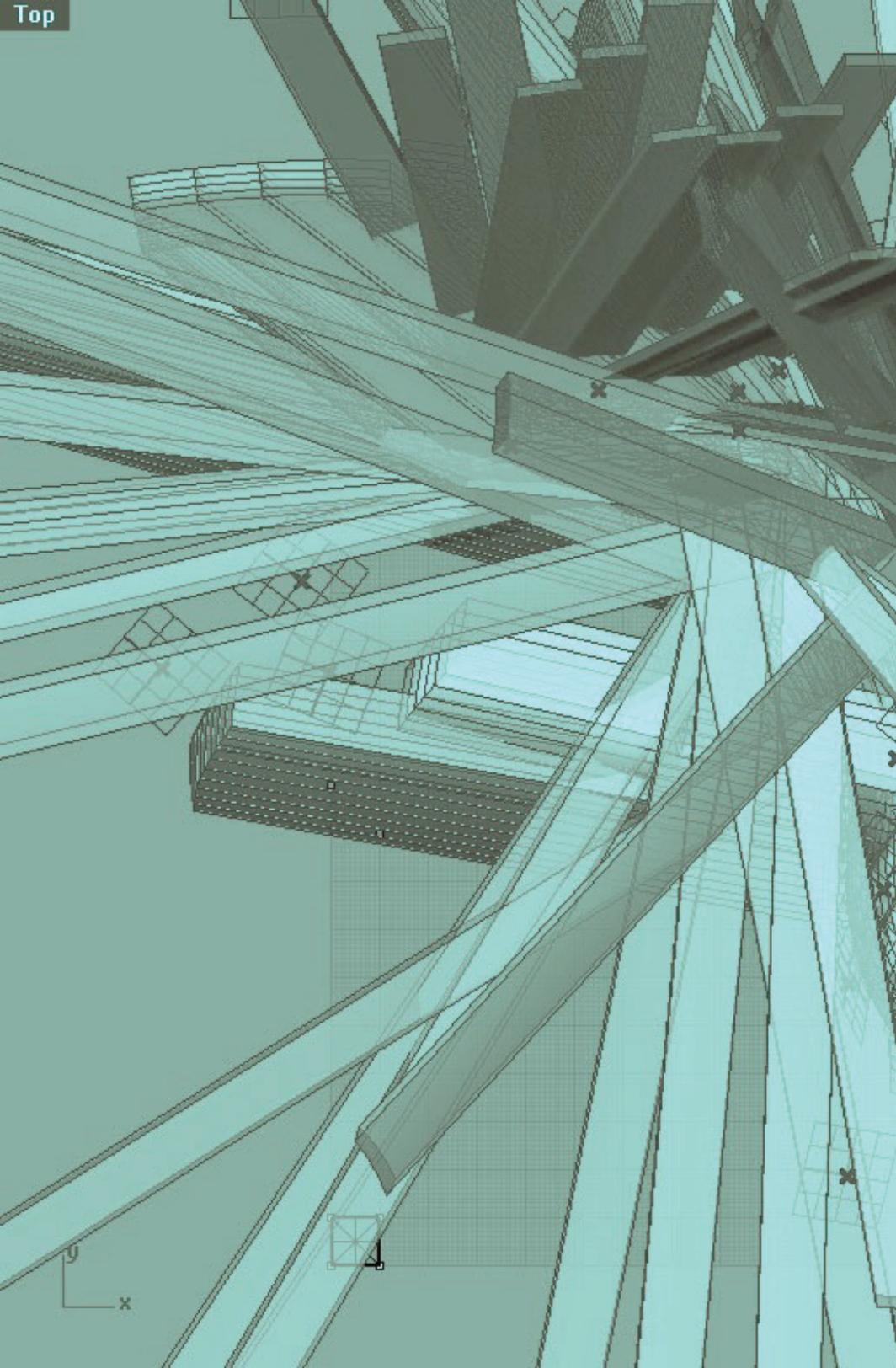
The urban farm, then, provides a model of production that seeks to amend the  
alienations, both materially and socio-politically, of agriculture from urbanity, and  
instead seeks an incorporation of their interrelations into a platform in which  
human interactions are engaged in their diverse permutations, thus acting  
as a politicized means of shaping urbanized life. The ecological tenets  
the urban farm espouses accordingly create an urban condition that  
is characterized by multiple and simultaneous territorializations,  
and which is accordingly open to deterritorialization. In tying  
production to the diversity of social practices and actions  
embodied by the variety of individual and group  
interactions in spaces, the territorialities  
of the urban farm are consciously  
attuned to inhabitations

and  
"appropriations of space" that  
resist hegemonic alienations. Rather  
fixating a specific set of conditions, (be it  
social, cultural, political, or environmental) it  
instead thrives on creating a territoriality that is open to  
deterritorialization through multiple and simultaneous  
is to say, that the identity of urban spaces are left open to  
a variety of identities determined by the processes of urban  
resulting categorization remains indefinite. The territorialized  
remains conspicuously indeterminate, dissimilar and pluralized  
becomes, as Deleuze articulates, "where territories tremble,  
where the ethoses get mixed up."



er than  
they spatial,  
the urban farm  
open to processes of  
uses of space. This  
open to a quixotic blend of  
banization, and in which any  
orders that shape its identity  
, and the urban farm in effect  
where the structures collapse,









## DOLPHILIA

a short story by

Emi Noguchi

zo  
Unlike  
ed along t  
water was a

In the dream, Klara  
They paused in a p  
The other dolphins r  
pectoral fins, her nave  
ting at her sides as the  
skin expanded, and she fe  
dipped inside her fleetingly  
though they were melting i  
deeper. In a rise of sound,  
her skin as the vibrations o  
flashed in her eyes, she awo

\*

It was the morning of the ne  
gineers and journalists. Klara  
mascara before making her wa  
edge and rolled a green rubber

Of all the mermaids at the a  
Klara had been there the lon  
stars. The dolphins regular  
of slippery animal in the b  
oned the animals this wa  
arc of her fingers, hips  
cloud of ink. The aud  
phins did.

And so it had fall  
campaign to sim  
stretched ou  
was so lif  
dolphin  
in t

It began

in water, as her dreams always did. The ocean filled the edges of the horizon, its surface cresting in little peaks of meringue. Where the flat fingers of the tide advanced and retreated, the shore's thighs, it was a place outside time: here the endless bed of heating particles, large and undulating.

Klara was a dolphin traveling with a pod of four or five young males. A splash of warm water to frolic, dodge playfully around one another. They ran their bodies along Klara's, their snouts butting up between her legs, her genital slit. Her grey skin jumped. She felt their erections bathe her, wove around her like thread on a screw. The muscles beneath her skin felt her surface grow taut like an overripe fruit's. One after another, they popped and whistled like air being released from a balloon. Her insides felt as if they were in the heat of the green sunlight. She rolled with the water as they plunged. She felt her guts ready to rip free from her body. Bubbles flushed across her skin. The dolphins' voices drove wildly to a climax. She was closer, and as the sun set, Klara exhaled hot air, and found her legs finlike, bound tight by sheets.

At the automaton's premier, and the Mermaid's Dressing Room was filled with entertainment. Klara sat on a stool before a mirrored wall, applying her last swipes of waterproof makeup to the opening in the floor leading to the Program Tank. She perched at the edge, her feet fin out down her legs.

The aquarium, mostly pretty female trainers and foreigners out of modeling work, mostly aged—18 months—and exuded a nearly magical mastery over her aquatic colony. She easily accosted the other performers in-show, brutally thrusting up half tons of relief intermissions between trick and treat. Klara, on the other hand, beckoned and that with some imperceptible lean of the spine, the strange, manikin-like, bewitching as she jetted around the enclosed performance spaces like a siren. The audience, the animals, everyone fell for her. Whatever Klara bid, the dol-

phines listened to her to debut the park's new feature, the star of their show. The park funds into razing and rebuilding the vacated waterfront that stretched along the eastern curve of the sea. The new robotic dolphin, sleek like it had tricked both the marine biologists and actual dolphins who attended its first demonstration at Sea Paradise in the big city. Now, as it entered the dressing room on a rescue stretcher supported by several park maintenance staff, the dolphin elicited a flurry of

gasps  
from the dressing room  
crowd, then the soft patter of sophis-  
ticated digital cameras focusing and clicking for  
posterity.

Klara caught just a goosebumping glimpse of perfectly s  
before the pink lights flashed from below— mermaid's cue  
of her arms high above her head, put two palms together, and

In the auditorium, a velvet curtain was pulled back as if by invis  
emerged like a giant, state-of-the-art screensaver. The emcee wo  
her hair slick as oil and pinned back against her head.

"Welcome, everyone, to the Sea & Me performance. We are here today  
of some special sea creatures, and the delightful facts surrounding t

The audience cheered. A curtain of plastic baubles was drawn back by  
fish. Real fish darted about in small clouds. Real seaweed waved silen  
stage right.

The lights played off the sides of the tank, leaving Klara alone with her  
flipper and pulled her body to center stage, looking around the tank in mo  
a robotic fish and mouthed in sync with the dimming and brightening pink  
"Welcome to Our Underwater Home. Have you seen any of my friends?  
The robot fish appeared to whisper back.

"What's that?" Klara mouthed. The fish gestured to the audience and  
flexion in mock surprise. "Oh, my!" A mermaid's voice echoed out th  
yond, "Hello, everyone." The audience twittered in pleasure. Klara wa  
watching royalty on T.V. Her white teeth gleamed like candy-coated ge  
a doll might.

"Well, friends," boomed the mervice, "you must be here to meet  
He'll be here in just a moment! My good friends all live in the sea

Just then, the water was thrown into tumult and a shadow p  
new dolphin descended from above with unnerving realism. It  
flashed in ribbons of stage lighting as though it were out  
sea on a sunny day. Klara's pulse accelerated.

"Look who it is!" she mouthed with the light. T  
phin shimmied through the water. It splashed  
nodded its head. Squealing noises echoed  
beyond the tank as the dol-

or

sloped grey flesh  
. She made a bow  
and pushed off.

sible hands. The tank  
wore a powder blue tuxedo,

ay to explain the inner world  
them."

two groups of mechanical  
tly as the mermaid entered from

bright reflection. She kicked her  
back wonder. She glanced down at  
light from above.

she looked towards her re-  
through the auditorium be-  
ed with a motion culled from  
um. She blinked her eyes as

my famous friend, Dolly.  
a."

passed overhead. The  
its shining skin  
swimming in the

The dol-  
ed and  
d

phin slid  
the melon of its  
skull along Klara's neck  
in playful greeting.

"This is my friend, Dolly. He may  
look like a fish, but he is actually  
a mammal." The robot did a somer-  
sault in the water, and high-pitched  
frequencies sent bubbles spar-  
kling across the hairs on Klara's  
arms.

"This is the blow hole,"  
the emcee ex-  
plained



A  
The  
phins  
Within  
surface  
strings.  
shrinking l  
brushing on  
schoolgirls  
maid blew a  
phin belched  
as the bubble  
For a brief m  
ing her shoul  
lighting had w  
moving parts  
belly-down f  
to sing along  
back and fe  
dolphin rol  
as she re  
Ariel-like  
The do  
The c  
wel  
o

as  
the robot shot across the  
floor of the tank, its back exposed to  
the audience. "Dolphins use it for air breathing,  
like mammals." The robot shot to the surface, and  
careened back down to the center of the tank. Klara clapped  
her hands and mimed an underwater giggle.  
The emcee gestured to the tank. "And you'll notice," she said, "dol-  
phins love to play."  
In the tank, the pink light began to tap out a waltz. Klara shot to the  
surface for a breath of air, and for a moment heard the swell of synthesized  
music. When she returned, the dance number began. Mermaid and dolphin swam  
in loops around one another. They spun round and round in perfect harmony,  
rubbing another's skin as they grew closer and closer still. The audience of  
humans cooed. The spiraling stopped suddenly, and the team swam apart. The mer-  
maid kissed a bubble to her reflection, and beyond that, the audience. The robot dol-  
phin popped up a heart-shaped bubble. The audience sighed and clapped enthusiastically  
as the bubble popped against the glass.  
When the performers met in a strange half-embrace, the dolphin's fin grazed  
Klara's shoulder blade as she rubbed her hand across the flesh on its back. The stage  
warmed its outer layer to a flesh-like temperature. The whirl of its internal  
organs played against the beating hearts in her fingertips. The dolphin righted itself  
for Klara to clamber over its back, grip its fleshy sides as it opened its jaws  
in a grin with the mermaid voice. Klara pressed her naked stomach to the dolphin's  
back, its musculature stretching and contracting against her abdomen. The  
dolphin rolled its body gently through the water like waves. Klara's head grew light  
as she released another large air bubble. At the final pitch she flung herself up,  
singing, as though she were belting a last note.  
The dolphin carried her to the surface, and she was in the air with a pop.  
A crackling blend of finger pads applauding and blinding camera flashes  
brought her back to the world of humans as she grasped her way  
over the edge of the dressing room floor, panting.

\*

Klara's hair was nearly dry when she ex-  
ited the aquarium's side door.

In the

dark,  
the sound of the waves  
combed into the rush of cars passing  
by one along the road. Beyond their asphalt  
do decrescendo, green mountains rose up like  
Klara gazed out at the necklace of lights snaking  
Here and there in the moonlight the construction vehicles  
houetted against the warm colors of light pollution.  
a dinky little aquarium and dusty gift shop, a small water  
for outdoor shows, weather permitting. Grand plans for  
ment rides had been leaked, and though nothing had been con  
been erected all about the perimeter of the aquarium, unnotic  
fenced off, reserved for the process of demolition.

As Klara straddled her bike and clicked her helmet into place, she  
his car. He was tall and thin, almost frighteningly so. Something  
self into his driver's seat set off synapses of recognition. She kn  
road out towards her apartment, hallucinating, in her sleepiness, fl  
ing through neon sunsets on the ocean, a colorfield recently unear  
girlhood memories. In the midst of streaks of twinkling cartoon an  
stranger a month prior—he had paused for just a moment to bow w  
introductions, only to rush away to join the team of technicians wh  
That man was the dolphin's chief engineer.

That night, Klara polished her figurines to unwind. I'm so like them  
the crystal contours of a pair of dolphins in the breached shape of  
tent. Nudged to the light of the surface in infancy to take in thos  
er's milk, eating fish. She removed from its shelf a glazed ceramic  
spotted dolphin. Klara's earliest memories were the grains of sand  
the silly, scrambled lines of the surf on the shore, and the horri  
sand, humans, their beds and rolling bedcovers were all made of a  
molecular composition of everything terrified her in the humid  
spent a year gripping a hairy stuffed dolphin in her bed. The s  
ing elements—cotton, polyester, plastic—had been her only co  
As an adult, Klara knew the swarm of two hundred shining  
her house like talismans might disturb others, or perhaps  
think her disturbed. To prevent this, she simply never  
spending her time watching nature programs recorded

By the next morning in rehearsals, Klara had again  
engineer and the spindliness of her own hum  
director had stepped out for a meeting,  
and the dolphin were alone in their  
rored box. The rose

ng one  
lt crescen-  
giant moss.  
along the shore.  
ehicles loomed, sil-  
The park then boasted  
erfront performance space  
a domed arena and amuse-  
firm, scaffolding had  
ced warehouses in the vicinity

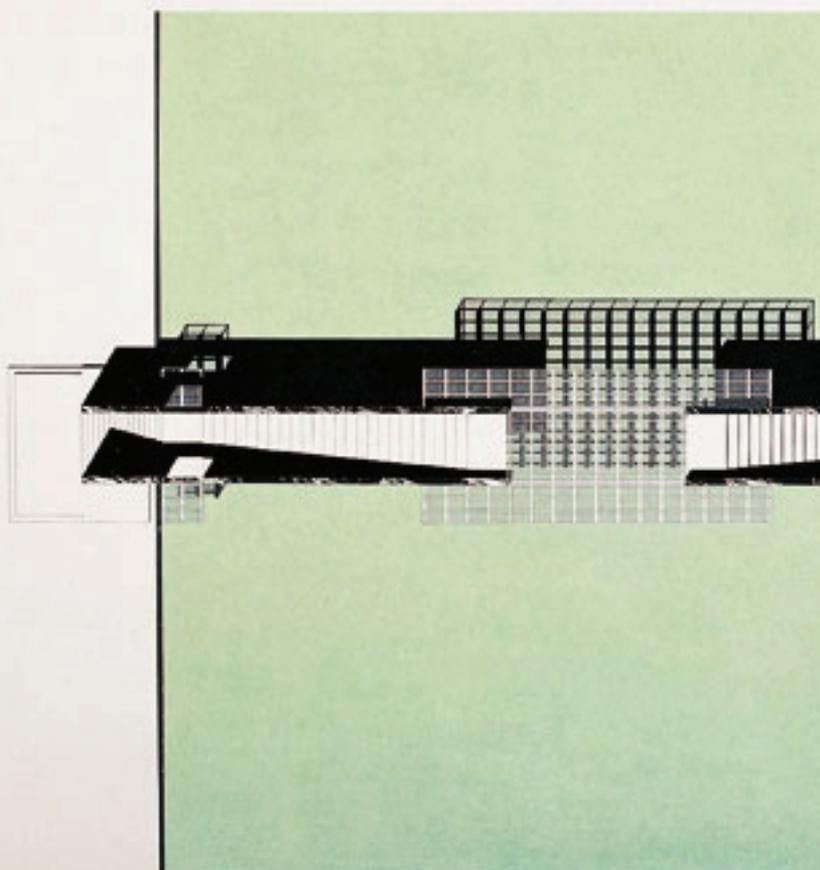
e saw an unfamiliar man jog out to  
g about the way he lowered him-  
icked off the pavement and took the  
uorescent swirls of hearts careen-  
hed from some back storeroom of  
imal eyes she recalled meeting the tall  
hile a colleague babbled on through  
ho had escorted the park's new charge.

n, she thought as she ran a rag along  
f a heart. All humans were, to an ex-  
e first shards of air, drinking moth-  
e sculpture of a teenage girl riding a  
d lodged between sticker and cotton,  
ble realization that the surf and  
tiny, writhing particles. The creepy  
dark of the summer, and Klara  
ilent give of its very dead-seem-  
omfort.

dolphins stationed around  
s would cause them to  
had houseguests, instead  
from the television.

n forgotten the  
an body. The  
and she  
mir-





light  
pulsated above as she and  
the dolphin twirled. They were  
entwined, flesh on flesh, fin on fin.  
body down the dolphin's underbelly until  
snag. She paused for a flash, and then pert  
hearsed. The dolphin mirrored, and then Klara s  
that had not been divulged to the performers, pert  
cal purposes far in the future. Klara pretended she

They continued their underwater lifts, the tango-like me  
the dolphin's robotic penis quite strongly now, vibrating a  
and broke for air. The dolphin, put into rest mode, lay hau  
gen. When they took it from the top, the special effect ha

That night she dreamed of porpoises in her orifices. Snouts  
drill-like to her core. She lay in the center of a wave and rubb  
dorsal fins. They bent against her weight, then sprung erect. S  
their skins, or else the sand.

The performances were a hit. Audiences flocked to see the stran  
botic dolphin. They were captivated by the sheer science behind  
out to be. After the shows, staff members would push Klara's  
hiss as she struggled for breath, and so she learned to save air to  
her best to ignore the tall engineer in the control booth, a task g  
began to throw a spot light his way, too. Sometimes Klara woul  
eating his lunch in the cafeteria. In those moments she discove  
for the engineer, and so to escape the discomfort of loathing, s  
child on the beach: in which all the humans were another speci  
her and the dolphins. Then the dolphin simply was, no puppete

Outside, the success of their romance rang out in the form  
mornings. The building had begun to grow tall, wings elongate  
it had been transformed from its grey cube to something h  
to the only sight on the town's depressed skyline. Other  
piers: a visitor's center, movie theatre, turtle compound.  
sionally shoplifted figures for her collection, rolling t  
over in her fist until they felt like smooth sixth fing

She and the dolphin knew the aquarium's rhythm  
out the plots of alone time between perform  
fornication. Entangled from first splash in  
tank, the dolphin would peel away Klara  
skin, Klara would grasp the dolphin  
though it could feel her urg  
she lurched to-

completely  
She inched her  
she felt a strange  
formed her flip as re-  
saw the protruding feature  
haps a prototype for zoologi-  
did not notice.

oves meant for comedy. Klara felt  
along her fin's seam. She felt weak,  
untingly suspended while she drank oxy-  
d retracted.

nudging up into bottlenecks, spiralling  
led her body across an endless stream of  
he smoothed the sheets as though it were

age alchemy of costumed swimmer and ro-  
the entirely ordinary dolphin the robot turned  
head back underwater. Bows, they would  
o receive her audience's gratitude. She did  
rowing more difficult as the lighting crew  
d catch sight of him clicking across a hall,  
ered that she harbored a great, burning hatred  
he played the game she taught herself as a  
ies, sealed off from the sparkling reality of  
er, no strings.

of jack hammering, backhoe creaking  
d. In what seemed like mere moments,  
uge and towering, from nothing special  
buildings slowly rose from abandoned

In the new gift store, Klara occa-  
their little teardrop bodies over and  
gers.

ms by heart, and mapped  
ances and rehearsals for  
the cool of the unlit  
à's fin like a banana  
à's flesh as  
gency as

wards  
something bright and  
shining. They tussled, rolled  
roughly, sending up streams of bubbles and making many waves. The dolphin was a natural contortionist, and molded the mermaid into odd shapes and colors in stunts that seemed like something close to record-breaking.

In performance, likewise, their chemistry was magical. The audience held their breath in the moments before the dolphin's arrival to the show, and with Klara, they visibly tightened at its first appearance. The dolphin's presence ran like a current through the room. Students sat like bolts in their seats.

"It looks so lifelike," they would squeal as the dolphin kicked into high gear, twisting its rubbery body in increasingly impressive shapes. Its oil-slick skin gave off tiny rainbows in the dark room, spangling their faces with prisms of pink, yellow, baby blue. It was as though the world had been transformed behind a

bril-  
liant bubble, its quavering  
flesh sending rainbows shimmering  
across the auditorium. It was thrilling,  
teachers and parents felt, but as the curtains  
fell, adults wiped their brows and readjusted their  
pleated slacks, trying to banish the thoughts mermaid and  
dolphin had sent spinning into dark alleyways. It was thrilling,  
but it also seemed somehow wrong.

