

Triologue Between Three Enduring Fictions: An Unknown Island, A Cannibal, and The AnthrObscene

ESCENARIO

Se dice que cuando cae un rayo se iluminan varios límites epistemológicos. Un rayo impacta en las costas de una isla desconocida y, por un momento, ese rayo posibilita el recuerdo de una conversación. Nadie sabe, ni en que orden particular, ocurre el siguiente encuentro entre tres ficciones persistentes. Lo que sigue es una traducción aproximada de lo que se dijo durante esos momentos de iluminación.

CHARACTERS

FICTION 1 / AN UNKNOWN ISLAND

As José Saramago said, the unknown island is a mobile fantasy anchored within the human heart. It has appeared & disappeared throughout history. No one has successfully charted it. She speaks in the feminine voice; she is said to be an unknowable paradise to some, penal colony to others; alternatively object of desire, embodiment of fear.

FICTION 2 / ANTHROSCENE

Who was in perennial conflict with himself & others onto whom he projected his derangement. We know that towards the end of his life he suffered from an “intolerable loneliness.” Despite descriptions of this condition, we are uncertain as to whether he chose this sad solitude as ruler of his kingdom of one.

FICTION 3 / A CANNIBAL

As a spectre of the lonely AnthrObscene’s fear of contamination of bodies, we are uncertain of his hallucination of other inhabitants of the island whom he believed to be “cannibals.” We know that when he was found he had become quite deranged & sometimes spoke to these hallucinations of a messianic mission to save himself & others of his kind. Towards the end of his life he claims to have domesticated a cannibal who became his companion & friend. He named him “Friday.” It is not clear whether they were lovers or whether Friday was his man-servant. The cannibal may have been the product of the AnthrObscene’s imagination.

ACTO I

ISLA

Soy tanto ficción como territorio, construida a partir del triste imaginario social del Norte y de Occidente. Mis palabras reflejan el legado de tus proyecciones, como también le ocurrió a esa terrible criatura, “El naufrago, Robinson”: quien alguna vez me llamó “Isla de la belleza” y otras “Isla de la desesperación”. ¿Soy paraíso o prisión? ¿Serás tu, querido loco, quien decida? Así de poca imaginación tiene la mente europea tan enferma de esquizofrenia.

< PLAY SOUND FILE 1 / ANTHROSCENE

“¡Qué miserable suerte! Una isla desierta en medio del mar!”>

ISLA

Soy feliz cuando se olvidan de mí y me dejan en paz, “desierta” como dicen. Me sumerjo y emerjo a mi antojo. Pero en ese momento en el que creo que estoy fuera de vista, llega otro navío o carabela, y vuelta a empezar otra vez.

< PLAY SOUND FILE 2 / ANTHROSCENE

“¡Una isla! Es poblada o está desierta?”>

CANNIBAL

“Before the Spanish & Portuguese discovered the Americas, the Americas had discovered happiness.”

ISLA

Siempre se olvidan de que soy la memoria misma, veo y se todo, ya que los territorios perduran y son testigos que lo ven todo. Las olas traen esos que llegan a mi costas e iMAGINATE, todas las veces que han creído que soy virgen! iSe creen los primeros en conocerme! iY siempre redactando contratos, como para un matrimonio o una propiedad!

< PLAY SOUND FILE 3: ANTHROSCENE

“Robinson Crusoe” “Capaz de imponer la civilización en la más precaria de las situaciones!”>

CANNIBAL

“Down with the importers of canned consciousness! Down with the antagonistic sublimations. Brought here in caravels. But those who came here weren’t crusaders. They were fugitives from a civilization we are eating!”

ISLA

Crean que el tiempo empieza desde cero en el momento que ponen pie sobre mí. Algunos prueban de ordenarme y trazar mapas de mí, están siempre marcándome, plantando sus banderas en mí, en una fantasía de conquista, y yo espero paciente-mente que se les acabe el tiempo. iEse momento está siempre cerca, son la especie más autodestructiva, se devoran ellos mismos, así que no tendré que esperar mucho!

< PLAY SOUND FILE 4 / ANTHROSCENE:

“La aptitud para superar todos los obstáculos y la imposición de un destino mejor” ... “Domesticación de la naturaleza hostil.”>

ISLA

[suspira] Exportan siempre sus equívocos hasta mí, sin aprender o preguntarse nada. Cuando se hartan de ellos mismos vienen hacia mí y otros archipiélagos de el “nuevo mundo”, imaginando una utopía donde, en realidad, acaban propagando su autoabborrecimiento.

CANNIBAL

“Down with the truth of missionary peoples, defined by]...[the cannibal, It’s a lie told again & again!”

