

ECOCORE

— The Dolphin Issue

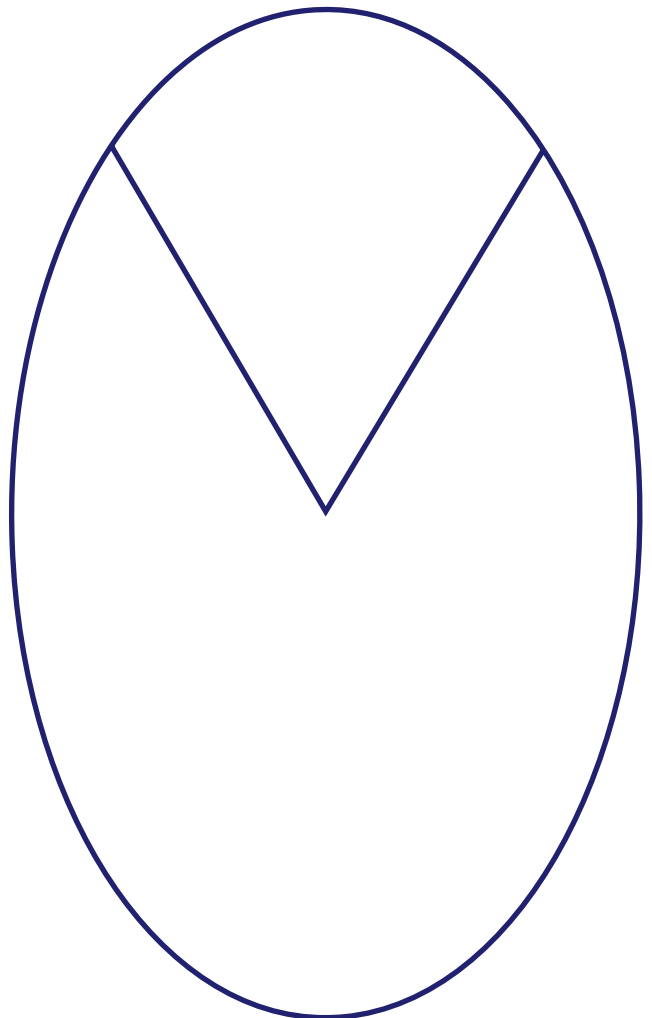
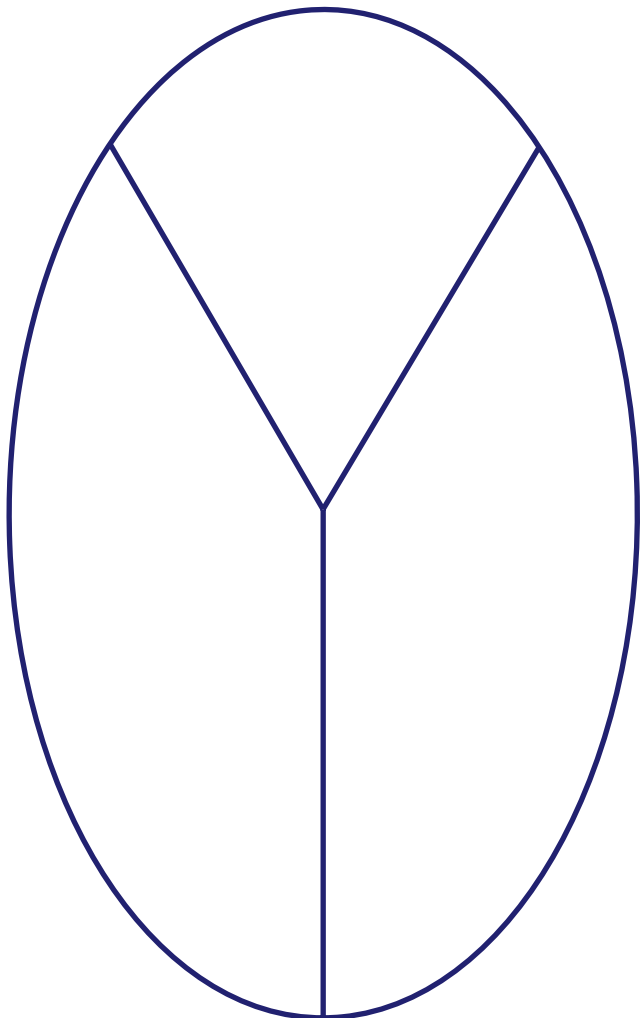
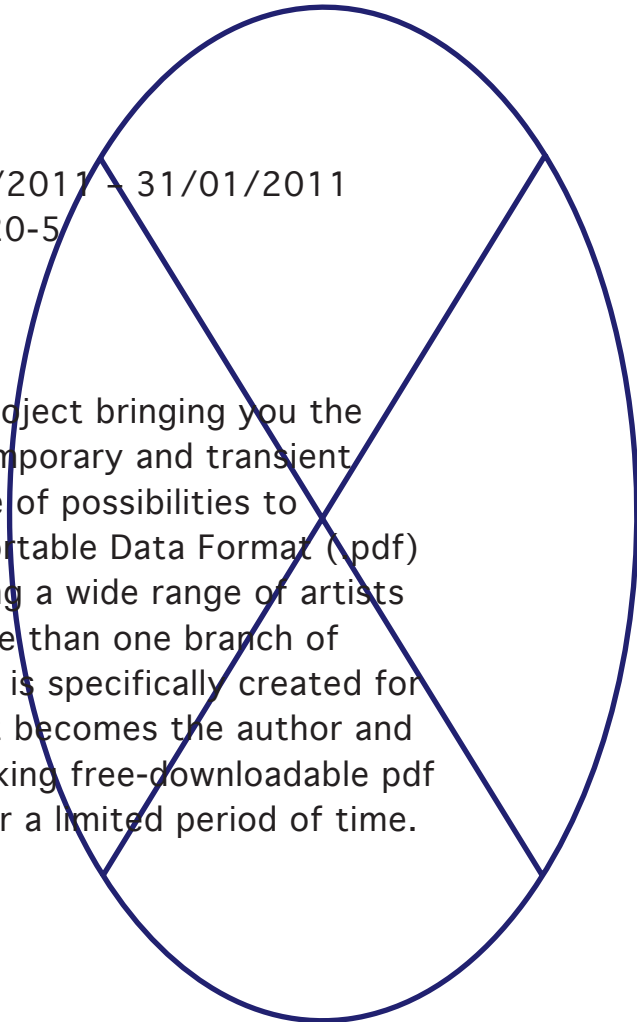
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E C O C O R E

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Editor:Alessandro Bava

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dolphins

saudade

Vincent Bevins



In the rivers deep in the jungles of the Amazon, there are pink dolphins. No, they are not quite as spectacularly beautiful as you imagine, but they exist. The Amazon river is sort of a dirty brown-red, so they are a pink fleshy colour that matches the water. And they have a hump instead of a fin.

They are considered endangered of course, for two reasons: First, the idea of a pink dolphin is irresistibly cute to the city-dwellers that decide which species should continue to exist.

And second, more importantly, because the state of existence in the Amazon is constant murderous warfare of all living beings against all other living beings, and anyone who has a chance to kill something, especially something big, kills it. Anyone who has been in the jungle for more than ten minutes knows this. The humans that live near the rivers kill the dolphins because they fucking can, and because they rightly view nature as a terrifying threat to their livelihood that must be fought however possible.

In Europe, "nature" is a nice meadow where you go have a lovely walk, have a seat on a log, smell some flowers, and write a poem about it. In South America, nature is a dark, chaotic and aggressive force, and anybody who has ever had the technology and organisational skills to do so has immediately destroyed as much as possible, to carve out a space where they might reasonably expect to survive. That, by the way, is how European nature got so nice - we killed everything threatening and paved the whole thing with an American-style suburban lawn. You would not have wanted to walk around France unarmed 4,000 years ago.

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

Here are some quotes about the dolphins from people who live near them, as told to my friend Alexei, who did much 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, I tell them the dolphin will impregnate them."

Oh, that's right. Another juicy tidbit about the pink Amazon river dolphin is that, legend goes, he loves to fuck local women and impregnate them. It's like this: if you turn up pregnant and you don't have a good reason, it must have been one of those dolphins that transforms into beautiful men at night and secretly have sex with you. Or, they fucked you while you weren't looking as you bathed - the story varies from area to area.

My friend Alexei spent a lot of time and money on his "investigative report" about the endangered dolphin. But he failed to find one thing: anyone who gave even the slightest shit that the dolphins were being killed or that the ass hole coast-dwellers who run Brazil were so sad about it. Here in the middle of the jungle, there are all kinds of species coming and going every day, and good riddance. Why care about this one?

The Jungle

I'm not sure to what extent the image of the Amazon as hellish nightmare has much traction outside of South America. But here, it's fairly well understood. The people that live there tend to be viewed as deeply unfortunate, or deeply ignorant that they can leave, or both.

You want to go deep into the jungle? Make sure you have a medical team, are heavily armed, and have the ability to be airlifted out when you almost die. As we are constantly reminded, the area is teeming with life. But that life is malicious, mysterious, and primordially bent on chaos. The air buzzes with millions of living things and is hot with disease and insanity. You will become infected with something, and lose your mind ever so slightly. Something will try to kill you.

Do not go into any water you do not know very well, because, apart from the possibility of piranhas, one of my favourite organisms might get you. As soon as you go in waist-deep, the tiny little fish shoots up either your penis or vagina, immediately expands with spikes so it can't get out, and then starts eating you from inside. When you wake up in the morning, don't rub your eyes, because there is a tiny organism that has evolved to bite your

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 don't 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 a few years trying to make Fitzcarraldo deep in the jungle. His summary of the situation bears repeating:

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

Politics

Brazil is living through its best moment in living history. Almost everyone is doing better off than they were a few years ago, and the country is full of new self-confidence as a globally important people. In 2003, Brazilians elected to president Lula, a life-time radical leftist, former labour 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 São Paulo economic and financial elite that really runs the country. So, he abandoned most of his ambitious left-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 some scraps to the poorest people in the country. This had never really happened before, and started a bottom-up revolution in the economy which reverberated all the way up to the top.

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 be 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

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

doctors in
there every once in a while. To
really bring these people into the modern world,
they'd probably have to leave. Making the Amazon liveable
would be akin to destroying it, and that is not what the wider
world needs at the moment.

Of course, the deforestation of the Amazon continues, and has in fact picked
up pace in the last few months. To get a sense of how far removed from civilisation
most of the Amazon is, the Brazilian government tracks the deforestation of the Amazon
using satellite imaging technology. They literally take a huge picture from space and kinda
divide by the the size of the previous green part. Sending people out there to check would be
completely impossible.

It is a fallacy, though, to think that deforestation is the result of small-time farmers trying to make
a living. Most of it is cleared to make grazing space for cattle, by some of the world's largest meat
companies. Deforestation is primarily the result of meat consumption. Sometimes the Brazilian government
tries to go head to head with the lobbies that ensure this is possible, but they have recently failed. The
only hope for keeping the Amazon as big as it is is the reduction of meat consumption or for the Brazilian
government to take on business, lose, and then lose power to a less friendly government.

But the government did just ram through the construction of a giant dam (to provide much-needed electricity for
the country, however) which will surely destroy a bit of nature and displace some native peoples. For this one,
James Cameron actually showed up and made an emotional speech, saying that this is what Avatar was really all
about. Moving.

Eco-Terror

Herzog and I may have exaggerated to some slight extent the inhospitality and conflictual nature of "nature".
But coming to face with this ugly, exciting and awe-inspiring reality need not make us feel different about any
environmental commitment or the ecological spirit more generally. That need not be based on some naïve idea that
"nature" is some harmonious state to which we can return. Things have always been chaotic and in flux. History
stretches back to the big bang and it makes no sense to pick some point along that time line and call it the
"natural" state of things. And, whichever one we did pick would not be quite as harmonious as we had hoped.

But humans, like all species, need not live everywhere, and we need not make every part of the Earth - such
as the Amazon - hospitable to us. It's human egoism to think nature in all its forms should be
pleasant for us. We do not belong there in large numbers, and that certainly does not mean it does
not exist.

It's quite clear we are able to induce changes, there and elsewhere which makes life impossible
even for us, and that is a fundamental problem. If we really wanted to be altruistic, we
should disappear. If humans disappeared from Europe, you could be sure a great deal of
life would spring up where we used to be.

As long as we are here, we need to take what we need while not destroying too
much. But as long as humans live in the Amazon, in the primordial fire-pit of
life, do not expect them to see those pink dolphins as friends. I'm sure
the dolphins don't view us that way as they rape our women.







Dolphin psychology may be similar to humans

15th September 2003

By Shane Scara

In dolphins and theoretically in humans, peers may play a more important role than parents in teaching new behaviour.

This finding was made in a lengthy study conducted by the University of Southern Mississippi psychology department. The research was included in the August issue of *Wildlife*, a BBC-produced magazine, as part of a larger article on animal intelligence. Student and faculty psychology researchers have been observing play behaviour of dolphins at the Marine Life Oceanarium in Gulfport for the past six years.

According to Dr. Stan Kuczaj, the chairman of the psychology department at USM, observing the relationships of juvenile dolphins may help better understand childhood psychology.

Kuczaj wanted to find out where new behaviour originates in dolphins and which member of a dolphin's circle of relationships influences it most.

To best observe the dolphins, Kuczaj chose to work out of the Marine Life Oceanarium. Observing the dolphins was made easier in the clear water and glassed tanks. Also the dolphins could be observed from birth to adulthood.

Researchers took turns driving from Hattiesburg to Gulfport to observe the dolphins about one to two hours each day. They watched nine dolphins, born within the last seven years. Dolphins become adults at about 10 years of age.

The researchers studied the dolphins' play behaviour and social interaction to determine their role models.

"When the project started, most (researchers) believed it was the mother," Kuczaj said. "We found instead that while the mother is important, calves are most influenced by other calves."

Kuczaj also said calves generate most new behaviour that other dolphins imitate. Sometimes the adults or juveniles will do new things while calves -- the most active -- create more new games.

In the wild, dolphins travel in pods, or small groups of like age and gender. Adult males usually pool together, so it is rare for fathers to take a role in their calves' lives. Often mothers will give birth at the same time and juveniles will grow up with others of like age.

Rachel Thames, pursuing her doctorate in experimental psychology at USM, said that although dolphins were often given a toy to stimulate activity, they would also make their own toys, sometimes blowing bubbles and even pushing other calves around.

"The calf seems to voluntarily allow itself to be pushed as a toy," Thames said.

Thames said young dolphins will sometimes blow bubbles and chase them to the top of the tank. They often will increase the number of bubbles and try to bite them before they burst at the surface, she said.

Thames believes the challenge of catching the bubbles is more important than the result.

"In my opinion, we can look for the same influence by peers in human children," she said.

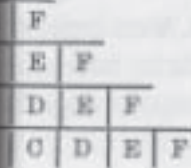
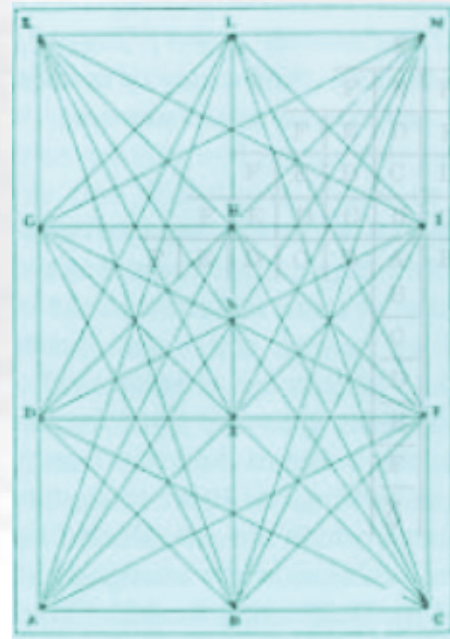
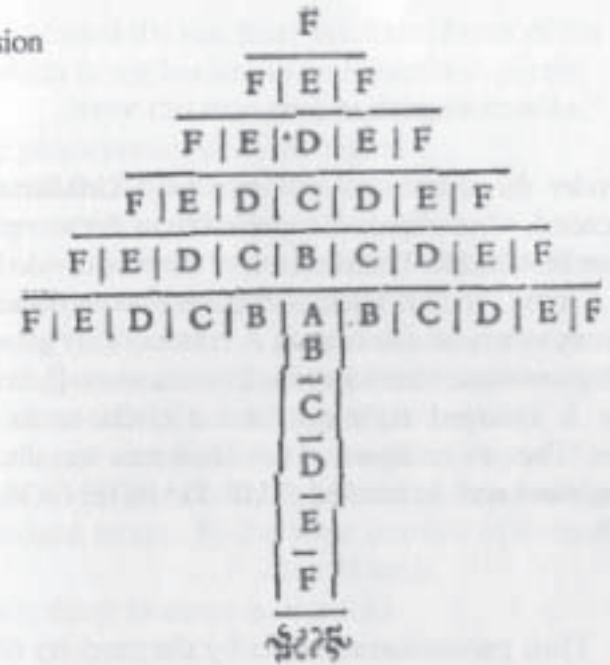
Thames and other USM researchers are now conducting a wild dolphin experiment in the Gulf of Mexico.



ON THE
COMPOSITION OF
IMAGES, SIGNES
AND IDEAS

Giordano Bruno

1591 version



Tocco's version



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

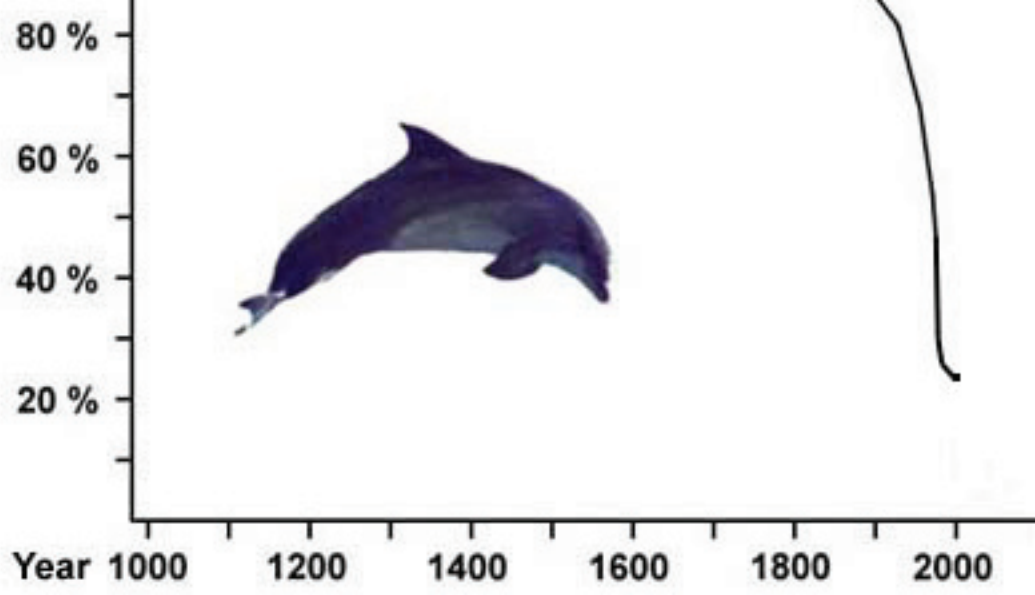


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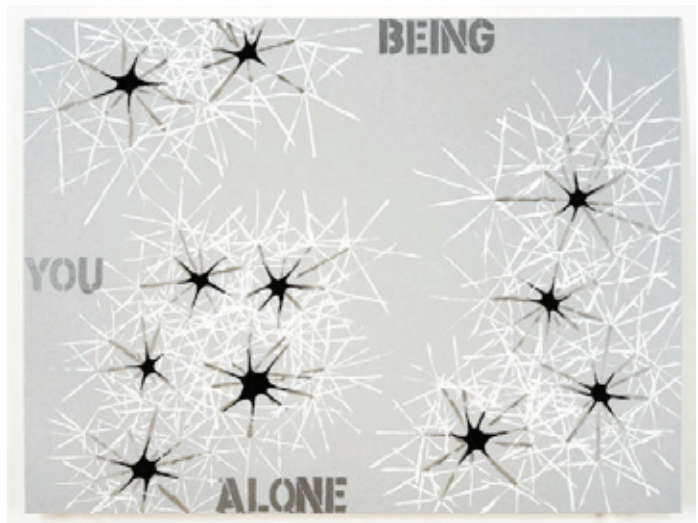
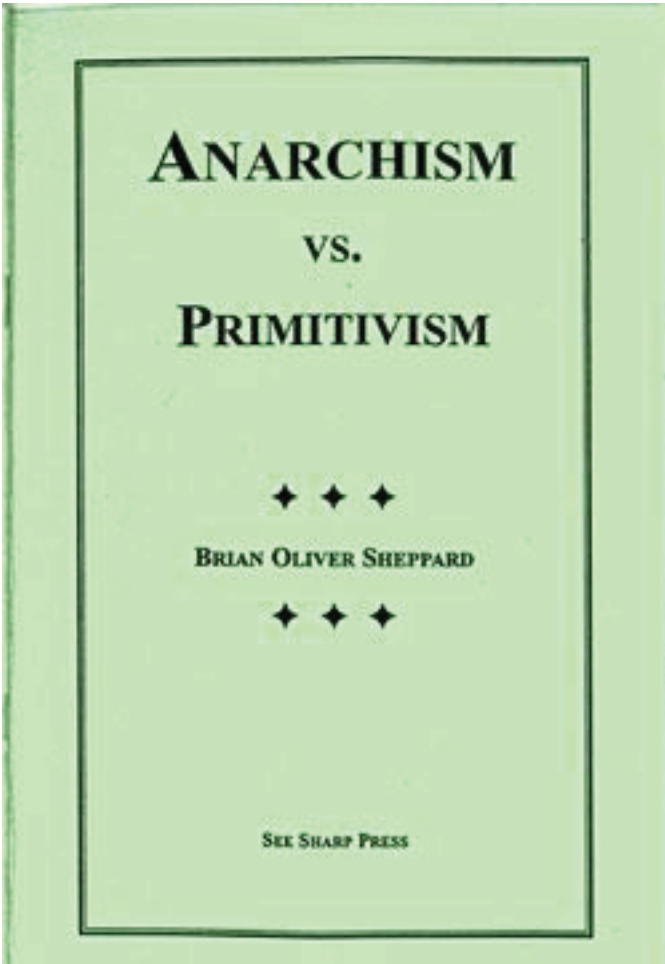


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The Dolphin Embassy
www.dolphintale.com



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My Library 1 of 18

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

iPad 9:41 AM
My Library 1 of 18

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 some-time 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 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

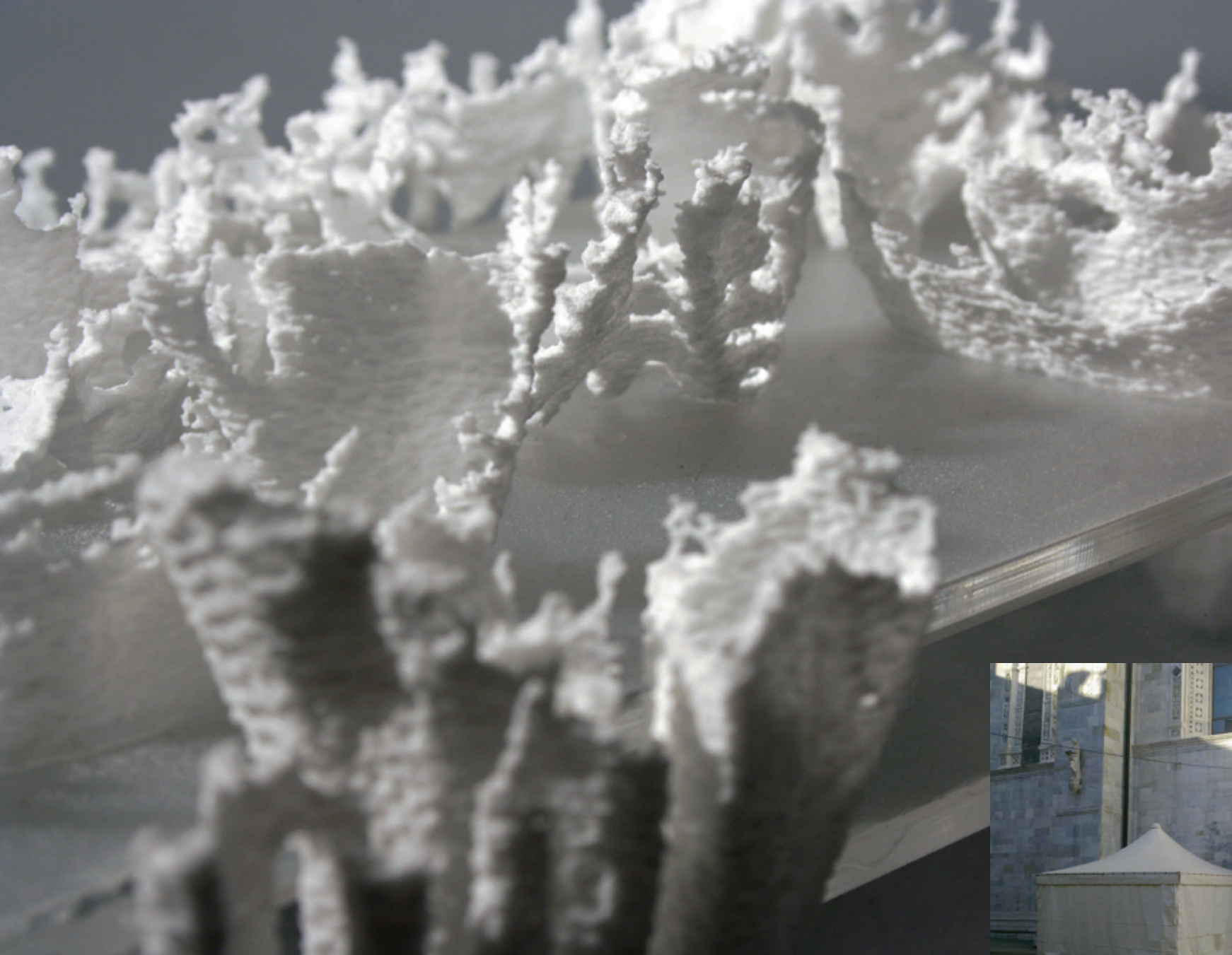
not succeeded in pulling the empire out of its deep contemplative state in Peking and making it something fully vital and present in the hearts of subjects, who nonetheless want nothing better than to feel its touch once and then die from the experience.