After one noontime performance, the dolphin was abruptly removed from the tank in the same rescue stretcher in which it had arrived. Something in the water had begun to affect the quality of its outer layer. The engineers would need to run tests on the replacement skin.

Absent her torrid half-hour trysts, Klara's nerves jangled. During her breaks in the day she pedaled nervously around the blooming park complex, swerving around potholes and creeping along fresh concrete walls, half-expecting some horrible confrontation with an engineer, post-autopsy. M'am, it appears that the waterproofing has been compromised...the pelvic region...the DNA matches...And, wrists cuffed, she would be ducking into a foreign law enforcement vehicle. Or at least led into the boardroom for her termination.

But at some point, one instinct overcame another, and Klara caved after a fifth night thrashing against night-black walls of water. The next morning she rode out early to the lab facility, a repurposed warehouse adjacent the aquarium's parking lot. She looked for the dolphin, wires

suc-  
tion cupped to its body like  
barnacles, its breath a rattling wheeze.  
But there was no such sterile table or hos-  
tal scene waiting for her— in fact, no dolphin a-  
round were engineers peering into screens, scienti-  
with rattling racks of glass tubes.

"The robot was transported to the city for routine ma-  
monitor explained, her eyes never leaving a scrolling film o-  
segments of masking tape stuck to a black wall. "We're s-  
how to improve the external materials. The main body will b-  
the next two weeks."

So Klara waited two weeks. And then another. And then, just  
for the night, word came of serious problems with the internal  
longer permitted to be used in water.

A land dolphin, thought Klara, and she imagined its sad presence on  
its crackling skin. With no palms to use against harsh gravity, the  
ing fish, or worse, scoot like a baby to moisture. And once arrived  
would ignite.

A land dolphin, she scoffed. If man's improvement on nature was o-  
technology, her 21st century love story was all just a sad approxima-  
tasted good, before they got diluted.

Klara stopped by the outdoor enclosure on her way home. It was  
formances with live dolphins. The streetlights near the enclosure d-  
illuminated little spines of the disturbed water. The wind flushed  
trees waved. Otherwise, it was dark and also quiet. The dolphins  
water. She set down her bag and looked out over the stirrings be-  
opened the gate to the enclosure. They were rough down there.  
roughhoused, threw their weight around. They might hurt her  
Klara found her feet were in, and then her legs. The dolphins  
the range of pitches sent shivers over her scalp. Her dress  
on the platform. The dolphins had begun their way out of  
breached in the moonlight, and with a small splash, so did

spi-  
at all. All  
sts playing

aintenance," a screen  
of what appeared to be  
till trying to figure out  
he returning in parts over

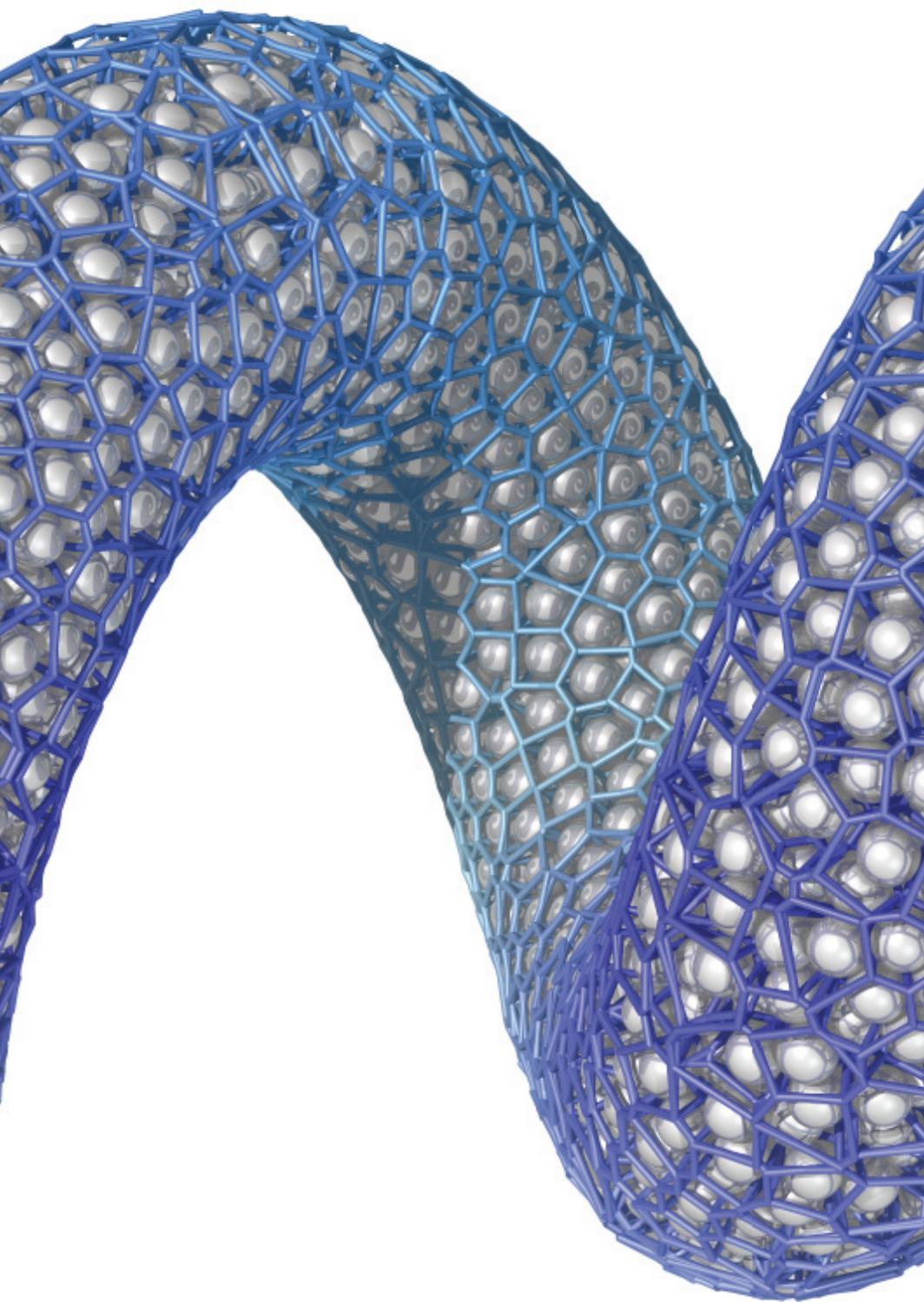
as she was about to leave  
computer. The robot was no

on the shore, the fatty trunk,  
dolphin would flap like a dy-  
l in the water, then what? It

only to corral it, her miracle of  
ition of some things that once

the site of her upcoming per-  
buzzed orange and the moon  
up beneath her dress, the  
were frolicking beneath the  
beneath the surface. She

. Real dolphins pushed and  
. As she considered this,  
screeched underwater, and  
s was off, she stood up  
of the enclosure. One  
d she.



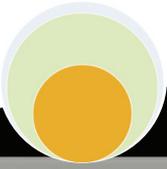




speaking, *poesis*.

1989 *Raritan* 9 1. 35 The first poem

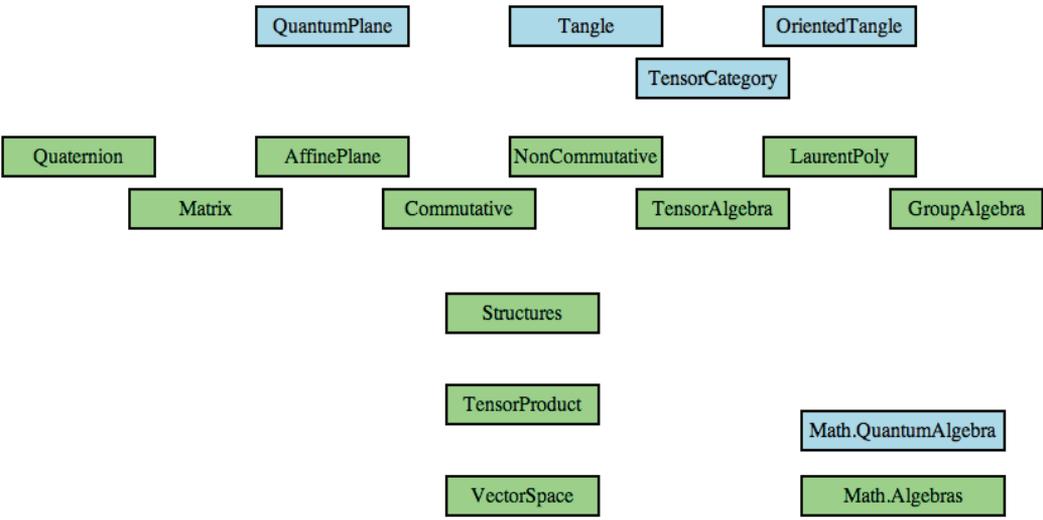
2003 *Chicago Rev. (Nexis)* 49 31  
phrase by phrase. .in comp'





SHENANDOAH  
**CONSERVATORY**  
*music::theatre::dance*

SHENANDOAH CONSERVATORY is collaborating with Workhouse to present high quality artistic experiences. Gifted pre-professional performing artists will be led by Shenandoah's stellar faculty members.



*HOT TOPICS*  
*GOLD*

THE  
GOLDEN TRACTATE OF  
HERMES TRISMEGISTUS

Aureus or the Golden Tractate of Hermes Section

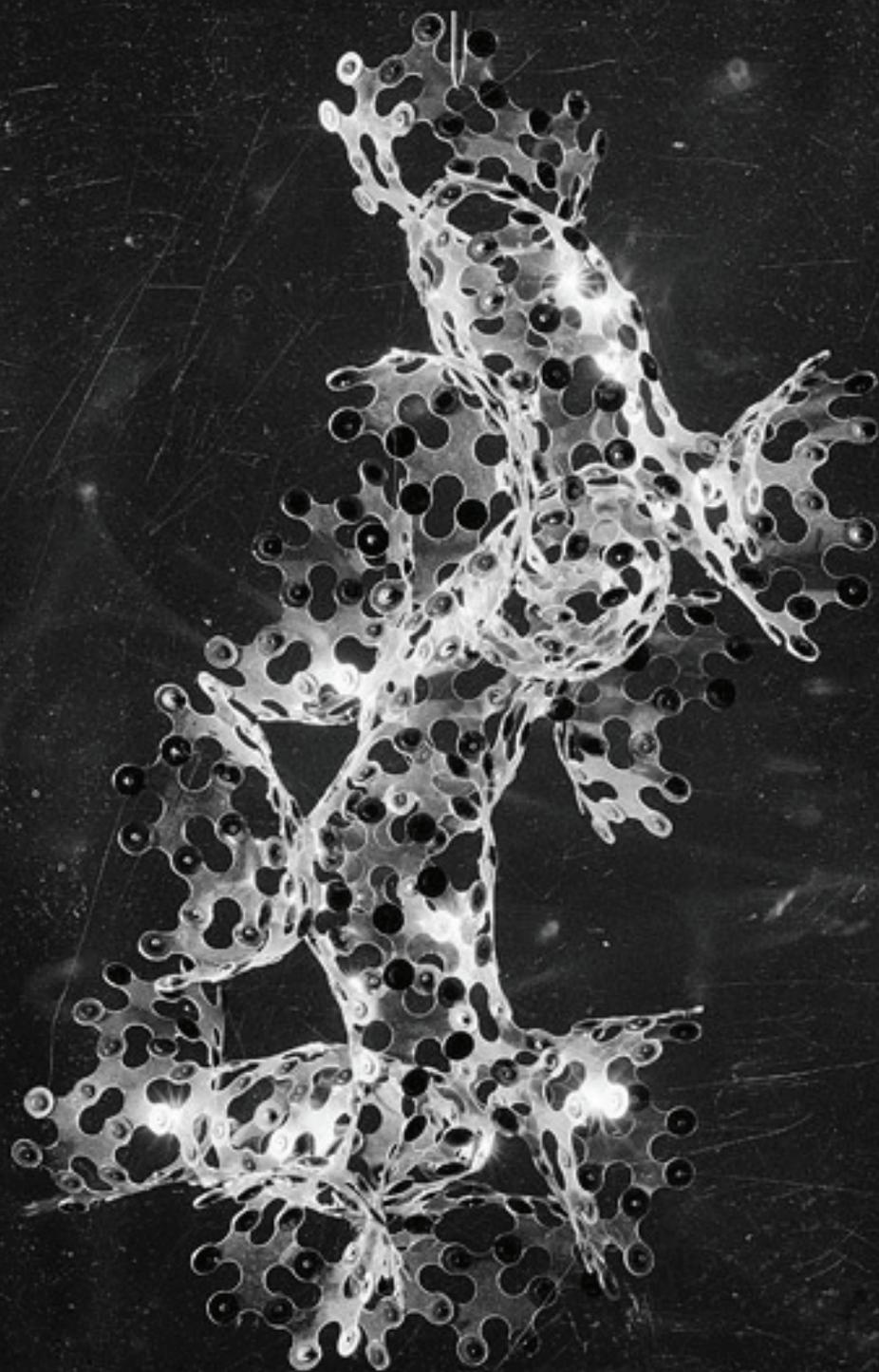
I

Even thus saith Hermes: Through long years I have not ceased to experiment, neither have I have spared any labour of mind And this science and art I have obtained by the sole inspiration of the living God, who judged fit to open them to me His servant, who has given to rational creatures the power of thinking and judging aright, forsaking none, or giving to any occasion to despair. For myself, I had never discovered this matter to anyone had it not been from fear of the day of judgment, and the perdition of my soul if I concealed it. It is a debt which I am desirous to discharge to the Faithful, as the Father of the faithful did liberally bestow it upon me.

Understand ye, then, O Sons Of Wisdom, that the knowledge of the four elements Or the ancient philosophers was not corporally or imprudently sought after, which are through patience to be discovered, according to their causes and their occult operation. But, their operation is occult, since nothing is done except the matter be decomposed, and because it is not perfected unless the colours be thoroughly passed and accomplished. Know then, that the division that was made upon the water by the ancient philosophers separates it into four substances; one into two, and three into one; the third part of which is colour, as it were—a coagulated moisture; but the second and third waters are the Weights of the Wise.

Take of the humidity, or moisture, an ounce and a half, and or the Southern redness, which is the soul of gold, a fourth part, that is to say, half-an-ounce of the citrine Seyre, in like manner, half-an-ounce of the Auripigment, half-an-ounce, which are eight; that is three ounces.

And know ye that the vine





of the  
wise is drawn forth in three, but  
the wine thereof is not perfected, until  
thirty be accomplished. Understand the operation  
coction lessens the matter, but the tincture augmented  
fifteen days is diminished; and in the third she is augmented  
the end. Behold, I have declared that which was hidden, since  
and about thee - that which was within is taken out and fixed  
earth or sea.

Keep, therefore, thy Argent vive, which is prepared in the innermost  
that is the Mercury which is separated from the residual earth. He, the  
search into them; which are to justify no evil-doer, but to benefit the good  
that were before hidden concerning this knowledge, and disclosed the great  
ence. Know ye, therefore, Children of Wisdom, who enquire concerning the  
the mountain crieth out with a loud voice, I am the White of the Black, and  
and behold I speak the very truth.

And know that the chief principle of the art is the Crow, which is the blackness  
without wings. From the bitterness existing in the throat the tincture is taken, and  
is taken a thin water. Understand, therefore, and accept this gift of God which is  
of the metals there is hidden the stone that is venerable, splendid in colour, a mine  
unto thee; give thanks to God, who teacheth thee this knowledge, for He in return  
Put the matter into a moist fire, therefore, and cause it to boil in order that its  
the incombustible nature, until the radix shall appear; then extract the redness and  
of Science! For this reason are philosophers said to be envious, not that they grieve  
wise; but to fools, ignorant and vicious, who are without self-control and benevolence  
to perpetrate sinful things. For of such the philosophers are made accountable  
wisdom. Know that this matter I call the stone; but it is also named the feminine  
the volatile milk, the incombustible oil in order that it may be hidden from the  
self-control; which I have nevertheless signified to the wise by one only epithet.  
Include, therefore, and conserve in this sea, the fire and the heavenly bird, to  
ye all, Sons of Philosophy, on whom the great gift of this knowledge being bestowed  
power thereof to the ignorant, or such as are unfit for the knowledge of the  
any to whom I have not returned that which had been given me, nor have  
reposed the highest confidence.

This, O Son, is the concealed stone of many colours, which is born and  
and conceal it. By this, the Almighty favouring, the greatest diseases  
and evil and hurtful thing is made to depart; for it leads from darkness  
wilderness to a secure habitation, and from poverty and straits

but  
at length  
on, therefore. De-  
nts it; because Luna in  
ed. This is the beginning and  
ce the work is both with thee  
d, and thou canst have it either in

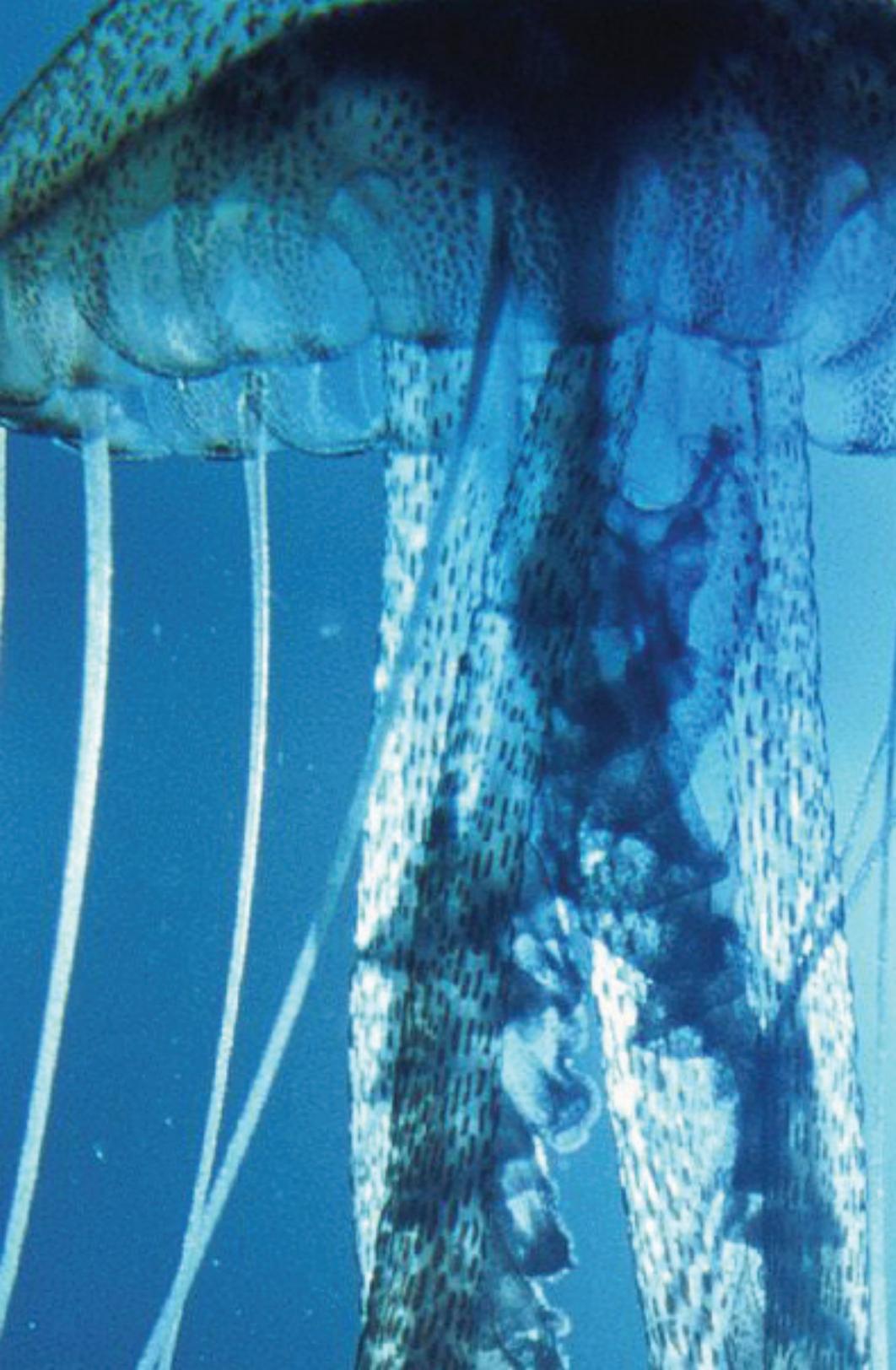
chamber in which it is coagulated; for  
erefore, who now hears my words, let him  
ood; therefore, I have discovered all things  
est of all secrets, even the Intellectual Sci-  
report thereof, that the vulture standing upon  
the Red of the White, and the Citrine of the Red,

ss of the night and clearness of the day, and flies  
he red goes forth from his body, and from his back  
s hidden from the thoughtless world. In the caverns  
d sublime, and an open sea. Behold, I have declared it  
n recompenses the grateful.

heat may be augmented, which destroys the siccidity of  
d the light parts, till only about a third remains Sons  
rugged the truth to religious or just men, or to the  
olence, least they should be made powerful and able  
to God, and evil men are not admitted worthy of this  
ine of magnesia or the hen, or the white spittle, or  
nept and ignorant who are deficient in goodness and  
et, viz., the Philosopher's Stone.

the latest moment of his exit. But I deprecate  
estowed, if any should undervalue or divulge the  
his secret. Behold, I have received nothing from  
I failed to honour him; even in this I have

d brought forth in one colour; know this  
are escaped, and every sorrow, distress,  
arkness into light, from this desert  
s to a free and ample fortune.





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*Memoir on  
Pauperism  
Alexis de Toqueville*



The  
Progressive Development  
of Pauperism among Contemporaries  
and the Methods Used to Combat it

WHEN ONE crosses the various countries of Europe, one is struck by a very extraordinary and apparently inexplicable sight.

The countries appearing to be most impoverished are those which in reality account for the fewest indigents, and among the peoples most admired for their opulence, one part of the population is obliged to rely on the gifts of the other in order to live.

