

# BEAUTY IS OUR SPIRITUAL GUERNICA

*Mario Santiago Papasquiaro*

TRANSLATED BY COLE HEINOWITZ



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EDITIONS



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SPIRITUAL GUERNICA**

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## TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

Mario Santiago Papasquiaro (1953-1998) is the pseudonym of José Alfredo Zendejas Pineda, the poet immortalized as Ulises Lima in Roberto Bolaño's novel *The Savage Detectives*. Born in Mexico City, Santiago came of age during a period of acute political repression, artistic censorship, and violations of academic autonomy that culminated in the 1968 Tlatelolco Massacre, in which hundreds of student protesters and bystanders were killed and injured. The literary society Santiago encountered when he began writing poems in 1974 was stultifyingly conservative. Turning for inspiration to Surrealism, Stridentism, Dada, the Beats, and Latin American avant-gardes such as the Peruvian group Zero Hour, Santiago and a handful of friends—among them Bolaño—founded the revolutionary poetry movement, Infrarrealism. According to Santiago, the Infrarrealists were “[r]adical vagabonds, fugitives from the bourgeois university” and state-sanctioned culture. They wrote from the streets, not from drawing rooms and lecture halls. They attacked the institutionalized pieties of intellectual abstraction with raw physicality and psychedelic vision. They spoke the voice of the thief, the addict, the tramp, and the madman, not the voice of Octavio Paz or the PRI. They engaged in what Santiago referred to as “cultural terrorism,” sabotaging poetry workshops, interrupting the readings of prominent literati to declaim their own poems, smashing cocktail glasses, and starting fistfights. In the words of its founders, their aim was “to the blow the lid off the brains of official culture.”

—Cole Heinowitz



# SECOND-HAND HEROES: SIX YOUNG MEXICAN INFRARREALISTS

*For a sleepless art / against an opiate art*  
— César Moro

*I decided to crush them & leave them only 1 cm. of ground . . . but I didn't  
have a tape measure*  
— Groucho Marx

**TO GROUCHO,  
CHICO & HARPO  
SO THEY FEEL  
OUT OF PLACE**

In 1968: less than 15 years old / watching gringo shows on T.V. / soldiers in the streets / flesh and blood communists agitating everywhere. Onward from there: living experience, living nightmare, living utopia / Emotion, sensation, the certainty of diving into chasms every moment transforming / Radical vagabonds, fugitives from the bourgeois university (the mediocrity of teaching is the teaching of mediocrity). They'd traveled highways, jungles, beaches where the Hon. Department of Tourism was trawling for at least some sickly "underground" / & they gassed & beat them, & they held their fists in the air, joking about LOSERS' POWER. Poetry (the rhetoric that went by that name) didn't involve them at all / Becerra, Pacheco couldn't stand as alternatives anymore: the risk was elsewhere / "Imaginative animals," Norman Brown said, citing some de Sade, Vatsayana & laughing / The moon was all over them, viscous / intrinsic, like it left rationalism for dead under the tires of a trailer out there in the Orion constellation / And Anguish was the only urban

guerrilla they recognized under those skies of lard, ice, and smog that weren't only psychic. / In the street, not the libraries, Rimbaud appeared with a link to visions / in neighborhoods more crowded than old oriental hermitages, in the lobbies of movie houses sophisticates call "fleabag" / Drunks looked on with their traffic light eyes like smudged mirrors where the red & the dead sea join / Impatience started playing touch football with the strongest little apes of its formal logic / The precious poets spoke of metal sunsets, skies blazing like plums / and read the newspapers / to get a job / the least feudal, the least vampiric / Their slogans: love (to the nth degree) another kind of need (to an exponential power) a radiance called Whisky, an incomplete reality, a sun that looked like radar, microscope, mystic eye, spying on us, radiotelegraphing us the inside and out of every shiver / And that's how they escaped the gilded scorpion of Custom and its swollen downpours didn't touch them and its chloroform wires didn't ensnare them / In the street, not the libraries, life danced its H2Oest revelations / its wisest & most unrestrained proportions.