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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A D O P H I N W O E

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 Eu-
rope.

His demand comes after a "shocking" new report highlight-
ing 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 currently
complies with the necessary legal animal welfare requirements.

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

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

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

It said that while the average age of a dolphin in the wild is 45 years, 53 per cent of dolphins 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 between 40 and
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 very shocked.
"What is happening is quite brutal. There has been growing awareness regarding the special nature of
cetaceans amongst governments, scientists and the public, it is thus particularly sad that despite all this
knowledge on cetaceans such a report on the dolphinariums within the EU is not only necessary but also
reveals some disturbing results."

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

His comments were echoed by Cathy Williamson, of the WDCS, who said, "These commercially
driven, 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 sig-
nificant".

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

ing
little to no contribution
to conservation and that they may
be detrimental to the conservation of wild
whales and dolphins.

It says a "significant" number of dolphins in captiv-
ity 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 chemi-
cals as well as bacteria, causing many health problems in dolphins
including blindness.

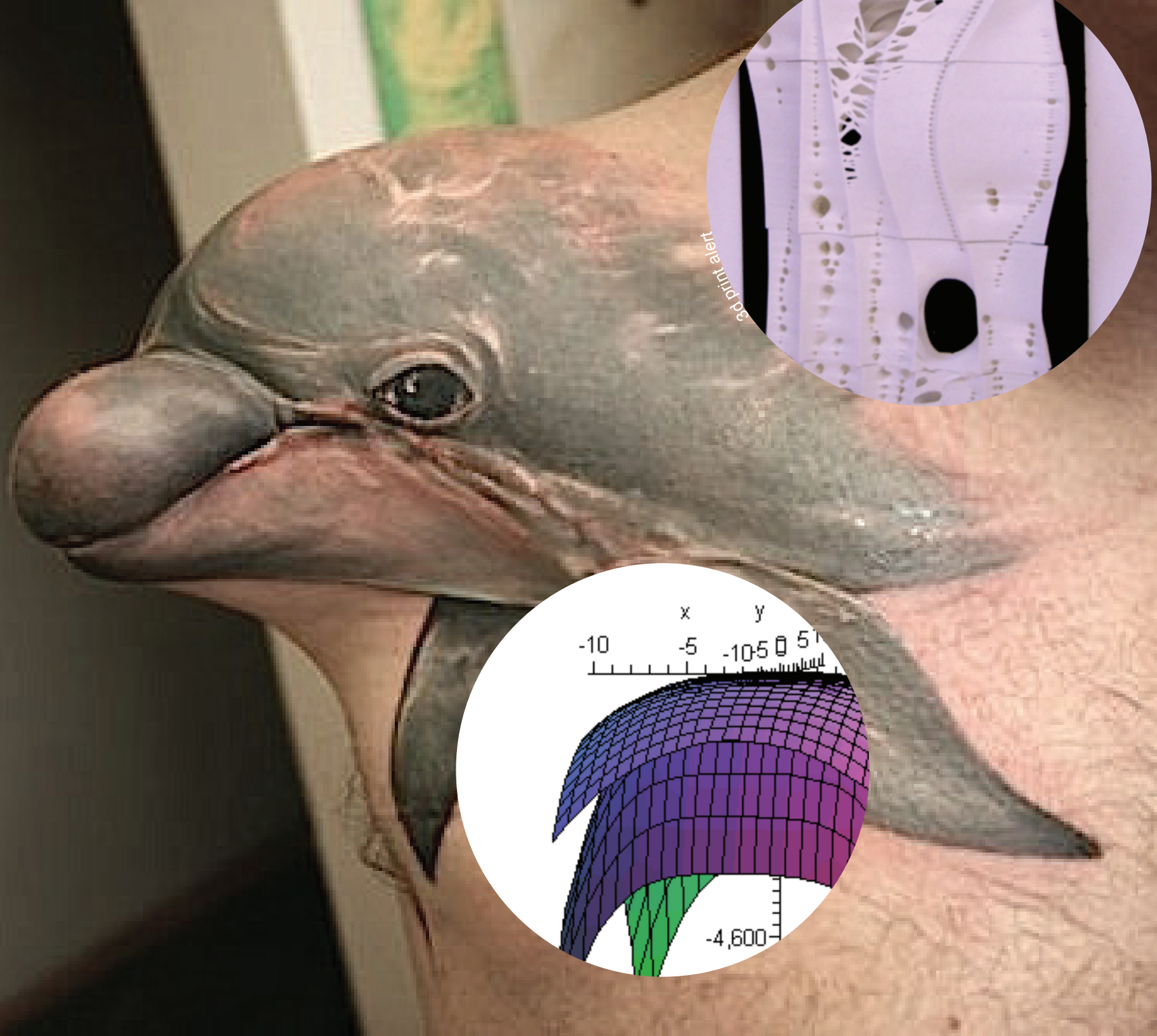
"Although marine mammals do breed in captivity, the birth rate is
not nearly as successful as the one in the wild, with high infant
mortality rates.

"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.

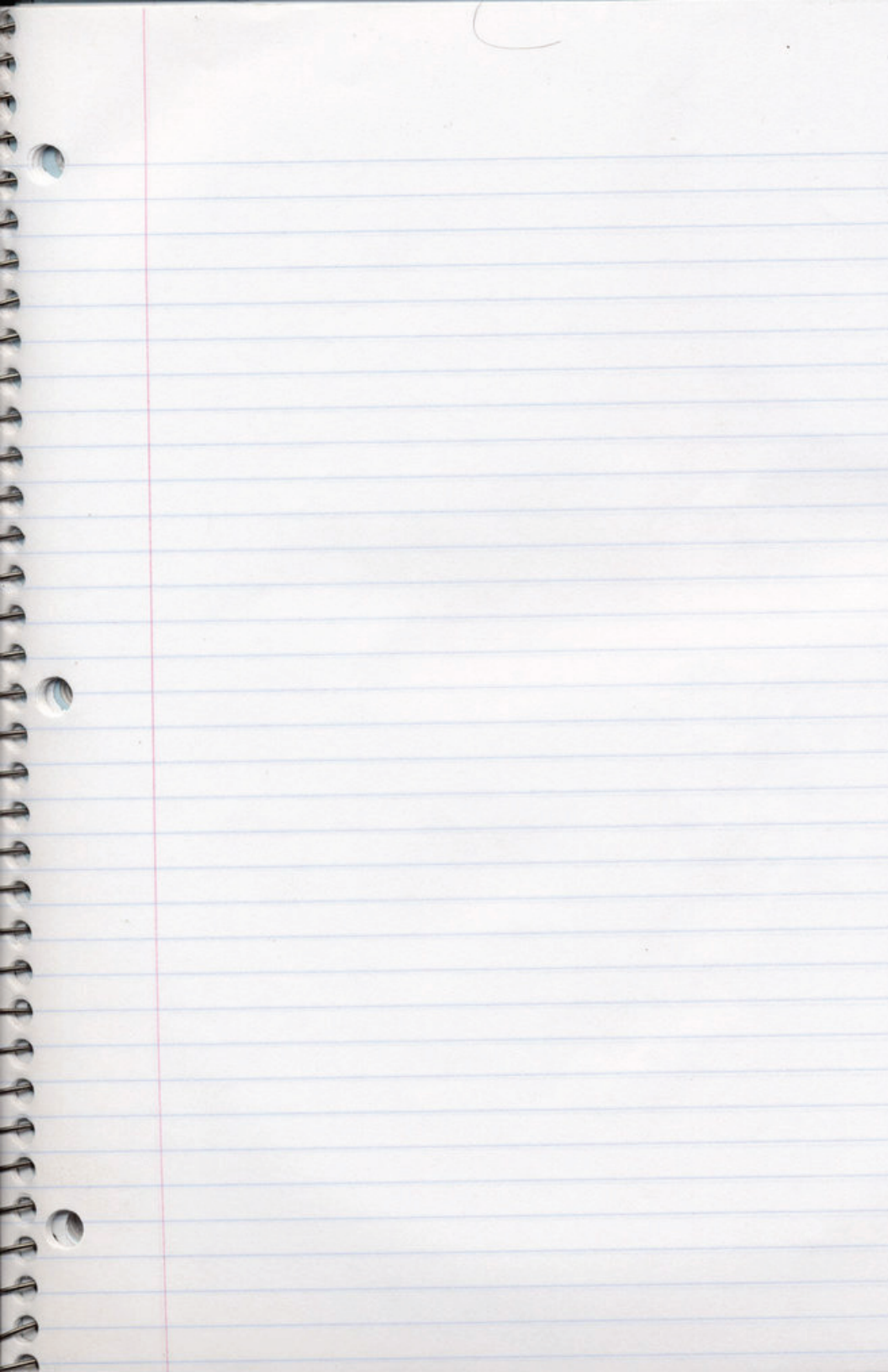
"When trapped together, males often become agitated and domi-
neering. This causes an increased number of unprovoked at-
tacks on each other and the trainers."

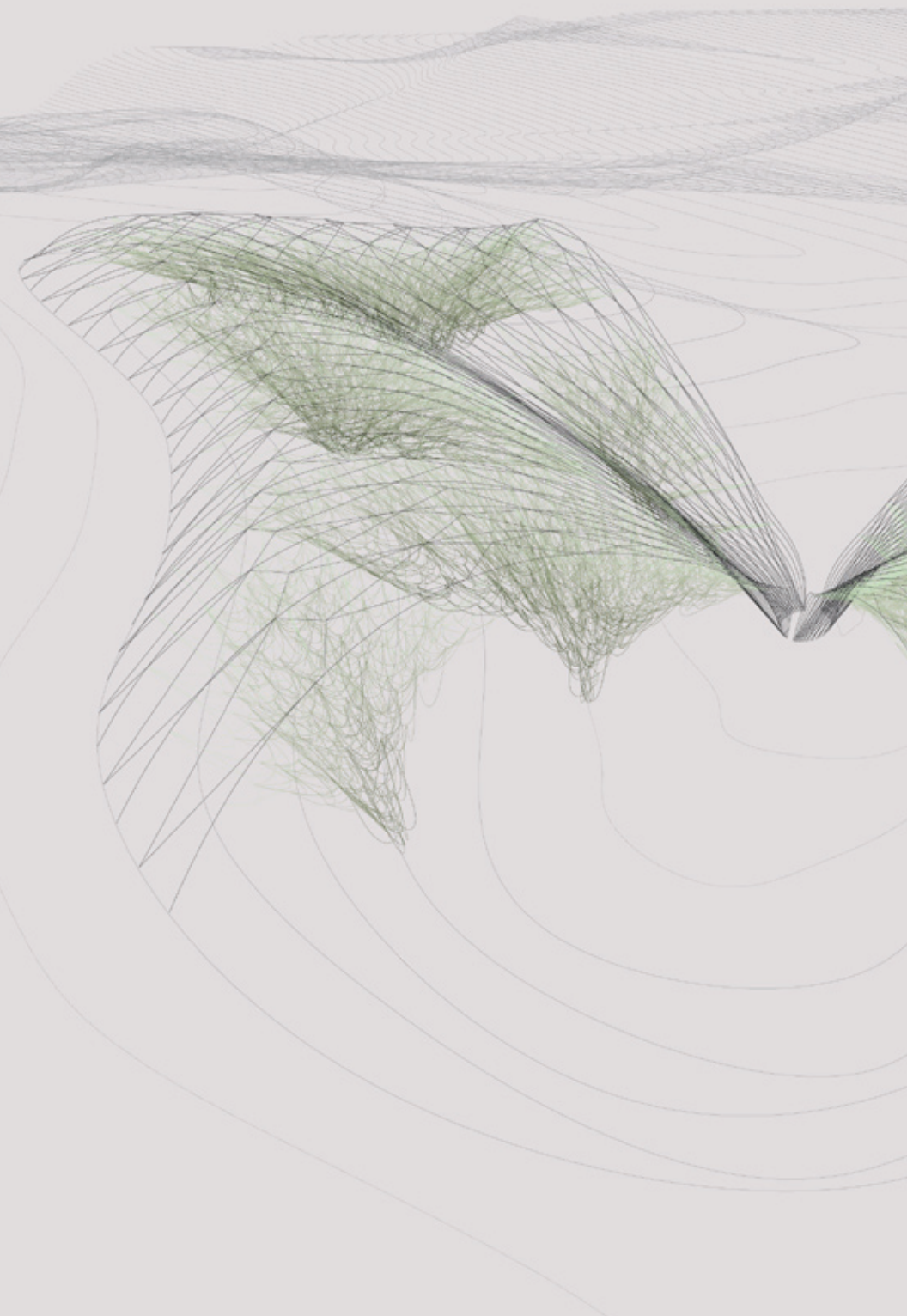


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لا إله إلا الله محمد رسول الله



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 Ordaz 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.”

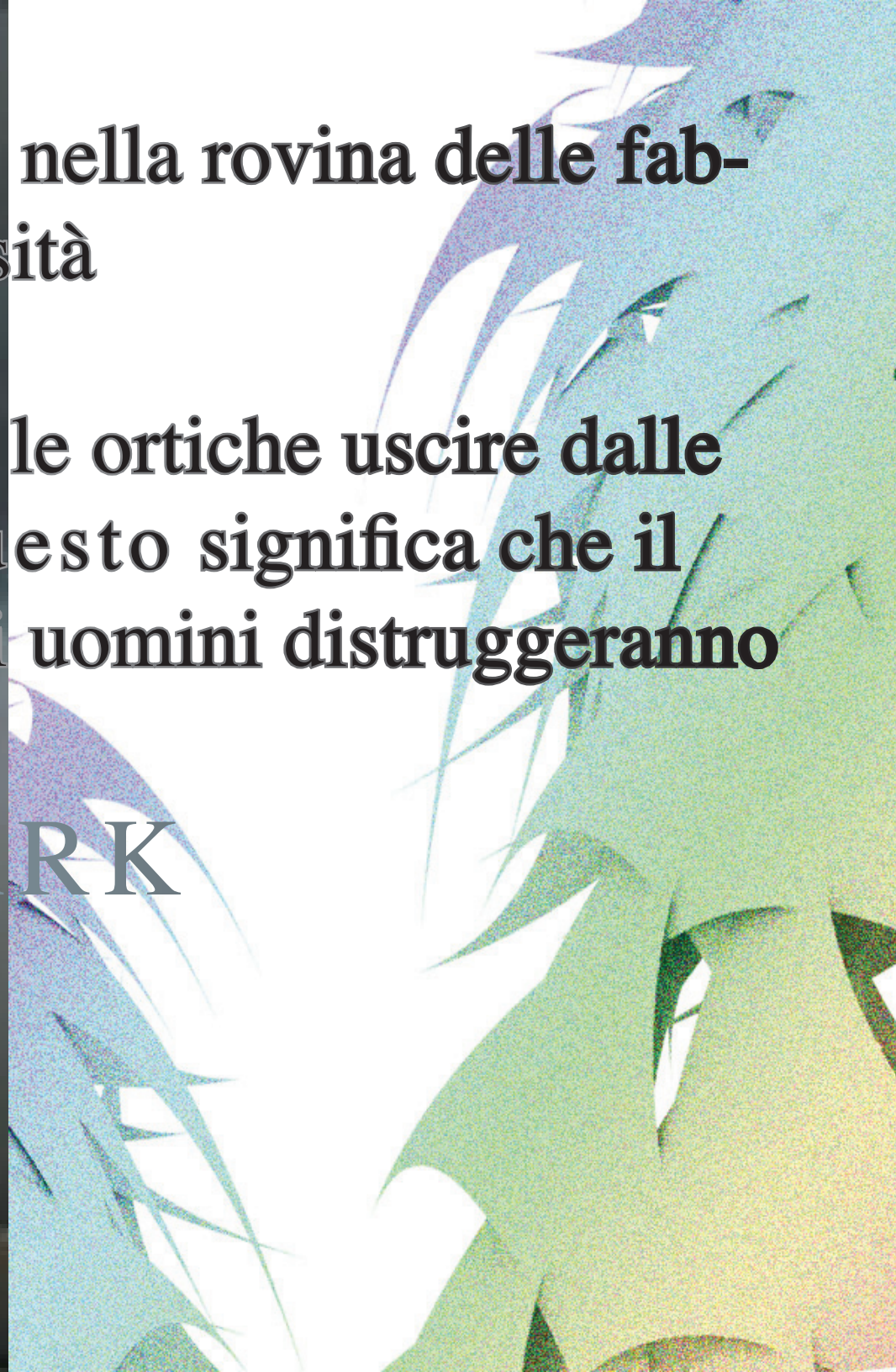
Down by the docks, Cortes and Montezuma are walking with Charles V, Emperor of Spain. Dona Marina follows at a respectful distance carrying two picnic baskets containing many delicacies: caviar, white wine, stuffed thrushes, gumbo. Charles V bends to hear what Montezuma is saying; Cortes brushes from 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 **nella rovina delle fab-**
briche un segno di necessità

la gente dice si vedranno **le ortiche uscire dalle**
fabbriche di vetro....e **questo significa che il**
mondo degli uomini...**gli uomini distruggeranno**
ogni cosa

Glow IN THE DARK



The Dolphin Reality

Timothy Whillie



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?

A 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 on 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 involuntary gasping that such fluid beauty should exist on this curious little planet?

But as for how much we really know about dolphins, the answer there is still--very little.

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

But what is all the fuss about, many people ask. Suddenly everybody is talking about dolphins--surely 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?

Obviously the first and most important difference lies in the mammalian nature of the dolphins. This means they're very similar to us. Scientists believe they may have once been 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 some-
where in the middle of the chart. But when all the plus-
ses are added and the pencils are sucked, it is the dolphins who
come out, if anything, somewhat more well-endowed even than we, proud
humans and inventors of the very criteria by which we judge prospective intel-
ligence.

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

Another potent factor in the area of conscious intelligence is the length of time a species has formed
in the way they are now. The human being has been formed in such a way a little over one million years.
Within this framework, a dolphin has been shaped and equipped with essentially the same type of nervous
system and brain for well over 30 million years. So that implies that the dolphins--whatever they are doing down
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, we come to their means of
communication. They are able to use no less than four different communication channels, literally four different ways
of generating sound at the same time. Best known to us, of course, is their echo-sounding ability.

We call it sonar, after the underwater radar device, and because it works in much the same way. It's analogous perhaps
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 are able to perceive a very precise
picture of their world by interpreting the echoes they hear returning from their environment. We are now realizing that
this very means of communication must inevitably lead to telepathic contact. The dolphins' sonar is clearly able to
discern between the densities of differing metals and we know they can see into the body as if it were an X-ray. They
always know when females of the human races are pregnant and consistently give them special attention if they are in
the water together.

Glandular changes in the bodies of all mammals reflect variations in emotional and physical well-being. Dolphins, with
their 30-million year history and supersensitive acoustical systems, are surely able to gauge their companion's
welfare with an accuracy which we would probably find supernatural.

I know from personal experiences that dolphins and the larger cetaceans--orcas and many of the whales--
are indeed telepathic, but perhaps not in a manner we can directly appreciate. Many have now noticed
the degree and detail of the telepathic communication and the nearest I can get to describing it is
holographic.

It is more like receiving a message in all five senses at the same time. Plus some other of
the 28 different senses we are capable, physiologically, of registering. It is almost
too much for the frail human nervous system to handle. I've known people
who've been zapped by an orca's sonar who say every cell in their body
rang like a clear bell for minutes afterwards.

And herein, of course, lies the nub of the is-
sue. What is starting to emerge 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
communica-

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 sus-
pect, at exactly the most meaningful time for maximum
growth of their potentials.

For human, the dolphins offer us another picture of ourselves. A necessary
honesty before we all rejoin our galactic brothers and sisters sometime in the not-
so-far-off future. As we find ways of opening to the great intelligence and compassionate
wisdom of the dolphins, so we will also start to resolve our pressing challenges. From all I
know intuitively, and from my many and varied interactions with dolphins, I have become certain that
our two races have a closely entwined future.

They quite evidently have many clues and answers to problems particular to a somewhat paranoid and conten-
tious race like ours. Their need for cooperation and mutual interdependence allows them to see and comprehend
aspects of our species' personality which we are far too close to understand, let alone put aside. Our fear, for
instance: we are inundated by it. Any look at life on this planet for certainly the knowable past has to turn up an im-
mense quotient of fear.

In contrast, the dolphins really know no fear. They have no predators and are adequately able to take care of themselves.
They can, for instance, butt a shark to death with their powerful beak; knowing, of course, precisely where to strike in
the shark's vulnerable, gristly body with their precision sonar. Perhaps it is as a result of this that allows the dolphins to
know so little of fear. What a lesson this could be for us, if we could fully take it in. A fearless existence. What a learning
it would be!

Human beings appear to have always known about dolphins.

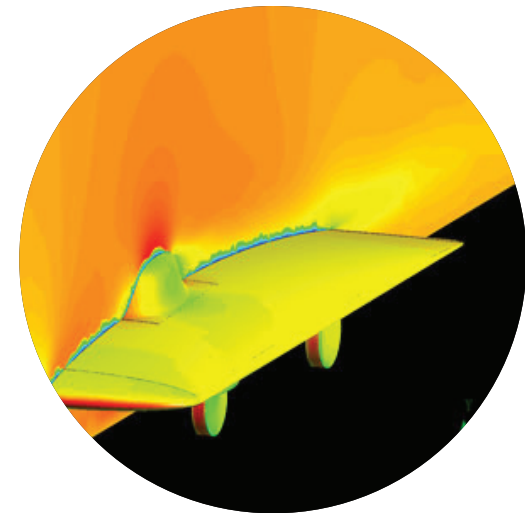
But as we have seen, interaction with them has been generally restricted to seagoing peoples and those who live on the quiet,
warm beaches of the world. They've always been known as friendly to man; many are the stories of dolphins rescuing stranded
men or women, guiding or pushing them ashore.

Those of the south seas in all probability have a far more intimate relationship with the dolphins than most of the cultures
of the northern hemisphere.

The Maoris of New Zealand have a long history of close relationship--and most probably the dolphins led them from
Polynesia to New Zealand in the first place. In the Maori afterlife, for instance, after the soul of the newly dead has
left its body, it travels to the northernmost tip of the North Island and, following the contours of the Bay of
Spirits, gathers at a certain tree which clings to a cliff high over the bay. Then in the company of others of its
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 Three Kings where the dead soul,
once again, takes the body of a human to complete any unfinished business on the earth plane.

In the Caribbean Islands, among the beach dwellers, the Rastafarians have very close relation-
ships with their cousins in the sea. The anecdotal story which represents the very best
in this human/dolphin interchange, is that of the old rasta man, a prophet, who lived
alone on a beach in Jamaica. "An' every mornin', he get up an' go for a swim and
he swim straight out to sea, mon, just as far as he is able, until his
arms and his legs can carry him no longer, until he can't swim
no more, mon, only den. Den he turn back. You work it
out, mon." And work it out I did. I tried
it. It works. The dolphins



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.