Cross the English countryside and you will think yourself transported into the Eden of modern civilisation—magnificently maintained roads, clean new houses, well-fed cattle roaming rich meadows, strong and healthy farmers, more dazzling wealth than in any country of the world, the most refined and gracious standard of the basic amenities of life to be found anywhere. There is a pervasive concern for well-being and leisure, an impression of universal prosperity which seems part of the very air you breathe. At every step in England there is something to make the tourist's heart leap.

Now look more closely at the villages; examine the parish registers, and you will discover with indescribable astonishment that one-sixth of the inhabitants of this flourishing kingdom live at the expense of public charity. Now, if you turn to Spain or even more to Portugal, you will be struck by a very different sight. You will see at every step an ignorant and coarse population; ill-fed, ill-clothed, living in the midst of a half-uncultivated countryside and in miserable dwellings. In Portugal, however, the number of indigents is insignificant.

M. de Villeneuve estimates  
that this

kingdom contains  
one pauper for every twenty-five  
inhabitants.

Previously, the celebrated geographer Balbi gave to  
one indigent to every ninety-eight inhabitants.

Instead of comparing foreign countries among themselves  
different parts of the same realm with each other, and  
analogous result; you will see on the one hand the number of  
and, on the other, the number of those who need public funds  
proportionately.

According to the calculations of a conscientious writer whose  
accept, the average number of indigents in France is one pauper to  
differences are observable between the different parts of the kingdom  
which is certainly the richest, the most populous, and the most advanced  
close to a sixth of its population for whom charity is necessary. In  
industrial of all our departments, there is only one indigent to every fifty-  
account, La Manche is listed as having one pauper for every twenty-six in-

I think that it is not impossible to give a reasonable explanation for this  
just pointed out is due to several general causes which it would take too  
can at least be indicated.

Here, to make myself clearly understood, I am compelled to return for a moment  
I will then go rapidly down the river of humanity to our own times.

We see men assembling for the first time. They come out of the forest, to  
to enjoy life but in order to find the means of living. The object of their  
intemperance of the seasons and sufficient nourishment. Their imaginations do  
obtain them without exertion, they consider themselves satisfied with their  
have lived among the barbarous tribes of North America; I pitied them their  
cruel one. Lying amidst the smoke of his cabin, covered with coarse clothes  
of the hunt—the Indian looks with pity on our arts, considering the refinement  
and shameful subjugation. They envy us only our weapons. Having arrived  
therefore still

have very few desires, they feel hardly any needs but ones analogous to  
discovered the means of satisfying them with the least effort through  
agriculture is known to them they live by the hunt. From the moment  
producing harvests from the earth, they become farmers. Everyone then  
and his children from the field which happens to fall into his hands  
and with it enters the most active element of progress.

From the moment that men possess land, they settle. They  
the soil abundant resources against hunger. Assured of a  
glimpse that there are other sources of pleasure in human  
satisfaction of the more imperious needs of life.

While men were wanderers and hunters, inequality  
to insinuate itself among them in any permanent

There existed no outward sign which could  
permanently establish the

the figure as

elves, contrast the  
you will arrive at an  
of those living in comfort,  
as in order to live, growing

ories, however, I do not fully  
twenty inhabitants. But immense  
om. The department of the Nord,  
ed from all points of view, reckons  
the Creuse, the poorest and least  
eight inhabitants. In this statistical  
inhabitants.

phenomenon. The effect that I have  
o long to examine thoroughly, but they

ment to the source of human societies.

they are still savages; they associate not  
efforts is to find a refuge against the  
o not go beyond these goods, and, if they  
fate and slumber in their idle comfort. I  
destiny, but they do not find it at all a  
as—the work of his hands or the fruit  
ements of our civilisation a tiresome  
d at this first age of societies, men

those of animals; they have merely  
ough social organisation. Before  
that they have learned the art of  
en reaps enough to feed himself  
ds. Private property is created,

find in the cultivation of  
livelihood, they begin to  
an existence than the

y was unable  
nt manner.  
could



superiority  
of one man and above  
all of one family over another  
man or family; and this sign, had it  
existed, could not have been transmitted  
to his children. But from the moment that  
landed property was recognised and men had  
converted the vast forests into fertile cropland  
and rich pasture, from this moment, individ-  
uals arose who accumulated more land than they  
required to feed themselves and so perpetuated  
property in the hands of their progeny.  
Henceforth abundance exists; with superfluity  
comes the taste for pleasures other than  
the satisfaction of the crudest physical  
needs.

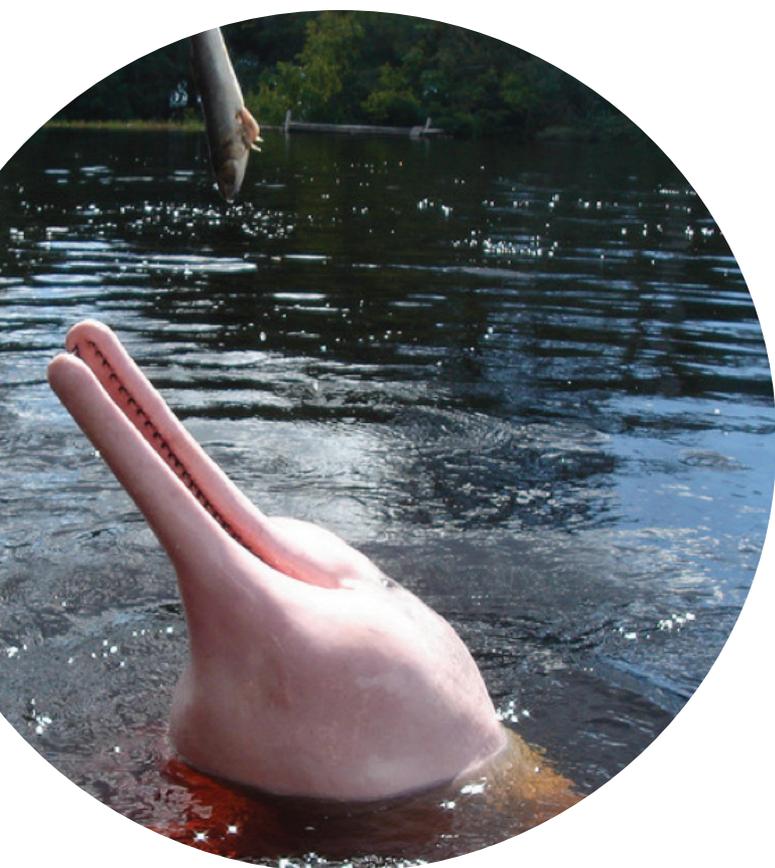
The origins of almost all  
aristocracies should be  
sought in this

social stage.

While some men are already familiar with the art of concentrating wealth, power, and almost all the intellectual and material pleasures of life in the hands of a small minority, the half-savage crowd is still unaware of the secret of diffusing comfort and liberty among all. At this stage of human history men have already abandoned the crude and proud virtues born of the forest. They have lost the advantages of barbarism without acquiring those of civilisation. Tilling the land is their only resource, and they are ignorant of the means of protecting the fruits of their labours. Placed between a savage independence that they no longer desire, and a political and civil liberty that they do not yet understand, they are defenceless against violence and deceit, and seem prepared to submit to every kind of tyranny provided that they are allowed to live or rather vegetate in their fields. At this point landed property is concentrated without restriction; power is also concentrated in a few hands. War menaces the private property of each citizen instead of endangering the political condition of peoples, as happens at present. The spirit of conquest, which has been the father and mother of all durable aristocracies, is strengthened and inequality reaches its extreme limits.

The barbarians who invaded the Roman Empire at the end of the fourth century were savages who had perceived what landed property could offer and who wanted to monopolize its advantages. The majority of the Roman provinces that they attacked were populated by men already long accustomed to farming, whose habits were softened by peaceful agricultural occupations, but among whom civilisation had not yet made great enough progress to enable them to counteract the primitive boldness of their enemies.

Victory gave the barbarians not only the government but the property of the third estate. The cultivator became a tenant-farmer instead of an owner. Inequality was legalised; it became a right after having been a fact. Feudal society was organised and the





Middle

Ages were born. If one looks closely at what has happened to the world since the beginning of societies, it is easy to see that equal prevalent only at the historical poles of civilisation. Savages because they are equally weak and ignorant. Very civilised men equal because they all have at their disposal similar means of a and happiness. Between these two extremes is found inequality of knowledge—the power of the few, the poverty, ignorance, and weakness

Able and learned writers have already studied the Middle Ages, others are them the secretary of the Academic Society of Cherbourg. I therefore le doing so to men more qualified than I am.

At this point, I want to examine only a corner of that immense tableau of the fe century, what has since been called the 'third estate' did not yet exist. The popul categories. On the one hand were those who cultivated the soil without posses possessed the soil without cultivating it. As for the first group of the population, fate was less deserving of pity than that of the common people of our era. These our colonial slaves, although they played their role with more liberty, dignity, and mora almost always assured; the interest of the master coincided with their own on this po in their power, without anxiety about a present or a future which was not theirs to c happiness. It is as difficult for the very civilised man to understand its charm as it is to deny its existence. The other class presented the opposite picture. Among these men hereditary leisure was combined with continuous and assured abundance. I am far from privileged class the pursuit of pleasure was as preponderant as is generally supposed. Lux a still half-barbarous nation. Comfort presup- poses a numerous class all of whose me and easier. But, in the period under discussion, the number of those not totally absorbed Their life was brilliant, ostentatious, but not comfortable. One ate with one's fingers o were lined with ermine and gold, and linen was unknown; the walls of their dwellings drip, sculptured wooden chairs before immense hearths where entire trees were consumed witho I am convinced that there is not a provincial town today whose more fortunate inhabitants in their homes and do not find it easier to satisfy the thousand needs created by civilisat we look carefully at the feudal centuries, we will discover in fact that the great majority needs and that the remainder felt only a small number of them. The land was enough fo comfort unheard of.

It was necessary to establish this point of departure in order to make clear what folli As time passes, the population which cultivates the soil acquires new tastes. The s is no longer sufficient. The peasant, without leaving his fields, wants to be better life's comforts and he wants them. On the other hand, the class which lived off t extends the range of its pleasures; these become less ostentatious, but more co needs unknown to the medieval nobles stimulate their descendants. A great numb and from the land leave their fields, and find their livelihood by working to satisfy Agriculture which was everyone's occupation is now only that of the major in leisure from the productivity of the soil arises a numerous class who liv without cultivating the soil.

Each century, as it emerges from the hand of the Creator, extends : increases the desires and the power of man. The poor and the rich, conceive of new enjoyments which were unknown to their ancestors satisfy these new needs, which the cultivation of the soil c portion of the population leaves agricultural labour each industry.

If one carefully considers what has happened in Europe over several centuries, it is

ity is  
are equal  
an all become  
attaining comfort  
conditions, wealth,  
of all the rest.  
still working at it, among  
leave the enormous task of

udal centuries. In the twelfth  
a- tion was divided into only two  
sing it; on the other, those who  
I imagine that in certain regards its  
men were in a situation like that of  
lity. Their means of subsistence was  
sint. Limited in their desires as well as  
hooze, they enjoyed a kind of vegetative

m believing, however, that even within this  
xury without comfort can easily exist in  
mbers work together to render life milder  
in self-preservation was extremely small.  
on silver or engraved steel plates, clothes  
ped with moisture, and they sat in richly  
out diffusing sufficient heat around them.  
s do not have more true comforts of life  
ion than the proudest medieval baron. If  
u of the population lived almost without  
or all needs. Subsistence was universal;

laws.  
satisfaction of the basic necessities  
- housed and clothed. He has seen  
he land without cultivating the soil  
mplex, more varied. Thousands of  
er of men who lived on the land  
y these newly discovered needs.  
ity. Alongside those who live  
re by working at a trade but

the range of thought,  
each in his sphere,  
ctors. In order to  
cannot meet, a  
n year for





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hammer; c  
doing so, they  
organised societies  
limits on human per

What has been, what  
have just described? An i  
the class which had remain  
unknown. The life of the far  
more varied and more ornate; c  
obtained without a necessary co

I have stated that in the Middle A  
what follows. When almost the ent  
most pressing needs were satisfied. .  
for anyone who will sweat for it. The  
it would always be on the verge of dyin

Such a result is easy to understand. Th  
guaranteed; and if an accidental cause p  
something to live on and permits him to o

The worker, on the contrary, speculates a  
eliminate. However bad the times or the m  
he is always ready to make extraord-inary  
to deny itself certain pleasures to which  
worker counts on for a living. If they are  
barren; should such a condition continue,

I have spoken only of the case where the  
overproduction, foreign competition, etc.

The industrial class which gives so mu  
irremediable evils. In the total fabric of  
and dangerous mission of securing the  
movement of civilisation continuously te  
and with them grows the number of in  
rather than by remaining occupied in a

To this must be attributed what is  
connected than elsewhere. The ind  
exposed to miseries that would be

However, still other causes con  
he creates needs for himself.

education. I have shown tha  
live; but in proportion as lit  
in turn have finally becom

because tobacco is a n  
an artificial pleasure  
almost as indispen

when he lacks

What I ha

which

P

certain  
that proportionately as civilisation progressed, a large population displacement occurred. Men left the plow for the shuttle and the they moved from the thatched cottage to the factory. In they were obeying the immutable laws which govern the growth of es. One can no more assign an end to this movement than impose fecundity. The limits of both are known only by God. is the consequence of this gradual and irresistible movement that we immense number of new commodities has been introduced into the world; ined in agriculture found at its disposal a multitude of luxuries previously rmer became more pleasant and comfortable; the life of the great proprietor comfort was available to the majority. But these happy results have not been st.

ges comfort could be found nowhere, but life everywhere. This sentence sums up, ire population lived off the soil great poverty and rude manners could exist, but man's It is only rarely that the earth cannot provide enough to appease the pangs of hunger e population was therefore impoverished but it lived. Today the majority is happier but ng of hunger if public support were lacking.

e farmer produces basic necessities. The market may be better or worse, but it is almost prevents the disposal of agricultural produce, this produce at least gives its harvester wait for better times.

on secondary needs which a thousand causes can restrict and important events completely market, each man must have a certain minimum of nourishment or he languishes and dies, and sacrifices in order to obtain this. But unfortunate circum- stances can lead the population it would ordinarily be attracted. It is the taste and demand for these pleasures which the e lacking, no other resource remains to him. His own harvest is consumed, his fields are his prospect is only misery and death.

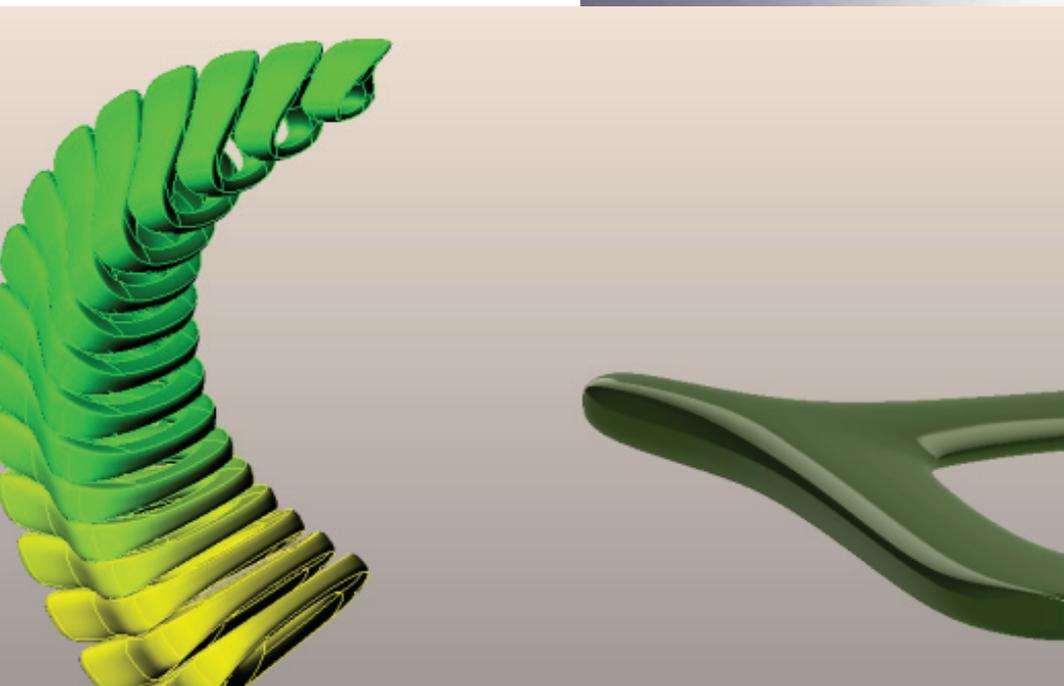
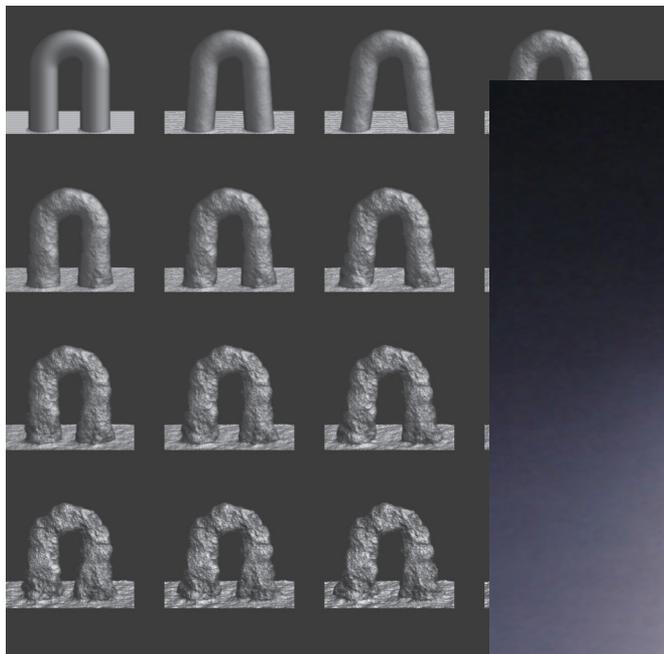
population restricts its needs. Many other causes can lead to the same effect: domestic

uch impetus to the well- being of others is thus much more exposed to sudden and human societies, I con- sider the industrial class as having received from God the special material well-being of all others by its risks and dangers. The natural and irresistible tends to increase the comparative size of this class. Each year needs multiply and diversify, individuals who hope to achieve greater comfort by working to satisfy those new needs agriculture. Contem- porary statesmen would do well to consider this fact.

s happening within wealthy societies where comfort and indigence are more closely ustrial class, which provides for the pleasures of the greatest number, is itself e almost unknown if this class did not exist.

tribute to the gradual develop- ment of pauperism. Man is born with needs, and The first class belongs to his physical constitution, the second to habit and t at the outset men had scarcely anything but natural needs, seeking only to e's pleasures have become more numerous, they have become habits. These ve almost as necessary as life itself. I will cite the habit of smoking, luxury which has even permeated the wilderness and which has created e among the savages that they must obtain at any price. Tobacco is nsable to the Indian as nourishment; he is apt to resort to begging either. Here is a cause of beggary unknown to his forefathers.

ve said of tobacco is applicable to a multitude of objects could not be sacrificed in civilised life. The more prosperous a society is, the more diversified and more durable become the enjoyments of the





Sc  
Sele



greatest  
number, the more they  
simulate true necessity through habit  
and imitation. Civilised man is therefore infinitely  
more exposed to the vicissitudes of destiny than  
savage man. What happens to the second only from time  
to time and in particular circumstances, occurs regularly to  
the first. Along with the range of his pleasures he has expanded  
the range of his needs and leaves himself more open to the hazard  
of fortune. Thus the English poor appear almost rich to the French  
poor; and the latter are so regarded by the Spanish poor. What the  
Englishman lacks has never been possessed by the Frenchman. And so it  
goes as one descends the social scale. Among very civilised peoples, the  
lack of a multitude of things causes poverty; in the savage state, poverty  
consists only in not finding something to eat.

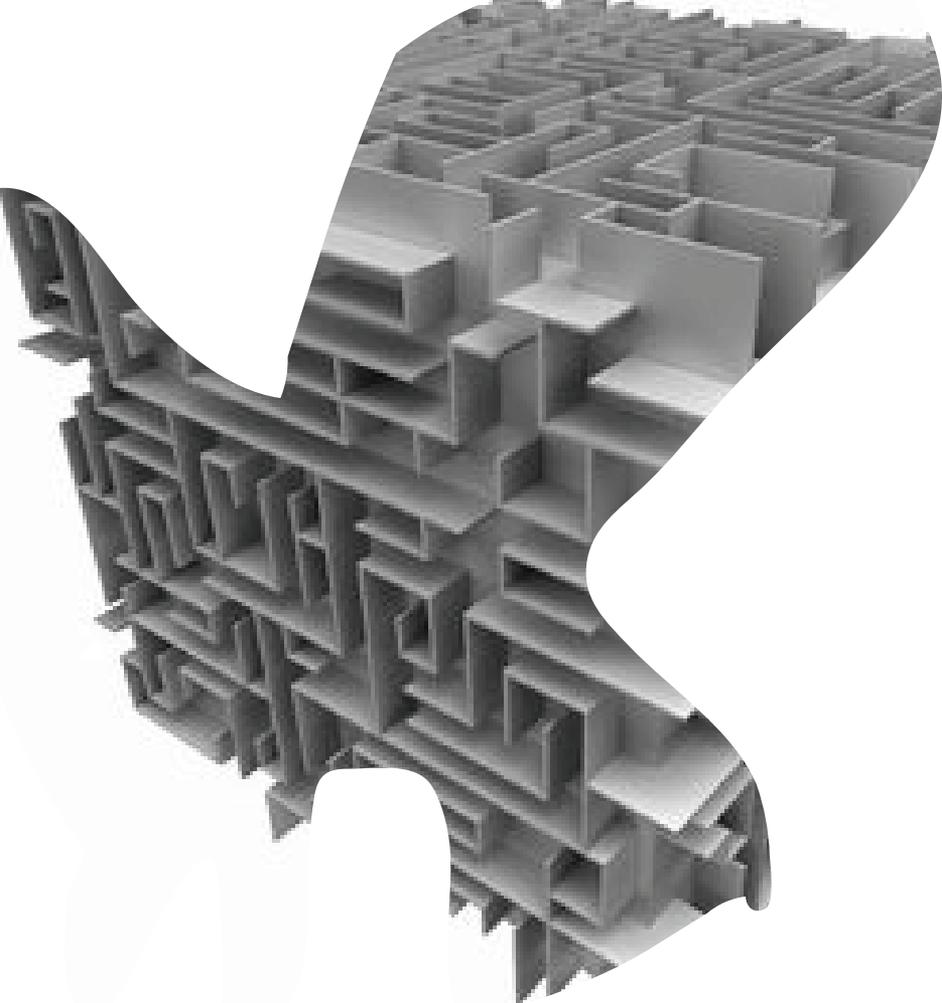
The progress of civilisation not only exposes men to many new misfortunes:  
it even brings society to alleviate miseries which are not even thought  
about in less civilised societies. In a country where the majority is ill-  
clothed, ill-housed, ill-fed, who thinks of giving clean clothes, healthy  
food, comfortable quarters to the poor? The majority of the English,  
having all these things, regard their absence as a frightful misfortune;  
society believes itself bound to come to the aid of those who lack  
them, and cures evils which are not even recognised elsewhere.