Slide inside the vagina of a living whale / Is there some way to do this before 1985? Nam June Paik in a letter to John Cage.

And in the gardens of the Museum of Modern Art you & I kissed, sweating, trembling, in the counterculture's best jam session, & Edvard Munch took notes on us for an engraving that would of course become totally commercial & very famous / Deliriums, fractures, Totem-reality, New sensations pointing toward Another Nature.

You can smell the hot days coming, full of blood / There's a revolution going on in our skins: I can still see Darío reading Auden, Lewis Carroll, the Marquis de Sade, walking across rooftops, through the basement of PS 1 like the Divine Genet; still escaping from the Neurology Unit, learning to live the density of his marginal experience, following the footsteps of terrorist dancers to the beaches of Zopilote, refusing to compromise with the gay right; Mara Larrosa: fighting in women's liberation movements: discovering the body's alchemy, Nijinski's loins, the possibility of a dance that goes beyond those caveman supermarkets / primitive, savage (transparent rock), sending us a kiss from the background of an Albers painting, NO to Heartbreak. And Rubén plays on the harmonica and Peguero knocks on the door / & they don't let him in / & he throws a peso at the window / & breaks



it, dynamiting the eardrums of its nazi landlord. Under the table legs at the Café Havana, instructing the hips of clueless groupies in funk dive bars, inventing private shibboleths at Campus meetings while the eye of Cuauhtémoc Méndez laughs hysterically at Renato Leduc's jokes and the other guy rolls through the streets hanging by the Leon Trotsky goatee that José Revueltas and Buffalo Bill wished they had.

What was contained overflows / what was silenced speaks through arms and legs / what was unseen is visible and heavy / it takes the flavor of a mouth forced open / a flavor of armpits and trees / what was hardly a voice is now voice, mouth, and spit / What was nothing is back.

Mexican poetry stops being (Villaurrutia my dear) an anemic *night in which nothing is heard*.

# *STATUS & REVOLUTIONS / COME & GO*

Back then air was 1 crab sliding off the peak of my wave  
the magnetism of pores / of streets / of shouts & drainpipes  
had wrinkled like the so-called climate of feet upon necks  
Swamps kept comfortably playing the moan's pianola in our beds

The moon oozed

They murdered guerrillas & dumped them in turbid rivers

Fog hovered—excessively

Spaceships swelled—with anthill diarrhea—our dreams  
& even the cinemas' silence was suspended by the wetness  
of our erogenous knife the gunned-down laughter of the dead

*DID YOU NOTICE HOW THE  
SEINE DOESN'T LOOK US IN  
THE EYE ANYMORE & HOW  
THEY FILLED THE GARE DE  
LYON WITH PROPAGANDA  
OFFERING \$\$ FOR THE  
CAPTURE OF THE BAADER  
MEINHOF GROUP?*

FOR FRANK VENAILLE & PAUL TILLMAN

I embrace my next suicide  
as my sharpest poem  
my consummate poem  
In the Kenacort & Valium-10 seats  
of 1 cut-rate cinema at Barbès & Rochechouart  
kissing with rabid-white rat kisses  
Daisy's flowering thighs /  
mistress & queen of my laughter  
& I embrace her : I embrace her  
as 1 lush embraces his rotten liver  
or 1 exile from the Communist Party

embraces the voice that screamed: *To hell with Marx*  
*he's washed in the piss of Utopia*  
& if they think the Bogart film's damaged or washed out  
or the magic flute of hash  
can't quite cover the swollen—bulging—  
galleon of my lungs in Spanish doubloons  
What heroic act  
what keatonesque face  
    will be left us  
except the 1 where we catalepticoluciferianistically  
position ourselves like corpses  
on the salt-back of 1 imaginary railroad  
& there / from that position / from that enclosure  
walk our least gnarled paw  
across the least melted spotlight of our eyes  
until we can't tell the hairs on our head from the hair on our balls  
the eruptions of Mount Venus  
from the lava of the Vigilant Mind  
While we sing on empty stomachs  
*I euphoric thick hot cacao of a tune: There's no future*  
    & plunge to the bottom  
wells? / divers? / gold diggers? / brewers of *what?*