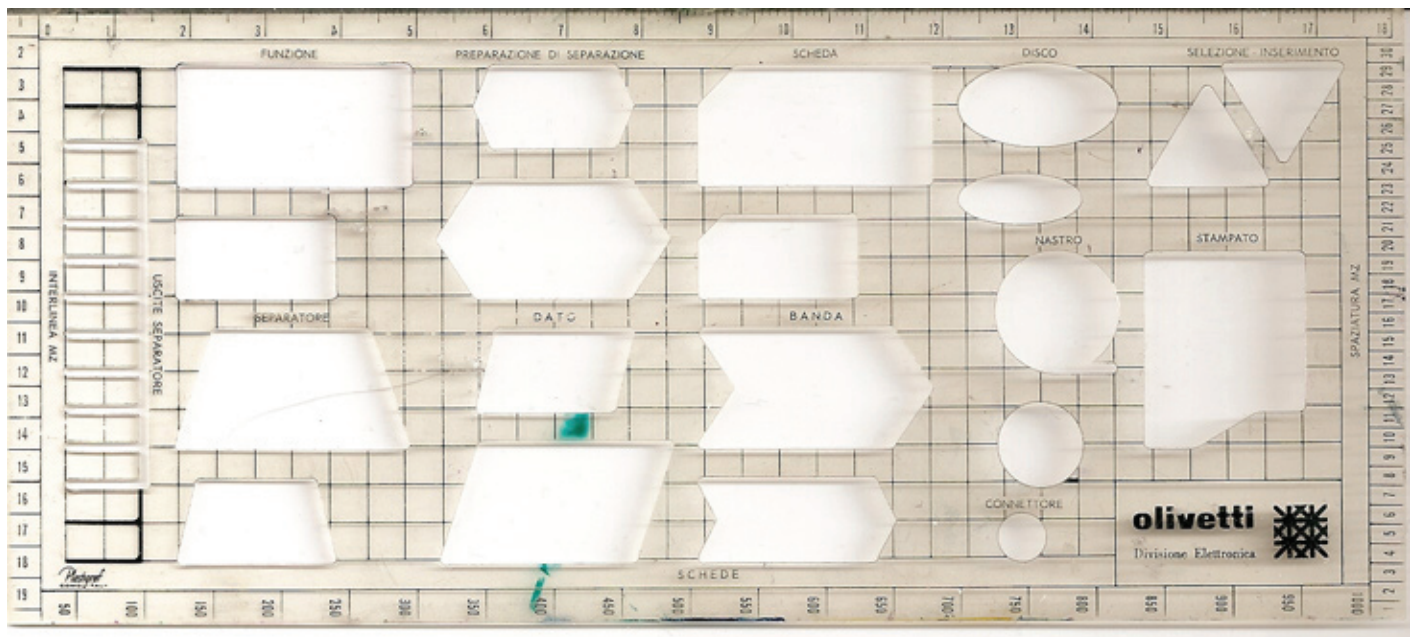
These dolphins could be called envoys, the leading edge of the dolphin community, in all probability chosen by them to experiment on our species, unbeknownst to us.

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



pod
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-
tifully 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.



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

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

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

The pods grow, and change and mix as they follow the tides, the currents, the fish--the composition of the pods
is always appropriate to their needs. Our female dolphin herself has a young one and pods with an entirely new group,
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 play and commune within the joy of
the massive biofield produced by so many, so close together. For days on end they lie there, completely passive, in what
we call deep trance, their body rhythms quiet and slow while Sirius A and Sirius B, mysterious Digitaria, the Black Dwarf
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 all the feelings and thoughts that
hang as potentials in the glistening hologram.

The Watchers lead her into new regions. She learns, with her consciousness, to fly into the inner realms of the collective imagina-
tion. She visits those planets and constellations that she has seen on the Web; Arcturus, the Pleiades, Ursa Major, the Sirius
cluster, Orion, Antares, and the great galaxy of Andromeda. Now she can fly there, as easily as she can swim. She can meet and
meld with beings from a thousand races who travel the highways and byways of inner space. She finds herself part of an im-
mense and wonderful multiverse; thronging with vitality and interest, populated beyond her wildest dreams, multiple levels of
reality, each with its own learning and its own transformative experience.

The Watchers take her out of her body to Phinouse, in the heart of the Andromeda galaxy; to the great architec-
tural sphere that has been designated center of space activity for this area of the galaxy. There she is shown that
every inhabited planet has its own chamber, part meeting place, part museum, part vivarium, a constantly changing,
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; that the secondary
species, "the split-fin," have over the recent few hundred cycles allowed appropriate steward-
ship of the biosphere to disintegrate into a sorry state of affairs.

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

She is overjoyed at the shared

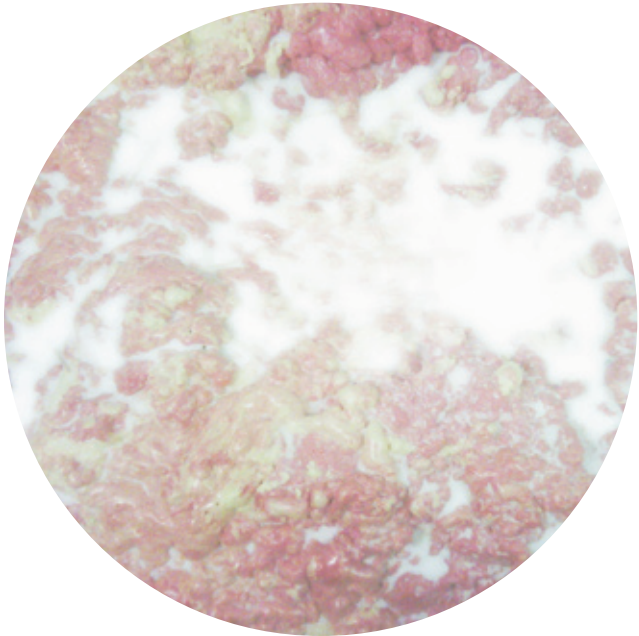
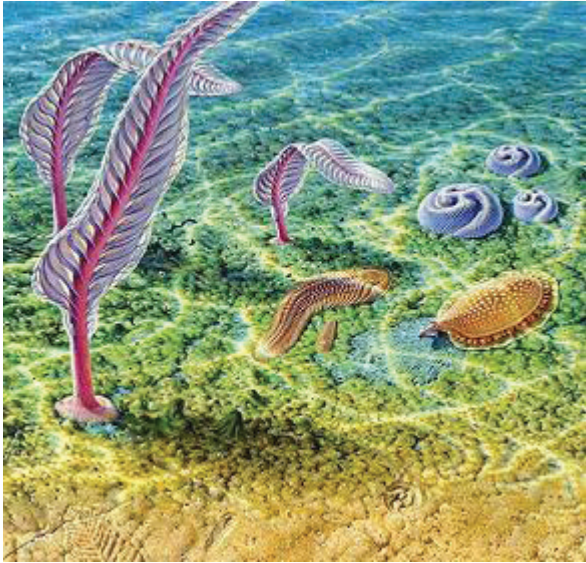
des-
tiny of the two spe-
cies as it becomes unveiled for
her. She opens to the wonder of her
assignments ahead. She knows suddenly,
amazingly, of what lies in front of her, as our
beautiful little blue-green planet, seemingly so far
from the main star routes, floats wondrously, ir-
revocably, into its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

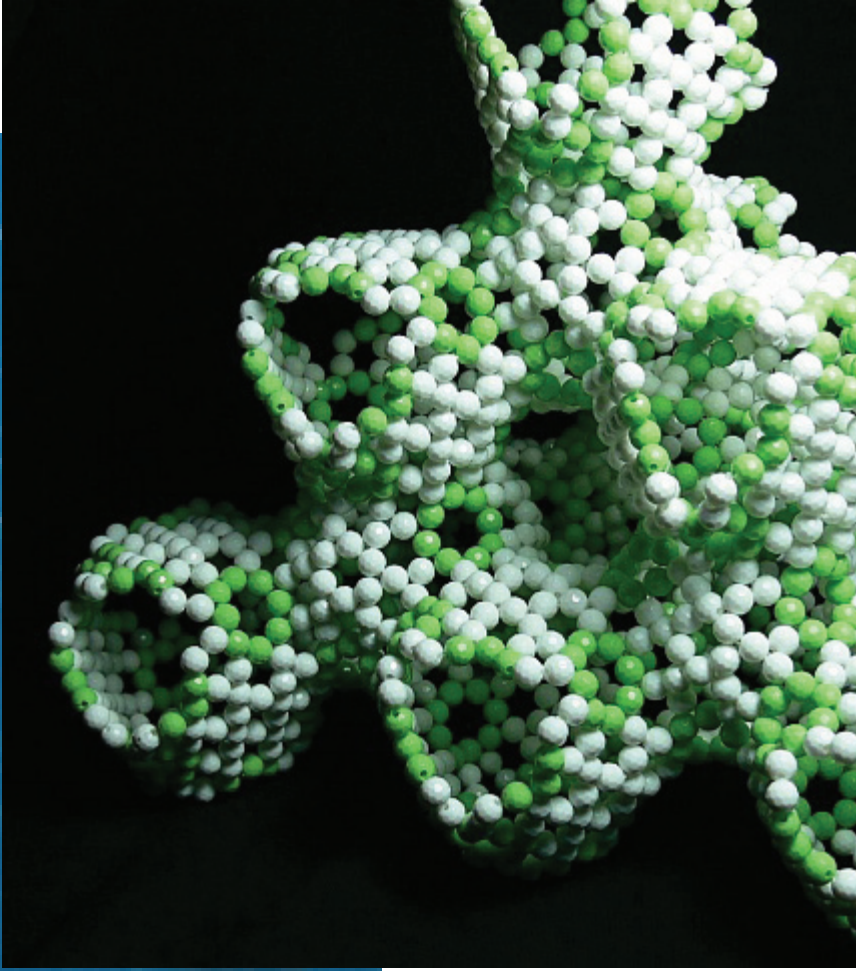
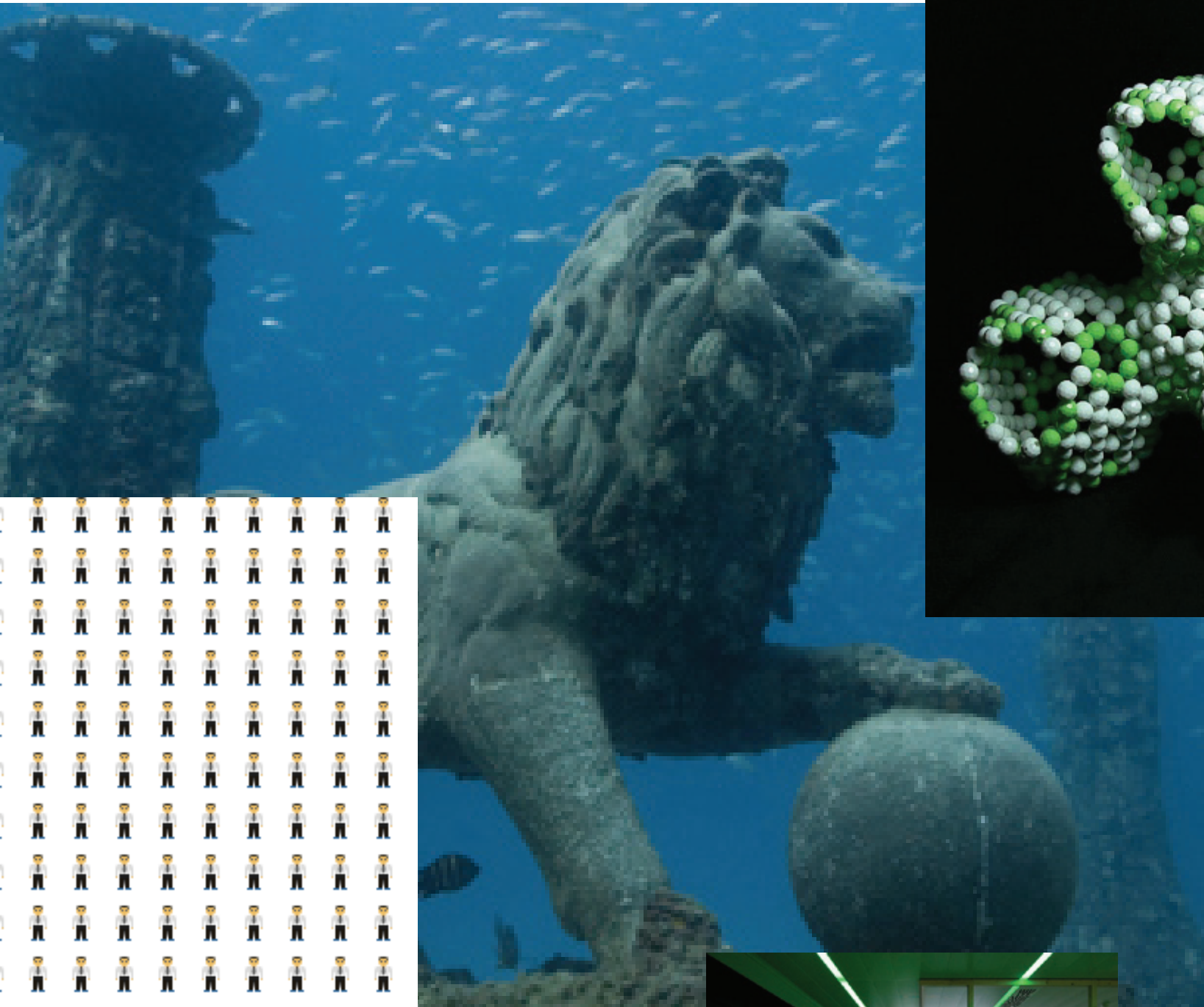
She knows and sees the destinies of all, as the two
great species once again rejoin and rejoice in hav-
ing found one another. Cosmic cousins in this
great unfolding galactic drama.



A
MIND
FOREVER
VOYAGING









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

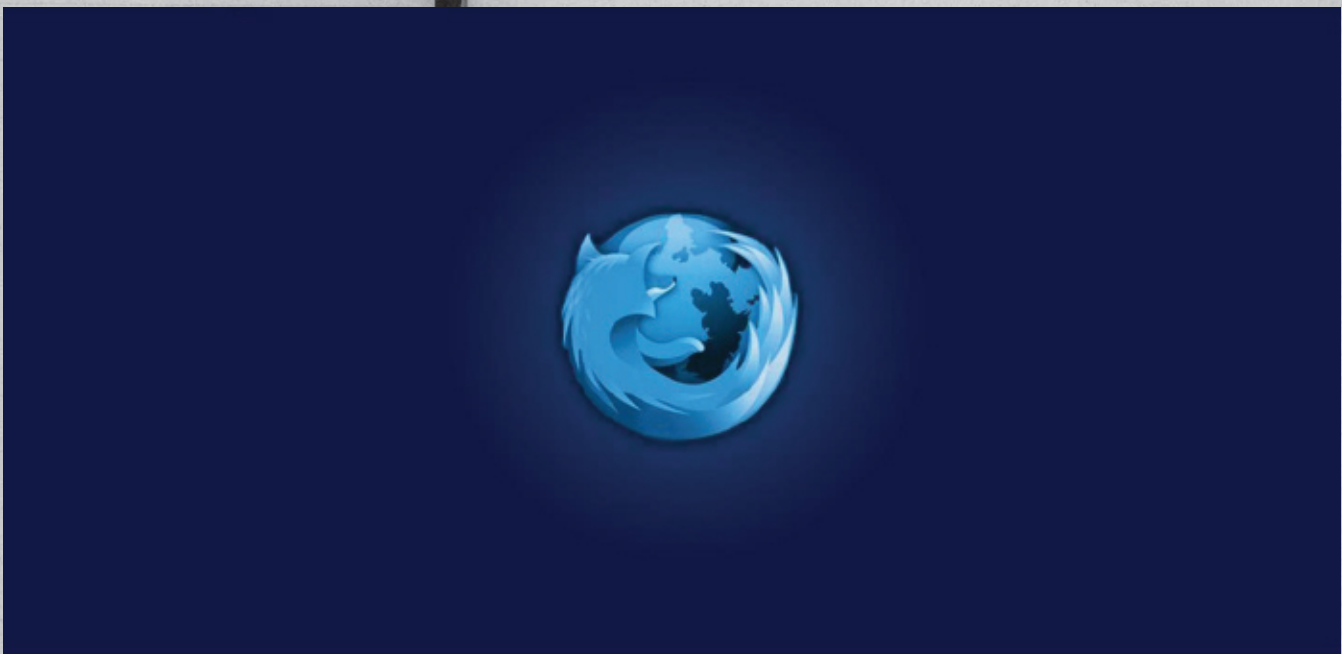
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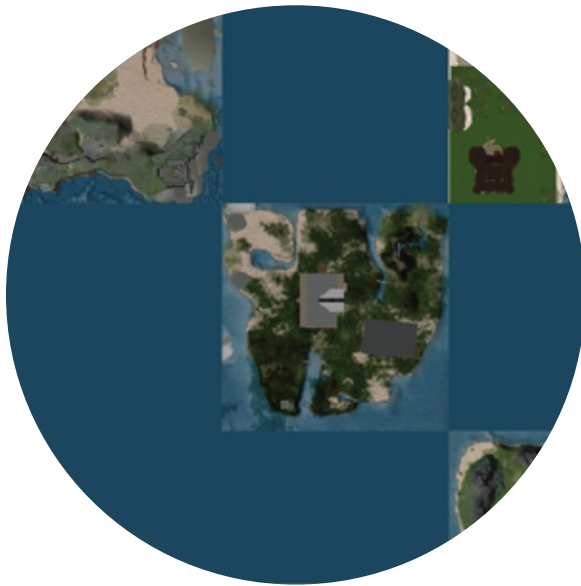
60

S.	g.	S.	g.	S.	g.	S.	g.
<u>76.8</u>	<u>85.8</u>	<u>80.8</u>	<u>90.8</u>	<u>81.1</u>	<u>92.1</u>	<u>90.0</u>	<u>94.6</u>
90	90	71	71	49	49	29	29
		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>
95	95	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 were to form the basis of his well-known Abercrombie Plan, an agronomist named Norman Borlaug was carrying out experimental cross-breeding of wheat crops in Mexico that was to have the most drastic and lasting effects on the global spatial interrelations of food production to date. Borlaug's contributions in agronomic research demonstrated that selective breeding of a variety of common crop traits could yield highly productive and resistant plant varieties. Financed by American private foundations such as the Rockefeller Foundation with enthusiastic support by the United States government, agricultural research following World War II thus became focused on selecting high-yield strains of rice, wheat, maize and soya in combination with a controlled application of chemical fertilizers, herbicides and pesticides in large mono-cultural populations. These cultivation methods were based largely on breeding techniques that had been developed nearly half a century beforehand, but advancements in chemical and technological understandings of fertilizers allowed there to be a huge augmentation of food output per land area, and thus on the embedded capital in land. Furthermore, after World War II, a shift in the global balance of power translated into an increase in the worldwide availability of different crop varieties. For instance, Borlaug's most significant breakthrough was the introduction of dwarf wheat stalks native to Japan into wheat strains from the United States, which created a strain of crop which had a thicker, more powerful stalk and could thus support its own weight when grown at high speeds due to the introduction of 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," is the extensive diffusion of these high yield crops and chemical treatments to third-world countries, mostly in South America and South Asia. Under the auspices of a humanitarian campaign against world hunger, these high yield crops and production methodologies were devising a reterritorialized spatial and social order that engendered a network of agricultural production on a global scale.

The "Green Revolution" was thus to have profound effects on world food output, dramatically altering the global chain of food supply and drastically altering the global territorial network of food production and its relationship to the urban question. For instance, by 1967 Mexico had tripled its corn surplus, while India's grain harvest doubled between 1965 and 1967, and the majority of this grain surplus and landed capital was being traded with the United States and other first-world nations. As a result, cultivation and landed capital was forced into a pattern of large-scale and corporately owned factory farms that choked off smaller-scale farms, and meant that the city, especially in United States, became increasingly characterized 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 that crystallized spatially isolated agro-industry as the default farming methodology worldwide, resulting in what was contemporaneously described as: dramatic, transforming one nation after another from food importer to food exporter and, in the process, enriching some and disturbing the precarious tranquility of many ... relationships ... between urban and rural areas.

On a global scale then, the "Green Revolution" thus caused an entirely new set of spatial, economic and social conditions. And this territorial organization of the city and farm was not dictated by proximity, 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 total spatial disconnection of agriculture from urbanity that is manifest in the food production patterns of the "Green Revolution," as the culmination of a post-geographical model of production.

Indeed since



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 lacked biodiversity and created vitamin and nutrient deficiencies that are detrimental to world health through the proliferation of acquired health conditions such as diabetes and obesity. The methodologies of the "Green Revolution" also result in increased carbon sequestration and requires massive amounts of energy to ship global food supplies, thus acting as an impetus to climate change. Ultimately, the "worldwide, homogenous and monotonous" effects of spatial abstraction described by Lefebvre in regards to the production of space have had devastating and directly measurable effects when applied to the production of food.

Effectively, the functional and productive capabilities of agriculture become increasingly fixed within a set territorialized pattern that stagnated the relation of "spatialized permanences" that determine the process of urbanization. Agriculture had become increasingly and exclusively attuned to capital accumulation, rather than to what Harvey describes as a "socially just and politically emancipatory mix of spatio-temporal production processes." However, models of agricultural production soon emerged in reaction to this hegemonic agricultural paradigm, and in so 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 utopist "hippie" fantasies, or to a sentimental recourse to abstract qualities such as "nature" and "the country." However, ecology has undeniably been historically indebted to the aforementioned system of thought that often simplistically and reductively positions "nature" as an abstracted entity that needed protection from human influences. As a result, ecological value systems often continue to be categorized within territorializations that position the farm in opposition to the city as an "unnatural" or "artificial" entity. The resulting solutions to ecological crises such as climate change and a loss of biodiversity are thus often characterized by a deeply conservative "return to nature" or a return to a simpler way of life, usually Romantically rural, that is perceived not to infringe upon the "natural" world. In contemporary Britain, for example, this approach to ecology is most visibly championed by Prince Charles and his support for urban practices that are based upon on a perceived return to the communitarianism and value systems of "the country." However, this approach is fundamentally flawed as it simplistically upholds the territorial ethos that have contributed to the creation of these ecological crises, and continue to alienate and socio-politically disempower the urban subject as a participant in the processes of urbanization.

So though having largely emerged from reactions against agricultural paradigms, the inherent "natural" arguments in common understandings of ecology are frequently expressed in an anti-urban rhetoric, in accordance with what Harvey describes as the "myth ... that cities are anti-ecological (unnatural, artificial, or in some way outside of nature.)" However, the urban farm demonstrates that ecological practices have the potential to operate as processes of deterritorialization that challenge these established attitudes and behaviors that have constructed the socio-political, economic and environmental status quo. And though ecology is remarkable in its vast permutations of understandings and implementations of its purposes, its most substantial legacy is the resultant reexaminations of the singular and essentialist categories that have been constructed through previously established territorialities, and thus of the identity of the city.

Urbanization, specifically as a process that is inseparable in its functional relation from agricultural production, in fact marks the fundamental basis of ecological thought and practice. For ecology to operate as a global force in shaping the forms and qualities of human and non-human life, and their interactions with the life support systems of the planet, ecology must necessarily relate to the city as the predominant site of human activity and settlement. And as the historical codependence between agriculture and urbanity demonstrates, the relationship between environmental concerns and the socio-political and economic practices of urbanity is intrinsically and indissolubly linked. Ecology is in fact fundamentally contingent upon urbanization, and is as a result necessarily engaged in its processes.

Urban farming demonstrates the tenets and capabilities of an ecology of urbanization, which entails engaging ecological practices on the scale of the urban and within its processes.

On this subject, Sanford Kwinter



characterizes
"ecological urbanism" as a practice
that "might refer to Cities and Nature, but also
might mean something more." He explains that the "modern
transformations of territory - of which even today's most recent
economic and biospheric crises are direct results - are rooted in [an] archaic
and false opposition between what he calls the "imaginary axis" of the "dyad of City
and Country." As such, urban agricultural models are noteworthy because they represent
an intrinsically urbanized response to these crises, and follow that,

the distinction between environment as commonly understood [as natural] and the built, social, and political-
economic environment is artificial and that the urban and everything that goes in it is as much part of the
solution as it is a contributing factor to ecological difficulties.

Urban practices therefore have intrinsically and fundamental capabilities to engage ecological concerns, despite popular
belief. The urban farm is thus significant as it demonstrates a recognition and manipulation of ecological values within
urbanization processes, in keeping with Harvey's contention that "high-density urbanized living and inspired forms of urban
design are the only paths to a more ecologically sensitive form of civilization in the twenty-first century."