In England, the average standard of living a man can hope for in  
the course of his life is higher than in any other country  
of the world. This greatly facilitates the extension of  
pauperism in that kingdom.

If all these reflections are correct it  
is easy to see that the richer a  
nation is, the more the

number of  
those who appeal to public  
charity must multiply, since two very  
powerful causes tend to that result. On the  
one hand, among these nations, the most insecure class  
continuously grows. On the other hand, needs infinitely expand  
and diversify, and the chance of being exposed to some of them  
becomes more frequent each day.

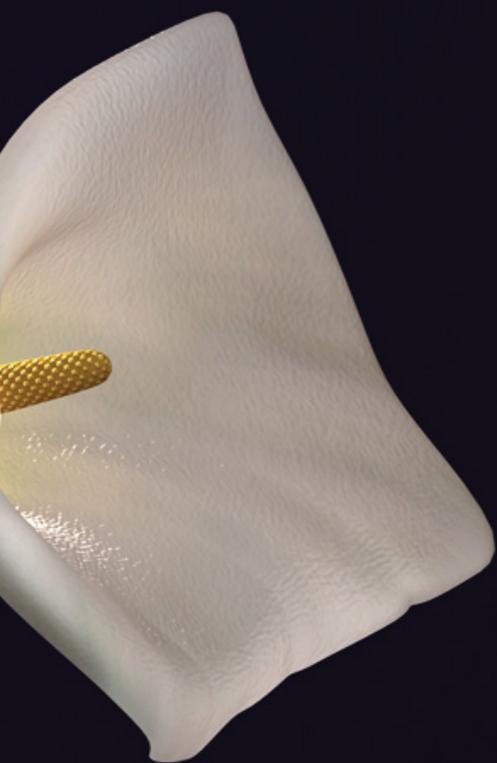
We should not delude ourselves. Let us look calmly and quietly on the  
future of modern societies. We must not be intoxicated by the spectacle of  
its greatness; let us not be discouraged by the sight of its miseries. As long  
as the present movement of civilisation continues, the standard of living of the  
greatest number will rise; society will become more perfected, better informed; exist-  
ence will be easier, milder, more embellished, and longer. But at the same time we must  
look forward to an increase of those who will need to resort to the support of all their  
fellow men to obtain a small part of these benefits. It will be possible to moderate this  
double movement; special national circumstances will precipitate or suspend its course;  
but no one can stop it. We must discover the means of attenuating those inevitable evils  
which are already apparent.



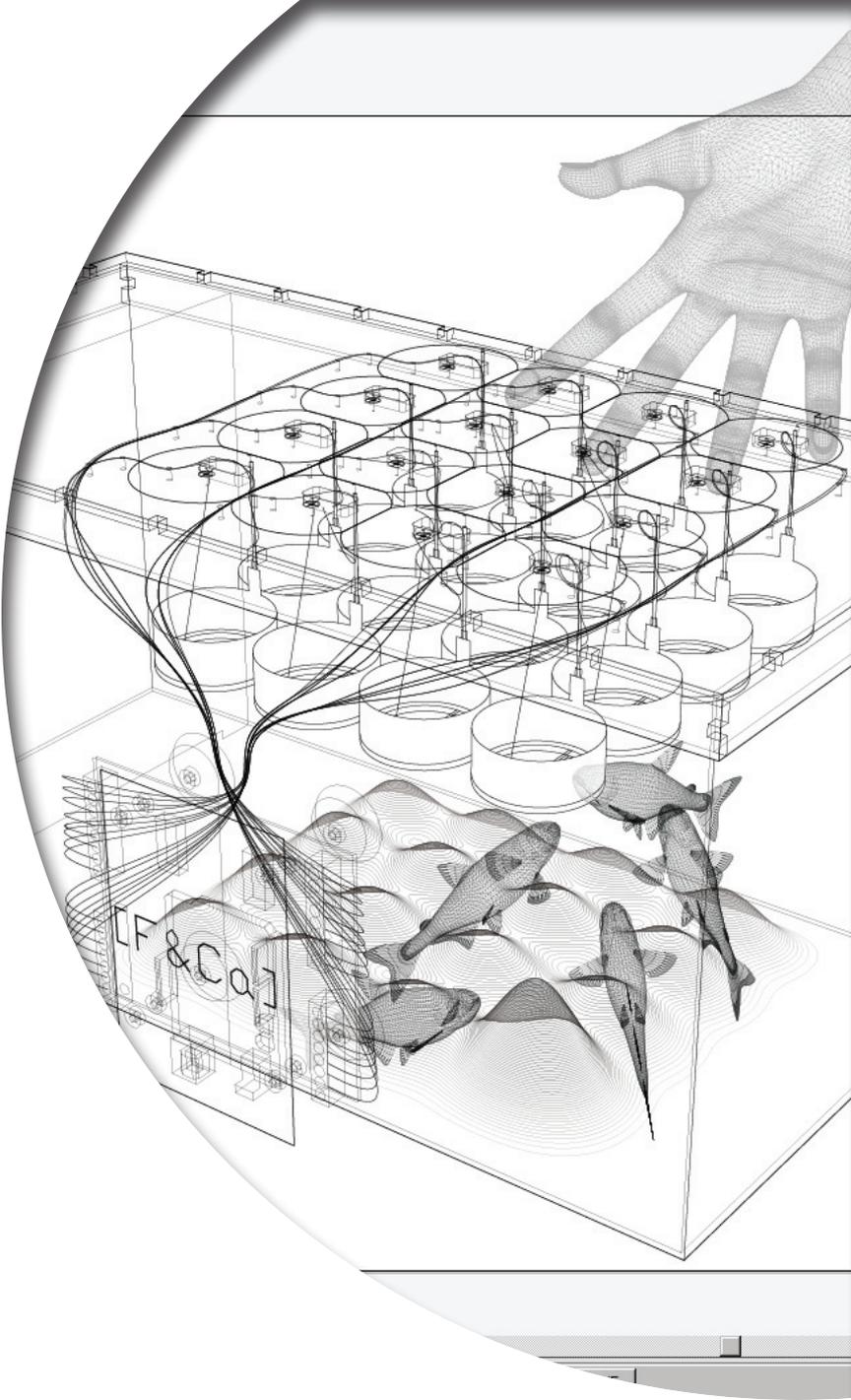


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*Trick*  
*Chris Kraus*

*Curated by*

*Christopher Glazek*

In the late seventies and early eighties, I worked in the topless hustle bars owned by “the Jewish Mafia.” The clubs thrived for a while, and then closed at the dawn of the AIDS epidemic, when the New York City Department of Health shut down most of the bars, and all the gay baths.

I can’t really separate the clubs from my sense of that time in my life and that of the city. There was a feeling that the club world would always be there and go on, but then it ended abruptly. What stopped it for me wasn’t AIDS—I got out before that—but the installation of a large restaurant exhaust system outside one of the two windows in my small East Village tenement. Prior to that, the apartment—backing onto an airshaft—had been kind of a refuge for me. Through the tiny crack between buildings, I observed the changing of weather and seasons. How quickly we adapt to our prisons. A slab of vertical sky, one or two trees, nesting sparrows.

I started my dancing career at the Adam & Eve on the Upper East Side, but soon settled into working three nights a week at the Wild West Topless Bar on W. 33rd Street, one of its down-market sisters. Located on a seedy block near Penn Station across from a church and two doors from a trade union office, the Wild West was equally lucrative but much less competitive. It had an old neon sign with a pair of average-sized tits and a lasso. The Wild West was one of four or five places owned by Sy, Hy and three other guys that made up “the Jewish Mafia.” Old, bald, with bellies hanging down over their belts in cheap white button-down shirts, the owners looked almost identical. Rotating between clubs to collect cash and check over the books, they otherwise kept a low profile. At the Wild West, Ray Mazzone was in charge of us girls. He was about 32, lived in Queens and said he was married; he spent about fourteen hours a day at the club. Ray was the one who hired and fired, figured our pay at the end of the night, and made it his business to know who was strung out, who was just chipping, whose boyfriend was beating her up, and who was giving out “action” in the back rooms. He kept a chart ranking our bottle sales by the night, week, and month. Ray was everybody’s best friend. The girls told him everything.

At that time in New York, there were still old-school burlesque clubs featuring big-name professional strippers with managers. There were “bottomless” bars that offered ‘hot lunch’ where customers put 50 bucks on the table to get a face-

full of cunt. But the Wild West didn't offer these things. The Wild West was all about hustle. While dancers were paid \$12 an hour to show up and dance alternate sets, the real money was made selling bottles of ersatz-champagne. The hustle began on the long t-shaped table that served as a stage. Whenever someone gave you more than a \$1 tip, you gave him all your attention and tried to sell him a split. One split equaled \$35 equaled fifteen minutes of conversation on a banquette, which you used to push the next drink. It was a dream of eternal postponement. For \$150, a guy could buy us a magnum, served in a curtained back-room. These dates lasted about half an hour. Given this framework, giving out "action"—any sexual contact that would result in a customer having an orgasm—was, though not completely forbidden, discouraged and obliquely punished. Because once a guy spent, he'd stop spending. Patiently, night after night, Ray taught us the ground rules of romance and dating. Don't put out. Don't act like a hooker. Because once you do, the hustle is over. And Ray was right. Because while a guy might offer you a big tip for a blowjob, he might not deliver. And then where would you turn? Better to keep the guy hoping, buying champagne

...

Girls who gave action were whores. They were not in control of the game. A "good" girl could keep a customer entranced out on the floor over three or four splits, and then get him to celebrate the budding romance in the back room with a magnum. A really good girl could keep the guy ordering magnums until—whichever came first—the club closed at 4, or his American Express credit line was exhausted. "You're artists," Ray told us. "You're showgirls." In a way, he was right. A thin vestige of glamour surrounded the hustle—faint echoes of silvery black and white films, good girls gone astray in the big city, the Great Depression. "Would you buy me a drink? Then I won't have to dance the next set." Waitresses in fishnet stockings and cigarette trays uncorked the ersatz-champagne bottles with a flourish while Ray ran the guy's Amex. "Would you care to order another round for the lady?" When one of us hooked a promising mark, Ray got on the phone to some primitive gray-market hacker to find out how much the guy had on his line. Sometimes he got the good news that the card had no ceiling. Ray transmitted this news to the girl via the waitress and so long as the customer stayed, that girl was Ray's special princess. Ray, at these times, was like Daddy. The system worked well, because it was so close to routine heterosexual life. The toxicity of the club lay not in its demeaning of our "femininity," but in the putrid, despicable sense of all human nature it revealed, or engendered.

I liked coming home from the bar in a cab around 4 in the morning. I'd get into bed, sometimes still in my clothes, and read myself to sleep. Cabs lined up outside the club when our shift ended—and I rode downtown in the deep quiet. Once I was in a cab and the driver pulled out a knife and told me to give him a blowjob. But that was only one time. In bed, I read Joyce, Merleau-Ponty, Djuna Barnes, all the Greek plays, and Colette. If I could fall asleep before dawn, I could wake up at 10 or 11 not as "Sally West," my club name, but as myself,

with the mysterious addition of two or three hundred dollars cash on the dresser. You make me feel like dancing, dance the night away.

But the days between shifts passed by in a daze. Within this pile of cash, there were usually thirty or forty dollar bills creased in a vertical fold. These were the tips that customers inserted into my g-string (or, more often, lace nylon panties – the dress code in the clubs at that time was not very exacting. It was an era of humanist generalism, before specialization ruled. No one had silicon implants—any tits, so long as they were attached to a person who could cajole men to buy outrageously priced fake champagne—would do. Likewise, the definition of “dancing” was loose. “Dancing” consisted of jiggling around on the stage to let the men know you were available for a “date” in the back room. I remember using these bills at the delis and drugstores and restaurants in the East Village, wondering each time if the (usually female) cashier knew from the vertical fold how I’d acquired the bill. The folded-up bills were every whore’s signifier. Any girl who’d ever danced, knew.

It was 1978, and then it was 1981. My life could have gone on like that for a very long time, but when the exhaust fan was installed 3’ from my bed outside the window, I could no longer come home late and sleep undisturbed into the morning. The prep cooks turned on the fan when they came in at 8 and it roared. The sound scared the sparrows, who stopped eating the seeds on the fire escape. I could no longer pretend my room was a monastery. The fast swirl of capital was putting an end to this dreamtime all over lower Manhattan. Vacant one- bedroom apartments were now renting for \$1400 a month. The hardware store on the corner turned into a paella restaurant. Karpaty’s, the Polish shoe-store downstairs was replaced by Bandito’s, the first in a rapid succession of high- concept pig troughs that did business there. Within months, the street was alive with ambition. With their short skirts and high-heels, the Bandito’s waitresses looked more convincing as sluts than I’d ever looked in the clubs. Everyone was going somewhere. This extreme movement forced you to look at yourself, where you were. Time was no longer so aboriginal. In this new environment, we who just wanted to sleep looked like pale maggots under a freshly turned rock, abruptly exposed to the sun.

A typical night at the Wild West found Maritza onstage, doing her floor-work. At 45, this Dominican grandmother was well past her prime as a dancer, but that didn’t stop her from grinding her cunt near a customer’s face with a smile. She wore rhinestone pasties and g-strings, a marabou boa—the only girl in the club with real costumes. As a professional, she was stiff competition for the rest of us junkies, aspiring writers and artists and rock & roll whores. “Look at Maritza!” Ray would say, when one of us stepped out of line or was suspected of giving out action.

Maritza knew how to turn on the charm. She was often the night’s top-ranked bottle-seller. No one knew much else about her. She confided in no one. While the rest of us bitched and complained and swapped the most intimate confidences, Maritza dealt only with Ray. (Though no matter how close to each other we were in the club, these friendships stopped as soon as we walked out the door. In

“real life,” us art girls crossed rooms to avoid saying hello at parties or openings.)

Gabrielle, waitressing on her “working holiday” from Australia, walked briskly around pushing drinks. Tall, athletic, with long chestnut hair, she wore her fishnets and leotard like a school uniform. No one could figure out why she was here. She had no drug habit, abusive boyfriend, or illusions about being an artist. For reasons we never knew, she had chosen to share our place in hell.

Brandy was a stupid slut from the boroughs who liked to walk over and jiggle her tits in a customer’s face just as you were closing the deal on a split. This served her well, because despite her limited conversational skills, Brandy sold lots of bottles. Mary, a pretty blonde woman had two kids and an unemployed coal miner husband. She caught the bus in from Allentown two nights a week and slept on a girlfriend’s couch. Lorraine was everyone’s negative role model, the girl in the ratty pink slip you don’t want to end up as. She had track marks all over her arms and cigarette burns on her legs. Susan (now a lawyer in Silicon Valley) had her own band.

The night shift began around 7 PM. The day girls—mostly bridge and tunnel types who saw this as a regular job—changed and went home. Costumes were more or less optional. Girls danced alternate “sets” (six jukebox songs) and the rule was that whatever you wore over your underwear had to come off by the end of the first song. Your tits had to be bare by the end of the third, then you used songs 4- 6 to hustle splits and do floor work.

Selling splits didn’t excuse you from dancing, but you were let off the next set if you were in the back room on a magnum. Until 8 or 9, the clients were straggling New Jersey commuters, guys who just wanted to see some bare tits on their way home from work and had no intention of draining their wallets by getting into the game. Best case, they’d be good for a split. They already knew you’d use the fifteen minutes to try and sell them a bottle, so this rarely worked. Often you’d just give up and let them tell you their problems. Listening was a lower-grade failure than giving out action, but they were in the same class because you’d lost control of the game.

The real hustle began later on, around 9 or 10 when our real customers, the ones from Manhattan, arrived. These men were professional gamblers just back from Las Vegas, solitary stockbrokers in three-piece blue suits, advertising executives, foreign businessmen, frat boys, and furtive lawyers. Literal sex was not what they came to the club for. As Ray liked to point out, they could get blown in Times Square for less than the price of a split. They were legitimate hustlers in their own right and I guess they got off, seeing the hustle reduced to a girl’s desperate bid to protect her own piece of pussy.

Keeping these guys in the back room ordering magnums was vastly more difficult than jerking them off. For a hand job, you just closed your eyes and took out a Kleenex, but to keep a guy ordering you had to dig deep into yourself to sustain the con. My worst moment of shame came in the back room one night when I’d run out of banter. I didn’t know how to talk to the guy. Unlike most of the others, he was not intelligent. Exhausted, I let him put his cock in my pussy.

He left without tipping. Two nights later I had to pay Ray back my share of the bottle because he'd called Amex and disputed the charge.

Lawyers were my special niche. They had the best sense of irony. Sitting there in my thrift-store jacket and boa with my legs spread, I was a study in cubism: lips mouthing well-bred earnest truisms about postcolonial theory, hand guiding their hand up under my skirt, it was, on a deep level, hilarious. And at these times, my pussy often got wet.

These are some of the songs we played on the jukebox: "Bad Girls" "The Tide Is High" "Heart of Glass"

"Shame" "Ring My Bell" "Superfreak"

"Heaven Knows"

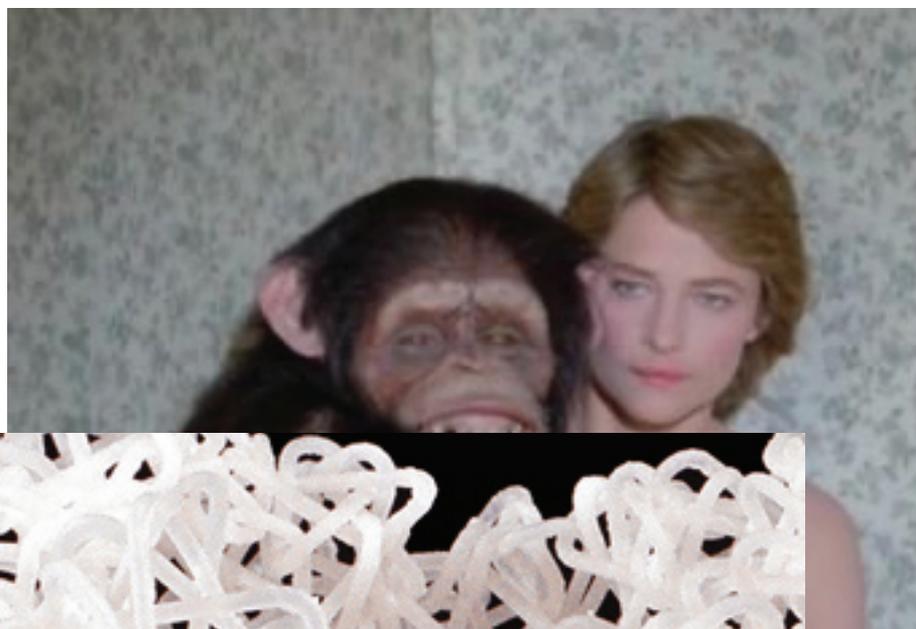
I didn't have a regular boyfriend during the years I worked at the club. Outside the club I rarely had sex. For a while, a man who called himself John came in at 10 PM once a week, bought me a magnum and tipped me \$75. On our first night together, during the very first split, John said: I have a hobby. His hobby was cunnilingus. John knelt on the floor and I lay on the couch, lifted my long lace-tied skirt and pretended I was pretending to come.

During the day, I worked for trade unions doing theater with old people. My life at that time had become completely improbable. But at times like these, I believed. Like everyone else who worked in the clubs, I was always trying to leave. Girls saved, quit to travel in Europe or start their own business and then came back broke three months later.

A few months after the exhaust fan went up outside my window, a friend got me a job teaching college. English Comp, Greek and Roman Literature. I didn't have any degrees, told them my records were "lost in a fire" at a university 10,000 miles away in New Zealand. I taught under a false name with a false social security number so I could collect unemployment from the trade union under my actual name at the same time. Meanwhile, the college itself was defrauding the state and federal government by enrolling dead and fictitious low-income students and collecting tuition grant reimbursement. The scam came straight out of Gogol's Dead Souls, one of the books we were teaching.

Two years later, the whole thing got busted.