# TO OUR LADY OF GUADALUMPEN

For my virgin's cumbia shawl  
 for her brown-skinned sexiness  
 for her ghostly emergence  
 when they were nailing horseshoes  
 in the my lifeblood's hearts  
 & the hills rang with moans & blasphemies

For the halo of mockingbirds she spoke with  
 In the singsong of backwater towns  
 or the nopal fandango  
 Black pearl / flushed face  
 Wet stain  
 I've come to claim these "Children's Songs"  
 these Mexicans from below  
 these faded divinities  
 from the crater of the wound  
 we come to summon her

So the dogs don't carry her off  
 so they don't hawk psilocybin at her spirit's carnival  
 We offer silken flowers  
 All-out war on the horseshit of corrals

To look straight at her solar decay  
 at this maggot that disturbs  
 the grave senility of magueys

the sacred water we drink  
as from the vulva of 1 beehive

This daughter of heaven  
this deviant thirst that inebriates gates  
At the feet of her mystery  
we come to bow down

May the roots of our eyes neither scorn nor avoid her  
Her wing burns / the flame of her breath  
Her bedroll is my bedroll  
Our marriage / celestial

# SWAN'S HOWL

Trapped in the corridors of the Hotel Sphinx

*Man is 1 temporal & contingent*

*being / thrust between 2 nothings*

Bound to his own perceptions

Flowering at random between moon & buttocks

Sewn to the hook of his spirit

& leaking body from all sides

of the infinite concentration camps

Zenith & Nadir

: such is his sign :

*/ the gallows stamped in his entrails /*

*The scorched visage still vomits splendor*

Man is 1 moral but astringent king

1 butterfly of the Outside

1 bat that bursts the sac

carrying its strangled conception

Heaven was born as if from the gout

& axial pain as if from the bone

1 hairpin cleft between mountains

1 banquet constellation of red ants

1 wingless kiss where the river ends

Man is 1 sawed-off celestial being

Syntax decked in stars

The heart's will

*/ that runs wild & lingers to the beat of the drum*

*underlining vertigo's eyelids*

*drowning the ghost of all explanation in semen /*

Now & forever

The way is made

: Convulse yourself :

The laws of Space are finished

the time that wounded the helm's fate killed itself

*Living is jargon & cramping up is stupid*

The light sticks its cock in itself

under the bridge charged with electroshock

Death is the fire that resurrects

the raw scum of the frying pan

Death is not death

Its eternal scar blossoms

Like the voice of childbirth

Or like the voice / simply /

Like the flower of the voice

Here the *You* is I

The mousetrap & the mouse taken from her

Just now \*\*\* jabbered Genesis

The flask in its maw dripped lizards

the open fly of its unreal sidewalk

/ Hypotheses are proven by tasting them /

André Breton eats shit

*Being feeds on non-being*

The octopus & the snake screw exploding

—Facing Chaos—

Mythology is real & whistled just now

jilted by 1 equation

From days on earth to the torture chamber

I mandrake transforms its poison into the scent of 1 woman



:: *godbirth in flagrante* ::

Puns the stellar will

You sit down to chew the echo its film of centuries

/ sweated & shot in 1 brothel called *The gift of laughter* /

Now it really is March

—the high month of magic—

The hare ejaculates in 1 taxi

that whines around curves / burning from its nails to its halo

*They stripped essence bare!*

cries the ice cream man

While 2 lobes pierce their discharge

in the same crater where 1 corner is born

Now / yesterday & forever

In the intimate iris of all beasts

That lick the final twilight tumor of science & consciousness

I kill what I speak

:: *Swan's howl* ::