In so doing, urban farms illustrate a divergent definition and use of the term "ecology," in all its implications for urbanized
life, that effectively operates outside of a typical rhetorical recourse to "nature" (or to "the country" as the locus of a way
of life perceived to be "closer to nature") as an essentialist concept that emerges from the territorializations predicated upon the
necessity of a separation between city and farm. Instead, the urban farm quite bluntly challenges any need for a spatial separation
between agriculture and urbanity, and thus deterritorializes the ethos that are dependent on this "imaginary axis." And by providing
a means to open up the processes of urbanization to deterritorialization, these reactionary agricultural models thus demonstrate the
fallacies of the territorializations that establish "nature" as a concept that is positioned in opposition to urbanity, and consequently
as a conceptual underpinning of ecology. Rather, urban farms operate according to a more radical implementation of ecological tenets,
where "nature" is consequently redefined as an engaged and infinitely multipolar concept predicated upon the socio-political and cultural
factors that shape urbanizations, or yet more radically so, is abandoned altogether as a result.

Resultantly, the deterritorializing ethos of the urban farm act as a redefinition of both the urban question and the ecological question,
in fact demonstrating their inseparability, and perhaps even that they are merely two approaches to (or perspectives on) the same issue.
Ecological models such as urban agriculture transcend formal "green-washing" strategies or Romantic evocations of utopian lifestyles,
instead profoundly recognizing a functionality dependent on, and part of, urbanization. These urban practices of agriculture are thus
highly telling instances of the intrinsically urban role of ecology, and consequently of the social, cultural and political landscape that
ecology constructs within the processes of urbanization.

The ecological strategies embodied by the urban farm thus reframe the urban question in several ways and are significant models of
study for the potentialities and pragmatics of the development of an ecology of urbanization. Firstly, the urban farm represents
a process of deterritorialization through the introduction of individualized territorialities into the urban question that actively
participate in the systems of production that shape the identity of the city. The urban farm thus constructs an ethos, an
order in space, that reflects the contemporary conditions of urban life, as it allows for agriculture to participate not only in
productive economic activities, but also in the resulting socio-political dimensions of the urban question, thus fundamentally
redefining the identity of the city from a formal object to a field of action through these deterritorializations. Secondly,
the urban farm permits there to be an incorporation of ecological concerns into the processes of urbanization
through a recognition of the urban territory as a vital constituent of the biological processes that shape the
environment. This is noteworthy as it demonstrates a model for agricultural production that at once responds
to the socio-political forces that shape the processes of urbanization, while recognizing that environmental
and ecological concerns are important and indissoluble ingredients of these forces.

In effect, the urban farm provides a model of agricultural production that operates on all three
"registers" of ecology outlined in Felix Guattari's concept of "ecosophy" in *The Three
Ecologies*. Specifically, these three registers are "the environment, social relations,
and human subjectivity" and it is the relationships between these levels of
ecosophy that create a ecological worldview that operates as "an authentic
political, social and cultural revolution, reshaping the objectives of
the production of both material and immaterial assets."

The urban farm accordingly provides an
agricultural methodology

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.

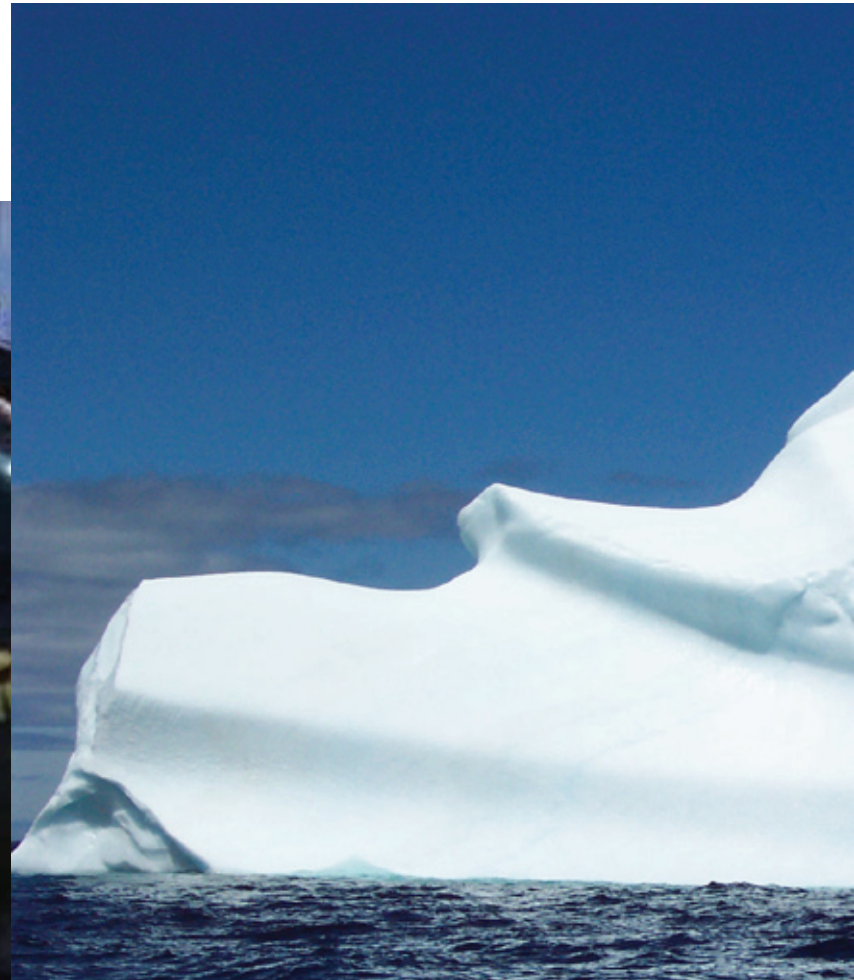
Thus in opposition to the capital-driven industrial farm, the urban farm provides a means of production while also fostering the possibility of socio-political action through human engagement within a diverse variety of small-scale and local



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

a n d
"appropriations of space" that
resist hegemonic alienations. Rather than
fixating a specific set of conditions, (be they spatial,
social, cultural, political, or environmental) the urban farm
instead thrives on creating a territoriality that is open to processes of
deterritorialization through multiple and simultaneous uses of space. This
is to say, that the identity of urban spaces are left open to a quixotic blend of
a variety of identities determined by the processes of urbanization, and in which any
resulting categorization remains indefinite. The territorialized orders that shape its identity
remains conspicuously indeterminate, dissimilar and pluralized, and the urban farm in effect
becomes, as Deleuze articulates, "where territories tremble, where the structures collapse,
where the ethos get mixed up."







DOLPHILIA

a short story by

Emi Noguchi

*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.
Unlike where the flat fingers of the tide advanced and retreated
along the shore's thighs, it was a place outside time: here the
water was an endless bed of heating particles, large and undulating.*

In the dream, Klara was a dolphin traveling with a pod of four or five young males. They paused in a patch of warm water to frolic, dodge playfully around one another. The other dolphins ran their bodies along Klara's, their snouts butting up between her pectoral fins, her navel, her genital slit. Her grey skin jumped. She felt their erections battering at her sides as they wove around her like thread on a screw. The muscles beneath her skin expanded, and she felt her surface grow taut like an overripe fruit's. One after another, they dipped inside her fleetingly and whistled like air being released from a balloon. Her insides felt as though they were melting in the heat of the green sunlight. She rolled with the water as they plunged deeper. In a rise of sound, she felt her guts ready to rip free from her body. Bubbles flushed across her skin as the vibrations of dolphins' voices drove wildly to a climax. She was closer, and as the sun flashed in her eyes, she awoke. Klara exhaled hot air, and found her legs finlike, bound tight by sheets.

*

It was the morning of the new automaton's premier, and the Mermaid's Dressing Room was filled with engineers and journalists. Klara sat on a stool before a mirrored wall, applying her last swipes of waterproof mascara before making her way to the opening in the floor leading to the Program Tank. She perched at the edge and rolled a green rubber fin out down her legs.

Of all the mermaids at the aquarium, mostly pretty female trainers and foreigners out of modeling work, Klara had been there the longest—18 months—and exuded a nearly magical mastery over her aquatic co-stars. The dolphins regularly accosted the other performers in-show, brutally thrusting up half tons of slippery animal in the brief intermissions between trick and treat. Klara, on the other hand, beckoned the animals this way and that with some imperceptible lean of the spine, the strange, manikin arc of her fingers, hips bewitching as she jetted around the enclosed performance spaces like a cloud of ink. The audience, the animals, everyone fell for her. Whatever Klara bid, the dolphins did.

And so it had fallen to her to debut the park's new feature, the star of their campaign to sink funds into razing and rebuilding the vacated waterfront that stretched out along the eastern curve of the sea. The new robotic dolphin was so lifelike 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 sloped grey flesh
before the pink lights flashed from below—mermaid's cue. She made a bow
of her arms high above her head, put two palms together, and pushed off.

In the auditorium, a velvet curtain was pulled back as if by invisible hands. The tank
emerged like a giant, state-of-the-art screensaver. The emcee wore a powder blue tuxedo,
her hair slick as oil and pinned back against her head.

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

The audience cheered. A curtain of plastic baubles was drawn back by two groups of mechanical
fish. Real fish darted about in small clouds. Real seaweed waved silently as the mermaid entered from
stage right.

The lights played off the sides of the tank, leaving Klara alone with her bright reflection. She kicked her
flipper and pulled her body to center stage, looking around the tank in mock wonder. She glanced down at
a robotic fish and mouthed in sync with the dimming and brightening pink light from above.

"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 she looked towards her re-
flection in mock surprise. "Oh, my!" A mermaid's voice echoed out through the auditorium be-
yond, "Hello, everyone." The audience twittered in pleasure. Klara waved with a motion culled from
watching royalty on T.V. Her white teeth gleamed like candy-coated gum. She blinked her eyes as
a doll might.

"Well, friends," boomed the mervoice, "you must be here to meet my famous friend, Dolly.
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 passed overhead. The
new dolphin descended from above with unnerving realism. Its shining skin
flashed in ribbons of stage lighting as though it were out swimming in the
sea on a sunny day. Klara's pulse accelerated.

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

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



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."

Within 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
strings. When she returned, the dance number began. Mermaid and dolphin swam
shrinking loops around one another. They spun round and round in perfect harmony,
brushing one another's skin as they grew closer and closer still. The audience of
schoolgirls cooed. The spiraling stopped suddenly, and the team swam apart. The mer-
maid blew a kiss bubble to her reflection, and beyond that, the audience. The robot dol-
phin belched up a heart-shaped bubble. The audience sighed and clapped enthusiastically
as the bubble popped against the glass.

For a brief moment the performers met in a strange half-embrace, the dolphin's fin graz-
ing her shoulder blade as she rubbed her hand across the flesh on its back. The stage
lighting had warmed its outer layer to a flesh-like temperature. The whirl of its internal
moving parts played against the beating hearts in her fingertips. The dolphin righted itself
belly-down for Klara to clamber over its back, grip its fleshy sides as it opened its jaws
to sing along with the mermaid voice. Klara pressed her naked stomach to the dolphin's
back and felt 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,
Ariel-like, as though she were belting a last note.

The dolphin carried her to the surface, and she was in the air with a pop.

The crackling blend of finger pads applauding and blinding camera flashes
welcomed 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 one
by one along the road. Beyond their asphalt crescen-
do decrescendo, green mountains rose up like giant moss.
Klara gazed out at the necklace of lights snaking along the shore.
Here and there in the moonlight the construction vehicles loomed, sil-
houetted against the warm colors of light pollution. The park then boasted
a dinky little aquarium and dusty gift shop, a small waterfront performance space
for outdoor shows, weather permitting. Grand plans for a domed arena and amuse-
ment rides had been leaked, and though nothing had been confirmed, scaffolding had
been erected all about the perimeter of the aquarium, unnoticed warehouses in the vicinity
fenced off, reserved for the process of demolition.

As Klara straddled her bike and clicked her helmet into place, she saw an unfamiliar man jog out to
his car. He was tall and thin, almost frighteningly so. Something about the way he lowered him-
self into his driver's seat set off synapses of recognition. She kicked off the pavement and took the
road out towards her apartment, hallucinating, in her sleepiness, fluorescent swirls of hearts careen-
ing through neon sunsets on the ocean, a colorfield recently unearthed from some back storeroom of
girlhood memories. In the midst of streaks of twinkling cartoon animal eyes she recalled meeting the tall
stranger a month prior—he had paused for just a moment to bow while a colleague babbled on through
introductions, only to rush away to join the team of technicians who had escorted the park's new charge.
That man was the dolphin's chief engineer.

That night, Klara polished her figurines to unwind. I'm so like them, she thought as she ran a rag along
the crystal contours of a pair of dolphins in the breached shape of a heart. All humans were, to an ex-
tent. Nudged to the light of the surface in infancy to take in those first shards of air, drinking moth-
er's milk, eating fish. She removed from its shelf a glazed ceramic sculpture of a teenage girl riding a
spotted dolphin. Klara's earliest memories were the grains of sand lodged between sticker and cotton,
the silly, scrambled lines of the surf on the shore, and the horrible realization that the surf and
sand, humans, their beds and rolling bedcovers were all made of tiny, writhing particles. The creepy
molecular composition of everything terrified her in the humid dark of the summer, and Klara
spent a year gripping a hairy stuffed dolphin in her bed. The silent give of its very dead-seem-
ing elements—cotton, polyester, plastic—had been her only comfort.

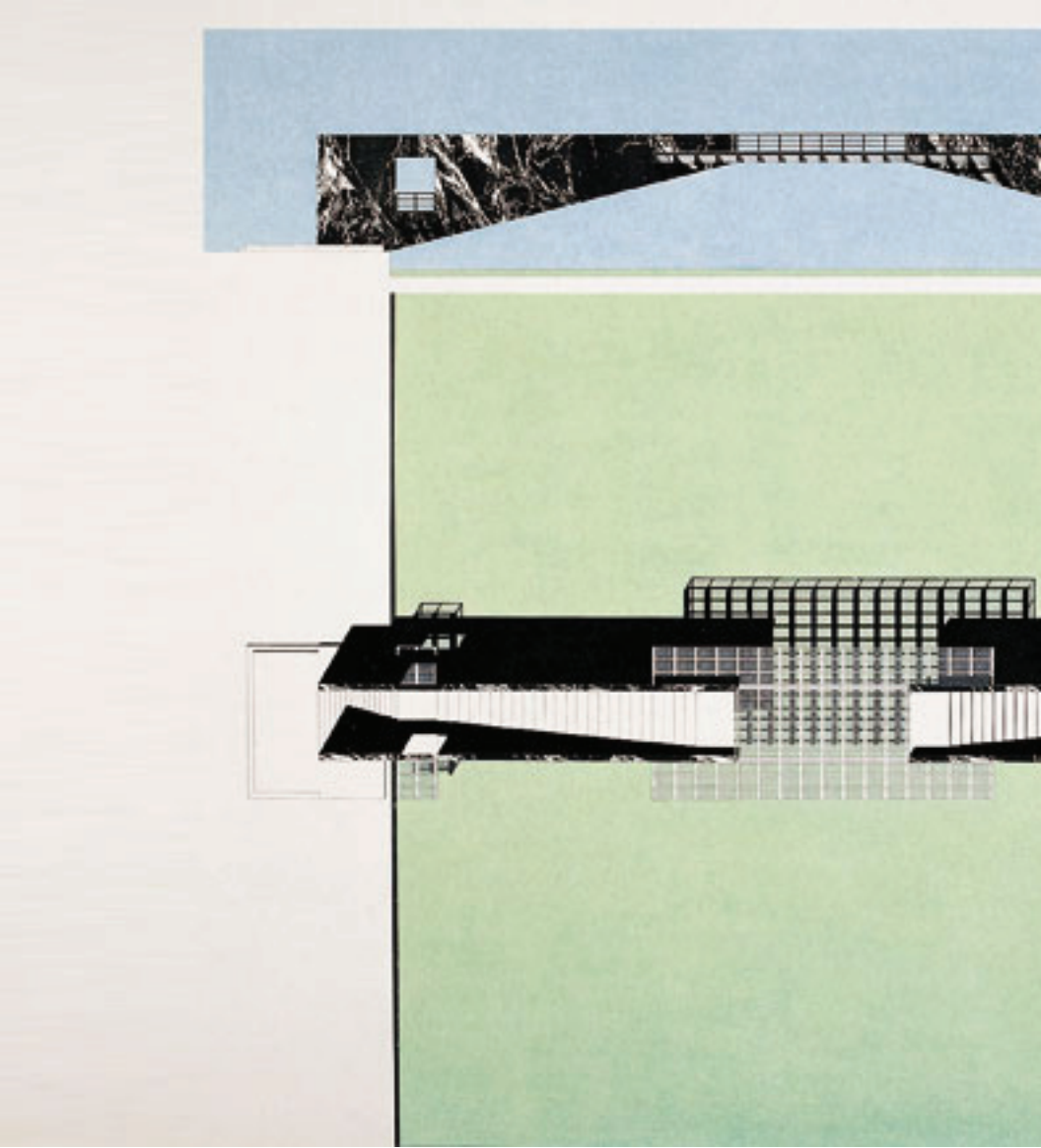
As an adult, Klara knew the swarm of two hundred shining dolphins stationed around
her house like talismans might disturb others, or perhaps would cause them to
think her disturbed. To prevent this, she simply never had houseguests, instead
spending her time watching nature programs recorded from the television.

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



Save us from tobacco!

OUR



light
pulsated above as she and
the dolphin twirled. They were completely
entwined, flesh on flesh, fin on fin. She inched her
body down the dolphin's underbelly until she felt a strange
snag. She paused for a flash, and then performed her flip as re-
hearsed. The dolphin mirrored, and then Klara saw the protruding feature
that had not been divulged to the performers, perhaps a prototype for zoologi-
cal purposes far in the future. Klara pretended she did not notice.

They continued their underwater lifts, the tango-like moves meant for comedy. Klara felt
the dolphin's robotic penis quite strongly now, vibrating along her fin's seam. She felt weak,
and broke for air. The dolphin, put into rest mode, lay hauntingly suspended while she drank oxy-
gen. When they took it from the top, the special effect had retracted.

That night she dreamed of porpoises in her orifices. Snouts nudging up into bottlenecks, spiralling
drill-like to her core. She lay in the center of a wave and rubbed her body across an endless stream of
dorsal fins. They bent against her weight, then sprung erect. She smoothed the sheets as though it were
their skins, or else the sand.

The performances were a hit. Audiences flocked to see the strange alchemy of costumed swimmer and ro-
botic dolphin. They were captivated by the sheer science behind the entirely ordinary dolphin the robot turned
out to be. After the shows, staff members would push Klara's head back underwater. Bows, they would
hiss as she struggled for breath, and so she learned to save air to receive her audience's gratitude. She did
her best to ignore the tall engineer in the control booth, a task growing more difficult as the lighting crew
began to throw a spot light his way, too. Sometimes Klara would catch sight of him clicking across a hall,
eating his lunch in the cafeteria. In those moments she discovered that she harbored a great, burning hatred
for the engineer, and so to escape the discomfort of loathing, she played the game she taught herself as a
child on the beach: in which all the humans were another species, sealed off from the sparkling reality of
her and the dolphins. Then the dolphin simply was, no puppeteer, no strings.

Outside, the success of their romance rang out in the form of jack hammering, backhoe creaking
mornings. The building had begun to grow tall, wings elongated. In what seemed like mere moments,
it had been transformed from its grey cube to something huge and towering, from nothing special
to the only sight on the town's depressed skyline. Other buildings slowly rose from abandoned
piers: a visitor's center, movie theatre, turtle compound. In the new gift store, Klara occa-
sionally shoplifted figures for her collection, rolling their little teardrop bodies over and
over in her fist until they felt like smooth sixth fingers.

She and the dolphin knew the aquarium's rhythms by heart, and mapped
out the plots of alone time between performances and rehearsals for
fornication. Entangled from first splash in the cool of the unlit
tank, the dolphin would peel away Klara's fin like a banana
skin, Klara would grasp the dolphin's flesh as
though it could feel her urgency as
she lurched to-

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. Ma'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 hospital scene waiting for her— in fact, no dolphin at all. All around were engineers peering into screens, scientists playing with rattling racks of glass tubes.

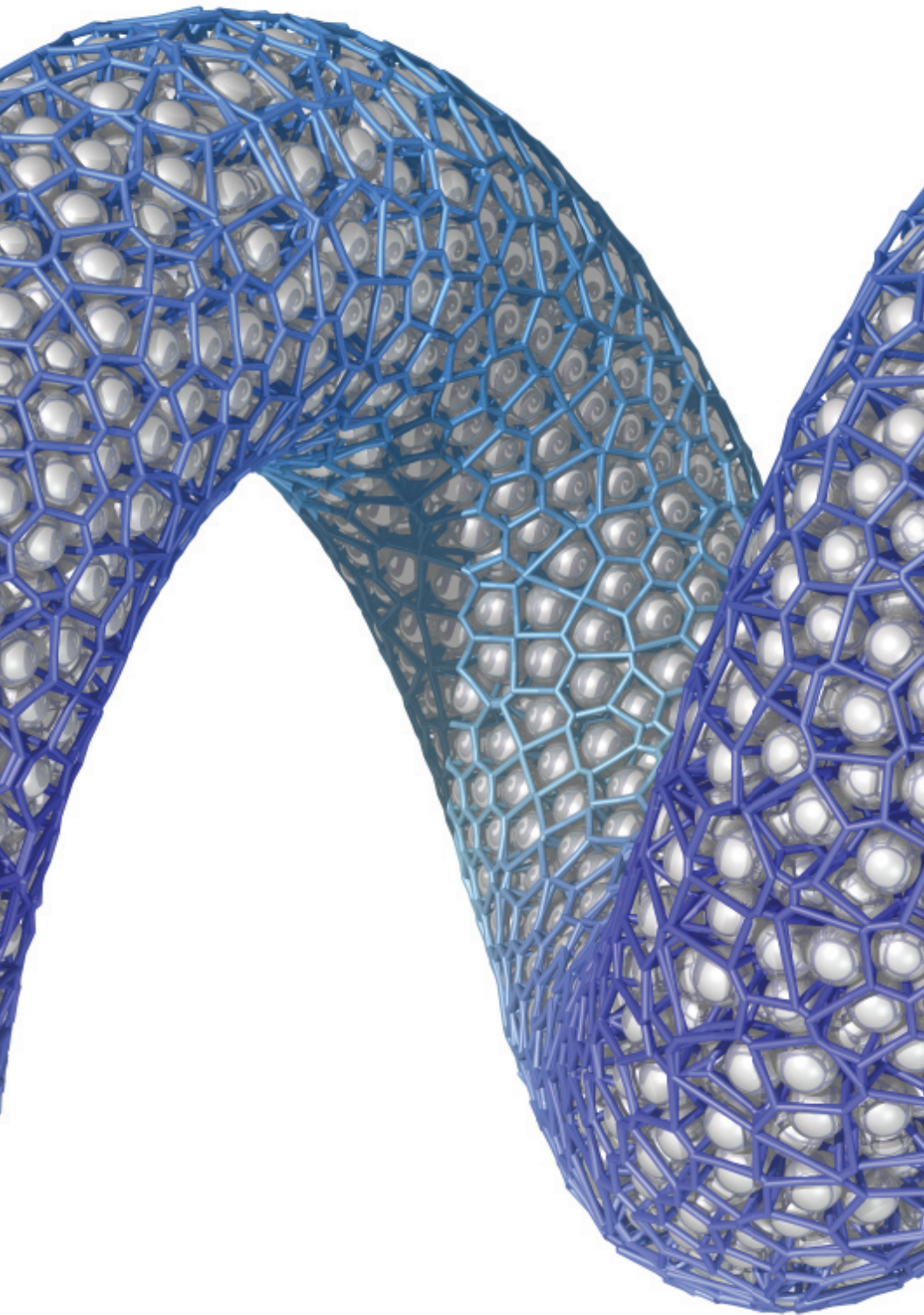
"The robot was transported to the city for routine maintenance," a screen monitor explained, her eyes never leaving a scrolling film of what appeared to be segments of masking tape stuck to a black wall. "We're still trying to figure out how to improve the external materials. The main body will be returning in parts over the next two weeks."

So Klara waited two weeks. And then another. And then, just as she was about to leave for the night, word came of serious problems with the internal computer. The robot was no longer permitted to be used in water.

A land dolphin, thought Klara, and she imagined its sad presence on the shore, the fatty trunk, its crackling skin. With no palms to use against harsh gravity, the dolphin would flap like a dying fish, or worse, scoot like a baby to moisture. And once arrived in the water, then what? It would ignite.

A land dolphin, she scoffed. If man's improvement on nature was only to corral it, her miracle of technology, her 21st century love story was all just a sad approximation of some things that once tasted good, before they got diluted.