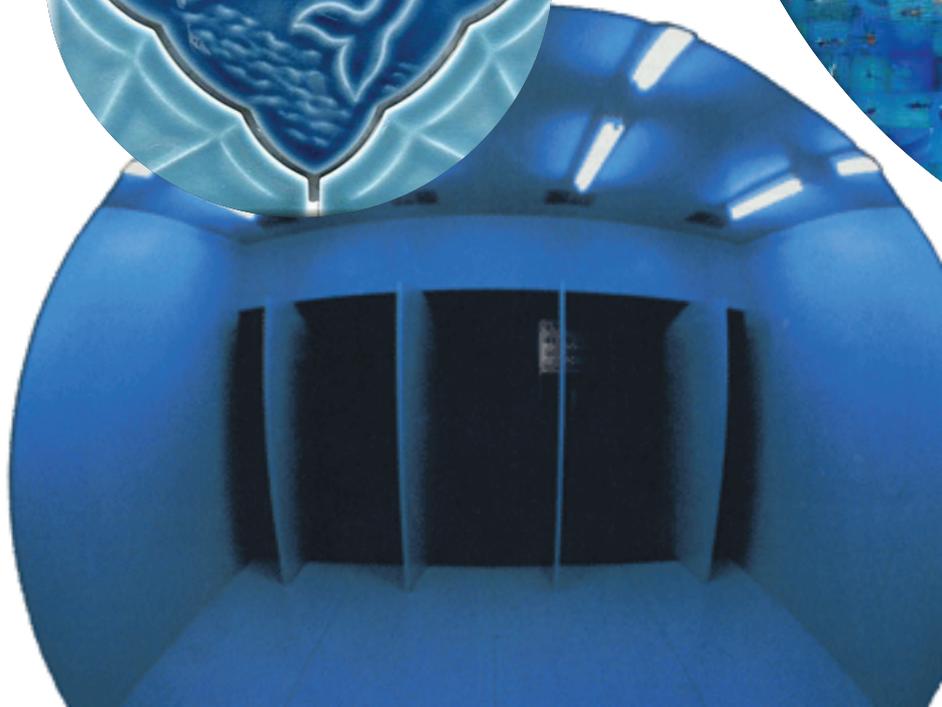


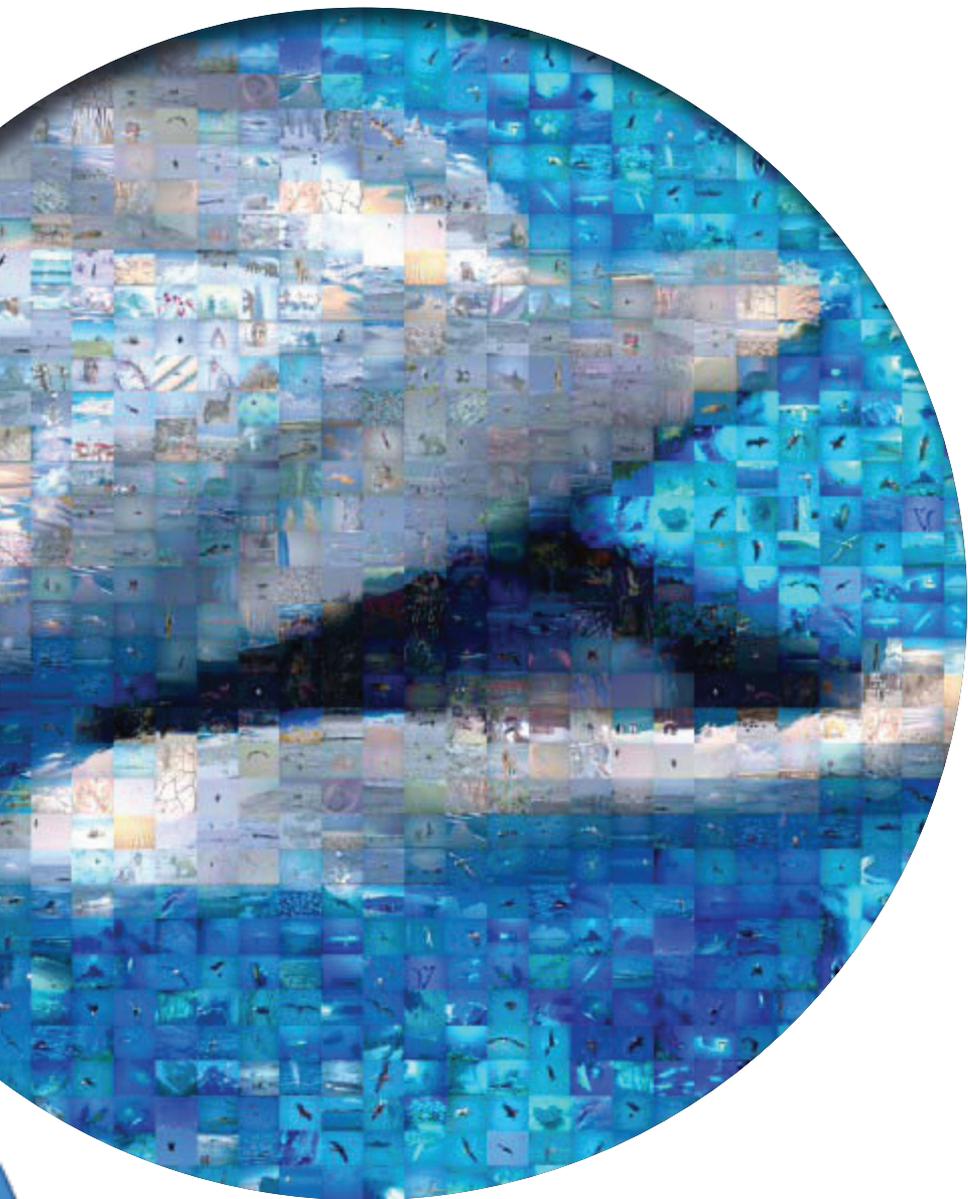
*...re memories take hold and never let go.*





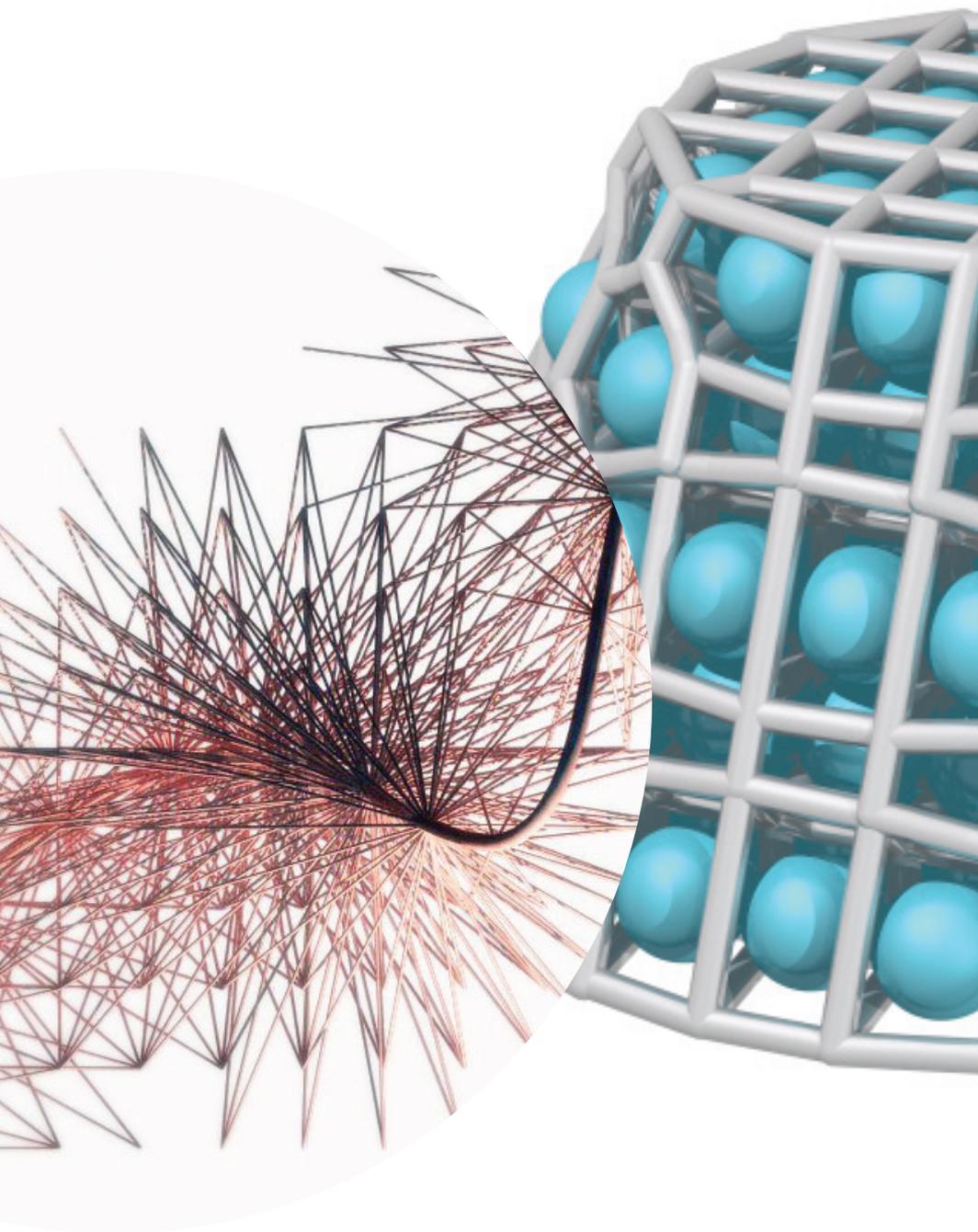


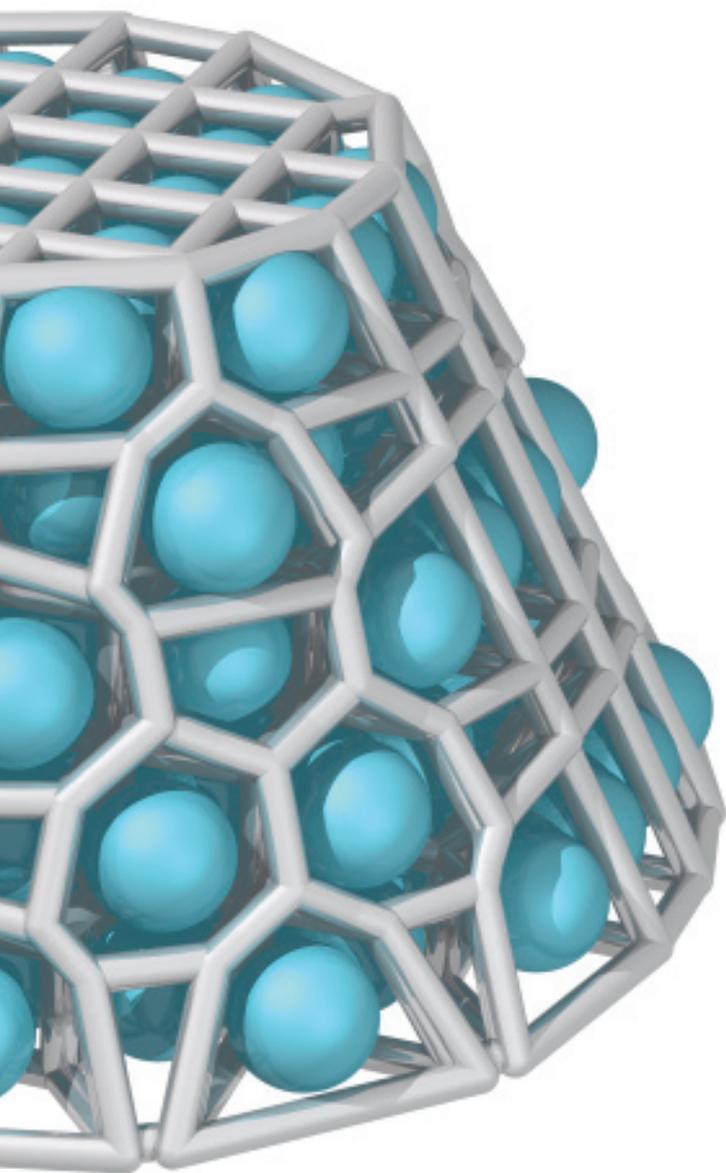












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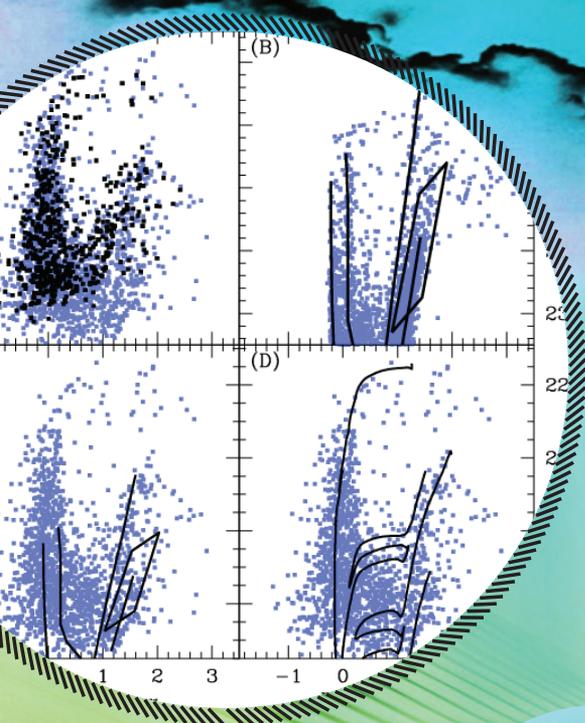


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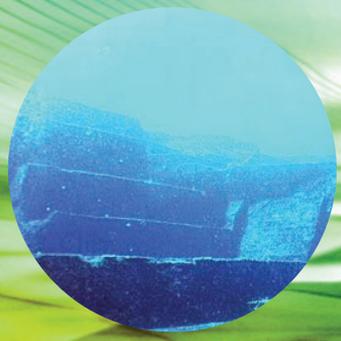
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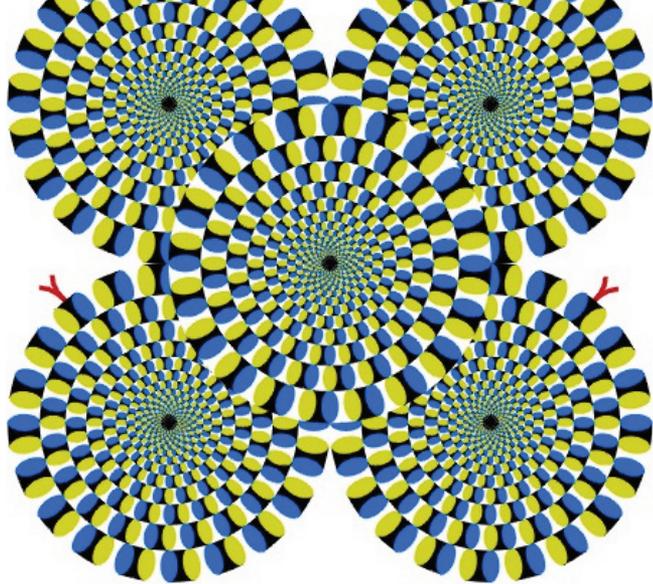
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## SHARKS

a short story and interview  
by

Karley Sciortino



love z  
Sort of l  
at all.

My obsession with  
drawing pictures of s  
things like 'shark orgy'  
watching a video of a hairy  
and getting totally wet. (The  
feel weird about this?

But back to the point—what would  
myself off to thoughts of being p  
a shark is incredibly hot. I mean ne  
I'm getting hard just thinking about

The only problem with this fascination  
where the fuck am I going to find a  
outcast of sexual society. It blows  
such a bad rap...

Why dragon dildos?

Varka: When I was at university and  
we'll made toys that catered to fanta  
like Twilight sex toys, but back w

Do you want to fuck dragons?

I have an interest in dragons  
'building'. The main thing abo  
a persona of your own a  
world.

Who is your prim

The biggest  
variety  
H

Ever since my trip to  
the London Aquarium a couple weeks back  
I can't seem to think about anything but sharks. I just  
them—so dangerous yet so elegant, so savage yet so beautiful.  
like Sarah Michelle Gellar in that movie *Cruel Intentions*, except not

the animal started off innocently—watching videos of shark attacks on Youtube,  
sharks naked, etc. It later progressed onto excessive Google sessions, searching  
and 'erect shark cock.' Finally, my fetish reached its peak when I found myself  
Italian man in a shark costume fucking a fat woman doggy-style in a swimming pool...  
video is called 'A Shark Fucking a Whale,' if you want to look it up.) Like... should I

ould it be like to fuck a shark? Well, I decided to ditch the vintage porn and instead finish  
ummeled by a Great White. And let me tell you, if it's anything like my fantasies, making love to  
xt level hot. Fuck—sharks are just so, you know, wet and streamlined and muscular and stuff.  
them. Plus they've got that whole rough and ready thing going on. I'm way into that.

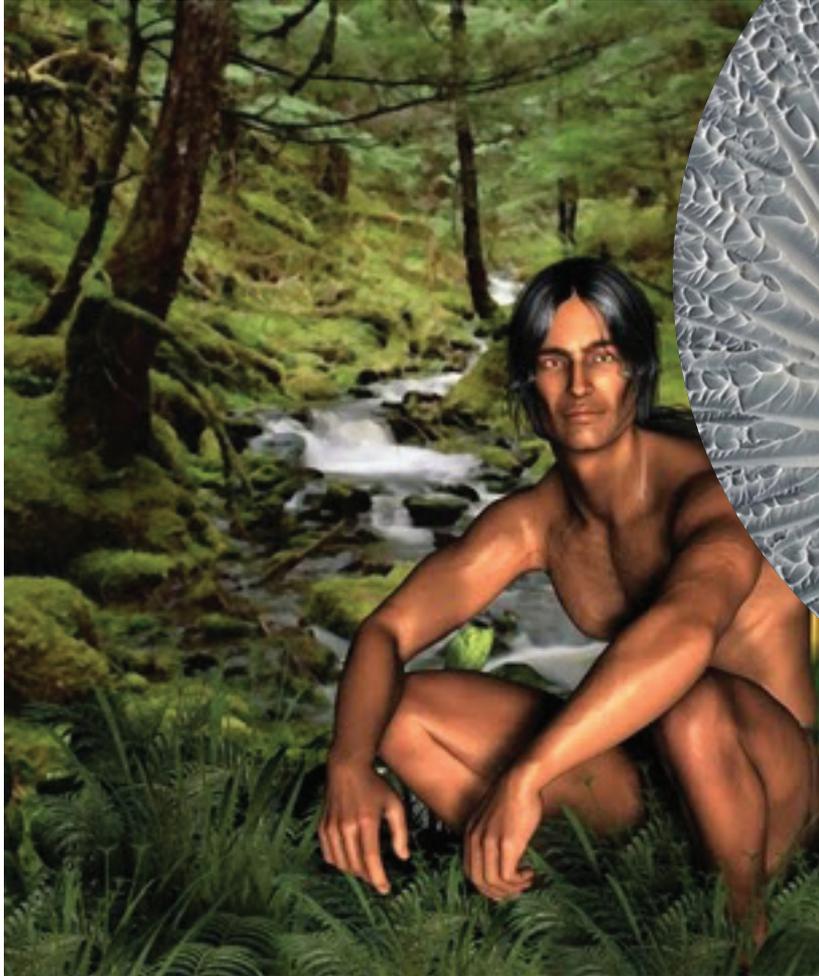
on, however, is that I don't think I'll ever be able to make my fantasies a reality. I mean, seriously,  
shark? Plus, I don't know for sure, but I'm assuming zoophilia is illegal. Ugh, I feel like an  
not fitting in. This is what pedos must feel like. I've always felt sorry for those guys. They get

I started looking at sex toys to see what was available, and realized was that there wasn't any  
asy fetishes. Recently there's been the *Avatar* fleshlight crossover thing and some other stuff  
hen I started the business the options sucked.

and fantasy creatures, but I would redefine what I'm sexually interested in as 'world  
out role playing games—like *Dungeons and Dragons* and *Mass Effect*—is that you take on  
nd live vicariously through that alter ego's actions. You can create anything—a new

ary clientele?

t single identifiable group is the furry fandom, but there are a wide  
of people who take an interest in our stuff. You'd be surprised  
ow many people find us through the darker side of *World*  
of *Warcraft*. But the common denominator  
between our buyers is that





they find fantasy and non-human sex really hot. When I first looked at the site, I was surprised that you mainly sell cock-shaped toys. Fantasy sex, to me, seems like something that mostly guys would be into. The typical gender split we see in our orders is about 70% male and 30% female. We get a surprising amount of female customers coming out of the woodwork and getting really excited that they can get a miniature, hot pink seadragon cock. We've also had quite a few male customers say, "I'm straight but I like things in my butt."

How do you decide what characters' genitals you are going to produce, and how do you decide what the cock/vagina looks like?

Sometimes a movie or a game will come out with a character that makes us collectively say, "Oh god that's hot, we really want that." And we look for inspiration in pop culture to see what people are into. Like for example there are a couple characters in the Mass Effect games that people have gone absolutely crazy over; if you search 'Rule 34' of Mass Effect you'll find plenty of porn. Of course you never get to see any of what these character's cocks look like, so really we

have this artistic license to create whatever we want. That's what makes it so fun! I noticed that fans also submit their schematics and prototypes on the forums. Since the beginning we've encouraged people to come forward with their ideas and work on them together on our forums, and if we see there's a lot of support for a specific idea then we'll go and make it.

Can you tell me about the cum lube you make?

The lube is hilarious. If you look at the fan art of all these characters, it's full of idealized fantasy sex with buckets of spunk everywhere, cocks as big as their thighs and everybody screaming. So I decided it would be fun to make the cum lube to heighten the fantasy. The stuff looks exactly like cum, and is super hot. Someone once sent us a photo of a cum arc shooting out of a toy that must have been 6 or 7ft high. Is it a surprise that your toys are such a huge success? Not really. If you have something that's hot but greatly outside of the normal constraints of physicality, then people are going to jump all over it. What makes these characters so appealing is that we know so much yet so little about them. If you look into sci-fi there are many cases where you have some pretty raunchy alien sex going on, and the main reason it's so interesting is because it's so different yet so similar.



Dior







SAND  
DOLLARS

BERTRAND MOYNE

This was one such moment. I'd been standing with the sand dollar cupped in my hands, sunlight wrinkling the ocean and I **knew** in one golden flash the dolphins had led me to precisely this place. I knew at that point I was intuitively in contact with a vastly intelligent species who had indeed used their large and active brains to produce an advanced, and what's more, **technologically** proficient society.

The visions were rolling in now, layers of images replacing one another as they came in clusters. I saw the dolphins, possessing no hands or opposable digits, creating artifacts by modulating sound waves. By overlaying living protoplasm with acoustic holograms they are able to store and retrieve information from living organisms. The closest I

came to understanding it was in the sense of an organic computer — a shell, for instance, like a Nautilus, acting as a dolphin book, storing information until it is released in an information cluster at the appropriate signal.