# ECCE HOMO

Fallen from the cloud least likely to explode  
Nonetheless / in revolt against this bitter trunk  
Drop by drop frog & moss  
expiation of stone without torrent  
I drain the blood like 1 bull by the horns  
of the slimy stump my will clings to  
I'm the African bee that outsmarts every trap  
The exact God kneels down to blow the deranged God's cock  
Cain gives himself to Abel transformed as 1 salamander of marigold & myrrh  
There shall be no mirror closer to the wounds of my tongue  
I'm the man that cries  
that grabs the little he finds  
The cavity the woman sucks in order not to bite me  
The confused Arc of the Covenant  
The snipe's wing  
The unabsorbable blood  
The kilos of wax accumulated  
behind the glass fence of my anesthetized solar ear  
I'm the last courtyard of the last undrugged asylum  
I have no sex / I respect nobody  
I enjoyed living  
I kiss my death  
I grasp it  
I swing it  
I splash it  
I squander it  
There's no larva that hasn't caught my virus

I turn Ash Wednesday into Thursday  
Because all bullet wounds are sacred  
From the first to the last

# *RELENTLESS SONG*

I shit on God  
& all his dead  
I shit on the sacrament  
& on the virgin's little cunt  
I shit on the dead  
of the God of God  
on the arrogance of Friedrich Nietzsche  
on my soul's trembling flesh  
& on the nettles in the air of the atheist  
on the premature death of the just  
on the transience of sex & its sparks  
On the animal word  
On the imagination-rhizome  
On the desiccated teats of learning  
On the cleft of worlds  
I shit  
Focused on the fire of my pores  
on this alcohol-sickness that shakes me  
on the infinite eye of my footprints  
on the clusterfuck's savage fury  
on impossible death & its offerings  
On the warming serpent's mud  
on the rocks of the beloved  
on my skull's levitation  
on the crippled heart of the unspeakable  
On the aqueous aleph of my wounds  
on my killer's vitreous malaise  
on the hand of pleasure

on the drug nestled in its fangs  
 On the philanthropic ogre & his wife  
 on the manhandled tomb of chance  
 on the seed of the lyric / which is caca  
 On aerial dung  
 on topaz eye-snot  
 on Charleville's resplendent cranium  
 On the rats still fleeing the Drunken Sea  
 on tenderness  
 on flabbiness  
 & on defenselessness  
 On toads' etheric belches  
 on boiling bloods  
 on shadows  
 on the dawn's rosy phlegm-ball  
 on the insensible mirror I've picked for a street  
 on the canyons of tumescent Venus  
 On the banquet plate  
 on the bedpans of truce  
 on the rotten mushroom & its trident  
 On the hereditary cancer of the US Army  
 on the long lineage of crap  
 Radiance & abyss / randomness & wind  
 The open vein from coccyx to clavicle  
 The lap of drunkenness  
 The flame of clogged harps  
 On the armpitless groins of deathcreating God  
 on the soft & manifold sound 2 tears make  
 : on the sea : on its deserts :  
 & on myself

# LEAP YEAR ADOLESCENCE

FOR BLAISE CENDRARS

Back then I worked with 1 kryptonite chisel  
/ sharper & more lethal /  
Than coyotes' teeth  
& much more than 1 marsupial's pouch  
I stroked my fly in front of windows & behind them  
*Chinese brides: freak strokes of luck*  
& refrains of that sort  
My smiles: subway stairs  
My glances: surfboards  
pointed in 1,000 directions / every step  
Hammers without 1 nail but with rain lots of rain in my pockets  
Poetry grew in beauty  
To sleep was to wake up / in its alveoli  
Shaking my hair like 1 fist: my eye like 1 shuttlecock  
Drooling streets of people who'd rather fuck around than spare their shoes  
Free money! free highways!  
*Free rides to Monte Albán!*  
I was in love with llamas  
Conversed with centipedes  
Tattooed the monosyllabic gossip streetlights trumpet on anvils  
The city was all lip / all cocoon / all tit to me  
The missus & I played games like the wall & the piss  
Hemoglobin was 1 joke that never got old  
Breathing was so Mark Twain / so William Burroughs to me  
    ...1 donkey laden with...  
1 molotov cocktail inside & out