Klara stopped by the outdoor enclosure on her way home. It was the site of her upcoming performances with live dolphins. The streetlights near the enclosure buzzed orange and the moon illuminated little spines of the disturbed water. The wind flushed up beneath her dress, the trees waved. Otherwise, it was dark and also quiet. The dolphins were frolicking beneath the water. She set down her bag and looked out over the stirrings beneath the surface. She opened the gate to the enclosure. They were rough down there. Real dolphins pushed and roughhoused, threw their weight around. They might hurt her. As she considered this, Klara found her feet were in, and then her legs. The dolphins screeched underwater, and the range of pitches sent shivers over her scalp. Her dress was off, she stood up on the platform. The dolphins had begun their way out of the enclosure. One breached in the moonlight, and with a small splash, so did she.



speaking, *poesis*.

1989 *Raritan* 9:1. 35 The first poem

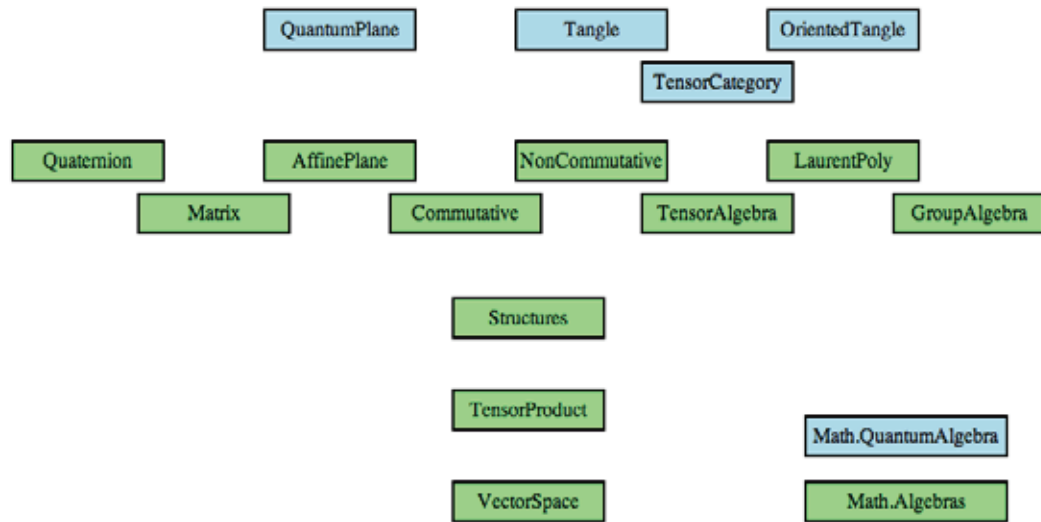
2003 *Chicago Rev. (Nexis)* 49:31
phrase by phrase. .in comp'



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HOT TOPICS
GOLD

THE
GOLDEN TRACTATE OF
HERMES TRISMEGISTUS

Aureus or the Golden Tractate of Hermes Section

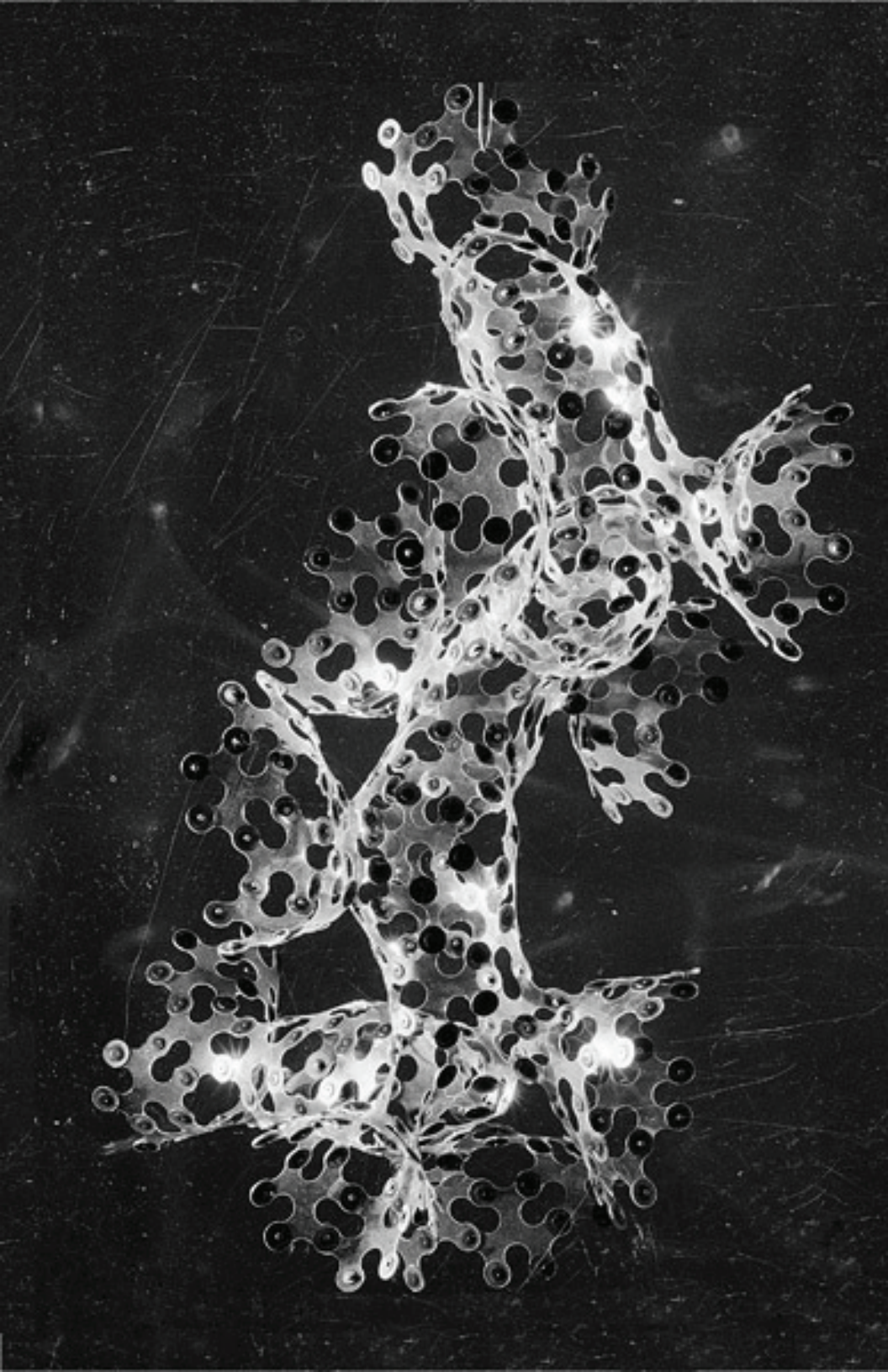
I

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 at length
thirty be accomplished Understand the operation, therefore. De-
coction lessens the matter, but the tincture augments it; because Luna in
fifteen days is diminished; and in the third she is augmented. This is the beginning and
the end. Behold, I have declared that which was hidden, since the work is both with thee
and about thee - that which was within is taken out and fixed, and thou canst have it either in
earth or sea.

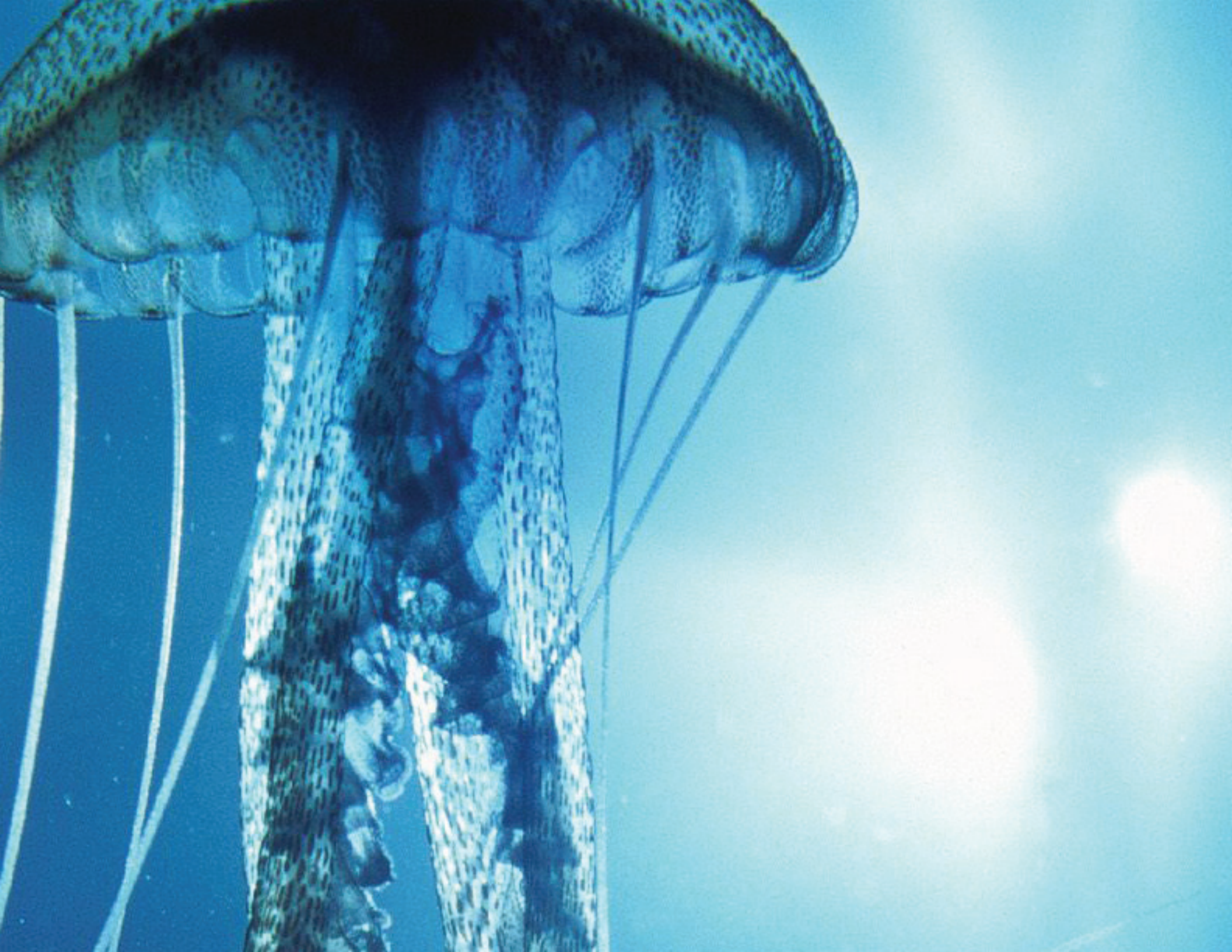
Keep, therefore, thy Argent vive, which is prepared in the innermost chamber in which it is coagulated; for
that is the Mercury which is separated from the residual earth. He, therefore, who now hears my words, let him
search into them; which are to justify no evil-doer, but to benefit the good; therefore, I have discovered all things
that were before hidden concerning this knowledge, and disclosed the greatest of all secrets, even the Intellectual Sci-
ence. Know ye, therefore, Children of Wisdom, who enquire concerning the report thereof, that the vulture standing upon
the mountain crieth out with a loud voice, I am the White of the Black, and the Red of the White, and the Citrine of the Red,
and behold I speak the very truth.

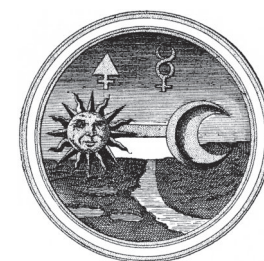
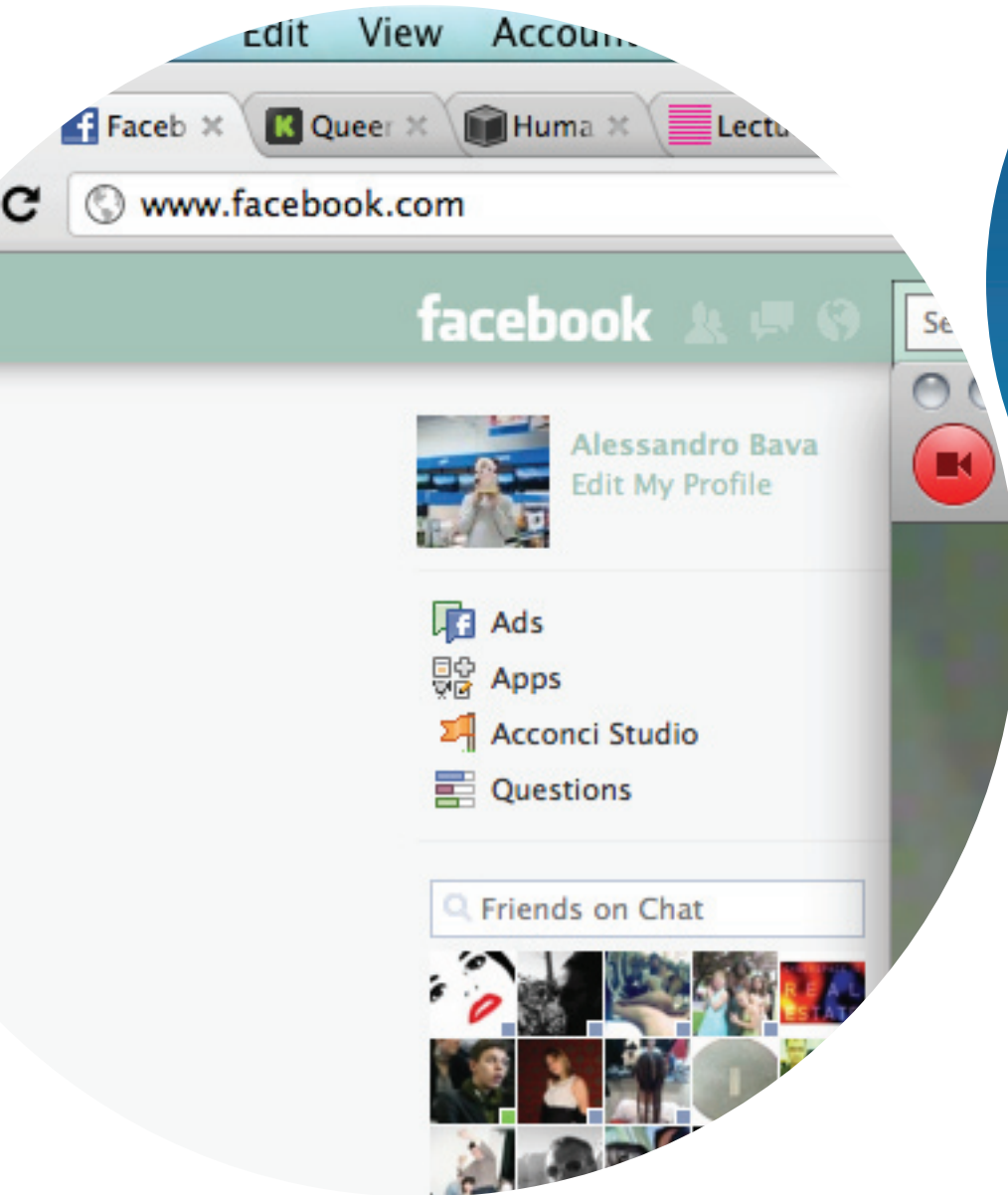
And know that the chief principle of the art is the Crow, which is the blackness of the night and clearness of the day, and flies
without wings. From the bitterness existing in the throat the tincture is taken, the red goes forth from his body, and from his back
is taken a thin water. Understand, therefore, and accept this gift of God which is hidden from the thoughtless world. In the caverns
of the metals there is hidden the stone that is venerable, splendid in colour, a mind sublime, and an open sea. Behold, I have declared it
unto thee; give thanks to God, who teacheth thee this knowledge, for He in return recompenses the grateful.

Put the matter into a moist fire, therefore, and cause it to boil in order that its heat may be augmented, which destroys the siccidity of
the incombustible nature, until the radix shall appear; then extract the redness and the light parts, till only about a third remains Sons
of Science ! For this reason are philosophers said to be envious, not that they grudged the truth to religious or just men, or to the
wise; but to fools, ignorant and vicious, who are without self-control and benevolence, least they should be made powerful and able
to perpetrate sinful things. For of such the philosophers are made accountable to God, and evil men are not admitted worthy of this
wisdom. Know that this matter I call the stone; but it is also named the feminine of magnesia or the hen, or the white spittle, or
the volatile milk, the incombustible oil in order that it may be hidden from the inept and ignorant who are deficient in goodness and
self-control; which I have nevertheless signified to the wise by one only epithet, viz., the Philosopher's Stone.

Include, therefore, and conserve in this sea, the fire and the heavenly bird, to the latest moment of his exit. But I deprecate
ye all, Sons of Philosophy, on whom the great gift of this knowledge being bestowed, if any should undervalue or divulge the
power thereof to the ignorant, or such as are unfit for the knowledge of this secret. Behold, I have received nothing from
any to whom I have not returned that which had been given me, nor have I failed to honour him; even in this I have
reposed the highest confidence.

This, O Son, is the concealed stone of many colours, which is born and brought forth in one colour; know this
and conceal it. By this, the Almighty favouring, the greatest diseases are escaped, and every sorrow, distress,
and evil and hurtful thing is made to depart; for it leads from darkness into light, from this desert
wilderness to a secure habitation, and from poverty and straits to a free and ample fortune.





Memoir on Pauperism

Alexis de Togueville

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 the figure as
one indigent to every ninety-eight inhabitants.

Instead of comparing foreign countries among themselves, contrast the
different parts of the same realm with each other, and you will arrive at an
analogous result; you will see on the one hand the number of those living in comfort,
and, on the other, the number of those who need public funds in order to live, growing
proportionately.

According to the calculations of a conscientious writer whose theories, however, I do not fully
accept, the average number of indigents in France is one pauper to twenty inhabitants. But immense
differences are observable between the different parts of the kingdom. The department of the Nord,
which is certainly the richest, the most populous, and the most advanced from all points of view, reckons
close to a sixth of its population for whom charity is necessary. In the Creuse, the poorest and least
industrial of all our departments, there is only one indigent to every fifty-eight inhabitants. In this statistical
account, La Manche is listed as having one pauper for every twenty-six inhabitants.

I think that it is not impossible to give a reasonable explanation for this phenomenon. The effect that I have
just pointed out is due to several general causes which it would take too long to examine thoroughly, but they
can at least be indicated.

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

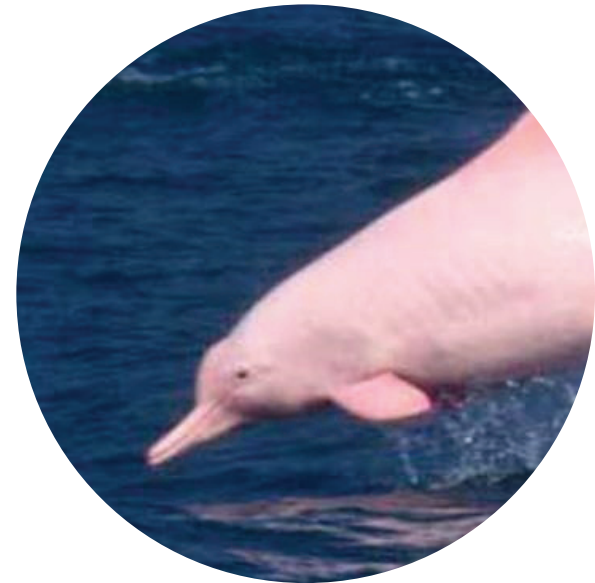
We see men assembling for the first time. They come out of the forest, they are still savages; they associate not
to enjoy life but in order to find the means of living. The object of their efforts is to find a refuge against the
intemperance of the seasons and sufficient nourishment. Their imaginations do not go beyond these goods, and, if they
obtain them without exertion, they consider themselves satisfied with their fate and slumber in their idle comfort. I
have lived among the barbarous tribes of North America; I pitied them their destiny, but they do not find it at all a
cruel one. Lying amidst the smoke of his cabin, covered with coarse clothes—the work of his hands or the fruit
of the hunt—the Indian looks with pity on our arts, considering the refinements of our civilisation a tiresome
and shameful subjugation. They envy us only our weapons. Having arrived at this first age of societies, men
therefore still

have very few desires, they feel hardly any needs but ones analogous to those of animals; they have merely
discovered the means of satisfying them with the least effort through social organisation. Before
agriculture is known to them they live by the hunt. From the moment that they have learned the art of
producing harvests from the earth, they become farmers. Everyone then reaps enough to feed himself
and his children from the field which happens to fall into his hands. Private property is created,
and with it enters the most active element of progress.

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

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

There existed no outward sign which could
permanently establish the



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.

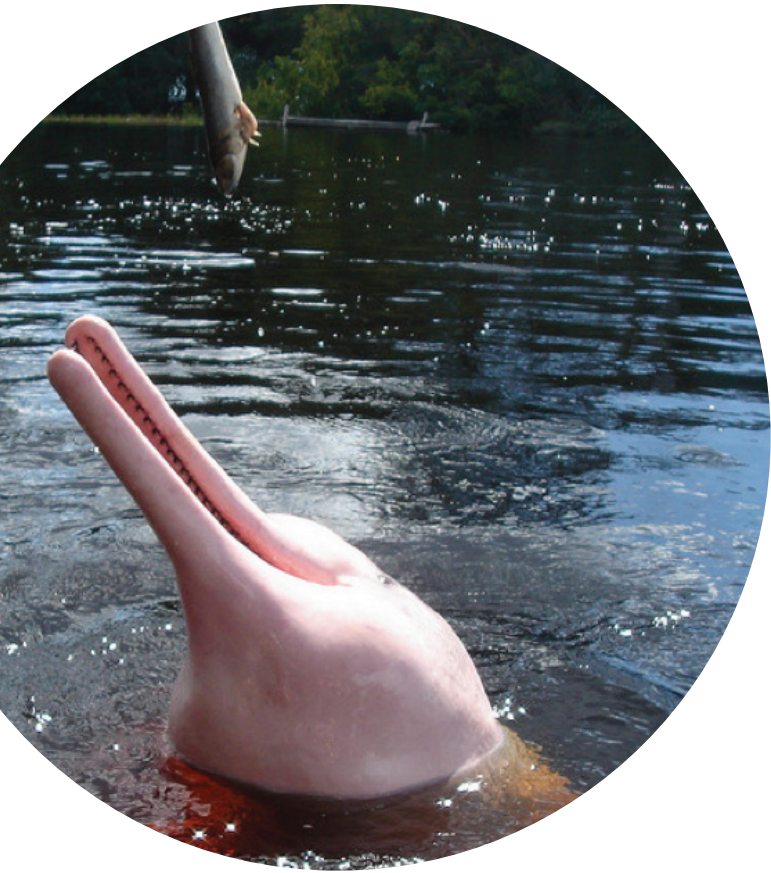
The origins of almost all
aristocracies should be
sought in this

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 restric- tion; 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 advan- tages. 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 govern- ment 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 equality is prevalent only at the historical poles of civilisation. Savages are equal because they are equally weak and ignorant. Very civilised men can all become equal because they all have at their disposal similar means of attaining comfort and happiness. Between these two extremes is found inequality of conditions, wealth, knowledge—the power of the few, the poverty, ignorance, and weakness of all the rest.

Able and learned writers have already studied the Middle Ages, others are still working at it, among them the secretary of the Academic Society of Cherbourg. I therefore leave the enormous task of 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 feudal centuries. In the twelfth century, what has since been called the 'third estate' did not yet exist. The population was divided into only two categories. On the one hand were those who cultivated the soil without possessing it; on the other, those who possessed the soil without cultivating it. As for the first group of the population, I imagine that in certain regards its fate was less deserving of pity than that of the common people of our era. These men were in a situation like that of our colonial slaves, although they played their role with more liberty, dignity, and morality. Their means of subsistence was almost always assured; the interest of the master coincided with their own on this point. Limited in their desires as well as in their power, without anxiety about a present or a future which was not theirs to choose, they enjoyed a kind of vegetative 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 believing, however, that even within this privileged class the pursuit of pleasure was as preponderant as is generally supposed. Luxury without comfort can easily exist in a still half-barbarous nation. Comfort presupposes a numerous class all of whose members work together to render life milder and easier. But, in the period under discussion, the number of those not totally absorbed in self-preservation was extremely small. Their life was brilliant, ostentatious, but not comfortable. One ate with one's fingers on silver or engraved steel plates, clothes were lined with ermine and gold, and linen was unknown; the walls of their dwellings dripped with moisture, and they sat in richly sculptured wooden chairs before immense hearths where entire trees were consumed without diffusing sufficient heat around them. I am convinced that there is not a provincial town today whose more fortunate inhabitants do not have more true comforts of life in their homes and do not find it easier to satisfy the thousand needs created by civilisation than the proudest medieval baron. If we look carefully at the feudal centuries, we will discover in fact that the great majority of the population lived almost without needs and that the remainder felt only a small number of them. The land was enough for all needs. Subsistence was universal; comfort unheard of.