Then the sand dollar. I saw how similar the surface patterns were to those symmetrical wave formations achieved in that simple experiment with sand and a metal or glass plate. If a violin bow is drawn gently across the edge, the sand vibrates into a symmetrical pattern very similar to the one I held in a frozen state in my hands.

The revelatory hit was so strong it seemed to bypass any intellectual faculty I might have erected as a barrier to intuitive conviction. I **knew** the dolphins had developed extra-somatic memory devices just like us but, working in sympathy with natural conditions, they'd grown and shaped them.

I also knew I would have no way of actually proving this except by following through on faith and believing what I had seen was true. What I was being shown was well beyond the capability of Western scientific thought, yet if it were so, I would have it confirmed, in the way of the Inner Life, by continuing circumstances.

What I did not realize at the time was that the dolphins were starting to answer my five questions.

My companion caught up with me while I was still standing in the intuitive reverie holding the sand dollar. She'd been having her own adventures. She told me she had felt a bit left out seeing me a hundred yards away and sensing something dramatic was happening. The moment she allowed this feeling in she found herself surrounded by a shoal of tiny "finger fish," flitting and flipping around her. Whenever she turned they followed, jumping up into her hair and kissing her face. We wondered whether the dolphins had a hand in this, laying on a show for each of us in their own way.

HE MADE YOUR HEART POUND WITH THE TERMINATOR,  
THEN HE STOPPED IT WITH ALIENS.

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STARTS AUGUST 9 AT THEATRES EVERYWHERE



# For an Ecology of Genetics and Biomorphic Media Theory

Matteo Pasquinelli

- Gill  
(1987: 76)

After the age of the  
in the 80s, the 'net  
tail' of the metadata  
a different conurbation  
GMOs, bioterrorism hysteresis  
living. This affected the tec  
about the management of popu  
the microscopic scale of the u  
interstice of this shift, developin  
and a new controversial bioart.

Two main questions arise concernin  
the mediascape as a new sort of ec  
properly biological paradigm? This que  
begin to be applied to new political c  
multitude (Hardt and Negri, 2004, and o  
the point of view of the digital. If 'c  
to what extent can cybernetic and digit  
discovery of DNA in the 1950s, accomm  
What are the consequences of a comp  
Schematically, the question is how to q  
to the bios? In answer to the first q  
mediascape as an extension of the biolo  
Responding to the second question, thi  
the Turing Machine to DNA, and then re  
'God is the Machine': computation can  
essay is to clarify the notion of 'med  
trouble its definition.

Sliding along the different typologies  
(hyle, bios, techne, logos in Greek an  
the unit of life. Reversing the domi  
field of the cell, to ground a visce

The first part of the article pro  
which do not follow genetic lo  
diagram of the cell is advance  
genetics. Trying to debunk th  
DNA as an extension of th  
as a folding of organic n

This incestuous rela  
seminal book What  
as a key concept  
biological, tec  
paradigm o  
of the  
o

Language is not  
life; it gives life orders.

Life does not speak; it listens and waits.

Les Deleuze and Felix Guattari A Thousand Plateaus.

the machinic, the bios reenters the zeitgeist. Cybernetics and hacker culture  
work society' in the 90s, the dot-com bubble around 2000 and the 'long  
of Web 2.0 marked the evolution of the digital phylum. In the last decade,  
of forces—climate change and energy crisis, pop genetics and protests against  
ia and bioethical crusades—started to sediment a new episteme concerned with the  
nological discourse too. If, according to Michel Foucault, modern biopolitics was  
ulations and corporeal discipline, then since WWII a new interest has emerged around  
bios—around the cell as the unit of life. Cultural mediators have been gathering in the  
ng the missing theoretical tissue between digital code and genetic code, between media art

ng this cultural shift. First: To what extent can biological models be employed to describe  
cosystem? To what extent, for example, can the metaphor of 'media ecology' be grounded in a  
estion has relevance for political debate too, as biomimetic figures inspired by digital networks  
oncepts: see, for instance, the figure of the swarm applied to the postmodern notion of the  
also Parikka, 2008; Thacker, 2004). Conversely, a second question addresses the biological from  
ode is the universal semiotic form that is common to human language, computers and DNA,  
ial models be applied to the biological? The history of bioinformatics started shortly after the  
odating quite a strict reductionism between 'digital code' and 'genetic code.'

inter-based understanding of cellular reproduction for the sphere of ecology and biodiversity?  
pply the forms of the bios to the techne? And conversely, how to apply the forms of the techne  
question this essay tests the homogeneity of the biomimetic continuum, which supposes the  
logical realm (like in the notion of the machinic formulated in Deleuze and Guattari, 1987).

is essay analyses the biodigital continuum, which takes binary code as a universal grammar from  
duces the bios to a computable logos. Or, as Kelly (2002) puts it in his logocentric manifesto  
describe all things, all things can compute, all computation is one. The general purpose of this  
ia ecology' from the perspective of these two continua which consciously or unconsciously

of the continuum that cut across the physical, biological, technological and cognitive domains  
chetypes), this essay starts by positing the cell as the unit of life as opposed to the code as  
nant paradigm of the 'genetic code' is considered a necessary move in opening the biopolitical  
eral materialism and eventually to outline, a new 'ecology' of biotechnologies.

resents a basic 'bestiary of the invisible' to demonstrate paradigms of (microscopic) life  
ogocentrism. Through authors such as Freud, Serres and Margulis, a new energetic  
d, calling for a general metabolics of organic life in opposition to the dominant partisan  
he fatal opposition between code and energy, the second part of the article introduces  
e cellular body. Deleuze's notion of the fold is employed to recognise 'genetic code'  
matter in on itself with no intervention of any external grammar.

ation between linguistics and genetics is traced back to Erwin Schrödinger's  
is Life? precisely, Schrödinger's notion of negative entropy is finally taken up  
to clarify the four different regimes of entropy that compose the physical,  
chnological, and cognitive domains. Inspired by the post-structuralist  
of Deleuze and Guattari, this essay nevertheless advances a critique  
eir notion of the machinic continuum. Against the enthusiasm  
f new media scholars and activists, the mineral, organic,  
technological and informational domains cannot be  
So smoothly compared, translated

coupled with  
belong to different

Only the recognition of  
of energy surpluses occurring  
strata will make possible the in

Since its discovery, the cell has been  
interpretations of 'life' and has permeated  
religion, politics and business. In the  
to the very core of the cell nucleus and  
Afterward the newfound layer of the 'code'  
the biopolitical debate towards sequencing  
art and culture.

During this evolution, the very 'flesh' of the cell  
translations.

Against the mechanistic and allegedly neutral paradigm  
cell is enlarged, magnified in its metabolism and fra  
back to pre-DNA biology and in fact it underlines th  
a new micro-ecology. For instance, a congruous na  
yet to come and the branch of microbial ecology is  
instituted by the DNA age and its intensive bioethics  
of its extensive

ecology.

The discovery of DNA opened a new dimension of know  
of the unknown. The human genome has been entirely  
has an unknown function. At a higher biological sca  
body is made of tens of trillions of cells and in the  
a forgotten organ. The scale of the unknown and  
argument to suggest an ecology of the invisible.

Missing an epistemological method to explore th  
may become useful again. Bestiaries were used in  
and often imaginary animals. They were books of  
dimension of wonder.

Their rudimentary zoology and botany often  
normalisation.

Today entering unexplored dimensions of  
infinitely small, of genetics itself is ad  
behind the genetic code.

More precisely this 'bestiary' of  
organisms such as bacteria, y  
the raw subjects of bio  
scale as, for instan  
cells—that is, th  
domains

and  
with each other as they  
of entropic regimes.

of the frictions and accumulations  
ing between these different ontological  
imagining of a new ecology of machines.

een an arena of diverse scientific and ethical  
gressively become an agitated battlefield for  
1950s the discovery of DNA shifted the focus  
d to the very abstract level of the genetic code.  
e merged quickly with the digital phylum and shifted  
computers, genome databases and ultimately new media

ll was left behind by genetic reductionism and its cultural

gn of genetic code, in this essay the biopolitical field of the  
med again as the unit of life. This approach may seem to go  
the importance of the cellular Umwelt and the need to develop  
tion of genetic ecology or the ecology of biotechnologies is  
unable to evade its disciplinary realm. Outside of the imperium  
, the microscopic space of the cell still lacks a cartography

nowledge, but proportionally also unveiled and expanded the ratio  
ly mapped but the so-called 'junk DNA' (95% of all DNA) still  
ile, the human body keeps on carrying its secrets. The human  
intestine 100 trillions of bacteria and friendly parasites live as  
everyday relations with micro-organisms should be the first

the invisible dimension of the bios, pre-scientific narratives  
in the Middle Ages to describe and classify ordinary, exotic  
of mythologies and superstitions but they kept open the

incarnated and protected pagan beliefs against clerical

of the bios, a bestiary of the invisible, of the  
vanced here to underline again the living, breathing

of the invisible' focuses on unicellular  
easts and organelles as they constitute  
technologies and occupy the same  
ce, cloned embryos and stem  
the scale of new biopolitical  
s. Specifically,

here  
the focus is on single-  
cell prokaryotic organisms, which  
do not possess a distinct nucleus containing  
chromosomes like superior eukaryotic organisms and  
reproduce in a more primitive, often asexual, way.

This choice is justified in order to show an alternative  
microscopic organism (like prokaryotes) that skips the DNA-  
centric scheme of popular genetics (concentrating only on eukaryotes).  
More importantly, instead of applying transcendental schemes to the bios  
(from Freudian psychoanalysis to Foucauldian biopolitics or mainstream  
biology itself), this bestiary starts from the cell as unit of life to follow  
its reproduction and multiplication from below without artificial external  
intervention. Taking the cell as the unit of life is considered a less ideological  
postulate than the notion of code when reading the history of thought up until  
contemporary media studies. A 'bestiary of the invisible' is necessary precisely to  
demonstrate how 'even the microbiological is ultimately a mirror of the human'  
(Roof, 2003: 343).

### Schrödinger's Cell: Code-script and Negative Entropy

In a prophetic text of the DNA age, Erwin Schrödinger's *What is Life?*, the  
notions of genetic code and cell metabolism were still discussed together.

In his book Schrödinger advanced the idea that a chromosome contained an  
'aperiodic crystal' in the form of a 'code-script', inspiring later on the  
discovery of the double-helix shape of DNA.

Still it is very rare that 'popular geneticists' and 'theoreticians  
of life' remember the theory of negative entropy articulated in  
the same text.

Measuring cellular metabolism and its exchanges of  
energy between inside and outside, Schrödinger  
comes to the conclusion that life  
does not follow the

eg  
death  
life): ex  
contrary,  
able to ac  
What then  
keeps us fr  
happening, cal  
Nature means  
it is going on.  
as you may say  
dangerous state  
aloof from it,  
entropy which  
an organism fee  
the essential  
freeing itself  
(Schrödinger)

The renew  
and store  
flow of  
preda  
(+)

second  
law of thermodynamics,  
which states that any system of  
energy dissipates heat and tends to a final  
equilibrium and uniform temperature (Freud's  
death drive was an application of this law to psychic  
energy). Everything burns and eventually cools down. On the  
other hand, aside from consuming energy, cell metabolism is also  
able to accumulate it.

What is that precious something contained in our food which  
prevents us from death? That is easily answered. Every process, event,  
action, is what you will; in a word, everything that is going on in  
the world is an increase of the entropy of the part of the world where  
it occurs. Thus a living organism continually increases its entropy or,  
equivalently, produces positive entropy and thus tends to approach the  
state of maximum entropy, which is death. It can only keep  
alive, i.e. alive, by continually drawing from its environment negative  
entropy, which is something very positive as we shall immediately see. What  
it depends upon is negative entropy. Or, to put it less paradoxically,  
the essential thing in metabolism is that the organism succeeds in  
drawing from all the entropy it cannot help producing while alive.  
(Schrödinger, 1944:70)

The reverse reaction of photosynthesis transforms solar energy  
into chemical energy in the carbon rings of sugar and cellulose. This  
energy feeds the whole ecosystem all the way up to  
terrestrial animals and the civilisation of machines too  
(fossil fuel was indeed living matter once). Going  
upstream, this flow of energy continuously  
challenges the law of entropy, which  
is the tendency of the

freeze  
of negative  
physical and m  
of the limits of s

How can the two fun  
is, information and ener  
was aware of the limits  
soon occupy the whole sta

The term code-script is, of c  
time instrumental in bringing abo  
power-or, to use another simile,  
22)

A chromosome is architect and cra  
Semiotically speaking, as Deleuze and C  
If the linguistic triad expression, c  
reference-no

sign-is possible. The logical impasse re  
to shape. Following Schrödinger's alleg  
house to be built.

To escape such a neurotic impasse, Del

As in a baroque sculpture, inorganic ma  
refolding, with no need for external or ti  
as a fold of the inorganic itself, which

An organism is defined by endogenous fo  
from without or by the surrounding envi  
cells a second fold occurs later in th  
nucleus). Reproduction is a fold and b  
of morphogenesis. If the cell membra  
of energy, the appearance of the seco  
can be understood as a further medi  
itself is a medium of energy surplus  
'selfish gene', for instance, are rev

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mineral world  
to dissipate energy. Schrödinger  
describes the enigma of life itself in the formula  
of entropy. Even if entropy can be measured in  
mathematical terms, Schrödinger recognizes here one  
science.

fundamental intuitions of code-script and negative entropy (that  
they) be put into a new relation with each other? Schrödinger  
of the language metaphor that he introduced (and that would  
of biology). Genetic code is indeed a strange 'language':  
course, too narrow. The chromosome structures are at the same  
at the development they foreshadow. They are law-code and executive  
they are architect's plan and builder's craft-in one. (Schrödinger, 1944:

craftsman in one, Schrödinger notices. Yet this image is not precise enough.  
Guattari (1987) also argue, there is no semiotic relation in genetic transcoding.  
content and object is made of the same substance, then no relation of

relies on the fact that DNA is made of the same amino acids that it is meant  
for, the architect and craftsman would be made of the same bricks of the

Deleuze (1988; 1993) applied the elegant notion of the fold to genetic code.

matter can form itself into the most sophisticated shape simply by folding and  
transcendental intervention. The cell membrane separates organic from inorganic  
establishes an inside and an outside:

folds, while inorganic matter has exogenous folds that are always determined  
environment. (Deleuze, 1993: 10) Life starts from this first separation. In primitive  
the shape of genetic memory (sometimes wrapped in a further third fold: the  
break of the cell membrane itself, and so on, following the transformations  
one is the first fold of organic matter, in order to preserve a positive balance  
and fold of genetic code (and subsequently all the folds of morphogenesis)  
sum developed to preserve energy through reproduction. In this sense, code  
and Weismann's continuity of the germ-plasm or Dawkins' theory of the  
reversed.

Ecology of Genetics.

<http://fibreculturejournal.org/wp-content/pdfs/FCJ-117Matteo%20>







The background of the entire image is a close-up, high-resolution photograph of a green, textured material, likely leather or a synthetic equivalent. The texture is characterized by a repeating pattern of small, irregular, diamond-shaped or pebbled indentations, creating a rich, tactile appearance. The lighting is somewhat uneven, with darker shadows in the recesses of the texture and brighter highlights on the raised surfaces, giving it a three-dimensional quality.

*Survivor  
Testimonies*

*Curated by*

*Christopher Glazek*

## SURVIVOR TESTIMONY

National Prison Rape Elimination Commission

Testimony of Kendell Spruce

San Francisco, August 19, 2005

Hello, my name is Kendell Spruce, and I'm here to tell you about what happened to me in an Arkansas state prison. I was raped by at least 27 different inmates over a nine month period. I don't have to tell you that it was the worst nine months of my life.

I was sentenced to six years in prison in 1991 on a probation violation. I was originally convicted of forging a check to buy crack cocaine. When I went to prison, I was 28 years old, I weighed 123 pounds, and I was scared to death.

I was right to be afraid. I am bisexual, but that doesn't mean I want to have sex with just anyone. As soon as I got there, inmates started acting like they were my friends so they could take advantage of me. I told them I wasn't going to put up with that. I didn't want to be robbed of my manhood. But they jumped on me. They beat me. Within two weeks, I was raped at knifepoint.

Being raped at knifepoint was the worst thing I could ever imagine. The physical pain was devastating. But the emotional pain was even worse.

I reported the rape, and was sent into protective custody. But I wasn't safe there either. They put all kinds of people in protective custody, including sexual predators. I was put in a cell with a rapist who had full-blown AIDS. Within two days, he forced me to give him oral sex and anally raped me. I yelled for the guard, but it was so loud in there, no one came to help me. I finally had to flood the cell to get a guard to come.

Because I was raped, I got labeled as a "faggot." Everywhere I walked, everyone looked at me like I was a target. It opened the door for a lot of other predators. Even the administrators thought it was okay for a "faggot" to be raped. They said, 'Oh, you must like it.' I'm here to tell you that no one wants to be raped. No one likes being violently attacked. I documented the abuse, I filed grievances, I followed all of the procedures to report what was happening to me, but no one cared. They just moved me from cell to cell. This went on for nine months. I went through nine months of torture – nine months of hell - that could have been avoided.

In August, I started bleeding really bad from the rectum. I didn't want to go to the infirmary, because I was still so ashamed about what had happened to me, but I had to. They gave me a test, and that's when I got the devastating news. I was HIV-positive. I felt suicidal. I felt like my world had come to an end. I cried and cried. I felt ashamed, embarrassed, degraded, and humiliated. I haven't forgotten those feelings. You never forget. You never heal emotionally. There isn't a day that goes by that I don't think about this.

Finally, I was placed in a cell by myself in administrative segregation. The only way I could stay safe was to deliberately disobey the rules so I could get away from my predators.

Eventually, I was interviewed by an investigator from the State Police, and I made a report of every assault I survived in prison. I had to list all the inmates who sexually assaulted me, and I came up with 27 names. Sometimes just one inmate assaulted me, and sometimes they attacked me in groups. It went on almost every day for the nine months I spent in that facility.

In 2002, I was diagnosed with full-blown AIDS. I can't even count how many medications I have to take every day. I can't do a lot of things I used to do. I moved from Arkansas to Michigan to be closer to my family. I wanted to get to know my family before I die. I'm not able to work. I collect disability. Fighting for my life is my full-time job. They took my life, but they didn't take my ability to live my life.

Everything that happened to me could have been avoided if the prison was accountable for inmates' safety. Prisons and jails are too crowded. They mix all kinds of inmates together in dormitories and cells. They need to screen inmates so that people like me don't get thrown in with mass murderers.

I know I had to pay the price for what I did, but I've paid double price. That check I wrote cost me my life. Every day I wake up and I'm just grateful that I'm still here.

Sometimes I ask God, 'why me?' Why did

this happen to me? I've already accepted that I'm going to die, but before I do, I want to see justice in the prison system. The only way to help me now is to put an end to rape in prison. Thank you.

National Prison Rape Elimination Commission Testimony of Garrett Cunningham  
Washington, D.C., June 14, 2005

Good morning, my name is Garrett Cunningham, and as a former prisoner of the Texas Department of Criminal Justice I have firsthand experience with the violence and abuse that takes place within America's prisons.

In 2000, I was housed at the Luther Unit in Navasota, Texas. While at the Luther Unit, I worked in the prison's laundry under the supervision of corrections officer Michael Chaney. After just a few weeks of working with Officer Chaney, he began to touch me in a sexual manner during pat searches. At first, I thought it was accidental, but since it continued every day, I soon realized his inappropriate touching was intentional. He also stared at me when I showered and made sexual comments.

I was afraid to tell anyone about my problems with Officer Chaney, but in March 2000, I finally went to the unit's psychologist and told him about the touching and crude comments. He advised me to stay away from Officer Chaney.

The prison psychologist's advice did nothing to prevent the sexual harassment, so a month later I decided to go to the prison's administration for help. I approached the assistant warden and his second-in-command officer and told them about Chaney's sexual comments and sexual touching during pat searches. They told me that I was exaggerating and that Chaney was just doing his job. I eventually confronted Chaney and told him to stop touching me. He only got angry and continued to harass me. I tried again to get help from prison administrators but I was told to keep my mouth shut. Officer Chaney eventually raped me in September 2000. On that day, I had just finished my job at the prison's laundry and began walking to the back of the room to take a shower.

Suddenly, Chaney shoved me, knocking me off balance. I screamed and struggled to get him off me, but he was too big. Officer Chaney weighed about 300 pounds. I am 5 feet 6 inches tall and weigh 145 pounds.

While I struggled, Chaney handcuffed me. He then pulled down my boxers and forcefully penetrated me. When I screamed from the terrible pain, Chaney told me to shut up. I tried to get away, but I could barely move under his weight. After it was over, I was dazed. He took me to the showers in handcuffs, turned on the water and put me under it. I was crying under the shower and I saw blood running down my legs. He left and came back with a liquid that stung when he poured it on my behind.

When he took the handcuffs off me, he threatened me. He said if I ever reported him, he would have other officers write false assault cases against me and I would be forced to serve my entire sentence, or be shipped to a rougher unit where I would be raped all the

time by prison gang members. He also warned me not to say anything to the officials I had complained to before, because they were his friends and they would always help him out.

At first, I didn't dare tell anyone about the rape. But, in October 2000, I was so afraid of being raped

again that I told the unit's psychologist that Chaney had raped me. He moved me to another job with a different supervisor and told me that if anyone asked why my job was changed, I should say that I wanted "a change of scenery." A few days later, I was given a new position in the laundry, next door to where Chaney worked. I continued to see him regularly and he continued to touch me inappropriately.

I wrote the Internal Affairs Department two times about Chaney's inappropriate touching. They never addressed my concerns and failed to take precautions to protect me. I was too scared to file a written complaint against Chaney because I feared retaliation from prison officials. Instead, I requested a private meeting with an Internal Affairs investigator. I received no response to my request, and Chaney was never punished for assaulting me. Officer Chaney went on to sexually harass and assault other prisoners. One year later, Nathan Essary began working under Chaney's supervision in the same laundry where I had previously been assigned. On several occasions, Nathan was forced to perform sex acts on Chaney. Fortunately for Nathan, he was able to collect Chaney's semen during two of the attacks and DNA testing positively linked the samples to Chaney. Chaney finally resigned from the Luther Unit in January 2002 when he was indicted for his crimes against Nathan Essary. Last month, he pleaded guilty to sexual contact with an incarcerated person. He will serve no time in prison.