The desert blasted—at last—by the human voice  
The itch in my bones: solid calcium  
sticking seeds in the earth  
& sleigh bells on boats  
—dissecting the batteries of monstrosity—  
Exploding the space of dances  
with nothing but the usual moves  
Taken very hot & very deep with only myself for 1 partner

*LOU ANDREAS-SALOMÉ  
GREET'S FRIEDRICH  
NIETZSCHE*

The mind is 1 flower of unbridled tentacles  
but the body is queen  
the sultana of swing  
the lady Godiva of queen bees  
the magess that vibrates & works herself up  
the bubbly dip in the depths  
the brew of masturbating stars  
the triangular burn when you break down her door  
& heartbeats & cramps soak in lechery  
the Grasshopper kisses the Scorpion  
& vice versa / & etceteras



# ALREADY FAR FROM THE ROAD

TO THE MEMORY OF INFRAÍN

*Vibrations*

*Vibrations — whips*

*1 sound comes from the shadow*

*quickly forms 1 sphere*

*1 farm*

*1 group*

*1 armada*

*1 universe of Universe*

—Henri Michaux

*1*

Some grubby pants & death in the chest

Right on man!

*I'll see you there by the wall*

*/ just past the loading zone /*

winds crystallizing on the left

fins of the dust : your fins

1 oasis harpooning the dryness in us

In the daughter of your eye / the graveyard

: Mezcalito casting posies :

Earth & its opposite : deer silent as the noises at their weddings

*You shouldn't go / but you should go*

2

(In this shadow this strange fruit nestles  
that's the heart of the amphibious & precocious infrarealist becoming)

Sons of Pablo de Rokha are we  
Before writing this / we were already flying  
Then the continuum of the written was less patrolled  
Breath danced on the tip of the tongue  
We transformed caressing the *ayayay* of every wound

*We're poets  
Cymbals of the black sun  
that magnetizes us*

3

Neither lumpens nor proletarians  
The wage-earning demigod  
not 1 pen bursts in our abysses  
: The infra-dawns in the spider's House of Usher :  
Sweet clitoris plays paddle ball / embarks as for the 5 mountains in 2  
lutes

At tender gallop & flowing mane

*Rubayat is in love  
with  
Ramayana*

4

Our tongue has been barbed  
It's watermelon / dripping deep-laughing vagrant  
Adventure that's torn open our abrasions

What we've been we are in the crescendoing of echoes

*For such shoulders : such thighs*

*For those ankles / those steps*

Lessons of cleansing by the scalpel

5

...Gray is the Theory...

Red the fuzz of Cannabis / The Wireless

6

The fight? / Against the power of phara\$aic \$ign\$

(Mask VS Longhair)

10 years later we're still being tribal

/ lubricous wherever /

In Jalapa : Minneapolis : Iquitos : Ivry-sur-Seine : Gerona :

Glen & Canyon

Dogs inhabited by voices of the desert

Aztec priests blinded by the flame by the song of the body

& the flame of the body that's the song

Reality sandwiches!

7

The compost of language doesn't germinate

if it isn't in deeds already poverty incarnate

The Marabu triumph in Nahuatl lands

—How much for the singing rabbit? / With wings?