< PLAY SOUND FILE 5 / ANTHROSCENE

“... Como símbolo de lo mejor de la humanidad.”>

CANNIBAL

“The determination of progress by catalogues and television sets. Only machinery and blood transfusers.”

ISLA

Los europeos siempre intentan escapar de ellos mismos. Rousseau en su insistencia febril por las cabañas. Creó la fantasía de una utopía de uno, una soledad circunscrita, cerrada en ella misma. Y pensar que toda gobernanza europea se basó en su fantasía del “contrato social”. No hay nada social en ese contrato —es el contrato de uno ...ni una revolución podrá enseñar a los franceses a compartir.

CANNIBAL

“Heritage. Contact. Montaigne. Natural man. Rousseau. From the French Revolution to Romanticism, to the Bolshevik Revolution, We want the [cannibal] Revolution. Greater than the French Revolution. Without us, Europe wouldn’t even have its meager declaration of the Rights of Man.”

< PLAY SOUND FILE 6 / ANTHROSCENE

“Soy Inglés, escapé de los Moros”>

ISLA

A veces me compadezco de esas solitarias criaturas de naufragio, solos en el mar, a la deriva, así que extendo mis playas para darles mi bienvenida, para que encuentren refugio en mí. Pero el patrón se vuelve a reproducir otra vez... La ridícula mitología de sus “descubrimientos”. Recuerdo el momento que Robinson llegó. Estaba a gusto tomando el sol bajo mis cocoteros cuando intentó domesticarme con su ética de trabajo puritana.... iHasta Virginia lo odiaba!

VIRGINIA WOOLF

“The waves, the seamen, the sky, the ship—all are seen through those shrewd, middle-class, unimaginative eyes. There is no escaping him. He is incapable of enthusiasm. He has a natural slight distaste for the sublimities of Nature. He is so busy & he notices only a tenth part of what is going on round him. Everything is capable of a rational explanation.”

CANNIBAL

“We already had justice...” “I asked a man what the Law was. He answered that it was the guarantee of the exercise of possibility. That man was named” [I don’t remember]. “I ate him!”

< PLAY SOUND FILE 7 / ANTHROSCENE

“Y ... si me encontré con otro hombre ... ¡No! ¡No! ¡No!” “salvajes!”>

ISLA

Tengo mis tácticas para enviarlos lejos cuando han agotado su bienvenida. Son extremadamente celosos y devienen paranoicos cuando sienten la cercanía de otro. Así que les envío los canibales para asustarlos. Aunque esto es solo una expresión de sus propios miedos.

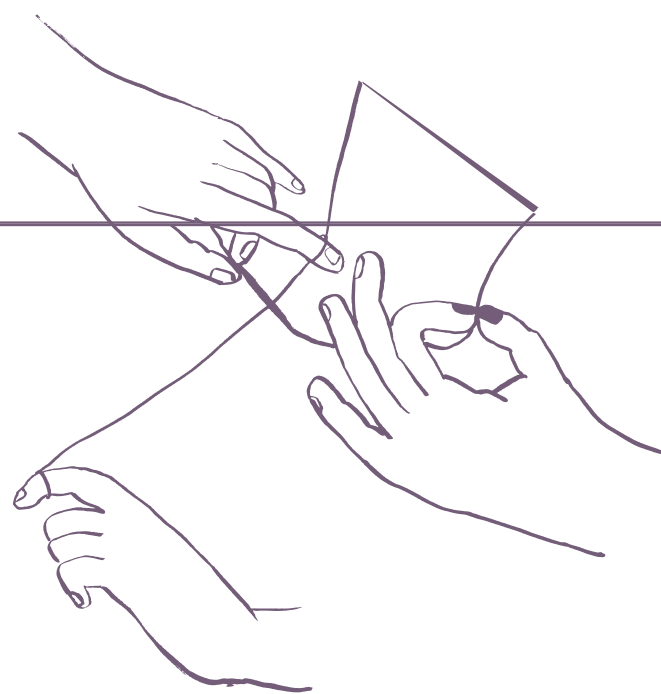
CANNIBAL

I was living here on the island until you think you came and “discovered” me! To scare you away, we created elaborate performances of “cannibalism” where we pretended to eat other men. But we staged these rituals knowing this is what you will do to us, and the world if we don’t frighten you away back to the land from which you flee!

< PLAY SOUND FILE 8 / ANTHROSCENE

“Era un hombre joven y hermoso con las piernas rectas y fuertes. Y con su nuevo compañero Crusoe comenzó a pensar lo que nunca había pensado posible...”>

< PLAY SOUND FILE 9 / Prelude to a decolonial porno >



WAS D. DEFOE A HOMOSEXUAL SADOMASOCHISTIC CANNIBAL?