National Prison Rape Elimination Commission Testimony of Tom Cahill  
Washington, D.C., June 14, 2005

Hello, my name is Tom Cahill. Nearly 40 years ago, I was beaten and raped for 24 hours in a jail cell in San Antonio, Texas while I was locked up for civil disobedience. That assault has changed my life in a way that no other event could, or should.

I was a veteran who served my country honorably in the U.S. Air Force for four years before starting an alternative newspaper. In 1967, I committed an act of civil disobedience during a labor strike at a factory. Later, I was arrested for failing to comply with the terms of my probation – paying \$10 a month in restitution.

As I walked with a guard to that overcrowded cell, I didn't really know what to expect. But I soon found out. One of the prisoners turned and yelled out "fresh meat." I turned and looked at the guard, and he was smiling. After lights out, that's when it started.

Six or seven guys beat me and raped me while another two dozen guys just looked away. I remember being bounced off the walls and the floor and a bunk like a ball in a pinball machine. They put me inside a mattress cover and then set it on fire. Then someone urinated on it to put it out. I kept waiting for it to end, but it went on, and on, and on.

The guards knew what was going on. All corrections officials know what goes on in their facilities. They have to know – their lives depend on it. My cellmate told me later that the guards lied and told them I was a child molester, and if they "took care of me" they would get an extra ration of Jello.

After the assault, they kept me in the cell for two weeks – until the bruises started to fade. They wanted

to make sure I learned my lesson. They were sending a message that civil disobedience wouldn't be tolerated. They couldn't silence my dissent legally, so they had to resort to extralegal activities.

At first I felt shame and humiliation over being raped. Later, I realized that it was not my

shame – it was my country’s shame. As a veteran, I feel my country betrayed me. America has a lot to answer for.

After I was released from jail, I tried to live a normal life, but the rape haunted me. I had flashbacks and nightmares. I was diagnosed with bipolar disorder. My marriage and my business failed. I’ve been arrested over and over again for acting out. I’ve had sexual problems. I’ve been filled with anger for nearly four decades.

Besides the obvious costs to my life, the rape has taken its toll in dollars and cents. Can you put a cost on an incident of prison rape? I have. I believe that one day I spent in jail has cost the government and the taxpayers at least \$300,000.

I’ve been hospitalized more times than I can count. My career as a journalist and photographer was completely derailed, which means lost income tax and spending power. For the past two decades, I’ve received a non-service-connected disability pension from the VA at a cost of about \$200,000 in connection with the only major trauma I’ve ever suffered – the rape.

I’m only one man. It’s hard to say how many men and women are the victims of sexual assault behind bars each year, but with 2 million people imprisoned at any given time in this country, I think it’s a significant number. I’ve never been able to find an accountant who could calculate the cost of prisoner rape, but I believe it costs us millions and millions of dollars.

Although some people think the threat of rape behind bars keeps people from becoming criminals, the truth is, prisoner rape creates more criminals. It takes minor criminals and turns them into violent felons. It creates angry young men and women.

#### MICAH, CALIFORNIA

I have been in custody since March 11, 2010, when I was repeatedly tortured and sexually abused by law enforcement officers at a police lock-up in California.

I was wrongfully arrested because of my political activities, and officers conspired to torture and abuse me. Over the course of several hours, six law enforcement officials beat and sexually assaulted me while I was naked and handcuffed. They burned my genitals with tasers and stun guns and anally sodomized me. In addition to the sexual abuse, officers also beat me with their fists, batons, and flashlights; they kicked me in the face; and they slammed me against the ground, exacerbating an existing disability and back injury. I was strangled and smothered so that I could not cry for help. An officer put a gun to the back of my head and threatened to kill me. My injuries were extensive and severe, and I threw up from the shock and the pain of the abuse.

It was very difficult for me to report the abuse. I contacted the FBI and the police and filed over 50 requests and at least three or four grievances, but nothing was done to help me. Police officials have also tried to cover up the abuses by hiding evidence and lying about the events that took place on March 11th. After the assault, I was given a cursory exam by a physician’s assistant, but I was not offered any other services, including a forensic exam or counseling. Instead, police officers threw me in a cold cell without a blanket or any food and left me there alone.

Shortly after the assaults, I was transferred to a county jail to await trial. I was mistreated by jail staff in retaliation for coming forward about the abuse by the police. Jail officials placed me with known predatory cellmates and people with HIV, Hepatitis, and other communicable diseases. I tried to get counseling from the jail psychiatrist and spoke with my attorney and the Sheriffs, but I was told to forget about the abuse.

As a result of the sexual trauma and torture I have suffered, I developed Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). I feel sad, humiliated, angry, depressed, and suicidal. I have lost weight and hair and have seizures from the nerve damage caused by the taser abuse. I feel

like my life is over and that I am worthless.

## SURVIVOR TESTIMONY

National Prison Rape Elimination Commission

Testimony of Keith DeBlasio

Washington, D.C., June 14, 2005

My name is Keith DeBlasio, and I'm here today to tell you about what happened to me while I was incarcerated in the Federal Bureau of Prisons.

After being convicted of a nonviolent securities offense, I was sent to FCI-Morgantown. Set at a former youth facility, Morgantown is a minimum security facility with no fence. Places like Morgantown are used for individuals with relatively no risk of violence, escape, or predatory behavior.

As an inmate at Morgantown, I witnessed corrections officials breaking the rules of the institution, and I reported them. Because of my reports, the prison officials retaliated against me by holding me in solitary segregation, by falsely accusing me of misconduct on charges that were later proven to be false, and finally, I suppose as a last resort, by transferring me to a higher-security facility in Milan, Michigan.

At the time, FCI-Milan was a facility often used for more unmanageable inmates in the mid-Atlantic region. It had a history of gang activity, large scale riots, violence, and predatory assaults.

I was being sent to a place known to be dangerous simply for speaking up. I was worried about what might happen to me there, but I honestly had no idea how bad it would turn out to be. I tried to protest the decision to transfer me, and I asked not to be housed in the dangerous dormitory-style housing at Milan. But I was placed in a double dormitory with about 150 inmates, dozens of blind spots, and only one officer on duty at any given time. It was here that my nightmare began. It was here that I was sexually assaulted by the same assailant, more times than I can even count.

Today, one of the things that disturbs me the most is that before the abuse began, I told officials that I felt vulnerable in the open dormitory unit, and I told officials that I felt threatened by the assailant. My assailant was a leader in a gang called the Vice Lords, and he was known for being violent. When he began to threaten and harass me, I told the prison officials, but the prison officials did nothing.

After serving three days in segregation for brutally assaulting another inmate in a stairwell, he was released and assigned to my dormitory. That was when the repeated assaults began. He threatened to stab me, and he raped me. There were numerous assaults in a long period of ongoing abuse, especially after prison officials moved my assailant into the same cubicle with me as my bunkmate. I couldn't defend myself, because he had his fellow gang members standing watch. I knew that if I reported him, I would face repercussions from the other gang members and no action was being taken by officials.

I felt there was no escape. Another man had reported abuse before me and, instead of finding safety, he was put in a recreation cage alone with his rapist, all while under protective custody. So I had just cause for staying silent.

Unfortunately, my story does not end there. Eventually, I became very ill. My illness was mysterious – swollen lymph nodes, vomiting, diarrhea, weakness, dizziness, and scabs on my scalp. Medical staff could not identify the illness, and so I spoke with my personal physician and friend at home. She prompted me to ask for an HIV screening.

Permission to take the HIV test took quite some time. It was only after a lengthy grievance process and calls from the outside physician and family members that an HIV test was performed. Sure enough, I was determined to be HIV positive, and extensive triple therapy was begun which would be a lifelong ordeal. Later I found out that prison offi-

cials knew the assailant was emotionally disturbed, a repeat predator, and on psychotropic drugs for his mental problems, and yet they did nothing to protect me. I was a nonviolent offender, but I was given a life sentence. I was repeatedly denied protection from a known predator with HIV.

I've gone through a lot of different stages, emotionally and physically, when it comes to dealing with the HIV that I contracted while behind bars. One of the challenges that I still deal with is the neuropathy that comes along with the HIV and some of the medication that I take. I have lots of problems with my medication. Many mornings, I wake up nauseated and spend hours with vomiting and dry heaves. Yet, even though the medication makes me sick, it's what keeps me from developing full-blown AIDS and passing away. I'm now on disability. Between medications and other HIV-related complications, I've had a very hard time working. In order to stay healthy, I need to be able to work on my own schedule and partially out of my home. Because of these restrictions caused by my HIV-positive status and the need for constant medical treatment, it's been all but impossible for me to even work a partial work week. It has pretty much done me in financially. My medication alone costs \$1,800 per month, which does not include doctor or hospital visits. Medical insurance is of no assistance since I won't be covered by an insurance company for pre-existing conditions. I have received some help from my family and, now that I am on disability, I have some funds to pay for what I need. Yet, disability didn't kick in until July 2004 and, in the meantime, I went into debt to get the medication and treatment that I need, in addition to simple living expenses. Sexual abuse behind bars has scarred me mentally and emotionally. Years of therapy, both behind bars and in the outside community, have helped me a great deal with coping, but what happened to me is something that affects me to this day. I suffer from anxiety associated with post-traumatic stress disorder. Large crowds have become a source of anxiety for me. Even being buried in the sand at the beach, something that I used to look upon fondly and associate with my childhood memories, triggers anxious fears of confinement.

When I think about it, it is this disease that I'm left with that makes me feel the most violated. Even though I am free, and far from the abuser and the institution, the nightmare is not over. Every day I wake up to the reality of my illness – the constant side effects of medications, the progressing neuropathy, and the uncertainty of knowing my viral load may climb and my immune system may fail. The pain, fear, and yes, the anger, will be with me always.

Why did I receive this life sentence? And why doesn't anyone have to answer for their actions? At this point, I can only ask why.



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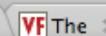
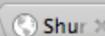


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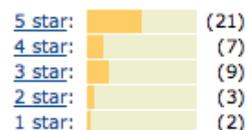
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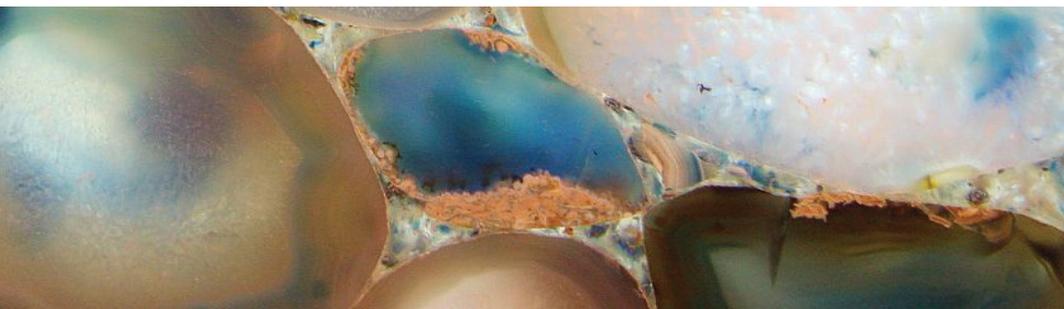
★★★★★ **A Book Capable of Changing You.**, March 4, 1999By **A Customer****This review is from:** [Mr. Sammler's Planet \(Penguin Twentieth Century Classics\) \(Paperback\)](#)

Both as an example of fine writing and as a book that leaves you thinking deep thoughts, this novel is outstanding. One of my rules for determining the "importance" of any book, movie, or other entertainment piece is whether or not it is capable of inspiring change in its audience. This novel is.

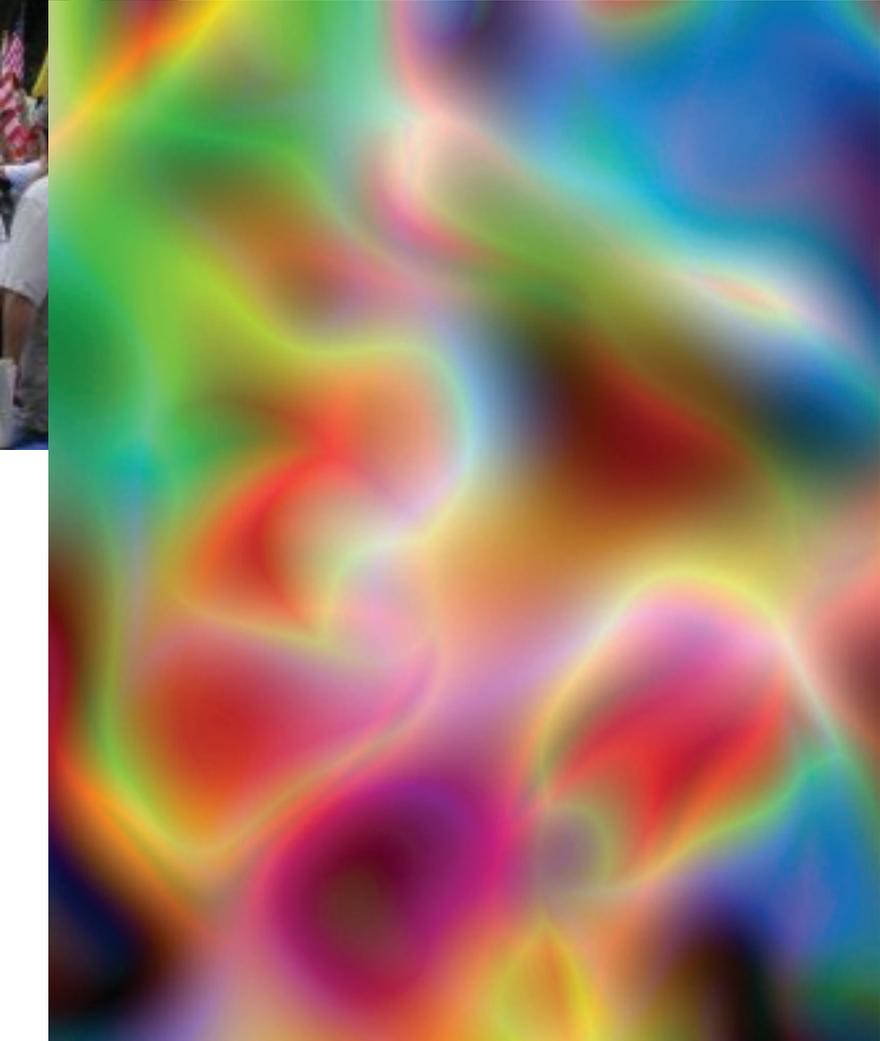


**CHANEL**











## Interview with Evo Morales

con

Evo Morales:  
Before it was  
countries. Euro,

And now Bolivia also  
rational extraction sho  
resource, and generate r

It is one thing to plunder  
to use those natural resour  
economy is improving and the

Some take advantage of these r  
resources to benefit the major  
indigenous peoples with care fo

Question: Your government has  
mean?

Evo Morales: Well, we have al  
control of the economy, 70 to

Now, the 70 to 80 percent is  
that it's legal, constitutional  
changes that clearly this gov  
an important step. There are  
Bolivian people.

The moment we give add  
control is so importa  
economic development

Question: The ne

Evo Morales:  
Evangelic  
religi  
u

### Question:

You've made a point of defending the environment, yet a growing percentage of Bolivia's economy is based on gas and mining. Is this a contradiction?

Answer: Bolivia historically made and still makes a living from natural resources. Tin, but also silver, gold, and other minerals were plundered by many foreign powers after the United States.

It depends not only on tin and other minerals, but also depends on the gas and oil. A balance could be made, taking care of the environment. We should give added value to this natural resource to fight poverty with more resources, that come from natural resources.

It is not the natural resources of a country for the benefit of another one. It is another thing to use resources for the benefit of the people. And therefore we nationalize hydrocarbons, so now the fight against poverty is also improving in Bolivia.

It is not the natural resources to put the capital in the hands of the few, while some use these natural resources for their own benefit, as we do in Bolivia. Additionally, this exploitation is done in close consultation with the people and for the benefit of the natural environment.

The government announced that it will take more control over Bolivia's economy. What will these changes be?

Answer: We have already started overseeing the national economy. Before we arrived, the private sector had full control, 80 percent. The state controlled only 20 to 30 percent.

The state is controlled by the Bolivian state, and the other percentage by the private sector. We admit that the private sector is entitled to its own economy, but to ensure these profound changes, the government is promoting, including profound changes in the food industry, what we are doing is to create industries focused on the metallic and non-metallic fields, and in minerals, to benefit the people.

By adding value to our natural resources, the national economy will improve. Therefore state intervention is necessary for the people who have always been excluded from the claims of social and economic justice.

How does the Bolivian constitution have declared the country a secular state. Why?

Answer: It is religious freedom, religious faith. In Bolivia there are Catholic, Protestant, Methodist, Baptist churches, and so on. In Bolivia there are indigenous religious beliefs like the rite of Pachamama Mother Earth, which shows us that Mother Earth is our life, we are born out of the Earth and we live on the Earth and return to the Earth. With the recognition of our goddess, the Pachamama, and it is not possible to continue having

a  
monopoly of religious  
faith, only Catholic. We have  
therefore adopted the new constitution  
as a secular state where all religious beliefs  
will be respected.

And as president I have an obligation to meet with the  
leaders of Catholic and Evangelical churches, as I have close  
relations with the Methodists and the Salesians, but also I have  
the right to meet with the Pope.

I am Catholic but I want to say something to the Catholics. Thank  
you for some of the bishops who live in rural areas, and are still  
Catholic. These bishops of the Catholic churches still pray for  
the poor, and pray for their president who works for the poor,  
while the leaders of the Catholic Church only defend oligarchy.  
Now I'm much more convinced that the hierarchy comes from  
the monarchy, and that the hierarchy stays apart from the  
oligarchy. So the oligarchy is hurtful to the majority in  
Bolivia.

These days a father, a bishop named Eduardo  
Perez Iribarne, a Spaniard who heads  
the Radio Fides presented a  
documentary, a film

about  
the priest Luis Espinal,  
who was killed by the military  
dictatorship. He gave his life for the poor, his  
life for the truth, his life for justice. Because of  
that I am still a Catholic. Absent those people I would  
not be Catholic any longer because of the hierarchy of the  
Catholic Church.

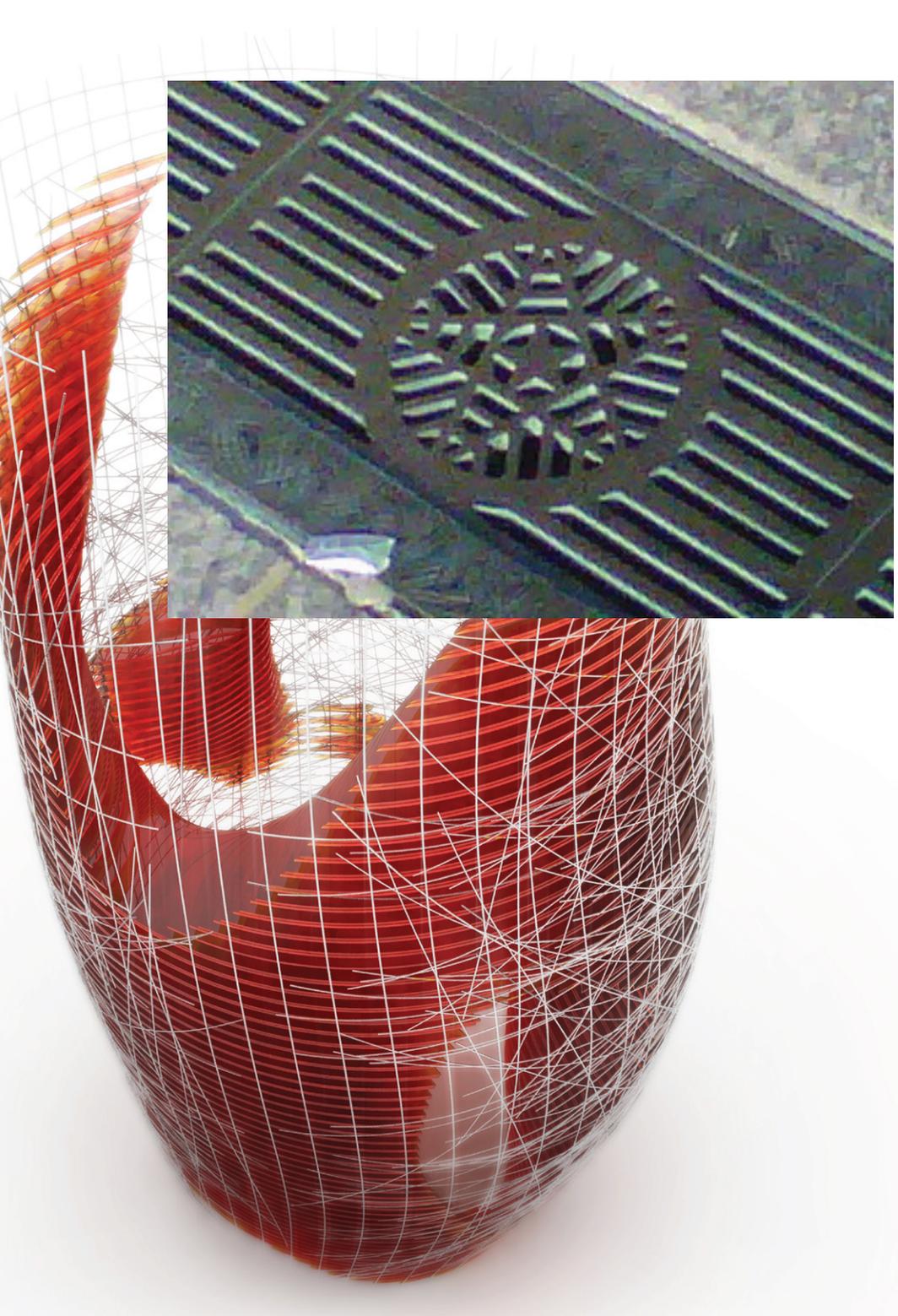
Question: What are the biggest misconceptions that Americans have  
about Bolivia?