—Happy Un-Birthday

Infrarealism isn't some scouring-word

Our nights have anthologized us

Every texticle in its place / that could likely be our nomad's miracle

8

*It's Zero Hour again*

Jesús Luis scratches *Songs for Thugs* in its light

There are stars like there are desires

there are abysses & there are roads

The piranhas of the day before yesterday

are iguanas of the future

Waves : waves : waves of thirst

9

—What'd those TV people say about us?

/ sons of happy service & generous benefits /

—Oh Holy Satanic Laughter

—Billy Burroughs doesn't even know?

*The lowlife jumps for joy*

*/ They're fireflies at dawn /*

—Is that be 1 Sirian haiku?

I water poet in the sierras?

Delirium's orgasm?

10

Poetry-hendecasyllaboiler

Edgar Allan & Black Sabbath's little sister

dickfaces & fucktrarians

what a lot of trenches

plowed in the guts of the guts

11

I touch wind

: turgid chance :

Our root's talking

/ not the laundering of Power & its ticket-booths  
 its taxes : its punishments : cynical grins : its wheezing of vanities /

12

*Let Tin-Tan burn his zoot suit*

The roads are full of other beings

/ not the cubicle or charge /

Remember body how much you lived

How much gospel of the open heavens

/ Subterraneously : sovereignly /

Because it won't be the fear of any fear

that makes us set at half mast

the igneous geyser of our indignation

& this numeral 13 says it well:

Mexican poetry is divided in 2

Mexican poetry & infrarealism

/ 1 Tula River to stir up /

# [THE SLEEPWALKING ASSASSIN...]

The sleepwalking assassin passed the gates of empty nightmare  
It was snowing in the flustered April night  
He'd had it up to here with the garbage strike;  
The hero was clutching his scarlet sperm-drenched coat  
Excitement kissed his feet  
His boots / the scent of 1 destiny foretold on luminous glue trips

*Aaarrggghh!*

The Parisian lioness was giving birth to 1 more turd of tedium & myth  
But the thirst / the irresistible magnet of desire for more burning honey /  
drove our Lord Jim of the Catacombs to tear out his beard  
to run after the cunt of 1 angel who only fled from him  
(De Chirico looked on like the eye of 1 irregularly sprouted tower)  
The sleepwalking assassin sat on the blown-up bridge of the Metro Passy  
Cold tore through his guts / the sewer line linking the fall  
in 1 dream to the unstoppable gush of another blast of hash  
They were massacring the Commune once & for all that night  
The brothel was rotting with unusual futility  
*As far from the river!* : what was left of instinct mutely scrawled  
The assassin / naked / was doing pirouettes  
trailing the dirty icicle shreds of his coat-flag  
His knife was the sky that quit being sky  
His victim : the snow  
1 rootless crucifixion peopled the wagons suspended in the memory  
of the dissident clochard who raided the lost history of the Metro Passy  
that night

the p / the a / the double s / the y all scratched out

The station was baptized the Metro Landrú in blows of glass

1 bottle of *Viuda* to the head / 2 prayers in Turkish

*My palace is of vertebrae / my River Seine of piss:*

The world already propellerless

Meat rotting in holy peace

Silence drunk off its ass : suckling the cracks in 1 mythical interstate

# DISMIRROR

TO THE MEMORY OF BELTRÁN MORALES  
BACKGROUND MUSIC BY JAVIER SOLÍS

Mural of drunks the day  
Explosion: eternal night  
Wind made flesh in woman's flowering bone  
Wandering like children through the dreams of magic flutes  
*The rest is living death*  
Marriage of rats & scorpions  
*/ in different times & spaces /*  
But tied to the stench the rainbow traces from 1 crematorium to the next  
Where no doubt 2 madmen rest giving it 1 sound  
Bougainvillea scratches the crotch of the cross to dust  
The sun is perpetual multiplication  
The song of light  
The *tour de force* of the created  
That moves / nonetheless /  
in the world—free songbird—like 1 blue butterfly  
Picasso bites his tail  
—caked with human foliage—  
The wannabe's specter whistles  
The seed extends its thread  
The echo's stratospheric truth  
pursues it ((at knife point))  
*Beauty is our spiritual Guernica*  
The portrait of Galatea getting in up in 1 well  
*/ fresh ass: unnaturally honest porn /*  
Laurels & Hardys roll through the open wound