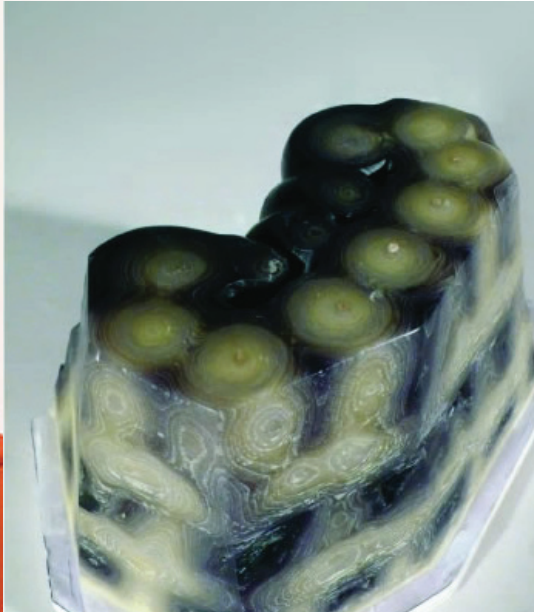
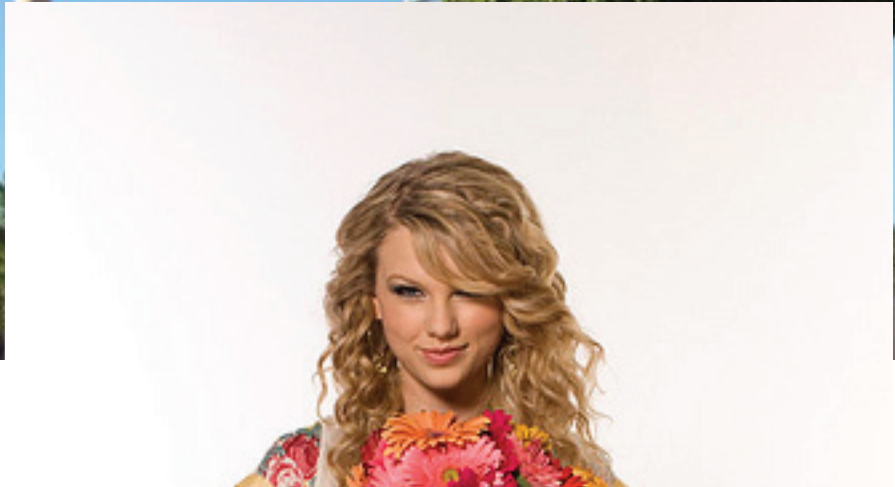
It was necessary to establish this point of departure in order to make clear what follows.

As time passes, the population which cultivates the soil acquires new tastes. The satisfaction of the basic necessities is no longer sufficient. The peasant, without leaving his fields, wants to be better housed and clothed. He has seen life's comforts and he wants them. On the other hand, the class which lived off the land without cultivating the soil extends the range of its pleasures; these become less ostentatious, but more complex, more varied. Thousands of needs unknown to the medieval nobles stimulate their descendants. A great number of men who lived on the land and from the land leave their fields and find their livelihood by working to satisfy these newly discovered needs.

Agriculture which was everyone's occupation is now only that of the majority. Alongside those who live in leisure from the productivity of the soil arises a numerous class who live by working at a trade but without cultivating the soil.

Each century, as it emerges from the hand of the Creator, extends the range of thought, increases the desires and the power of man. The poor and the rich, each in his sphere, conceive of new enjoyments which were unknown to their ancestors. In order to satisfy these new needs, which the cultivation of the soil cannot meet, a portion of the population leaves agricultural labour each year for industry.

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



certain
that proportionately as civilisation
progressed, a large population displacement
occurred. Men left the plow for the shuttle and the
hammer; they moved from the thatched cottage to the factory. In
doing so, they were obeying the immutable laws which govern the growth of
organised societies. One can no more assign an end to this movement than impose
limits on human perfectibility. The limits of both are known only by God.

What has been, what is the consequence of this gradual and irresistible movement that we
have just described? An immense number of new commodities has been introduced into the world;
the class which had remained in agriculture found at its disposal a multitude of luxuries previously
unknown. The life of the farmer became more pleasant and comfortable; the life of the great proprietor
more varied and more ornate; comfort was available to the majority. But these happy results have not been
obtained without a necessary cost.

I have stated that in the Middle Ages comfort could be found nowhere, but life everywhere. This sentence sums up
what follows. When almost the entire population lived off the soil great poverty and rude manners could exist, but man's
most pressing needs were satisfied. It is only rarely that the earth cannot provide enough to appease the pangs of hunger
for anyone who will sweat for it. The population was therefore impoverished but it lived. Today the majority is happier but
it would always be on the verge of dying of hunger if public support were lacking.

Such a result is easy to understand. The farmer produces basic necessities. The market may be better or worse, but it is almost
guaranteed; and if an accidental cause prevents the disposal of agricultural produce, this produce at least gives its harvester
something to live on and permits him to wait for better times.

The worker, on the contrary, speculates on secondary needs which a thousand causes can restrict and important events completely
eliminate. However bad the times or the market, each man must have a certain minimum of nourishment or he languishes and dies, and
he is always ready to make extraordinary sacrifices in order to obtain this. But unfortunate circumstances can lead the population
to deny itself certain pleasures to which it would ordinarily be attracted. It is the taste and demand for these pleasures which the
worker counts on for a living. If they are lacking, no other resource remains to him. His own harvest is consumed, his fields are
barren; should such a condition continue, his prospect is only misery and death.

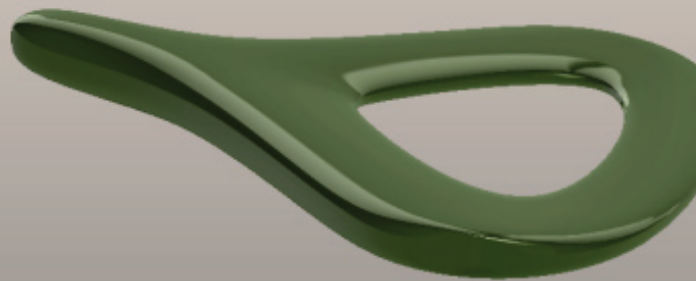
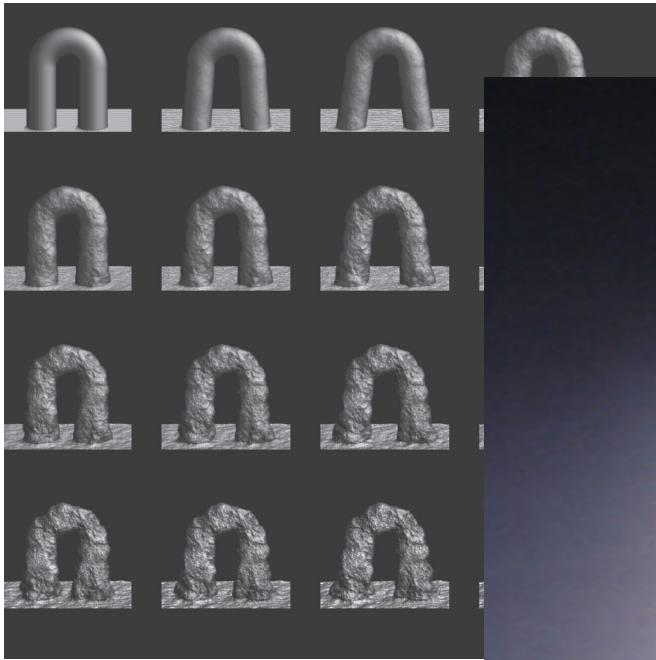
I have spoken only of the case where the population restricts its needs. Many other causes can lead to the same effect: domestic
overproduction, foreign competition, etc.

The industrial class which gives so much impetus to the well-being of others is thus much more exposed to sudden and
irremediable evils. In the total fabric of human societies, I consider the industrial class as having received from God the special
and dangerous mission of securing the material well-being of all others by its risks and dangers. The natural and irresistible
movement of civilisation continuously tends to increase the comparative size of this class. Each year needs multiply and diversify,
and with them grows the number of individuals who hope to achieve greater comfort by working to satisfy those new needs
rather than by remaining occupied in agriculture. Contemporary statesmen would do well to consider this fact.

To this must be attributed what is happening within wealthy societies where comfort and indigence are more closely
connected than elsewhere. The industrial class, which provides for the pleasures of the greatest number, is itself
exposed to miseries that would be almost unknown if this class did not exist.

However, still other causes contribute to the gradual development of pauperism. Man is born with needs, and
he creates needs for himself. The first class belongs to his physical constitution, the second to habit and
education. I have shown that at the outset men had scarcely anything but natural needs, seeking only to
live; but in proportion as life's pleasures have become more numerous, they have become habits. These
in turn have finally become almost as necessary as life itself. I will cite the habit of smoking,
because tobacco is a luxury which has even permeated the wilderness and which has created
an artificial pleasure among the savages that they must obtain at any price. Tobacco is
almost as indispensable to the Indian as nourishment; he is apt to resort to begging
when he lacks either. Here is a cause of beggary unknown to his forefathers.

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



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.

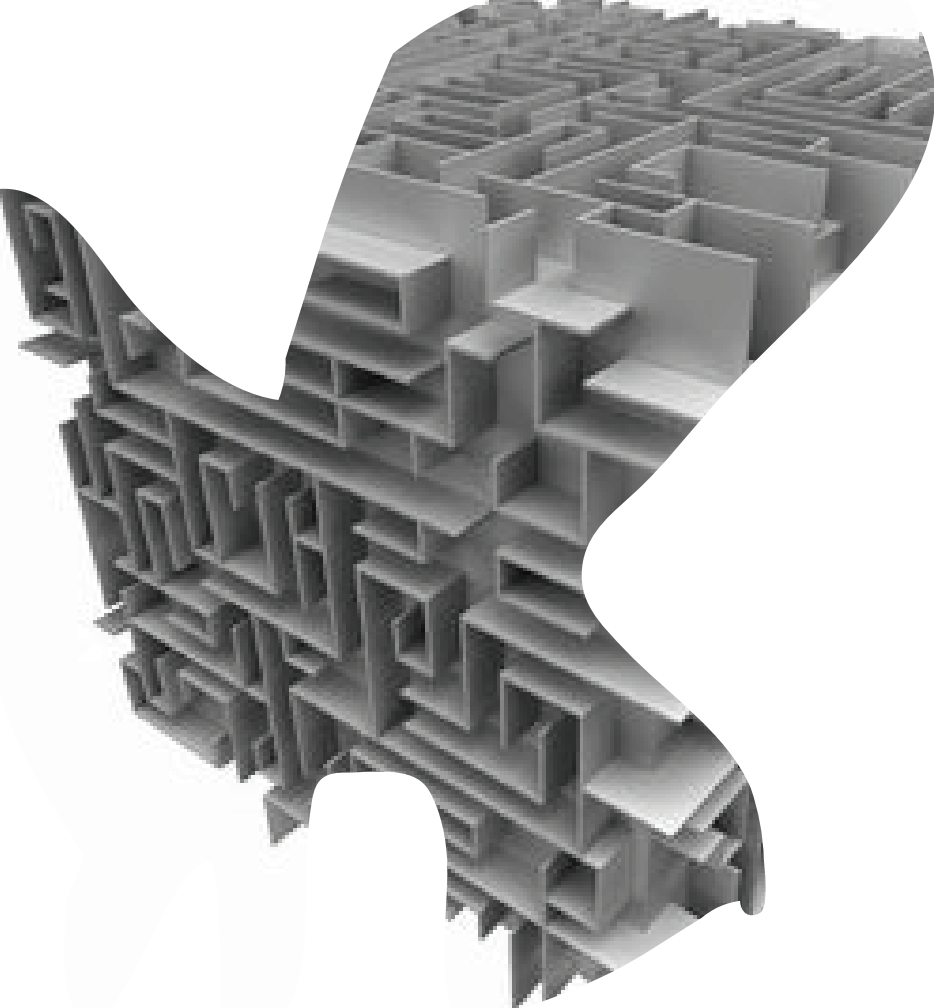
The progress of civilisation not only exposes men to many new misfortunes:
it even brings society to alleviate miseries which are not even thought
about in less civilised societies. In a country where the majority is ill-
clothed, ill-housed, ill-fed, who thinks of giving clean clothes, healthy
food, 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

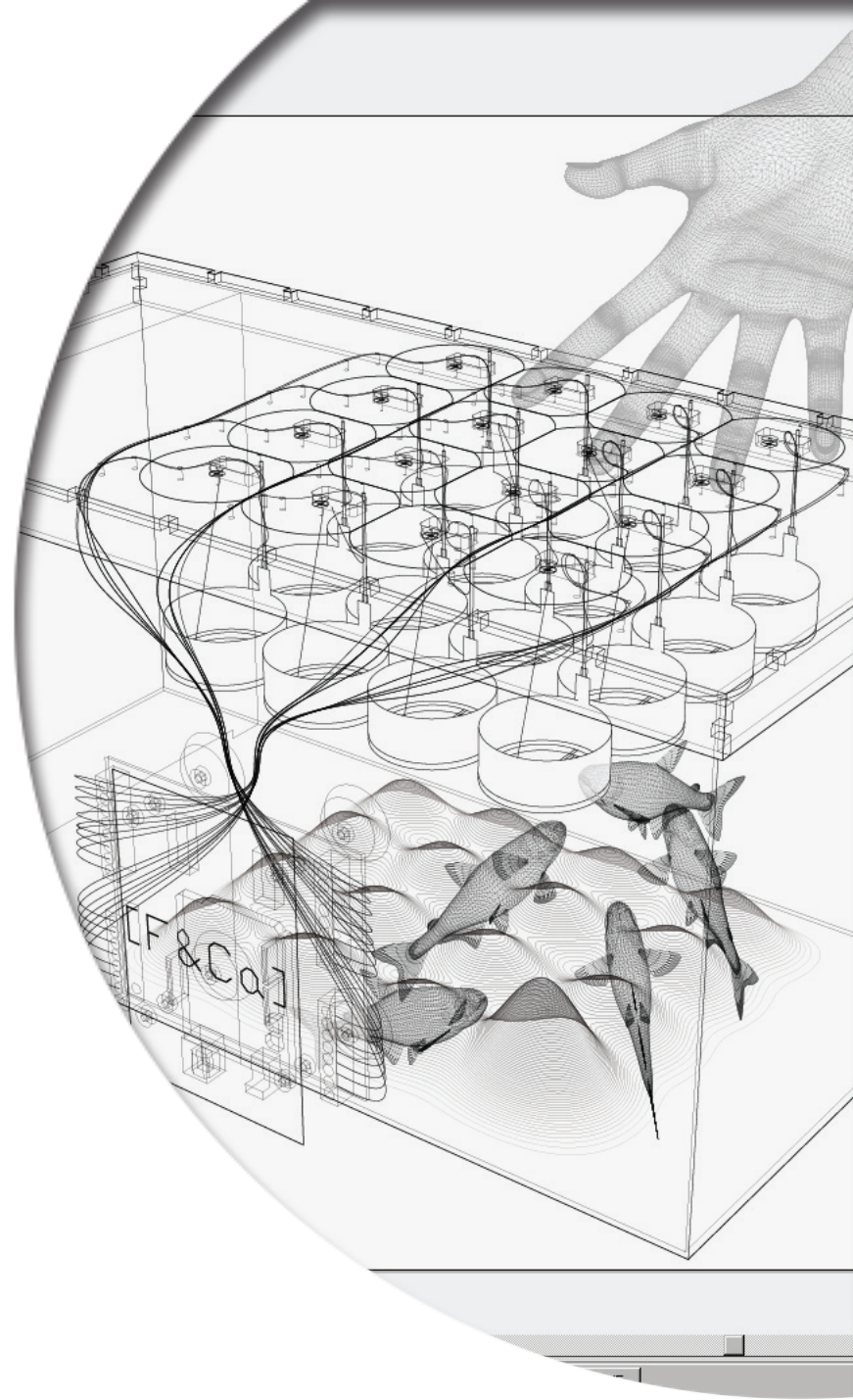
number of
those who appeal to public
charity must multiply, since two very
powerful causes tend to that result. On the
one hand, among these nations, the most insecure class
continuously grows. On the other hand, needs infinitely expand
and diversify, and the chance of being exposed to some of them
becomes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

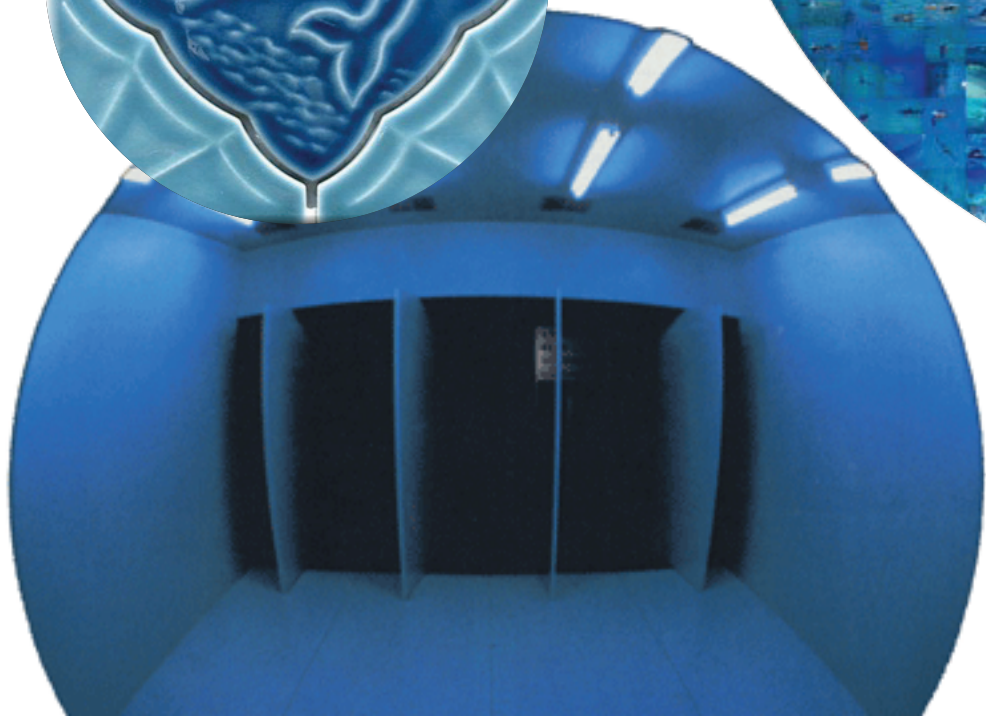
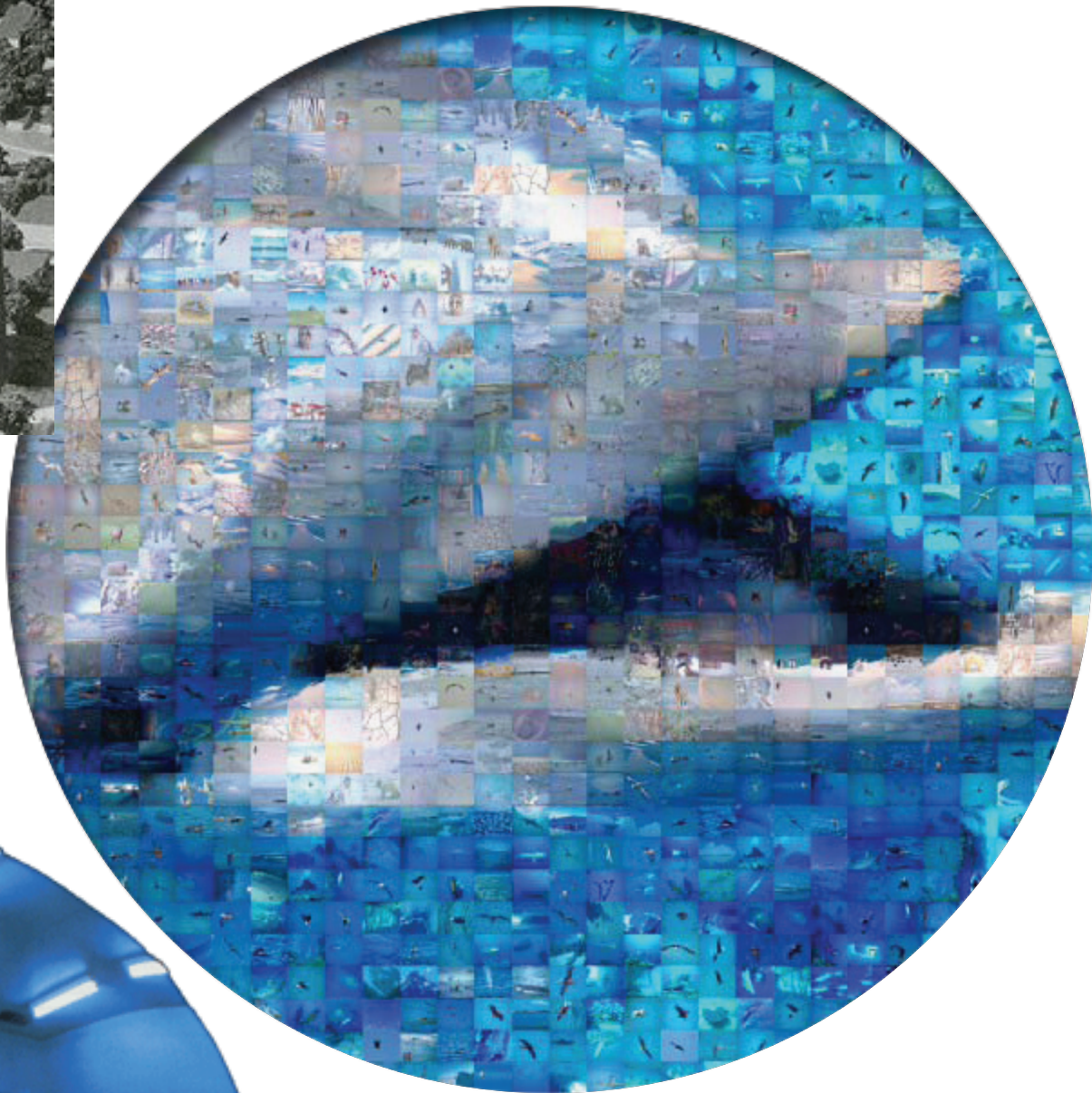
During the day, I worked for trade unions doing theater with old people. My life at that time had become completely improbable. But at times like these, I believed. Like everyone else who worked in the clubs, I was always trying to leave. Girls saved, quit to travel in Europe or start their own business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

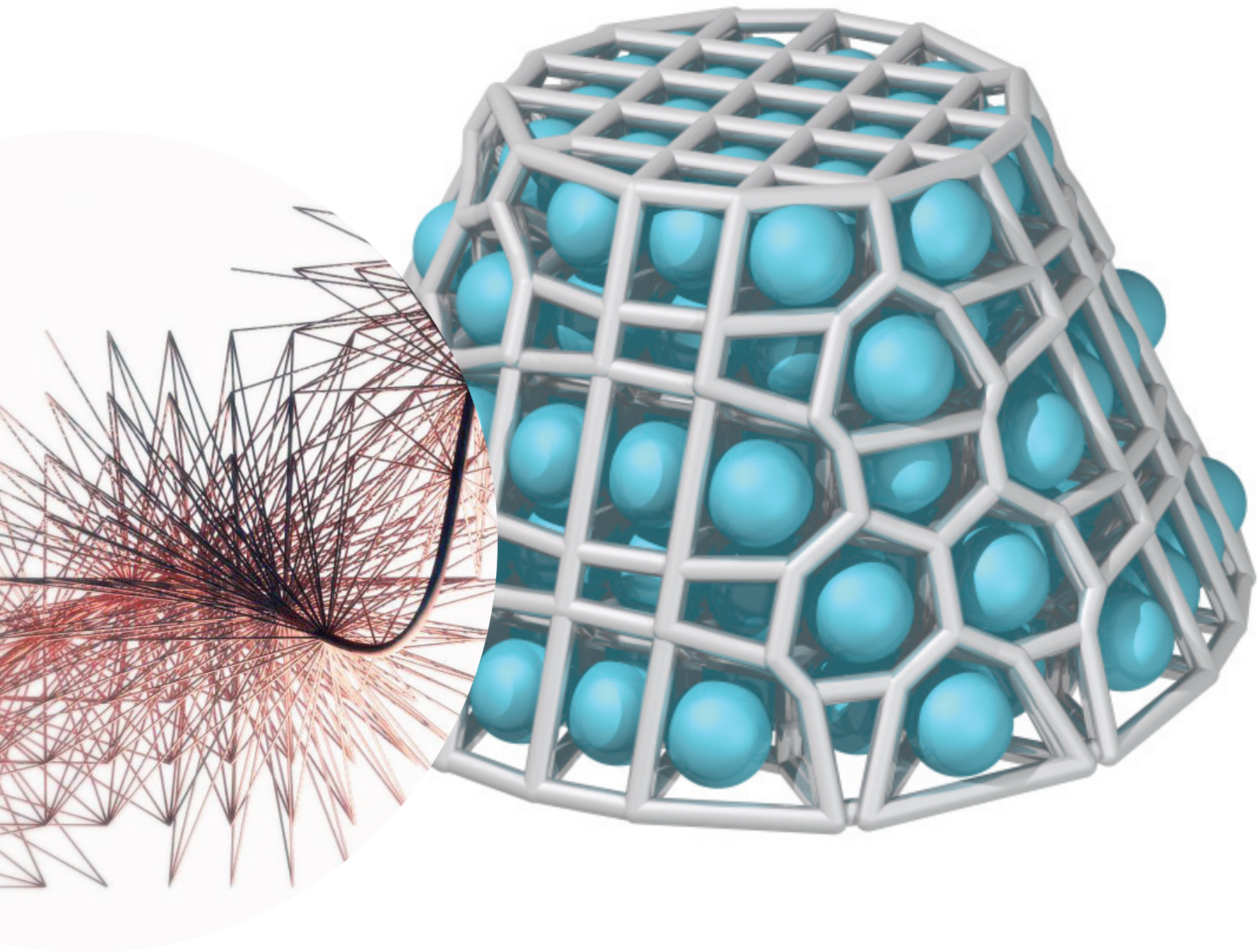
Two years later, the whole thing got busted.