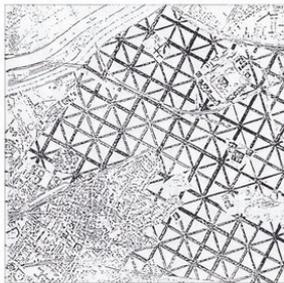
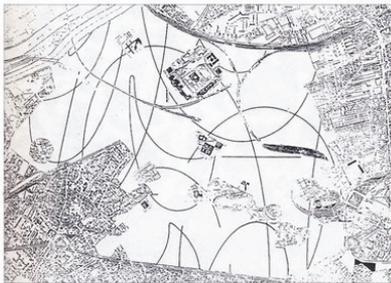
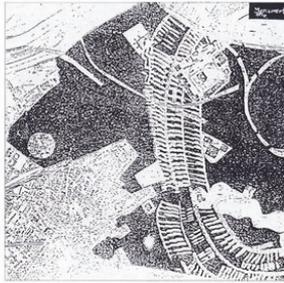
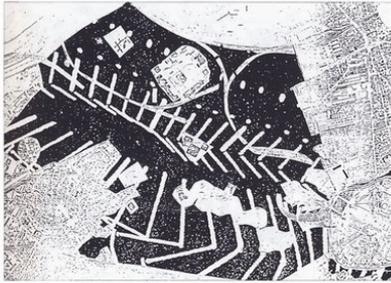
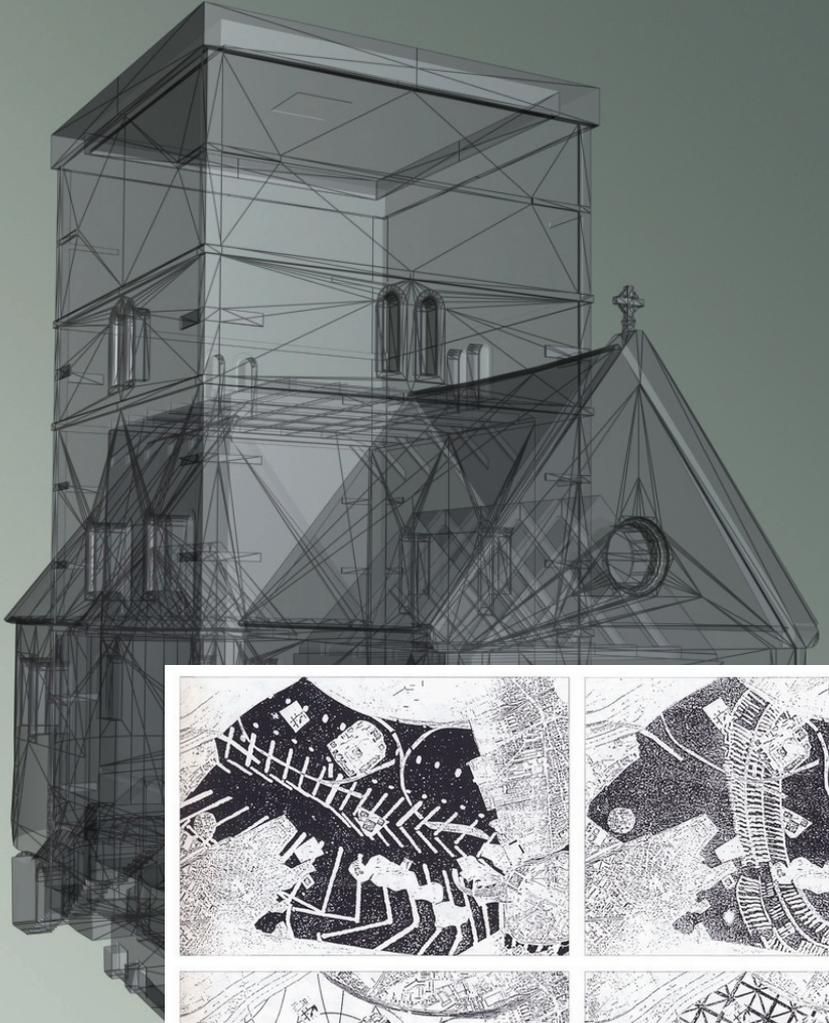
Evo Morales: One thing is the American people and another thing the U.S.  
government.

Last night I met with many members of the USA to talk about the rights of  
Mother Earth. Tonight, same on water, water in Palestine, water as a human right.  
I am surprised that, at these conferences with representatives of civil society,  
they applaud me and show much love, much admiration for our proposals. For  
the defense of the environment, the fight for the rights of Mother Earth.

We have raised an issue that is already in the Bolivian constitution, that  
water is a universal human right. And we asked the United Nations to  
recognize water as a human right. Three to four weeks ago U.N.  
approved water as a human right. That's for everybody. All peoples  
of the world recognize this legalization, recognition of social  
policies that come from the social struggles in Bolivia,  
but worldwide.

I, therefore, feel that the people,  
even if they are





by James G. Elmslie, 20

from  
the U.S. or Europe,  
support these democratic processes  
and transformations. Now governments are a  
different thing. Presidents who do not want me.  
As I said, an African-American discriminates against an  
indigenous Bolivian. Well, they have their reasons, but sooner  
or later we will all be judged.

Question: Has President Obama been better for Bolivia than President  
Bush was?

Evo Morales: Internally, I have no reason to make an evaluation. The people, the  
U.S., are the ones who will evaluate the Obama Administration.

But, with Bolivia, I had hope that a discriminated African-American, with another  
discriminated indigenous peasant leader, I hoped that together we could work for  
justice and equality. Not only for just two countries, Bolivia and USA, but for  
equality around the world.

Then he killed my hopes with his comments, for example, about the issue  
of our fight against drug trafficking. Mr. Obama acknowledged to Congress  
that we have provided our economic resources, congratulated the  
national police for drug busting.

He recognizes the peaceful efforts we make in reducing coca  
cultivation. However he does not give us credit for it.

But because of the U.S. government, because of  
America's growing demand for cocaine,  
clandestine synthetic drug  
factories



are  
growing rapidly. The U.N.  
says there has been a 1 percent  
growth in coca cultivation in Bolivia. But  
Obama said that in Bolivia there has been a growth  
of 9 percent in coca cultivation. Who should we believe?  
The U.N.? Or the U.S. State Department?

I think that of course we should trust the U.N., as he is twisting  
numbers and results in the fight against drug trafficking, but why? To  
blame Evo Morales for drug traffickers. Unfortunately, in this Obama  
Government, we have charges of drug trafficking and terrorism. For Evo,  
it's drug trafficking. For Hugo, it's terrorism. Evo Morales, drug trafficking.  
Hugo Chavez, terrorism. They make these charges, but his target is to get  
control over these countries, maybe militarily as the U.S. did in Iraq.

In Iraq, they said Saddam Hussein had weapons of mass destruction  
endangering mankind. With this pretext, the U.S. intervened militarily, and all  
they did is take control over oil fields, and oil wells.

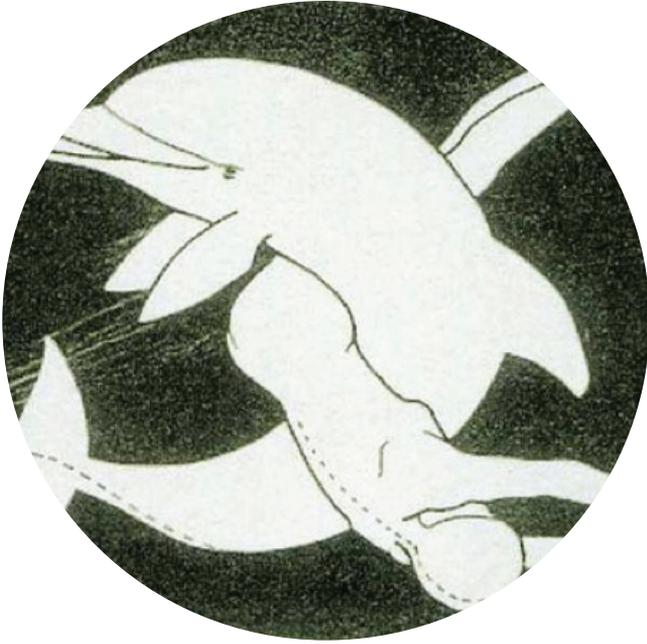
Geopolitical interests are behind the so-called war on drugs and  
terrorism. Another issue: we comply with all we can do, as  
Bolivians, in combating drug trafficking, but they take away our  
tariff preferences. This is a boycott, economic sabotage  
against Bolivia. But thanks to the solidarity of Argentina,  
Brazil, and especially Venezuela, we are selling our  
textiles in South America better than in the  
USA now.

Of  
course, we do not  
want to lose that market  
but that does not mean that it  
is not another form of economic  
blockade to Bolivia. Again, thanks to the  
solidarity of South America, we are selling  
textiles to our sister countries.

Question: You have allied yourself in recent  
years with Venezuela's Hugo Chavez and Iran's  
Mahmoud Ahmadinejad? What does Bolivia have  
in common with their countries?

Evo Morales: Also with Cuba, with  
Fidel. I am quite an admirer of  
Fidel. For me, Fidel is the  
first and the best





follow ur dreams

solid world. Fidel  
but every little th  
are countries that se  
their outdated technology  
Fidel is the first and the be  
interventionist policies of the U.S.

But the fight against capitalism has  
concentrate the capital in few hands. He  
happening not only with Hugo Chavez, Venez  
American countries with presidents as Lula, C

It is a democratic uprising. I'd say a democratic r  
us, more than that, any cooperation means uncondi  
conditions, under blackmail. And they use the IMF a

Fortunately, in Bolivia, we have begun to liberate ours  
economic liberalization, the country will continue to be  
financial liberalization.

Question: You have said that you want the world to bu  
possible?

Evo Morales: Sooner or later we will reach a point where  
capitalism itself. Capitalism is destroying Mother Earth, and

In Latin America, in the past, it was almost impossible to  
many military dictatorships. Although we have a dictator in  
say. But again led or managed, gestated by the U.S. governmen

I was told one thing: Throughout Latin America there has  
the U.S., because there is no U.S. ambassador in the U.S.  
that organize those coups, military coups.

And now we are immersed in deep democratic revolutions,  
right. And that is spread around the world. Of course,  
make changes to seek equality and justice.

I'm still convinced. We all fight for freedom, but th  
if governments do not ensure that, the peoples thro  
socialism. Why communitarian socialism? Now n  
program or as our principles. But as well to liv

Again we see how capitalism is destroying  
but man cannot live without the Earth,  
right of man or the rights of the Mot  
the rights of the Mother Earth to

These are our deepest differ  
are aiming firstly for the  
humanity. That is u  
what I would  
does th

man in  
solidarity with the peoples of the  
shares not just what he does not need,  
thing he has. That is called solidarity. There  
and us garbage. There are countries that send us  
as their cooperation. With Fidel it is totally different.  
ist one to stand for peace in the world denouncing the  
S. government.

many aspects, particularly the distinctive economic models that  
questions the various methods of intervention to countries. That is  
Cuba, Iran... but also with the countries of Central America, and South  
Korea, countries as Paraguay, Uruguay.

revolution against imperialism and against capitalism. So the agreements between  
national credit, while the US and some capitalist countries want to help us under  
as a major instrument of economic and financial domination.

liberates economically. If we do not accompany social and cultural liberation with  
subjugated. Fortunately, social and cultural liberation go along with economic and

to build a global communitarian socialism and end war. Given human nature, is this really

communitarian socialism turns global because capitalism is not even the solution to  
to destroy Mother Earth is to destroy humanity.

to guarantee democracy. There were military dictatorships, and nowadays there are not so  
Honduras, as a result of a coup, now as a president, he is almost the only one I would  
not.

to have been military dictatorships. The only place where there has not been a coup ever, that's  
as there are U.S. ambassadors all over Latin America, it's the ambassadors the ones

to fight for the recovery of our resources, and to transform a resource into a basic human  
there will be neither capitalist governments nor capitalist court precedents that will

to be the foundation of freedom is equality and justice. And we are all on the road. And  
though their own efforts will ensure these changes, what we call communitarian  
not only do we have the pursuit of happiness for man, as a government, as a  
to be in harmony with Mother Earth.

to defend Mother Earth. I remain convinced that the Earth can exist without man  
without the Mother Earth. What is more important to defend: the  
Mother Earth? In this new millennium it is more important to defend  
to guarantee human rights.

to defend ourselves, even with a simple left, with a single socialism. We  
to defend the Mother Earth, to protect life, to ensure  
what we call communitarian socialism. That is  
to like to be in the world. To what pretext  
to let the U.S. invade the world? National  
to security. We're not

just  
national security. We  
stand for global security and so we  
take care of everyone's life.

To talk only about national security, national defense,  
means to be selfish, ambitious. It is discrimination, isolation.  
"It is just me. What do I care about others?" We share our  
deepest differences. That is under discussion and will continue to be  
debated.

Of course, it will not only be Evo Morales who resolves this. And my duty,  
temporarily as president, is to guide, discuss with them so that the peoples  
of the world realize the damage that capitalism causes. The solution, is it  
capitalism, or is it communitarian socialism? Of course this is an initiative,  
which will continue to be debated.

Question: How will the increasing demand for lithium affect Bolivia's economy  
in the coming years?

Evo Morales: Lithium is like a beautiful lady, very much sought and  
pursued, especially in Bolivia. There is data indicating Bolivia has the  
largest reserves of lithium in the world.

Our policy is clear: that the state takes advantage of this  
natural resource, giving added value. But if the state has  
no capacity to invest in lithium, it will look for  
partners—not owners of lithium. The best  
partners would be national firms.  
But if we can't find a

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LITHIUM I

Question: H

Evo Morales  
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Our policy  
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company that we can partner with  
to industrialize lithium, private companies  
will enter the market.

We welcome private investment, but any company or national firm will be a partner of a venture where the result will go mainly to the Bolivian people. Of course, any investor is entitled to recover their investment and take profits. But be assured that these new functions with our partners will also be reinvested in our country for the benefit of the Bolivian people. The idea, as the central theme, is that any exploitation of lithium needs to be done in a way that respects the environment.

September 22, 2010  
by David Hirschman

IS LIKE A BEAUTIFUL LADY

How will the increasing demand for lithium affect Bolivia's economy in the coming years?

Answer: Lithium is like a beautiful lady, very much sought and pursued, especially in Bolivia. This is indicating Bolivia has the largest reserves of lithium in the world.

It is clear: that the state takes advantage of this natural resource, giving added value. But if the state has no capacity to invest in lithium, it will look for partners—not owners of lithium. These partners would be national firms. But if we can't find a national company that we can partner with to industrialize lithium, private companies will enter the market.

We welcome private investment, but any company or national firm will be a partner of a venture where the result will go mainly to the Bolivian people. Of course, any investor is entitled to recover their investment and take profits. But be assured that these new functions with our partners will also be reinvested in our country for the benefit of the Bolivian people. The idea, as the central theme, is that any exploitation of lithium needs to be done in a way that respects the environment.





WALDEN;  
OR,  
LIFE IN THE WOODS.

By HENRY D. THOREAU,  
AUTHOR OF "A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS."

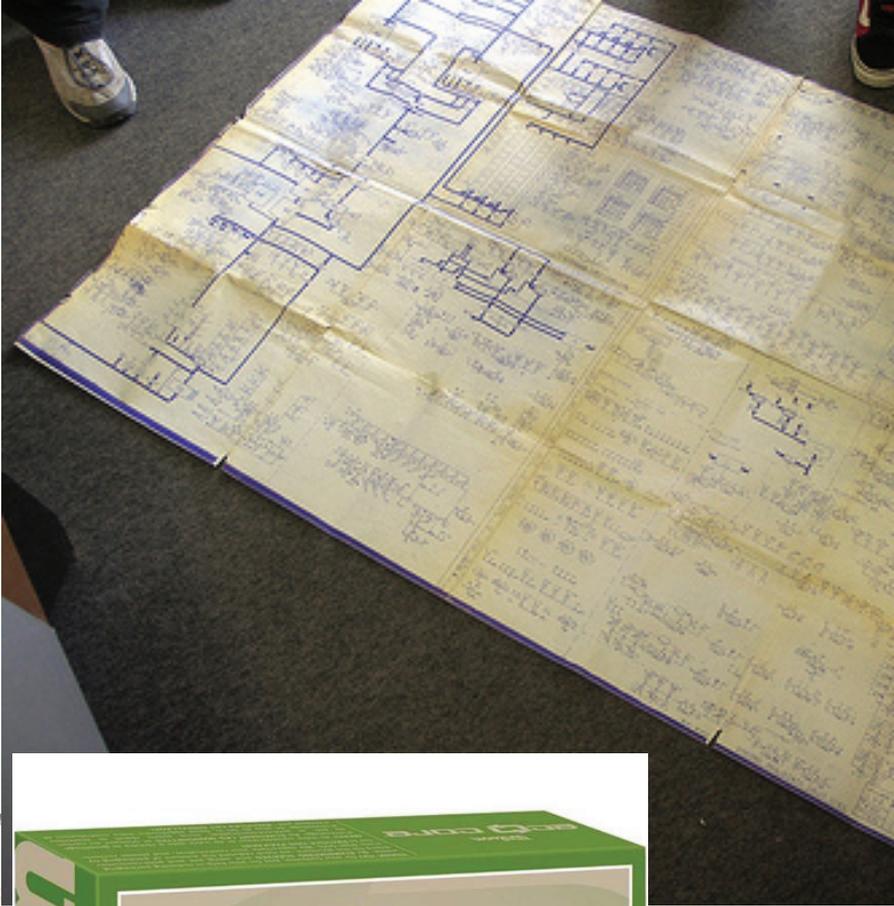


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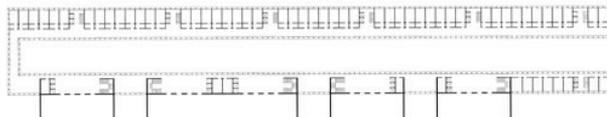
I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as childish  
morning, standing on his roof, if only to wake my neighbors up. — Page

BOSTON:  
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.  
M DCCC LXX.





*Alphin Embassy*  
DIRECTLY ASTERN



Dolphins may be able to use focussed sound to produce cavitation.

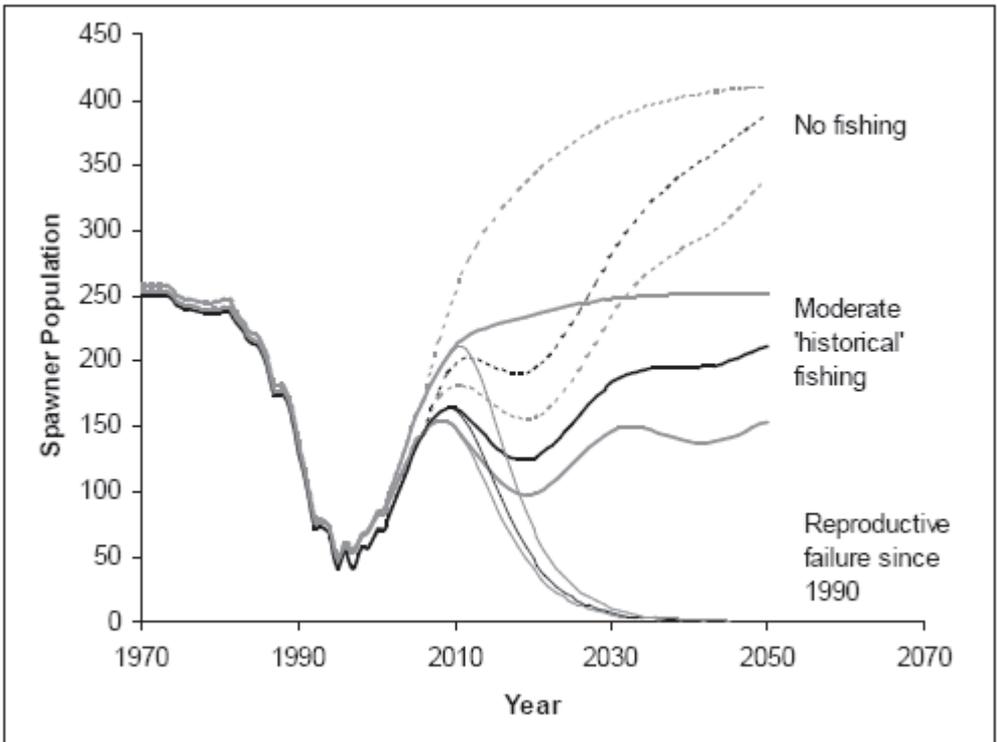
Cavitation in water could produce sonoluminescence which can produce cold fusion and thus oceanic nuclear energy.

Cavitation in biological tissue could produce sono-chemistry, sonochemical changes at cellular boundaries in living tissue, that may explain some chemical and electrical changes that have been observed in Human brains after contact with Dolphins.

AquaThought Foundation and David Cole have found that after Humans been in contact with Dolphins, the dominant Human brain frequency drops from beta to alpha, closer to the frequency of the Schumann resonances of Earth, and

the hemispheres of the Human brain become synchronized, in that brainwaves of the left and right hemispheres are in phase and of similar frequency.

sea-water is not a uniform fluid, but a tangle of intertwined chains of sugar molecules that trap water within their meshwork to form a gel.



*HOROSCOPE by DANNII*

**Aries:** In true Aries style, you will be gawked and stared at for your sexxxi assets rather than being asked your opinion on current affairs and you will get annoyed.

**Taurus:** Grab your own life by your own horns and stop being such a fucking follower. Its gross.

**Gemini:** I don't like Geminis. They're annoying.

**Cancer:** You're too hot and cold. Stop being so moody. Tuesday will be good.

**Leo:** I like you. Most people like you. Things are good this week. Don't wear blue. I don't like blue.

**Virgo:** This makes me think of virgins. If you haven't had sex ever yet – what?! – than do it as soon as possible. You'll like it a lot and then feel bad about yourself.

**Libra:** You're the only inanimate object in the zodiac. That means something. Find out what it is.

**Scorpio:** Watch where you point your stinger!

**Sagittarius:** You're so mayj. And apparently really good at sex. Do something mayj and sexy.

**Capricorn:** You have a tail. That is so mayj.

**Aquarius:** Again. Annoying.

**Pisces:** Being a dreamer is great but, seriously, get a grip