The castaway stays in the water / filming himself /

Time to kiss fate

*So be it!*

Is written on my charred body

In the mute bellow of other bodies

that bury themselves in the visible womb of their I's

*We're all María Sabinas conversing with angels*

But we forget / overwhelmed by the pain of not knowing ourselves

:: Fractions of 1 second / magnetized moons /

ether bites that jerks off the sun ::

# INFRARREALIST MANIFESTO

WHAT DO WE PROPOSE?  
NOT MAKING ART INTO A CAREER  
SHOWING THAT EVERYTHING IS ART AND ANYONE CAN  
MAKE IT  
CONCERNING OURSELVES WITH “INSIGNIFICANT”  
THINGS / WITH NO INSTIUTIONAL VALUE / PLAYING / ART  
SHOULD EXIST IN LIMITLESS AMOUNTS / AFFORDABLE  
FOR EVERYONE, AND IF POSSIBLE, MADE BY EVERYONE

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

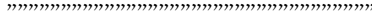
ATTACKING ART / ATTACKING EVERYDAY LIFE  
(DUCHAMP) AT A TIME THAT SEEMS ALMOST ENTIRELY  
CLOSED TO PROFESSIONAL OPTIMISTS  
TRANSFORMING ART / TRANSFORMING EVERYDAY LIFE  
(OURSELVES)  
CREATIVITY / THE OUTSIDER’S LIFE AT ANY COST  
(MOVING OUR HIPS TO THE PRESENT WITH EYES  
BLINKING  
FROM THE AIRPORTS OF THE FUTURE)  
AT A TIME WHEN ASSASSINATIONS HAVE BEEN  
DISGUISED AS SUICIDES

\$

TURNING CONFERENCE ROOMS INTO SHOOTING  
GALLERIES  
(THE CARNVIAL WITHIN THE CARNIVAL / AS DEBRAY  
WOULD PUT IT?)

%%%%%%%%%%%

BEETHOVEN, RACINE & MICHAELANGELO AREN'T THAT  
USEFUL ANYMORE  
AMPHETAMINES MAKE BETTER FOOD:  
SOUND BARRIERS LABYRINTHS OF SPEED (OH JAMES  
DEAN!) ARE  
BEING BROKEN SOMEWHERE ELSE



LIFTING PEOPLE OUT OF THEIR DEPENDENCE &  
PASSIVITY  
LOOKING FOR UNPRECEDENTED FORMS OF  
INTERVENTION & DIRECTION IN THE WORLD  
DEMISTIFYING / TURNING INTO DISSIDENTS  
FOR US NOTHING HUMAN IS FOREIGN (COOL) FOR US  
NOTHING UTOPIAN IS FOREIGN  
(SUPERCOOL)



NOW MORE THAN EVER, THE PROBLEM OF ART CAN'T  
BE UNDERSTOOD AS AN INTERNAL WAR BETWEEN  
FACTIONS / BUT ABOVE ALL AS A TACIT (BUT ALMOST  
OPEN) WAR BETWEEN THE ONES WHO CONSCIOUSLY  
OR UNCONSCIOUSLY SIDE WITH THE SYSTEM AND  
TRY TO HOLD ONTO EXTEND IT / AND THE ONES WHO  
CONSCIOUSLY OR UNCONSCIOUSLY WANT TO BLOW IT UP



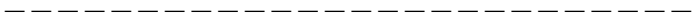
ART IN THIS COUNTRY HASN'T GONE BEYOND A  
TECHNICAL WORKSHOP FOR DECORATIVELY EXERCIZING  
MEDIOCRITY

\$

“ONLY MEN FREE OF ALL BONDS CAN CARRY THE FIRE  
FAR ENOUGH” ANDRÉ BRETON

!!