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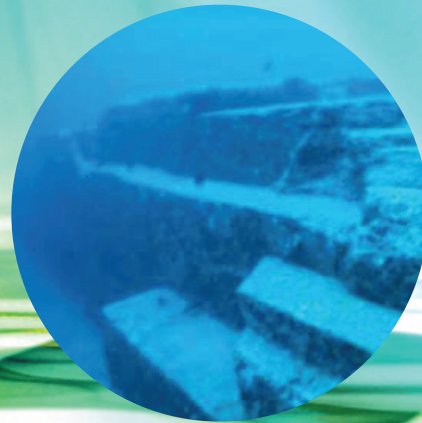
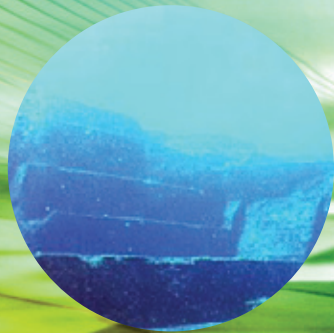
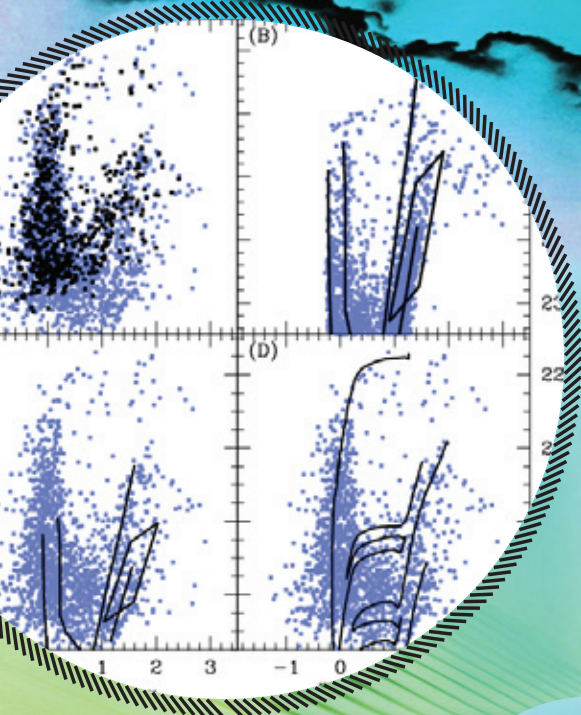
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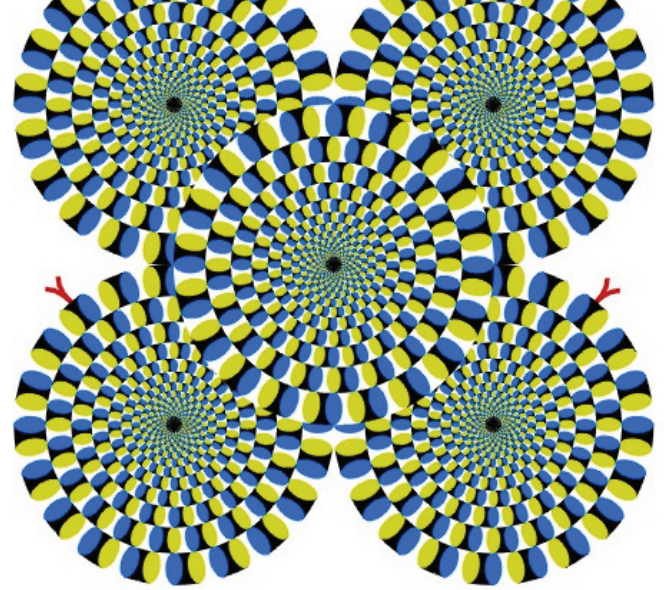




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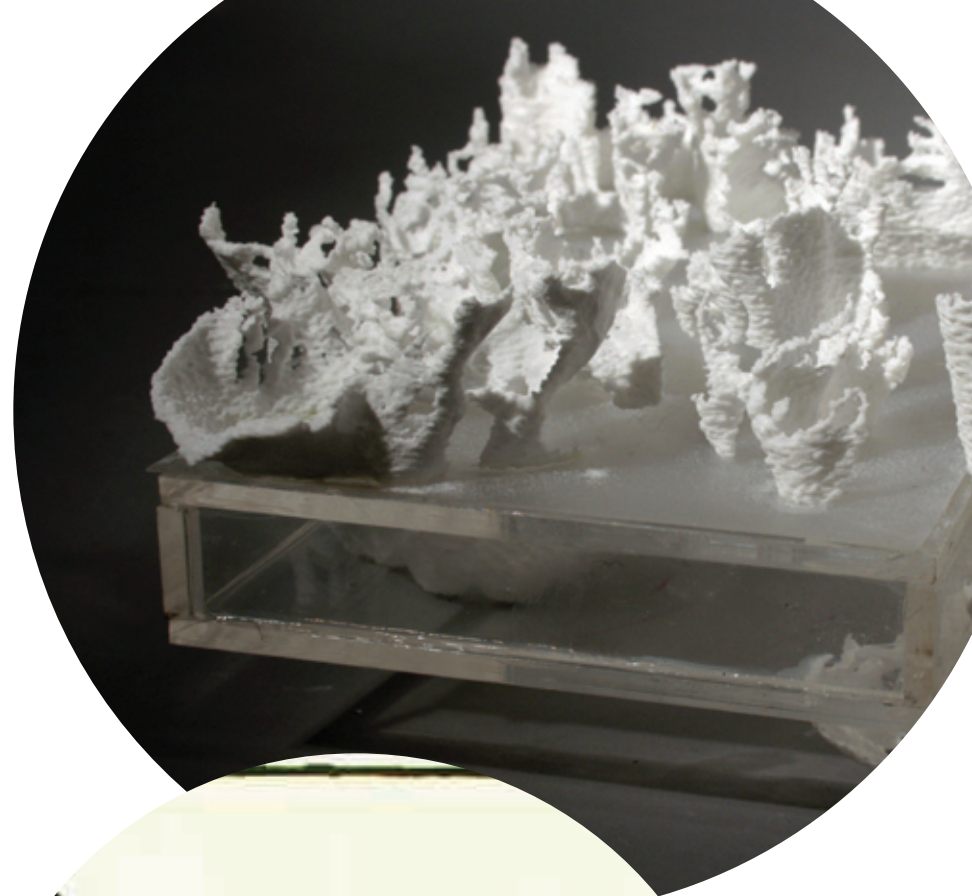
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Ever since my trip to
the London Aquarium a couple weeks back
I can't seem to think about anything but sharks. I just
love them—so dangerous yet so elegant, so savage yet so beautiful.
Sort of like Sarah Michelle Gellar in that movie *Cruel Intentions*,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

SHARKS

a short story and interview
by

Karley Sciortino

My obsession with the animal started off innocently—watching videos of shark attacks on Youtube, drawing pictures of sharks naked, etc. It later progressed onto excessive Google sessions, searching things like 'shark orgy' and 'erect shark cock.' Finally, my fetish reached its peak when I found myself watching a video of a hairy Italian man in a shark costume fucking a fat woman doggy-style in a swimming pool... and getting totally wet. (The video is called 'A Shark Fucking a Whale,' if you want to look it up.) Like... should I feel weird about this?

But back to the point—what would it be like to fuck a shark? Well, I decided to ditch the vintage porn and instead finish myself off to thoughts of being pummeled by a Great White. And let me tell you, if it's anything like my fantasies, making love to a shark is incredibly hot. I mean next level hot. Fuck—sharks are just so, you know, wet and streamlined and muscular and stuff. I'm getting hard just thinking about them. Plus they've got that whole rough and ready thing going on. I'm way into that.

The only problem with this fascination, however, is that I don't think I'll ever be able to make my fantasies a reality. I mean, seriously, where the fuck am I going to find a shark? Plus, I don't know for sure, but I'm assuming zoophilia is illegal. Ugh, I feel like an outcast of sexual society. It blows not fitting in. This is what pedos must feel like. I've always felt sorry for those guys. They get such a bad rap...

Why dragon dildos?

Varka: When I was at university and I started looking at sex toys to see what was available, and realized was that there wasn't any well made toys that catered to fantasy fetishes. Recently there's been the *Avatar* fleshlight crossover thing and some other stuff like *Twilight* sex toys, but back when I started the business the options sucked.

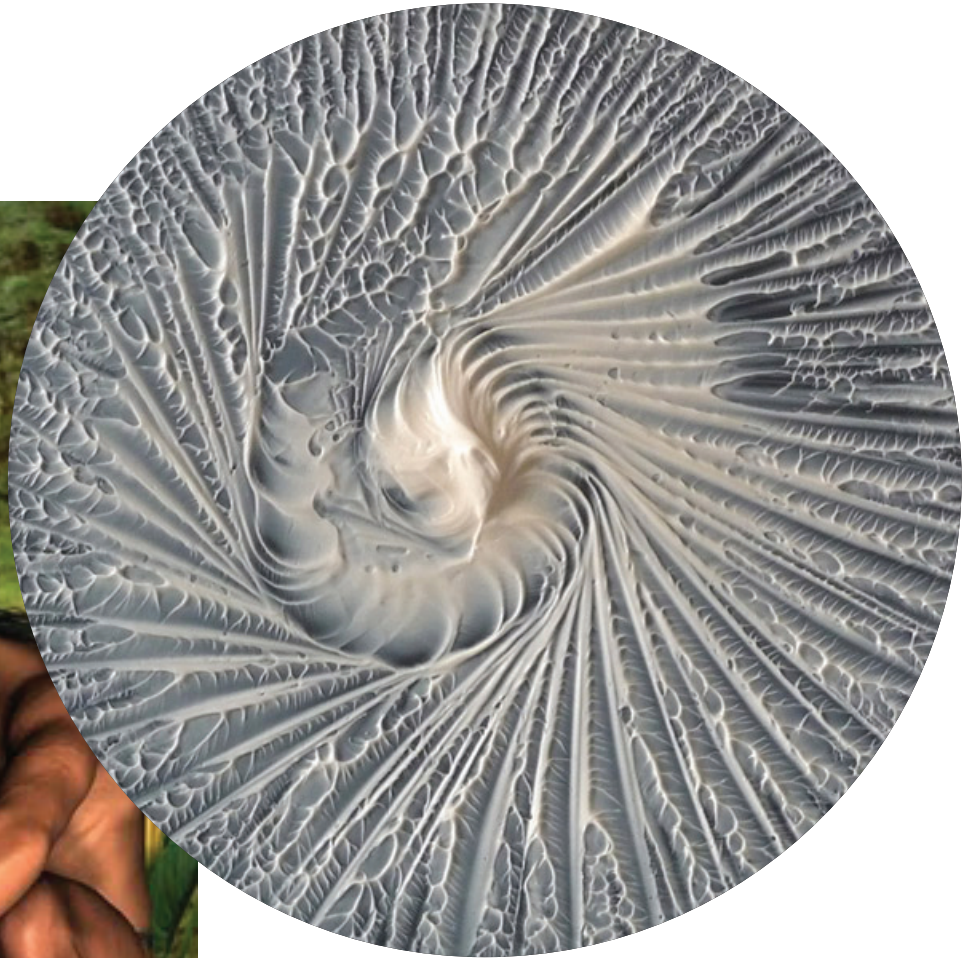
Do you want to fuck dragons?

I have an interest in dragons and fantasy creatures, but I would redefine what I'm sexually interested in as 'world building'. The main thing about role playing games—like *Dungeons and Dragons* and *Mass Effect*—is that you take on a persona of your own and live vicariously through that alter ego's actions. You can create anything—a new world.

Who is your primary clientele?

The biggest single identifiable group is the furry fandom, but there are a wide variety of people who take an interest in our stuff. You'd be surprised how 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.

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STARTS AUGUST 9 AT THEATRES EVERYWHERE



For an Ecology of Genetics and Biomorphic Media Theory

Matteo Pasquinelli

Language is not
life; it gives life orders.

Life does not speak; it listens and waits.

— Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari *A Thousand Plateaus*.

(1987: 76)

After the age of the machinic, the bios reenters the zeitgeist. Cybernetics and hacker culture in the 80s, the 'network society' in the 90s, the dot-com bubble around 2000 and the 'long tail' of the metadata of Web 2.0 marked the evolution of the digital phylum. In the last decade, a different conurbation of forces—climate change and energy crisis, pop genetics and protests against GMOs, bioterrorism hysteria and bioethical crusades—started to sediment a new episteme concerned with the living. This affected the technological discourse too. If, according to Michel Foucault, modern biopolitics was about the management of populations and corporeal discipline, then since WWII a new interest has emerged around the microscopic scale of the bios—around the cell as the unit of life. Cultural mediators have been gathering in the interstice of this shift, developing the missing theoretical tissue between digital code and genetic code, between media art and a new controversial bioart.

Two main questions arise concerning this cultural shift. First: To what extent can biological models be employed to describe the mediascape as a new sort of ecosystem? To what extent, for example, can the metaphor of 'media ecology' be grounded in a properly biological paradigm? This question has relevance for political debate too, as biomimetic figures inspired by digital networks begin to be applied to new political concepts: see, for instance, the figure of the swarm applied to the postmodern notion of the multitude (Hardt and Negri, 2004, and also Parikka, 2008; Thacker, 2004). Conversely, a second question addresses the biological from the point of view of the digital. If 'code' is the universal semiotic form that is common to human language, computers and DNA, to what extent can cybernetic and digital models be applied to the biological? The history of bioinformatics started shortly after the discovery of DNA in the 1950s, accommodating quite a strict reductionism between 'digital code' and 'genetic code'.

What are the consequences of a computer-based understanding of cellular reproduction for the sphere of ecology and biodiversity? Schematically, the question is how to apply the forms of the bios to the techne? And conversely, how to apply the forms of the techne to the bios? In answer to the first question this essay tests the homogeneity of the biomimetic continuum, which supposes the mediascape as an extension of the biological realm (like in the notion of the machinic formulated in Deleuze and Guattari, 1987).

Responding to the second question, this essay analyses the biodigital continuum, which takes binary code as a universal grammar from the Turing Machine to DNA, and then reduces the bios to a computable logos. Or, as Kelly (2002) puts it in his logocentric manifesto 'God is the Machine': computation can describe all things, all things can compute, all computation is one. The general purpose of this essay is to clarify the notion of 'media ecology' from the perspective of these two continua which consciously or unconsciously trouble its definition.

Sliding along the different typologies of the continuum that cut across the physical, biological, technological and cognitive domains (hyle, bios, techne, logos in Greek archetypes), this essay starts by positing the cell as the unit of life as opposed to the code as the unit of life. Reversing the dominant paradigm of the 'genetic code' is considered a necessary move in opening the biopolitical field of the cell, to ground a visceral materialism and eventually to outline, a new 'ecology' of biotechnologies.

The first part of the article presents a basic 'bestiary of the invisible' to demonstrate paradigms of (microscopic) life which do not follow genetic logocentrism. Through authors such as Freud, Serres and Margulis, a new energetic diagram of the cell is advanced, calling for a general metabolics of organic life in opposition to the dominant partisan genetics. Trying to debunk the fatal opposition between code and energy, the second part of the article introduces DNA as an extension of the cellular body. Deleuze's notion of the fold is employed to recognise 'genetic code' as a folding of organic matter in on itself with no intervention of any external grammar.

This incestuous relation between linguistics and genetics is traced back to Erwin Schrödinger's seminal book *What is Life?* precisely, Schrödinger's notion of negative entropy is finally taken up as a key concept to clarify the four different regimes of entropy that compose the physical, biological, technological, and cognitive domains. Inspired by the post-structuralist paradigm of Deleuze and Guattari, this essay nevertheless advances a critique of their notion of the machinic continuum. Against the enthusiasm of new media scholars and activists, the mineral, organic, technological and informational domains cannot be so smoothly compared, translated

a n d
coupled with each other as they
belong to different entropic regimes.

Only the recognition of the frictions and accumulations
of energy surpluses occurring between these different ontological
strata will make possible the imagining of a new ecology of machines.

Since its discovery, the cell has been an arena of diverse scientific and ethical
interpretations of 'life' and has progressively become an agitated battlefield for
religion, politics and business. In the 1950s the discovery of DNA shifted the focus
to the very core of the cell nucleus and to the very abstract level of the genetic code.
Afterward the newfound layer of the 'code' merged quickly with the digital phylum and shifted
the biopolitical debate towards sequencing computers, genome databases and ultimately new media
art and culture.

During this evolution, the very 'flesh' of the cell was left behind by genetic reductionism and its cultural
translations.

Against the mechanistic and allegedly neutral paradigm of genetic code, in this essay the biopolitical field of the
cell is enlarged, magnified in its metabolism and framed again as the unit of life. This approach may seem to go
back to pre-DNA biology and in fact it underlines the importance of the cellular Umwelt and the need to develop
a new micro-ecology. For instance, a congruous notion of genetic ecology or the ecology of biotechnologies is
yet to come and the branch of microbial ecology is unable to evade its disciplinary realm. Outside of the imperium
instituted by the DNA age and its intensive bioethics, the microscopic space of the cell still lacks a cartography
of its extensive

ecology.

The discovery of DNA opened a new dimension of knowledge, but proportionally also unveiled and expanded the ratio
of the unknown. The human genome has been entirely mapped but the so-called 'junk DNA' (95% of all DNA) still
has an unknown function. At a higher biological scale, the human body keeps on carrying its secrets. The human
body is made of tens of trillions of cells and in the intestine 100 trillions of bacteria and friendly parasites live as
a forgotten organ. The scale of the unknown and everyday relations with micro-organisms should be the first
argument to suggest an ecology of the invisible.

Missing an epistemological method to explore the invisible dimension of the bios, pre-scientific narratives
may become useful again. Bestiaries were used in the Middle Ages to describe and classify ordinary, exotic
and often imaginary animals. They were books of mythologies and superstitions but they kept open the
dimension of wonder.

Their rudimentary zoology and botany often incarnated and protected pagan beliefs against clerical
normalisation.

Today entering unexplored dimensions of the bios, a bestiary of the invisible, of the
infinitely small, of genetics itself is advanced here to underline again the living, breathing
behind the genetic code.

More precisely this 'bestiary of the invisible' focuses on unicellular
organisms such as bacteria, yeasts and organelles as they constitute
the raw subjects of biotechnologies and occupy the same
scale as, for instance, cloned embryos and stem
cells—that is, the scale of new biopolitical
domains. 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

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
life): everything burns and eventually cools down. On the
contrary, aside from consuming energy, cell metabolism is also
able to accumulate it.

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

The renowned reaction of photosynthesis transforms solar energy
and stores it in the carbon rings of sugar and cellulose. This
flow of energy feeds the whole ecosystem all the way up to
predatory 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

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

How can the two fundamental intuitions of code-script and negative entropy (that
is, information and energy) be put into a new relation with each other? Schrödinger
was aware of the limits of the language metaphor that he introduced (and that would
soon occupy the whole stage of biology). Genetic code is indeed a strange 'language':

The term code-script is, of course, too narrow. The chromosome structures are at the same
time instrumental in bringing about the development they foreshadow. They are law-code and executive
power-or, to use another simile, they are architect's plan and builder's craft-in one. (Schrödinger, 1944:
22)

A chromosome is architect and craftsman in one, Schrödinger notices. Yet this image is not precise enough.
Semiotically speaking, as Deleuze and Guattari (1987) also argue, there is no semiotic relation in genetic transcoding.
If the linguistic triad expression, content and object is made of the same substance, then no relation of
reference-no

sign-is possible. The logical impasse relies on the fact that DNA is made of the same amino acids that it is meant
to shape. Following Schrödinger's allegory, the architect and craftsman would be made of the same bricks of the
house to be built.

To escape such a neurotic impasse, Deleuze (1988; 1993) applied the elegant notion of the fold to genetic code.

As in a baroque sculpture, inorganic matter can form itself into the most sophisticated shape simply by folding and
refolding, with no need for external or transcendental intervention. The cell membrane separates organic from inorganic
as a fold of the inorganic itself, which establishes an inside and an outside:

An organism is defined by endogenous folds, while inorganic matter has exogenous folds that are always determined
from without or by the surrounding environment. (Deleuze, 1993: 10) Life starts from this first separation. In primitive
cells a second fold occurs later in the shape of genetic memory (sometimes wrapped in a further third fold: the
nucleus). Reproduction is a fold and break of the cell membrane itself, and so on, following the transformations
of morphogenesis. If the cell membrane is the first fold of organic matter, in order to preserve a positive balance
of energy, the appearance of the second fold of genetic code (and subsequently all the folds of morphogenesis)
can be understood as a further medium developed to preserve energy through reproduction. In this sense, code
itself is a medium of energy surplus and Weismann's continuity of the germ-plasm or Dawkins' theory of the
'selfish gene', for instance, are reversed.

From Popular Genetics to an Ecology of Genetics.

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*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-

cial 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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★★★★★ **A Book Capable of Changing You.**
 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.

Vs.

Bellow achieves the perfect balance of interior monologue and...