“All that night did I keep him there; but no sooner did the morning light appear, when I ordered him to arise, and come along with me, with certain tokens that I would give him some clothes like mine, at which he seemed very glad, being stark naked, without the least covering whatever. As we passed by the place where the two men had been interred, my man pointed directly to their graves, showing me the marks that he had made to find them again, giving me to understand, by signs, that we should dig them up, and devour them. At this I appeared extremely displeased, expressed my utmost abhorrence, as if I would vomit at the apprehensions of it, beckoning with my hand to come away, which he did with the greatest reverence and submission.”

“My next concern was, where I should lodge him; and that I might do well by him, and yet be perfectly easy myself, I erected a tent for him in the vacant place between my two fortifications, in the inside of the last, and the outside of the first; and, as there was an entrance or door into my cave, I made a formal framed door-case, and a door to open on the inside; I barred it up in the night time, taking in my ladders too, so that, was my man to prove treacherous, there could be no way to come at me in the inside of my innermost wall, without making so much noise in getting over, that it must needs waken me; for my first wall had now a complete roof over it of long poles, spreading over my tent, and leaning up to the side of the mountain, which was again laid cross with smaller sticks instead of laths, and thatched over a great thickness with the rice straw, which was as strong as reeds; and at the hole of the place, left on purpose to go in or out by the ladder, had placed a kind of trap-door, which, if it had been attempted on the outside, would not have opened at all, but have fallen down, and made a great noise; and as to my weapons, every night I took them all to my bed side.”

*DEFOE, DANIEL. The life and most suprising adventures of Robinson Crusoe of York, Mariner. (1801) PP. 78 & 80

< PLAY SOUND FILE 10 / ANTHROSCENE

“¡Dios mío! ¡Dios mío! No había menos de 30 salvajes, que habían encendido un fuego para preparar sus comida, su comida humano!”>

ISLA

Pero lo que no saben es que solo miden su propia extinción, porque nunca han aprendido a controlar sus apetitos y a vivir en armonía. Fíjate en el AntrObsceno, él cree que le asustan los canibales y cree que se comen a los hombres, pero es él el que ha devorado todo en su entorno.... amenaza con comerme, a mí, la isla, se devora a él mismo, es autodevorador.

< PLAY SOUND FILE 11 / ANTHROSCENE

“Yo soy el rey y el señor de toda esta isla!...”
[Todos están sujetos a mi regla!...]...[YO. amo, -repete- yo amo! ”>

CANNIBAL

“Everyday love & the capitalist way of life. Cannibalism. The human adventure. The earthly goal. Even so, only the pure elites managed to realize carnal cannibalism, which carries within itself the highest meaning of life & avoids all the ills identified by Freud?”

EPILOGUE

Robinson O Robinson! AnthrObscene O AnthrObscene! When will you wake from your dream? Should we pity you? History’s last Narcissist? How sad, you never learned to share, you never learned to love, you never learned to have community. Instead you existed with your myths in a kingdom of one, in a toxic bubble of individualism, devouring the world’s resources, writing elegant philosophies enabling your entitlement. Histories last man: the cannibal of capitalism. Here is your tragicomedy; you spent a lifetime watching your demise, fantasizing about cannibals; an adrenaline junkie of the 5 horseman of the apocalypse, you watched & did nothing. And now should we laugh at you or pity you? AnthrObscene: you are Obscene, for it is obscene to have discourses on extinction, to not have empathy for the other. I can think of nothing sadder than you! Perhaps you lived a very long life, but never experienced beauty, tenderness, or joy at being alive; for if you had, maybe you would put a stop to this necropolitical machine you have constructed!

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CANNIBAL

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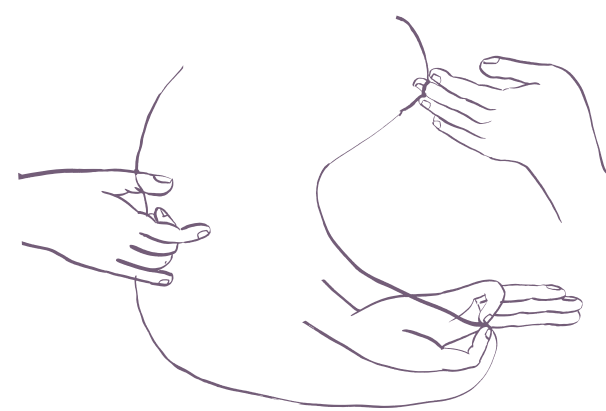
Nurra María, Christina Pangan, Ruben Verdu
David Armentgo, Andrea Gómez,

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TRIALOGUE BETWEEN 3 ENDURING FICTIONS



AN UNKNOWN ISLAND, A CANNIBAL & THE ANTHROSCENE

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TRIALOGUE BETWEEN 3 ENDURING FICTIONS

ANTHROBSCENE

CANNIBAL

UNKNOWN ISLAND