RETURNING TO ART THE IDEA OF A CONVULSIVE &  
PASSIONATE LIFE



CULTURE ISN'T IN BOOKS OR PAINTINGS OR STATUES IT'S  
IN THE NERVES / IN THE NERVES' FLUIDNESS

THE CLEAREST PROPOSITION: AN INCARNATE CULTURE  
/ A CULTURE IN THE FLESH, IN SENSITIVITY (THE OLD  
DREAM OF ANTONIN ARTAUD)

555

EVERYTHING THAT EXISTS:  
OUR SPHERE OF ACTION / AND THE FRENZIED SEARCH  
FOR WHAT DOESN'T EXIST YET



OUR PURPOSE IS (TRUTH) PRACTICAL SUBVERSION

&&

EXAMPLE OF TOTAL ART

TOTAL SCULPTURE (THAT MOVES): A DEMONSTRATION  
OF 10,000 TO 20,000 PEOPLE SUPPORTING THE ELECTRICAL  
WORKERS' UNION

TOTAL MUSIC: A MUSHROOM TRIP THROUGH THE  
SIERRA MAZATECA

TOTAL PAINTING: CLAUDIA KERIK BACKWARDS &  
FORWARDS / I INSIST: BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS



# CARTE D'IDENTITÉ

*If you can be a legend*

*Why be I common grave?*

Mario Santiago Papasquiaro / frontline infrarrealist ((who has fought in this wavering movement since its inception in 1975)) released his primordial Swan's Howl in Mexico City—capitol of the subsequently disgraced—in the midst of 1 electrical storm / at dawn on the morning of December 24, 1953—the year of the death of Dylan Thomas & Jorge Negrete—.

The echoing string of this *a cappella tour de forceps* ((1 bison engraved in the placenta of Altamira )) resounds in the Ingres violin of these pages / which as a rule of thumb barely contain 10% of his principle opera's red blood cells.

*Water serpent* in the Chinese horoscope / *Ocelot* in the Náhuatl / *Capricorn* in the occidental / was a child follower of the wonders of the *Holy Flock* of Guadalajara & in his early youth he rose & fell ((*delirious* & *without a rudder*)) among the Escherian snakes & ladders of the *Dialectics of Nature*—that composite & uneven pandemonium—with such force / that only the revelation transmitted by the Aztec gnome brigadier José Revueltas\*: *The tragedy of the human species is its lack of itself* kept his winged feet supporting the drained weight of his open cerebellum.

*Today / tomorrow & always.*

Incorruptible anti-poet & vagrant / fugitive from the Void / salamander in  
1 waterfall of air.

What he most loves in the tidal wave of life:

Frisbee women always undermining the mythic moremarrow of the  
citizens of this Oliverio Gironde-galaxy.

His profession is noticing.

His truth / there isn't I.

His theosophical number: is 69.

Edmond Dantès / The Count of Monte Cristo.

His grandest illusion: to score 1 corner kick goal against the  
                   flagrant absence of Triumphant God's wind.

He writes like he walks / to 1 frantic rhythm.

With 1 firm unbending stride.

Between 1976 & 1978 he lived like 1 hummingbird / scenting the  
                   cardinal points of his laboratory-apprenticeship: Paris / Vienna /  
                   Barcelona & Jerusalem.

His wife affectionately says of him: *Eyes of 1 otter / Mouth of 1 foreskin.*

\* José Revueltas Sánchez (1914-1976) was a Mexican writer-revolutionary and a seminal influence on the radical student movement of 1968. Revueltas was born in the Mexican town of Santiago Papasquiaro from which Mario Zendejas Pineda took his name.

Mexican poetry stops being (Villaurretia my dear)  
an anemic *night in which nothing is heard*.