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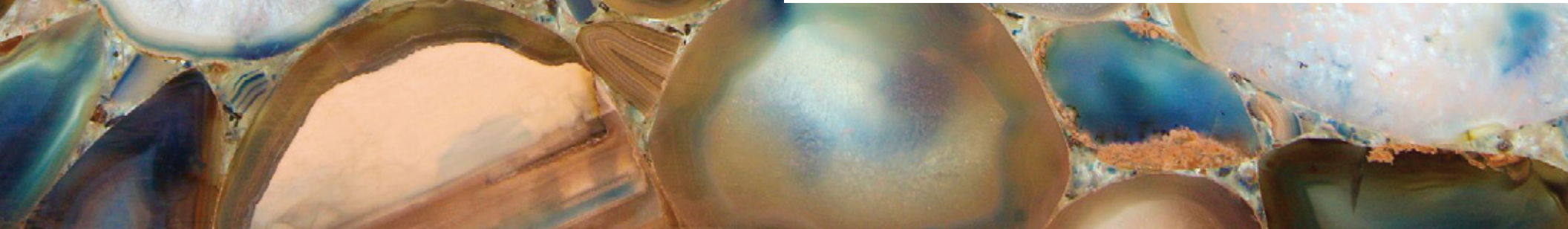
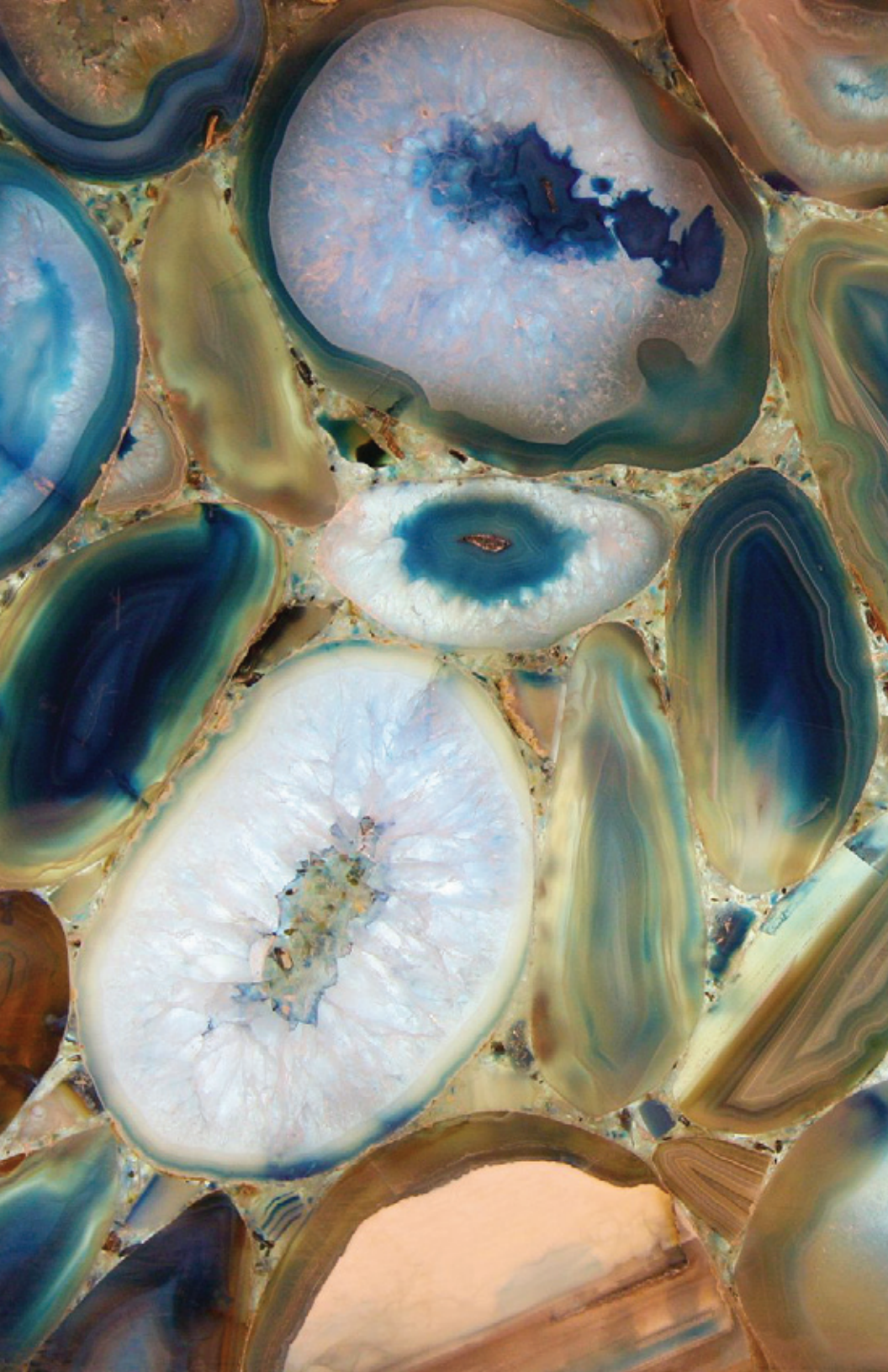
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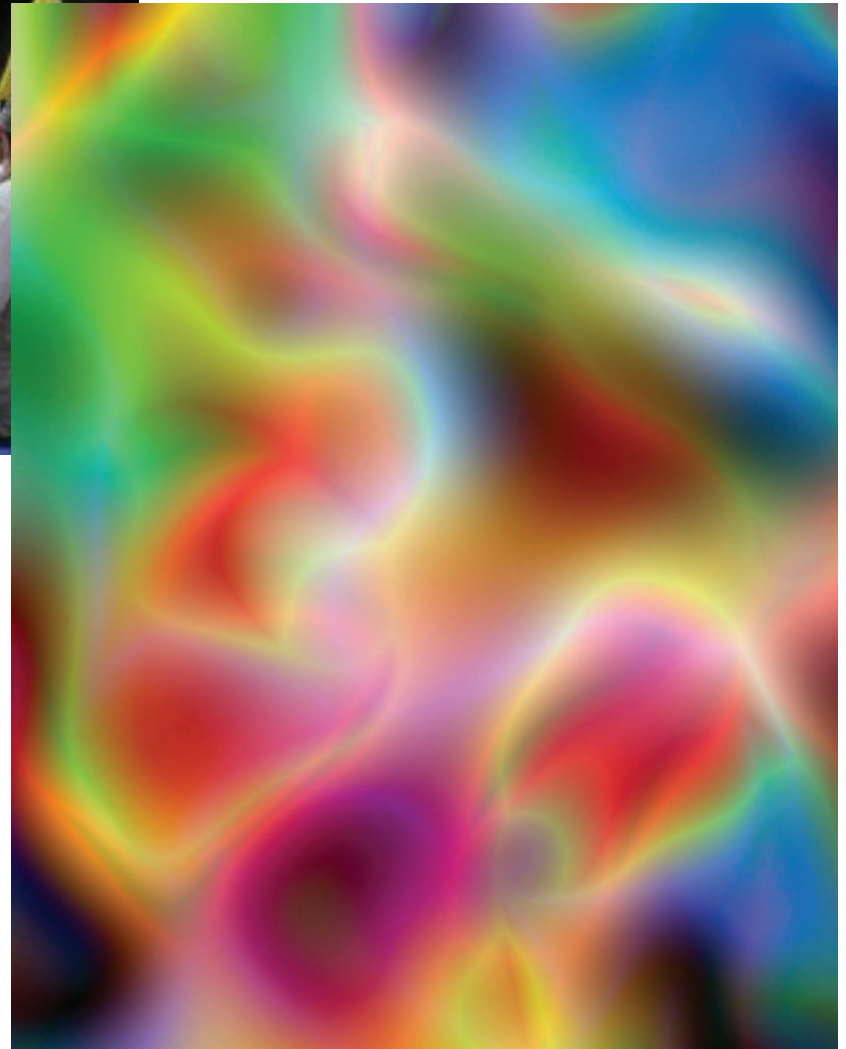
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CHANEL







Interview with Evo Morales

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?

Evo Morales: Bolivia historically made and still makes a living from natural resources. Before it was tin, but also silver, gold, and other minerals were plundered by many foreign countries. Europe after the United States.

And now Bolivia also depends not only on tin and other minerals, but also depends on the gas and oil. A rational extraction should be made, taking care of the environment. We should give added value to this natural resource, and generate revenue to fight poverty with more resources, that come from natural resources.

It is one thing to plunder the natural resources of a country for the benefit of another one. It is another thing to use those natural resources for the benefit of the people. And therefore we nationalize hydrocarbons, so now the economy is improving and the fight against poverty is also improving in Bolivia

Some take advantage of these natural resources to put the capital in the hands of the few, while some use these natural resources to benefit the majority, as we do in Bolivia. Additionally, this exploitation is done in close consultation with indigenous peoples with care for the natural environment.

Question: Your government has announced that it will take more control over Bolivia's economy. What will these changes mean?

Evo Morales: Well, we have already started overseeing the national economy. Before we arrived, the private sector had full control of the economy, 70 to 80 percent. The state controlled only 20 to 30 percent.

Now, the 70 to 80 percent is controlled by the Bolivian state, and the other percentage by the private sector. We admit that it's legal, constitutional, that the private sector is entitled to its own economy, but to ensure these profound changes that clearly this government is promoting, including profound changes in the food industry, what we are doing is an important step. There are industries focused on the metallic and non-metallic fields, and in minerals, to benefit the Bolivian people.

The moment we give added value to our natural resources, the national economy will improve. Therefore state control is so important for the people who have always been excluded from the claims of social and economic development.

Question: The new Bolivian constitution has declared the country a secular state. Why?

Evo Morales: It is religious freedom, religious faith. In Bolivia there are Catholic, Evangelical, 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 we live on the Earth and return to the Earth. With 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.

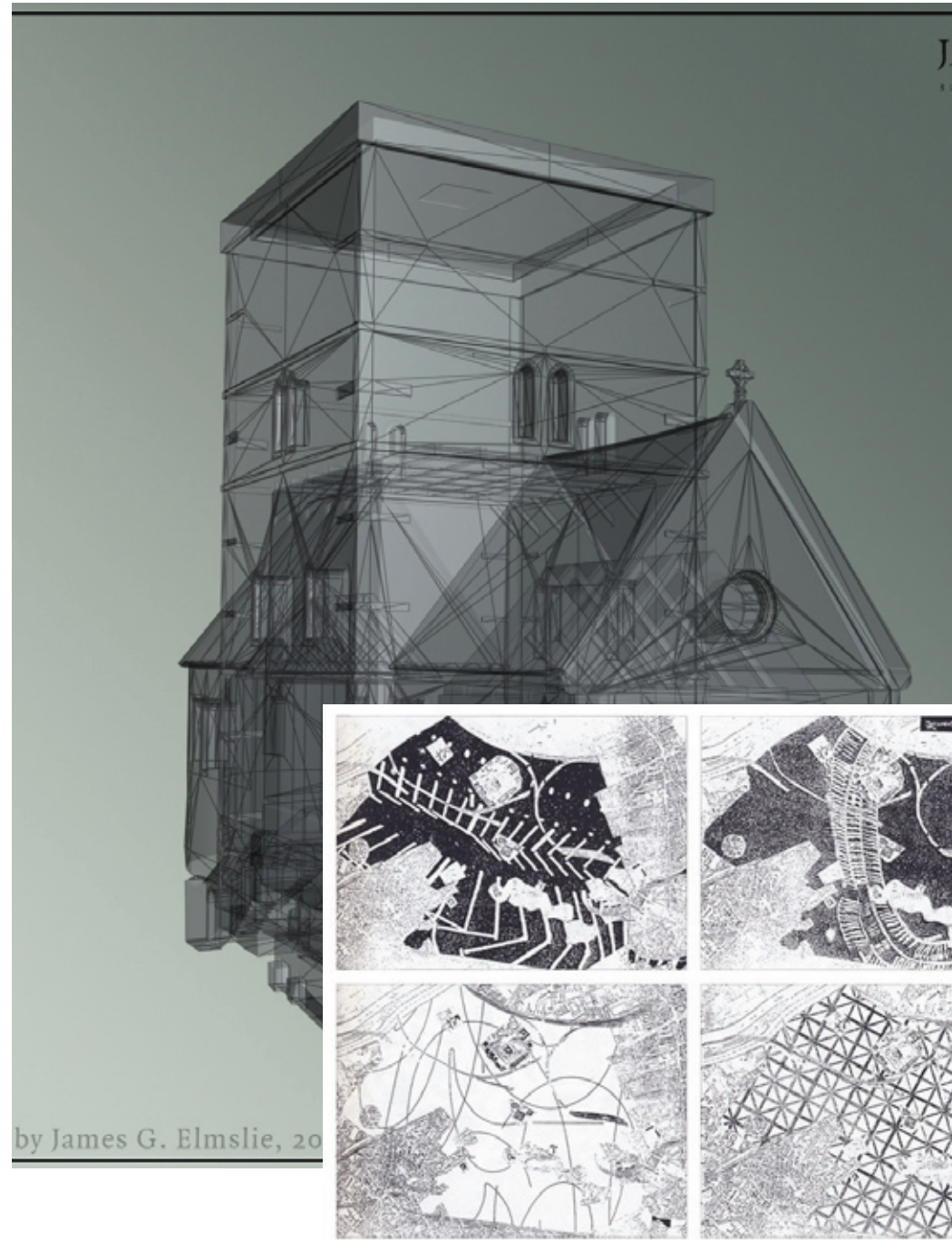
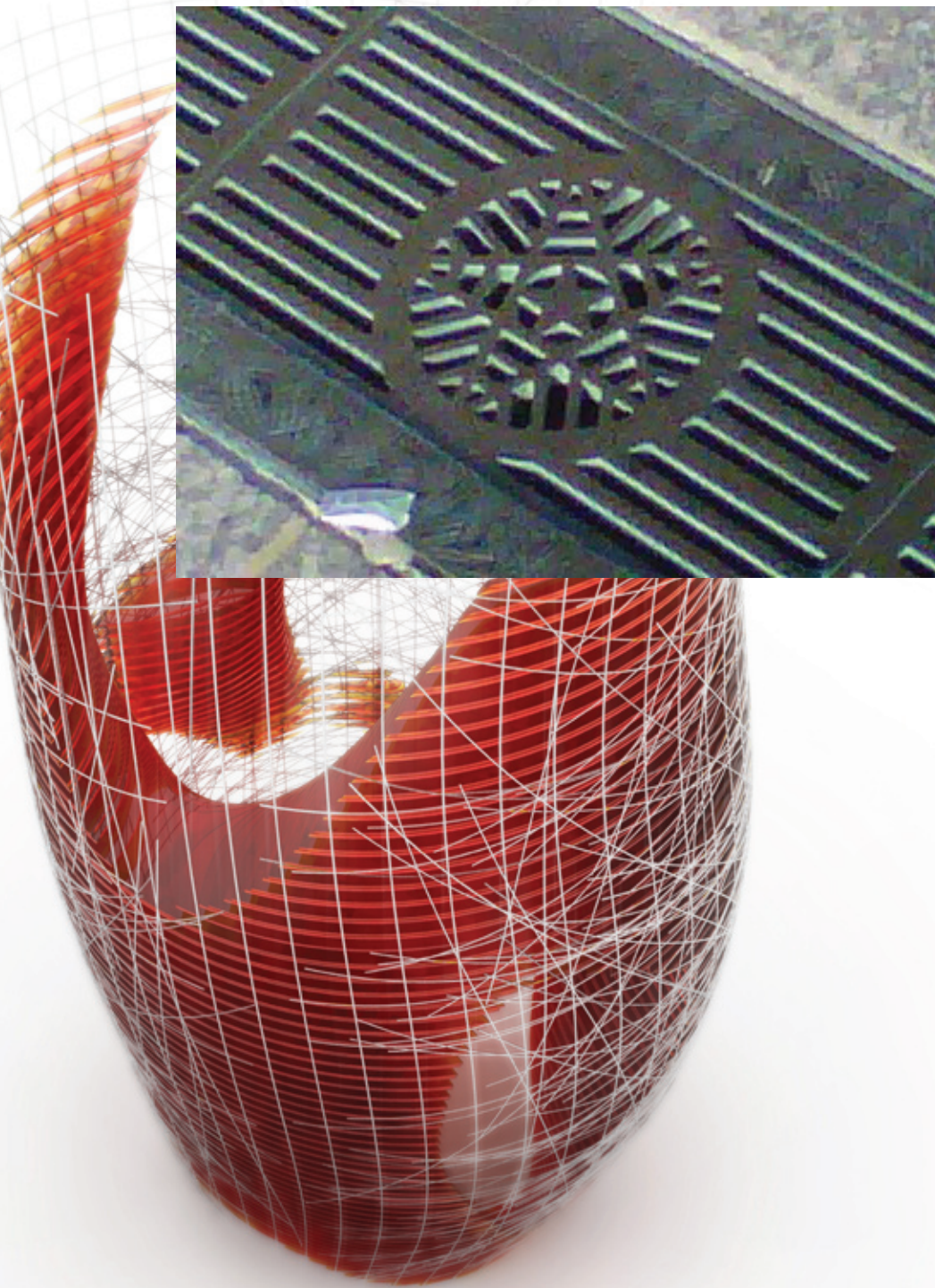
Question: What are the biggest misconceptions that Americans have
about Bolivia?

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

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

But the fight against capitalism has many aspects, particularly the distinctive economic models that
concentrate the capital in few hands. He questions the various methods of intervention to countries. That is
happening not only with Hugo Chavez, Venezuela, Iran... but also with the countries of Central America, and South
American countries with presidents as Lula, Correa, countries as Paraguay, Uruguay.

It is a democratic uprising. I'd say a democratic revolution against imperialism and against capitalism. So the agreements between
us, more than that, any cooperation means unconditional credit, while the US and some capitalist countries want to help us under
conditions, under blackmail. And they use the IMF as a major instrument of economic and financial domination.

Fortunately, in Bolivia, we have begun to liberate ourselves economically. If we do not accompany social and cultural liberation with
economic liberalization, the country will continue to be subjugated. Fortunately, social and cultural liberation go along with economic and
financial liberalization.

Question: You have said that you want the world to build a global communitarian socialism and end war. Given human nature, is this really
possible?

Evo Morales: Sooner or later we will reach a point where communitarian socialism turns global because capitalism is not even the solution to
capitalism itself. Capitalism is destroying Mother Earth, and to destroy Mother Earth is to destroy humanity.

In Latin America, in the past, it was almost impossible to guarantee democracy. There were military dictatorships, and nowadays there are not so
many military dictatorships. Although we have a dictator in Honduras, as a result of a coup, now as a president, he is almost the only one I would
say. But again led or managed, gestated by the U.S. government.

I was told one thing: Throughout Latin America there has been military dictatorships. The only place where there has not been a coup ever, that's
the U.S., because there is no U.S. ambassador in the U.S. As there are U.S. ambassadors all over Latin America, it's the ambassadors the ones
that organize those coups, military coups.

And now we are immersed in deep democratic revolutions, for the recovery of our resources, and to transform a resource into a basic human
right. And that is spread around the world. Of course, there will be neither capitalist governments nor capitalist court precedents that will
make changes to seek equality and justice.

I'm still convinced. We all fight for freedom, but the foundation of freedom is equality and justice. And we are all on the road. And
if governments do not ensure that, the peoples through their own efforts will ensure these changes, what we call communitarian
socialism. Why communitarian socialism? Now not only do we have the pursuit of happiness for man, as a government, as a
program or as our principles. But as well to live in harmony with Mother Earth.

Again we see how capitalism is destroying Mother Earth. I remain convinced that the Earth can exist without man
but man cannot live without the Earth, without the Mother Earth. What is more important to defend: the
right of man or the rights of the Mother Earth? In this new millennium it is more important to defend
the rights of the Mother Earth to guarantee human rights.

These are our deepest differences, even with a simple left, with a single socialism. We
are aiming firstly for the defense of Mother Earth, to protect life, to ensure
humanity. That is what we call communitarian socialism. That is
what I would like to be in the world. To what pretext
does the U.S. invade the world? National
security. We're not

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.

Recorded September 22, 2010
Interviewed by David Hirschman

LITHIUM IS LIKE A BEAUTIFUL LADY

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 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.

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.

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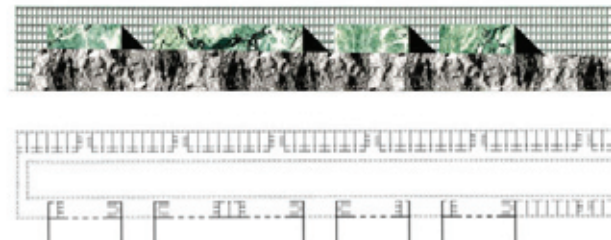
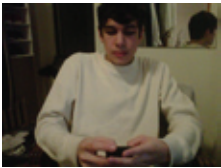
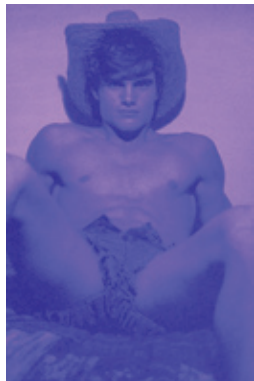
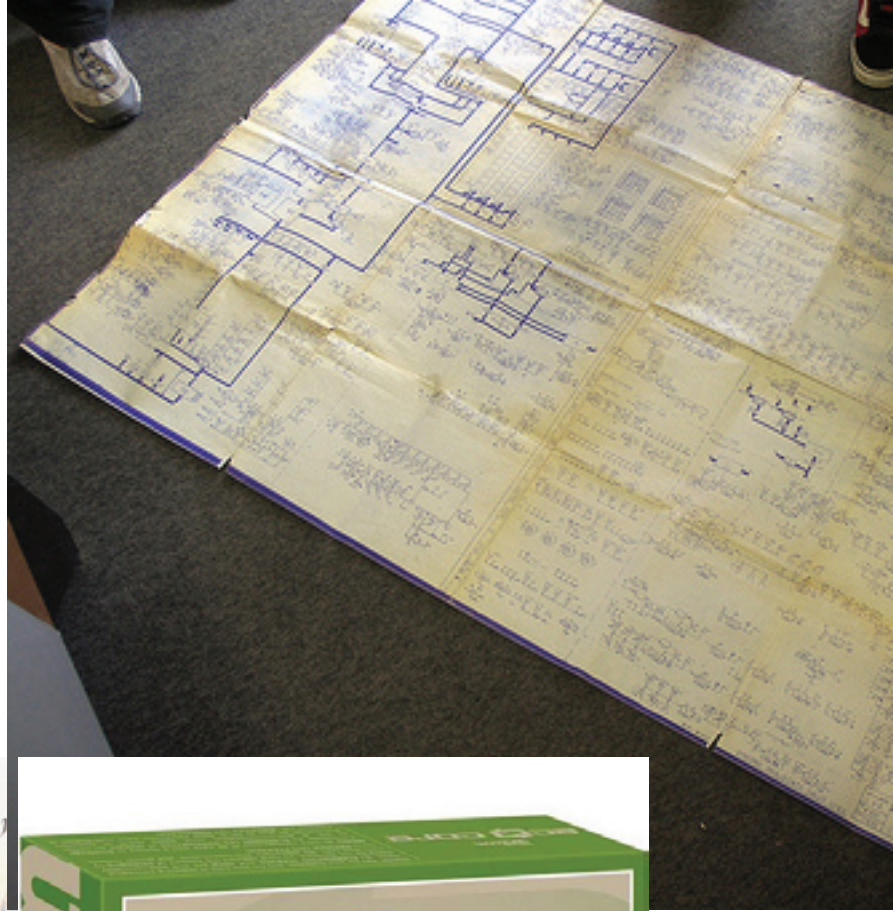
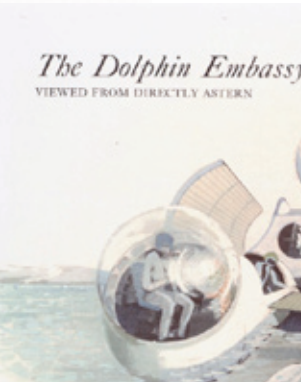
WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS.

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



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

BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.
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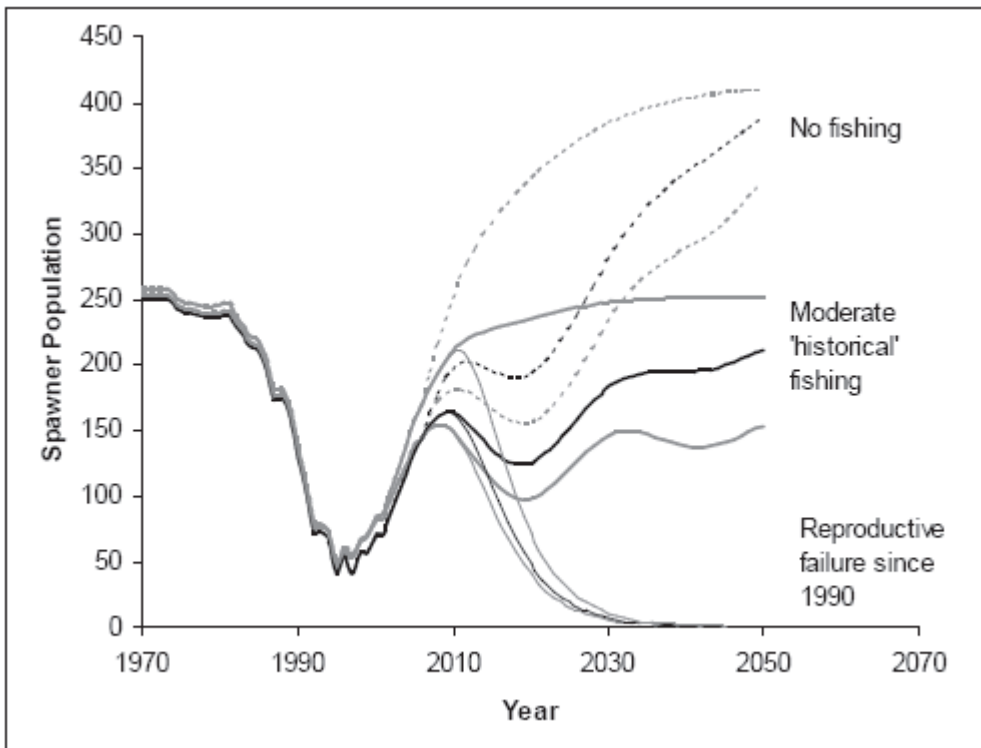
Dolphins may be able to use focussed sound to produce cavitation.

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

