



Hi Zero 14

NOUR MOBARAK \_ *Preface*

MICHAEL KINDELLAN \_ *Financial Times*

ROSA VAN HENBERGEN \_ *Stalled Lung*

EUGÈNE GUILLEVIC \_ *from Euclidiennes*, trans. CAITLIN DOHERTY

NAT RAHA \_ *from an untitled polemic for loudhailer*

DAVID BUUCK \_ *from Oaklandish*

NEIL PATTISON \_ *Orbital Sugar*

## PREFACE

An unpuritan discipline: one that we were foolhardy in eschewing in hopes to transmit pure expression. We are sexed and sensed, and then only what we've absorbed. Art can be sensual and revelatory, whilst the artist must find that space equally through their rational and irrational self, and it will come from a self-imposed struggle that creates a space in which our collective struggle may find solace. Along with its atrocities, capitalism has given us a boom in the tools we may use for self-expression, both through efficient archiving and a plethora of media. We are at a point now in history where we must reconnect with our personal rituals and meaning, to learn how to give them away, extra-economically. Cultural capital is very real, and the exchange of culture has certainly ripped many away from sublimating our sex and grief through art - it has instead opted, very often, to mimic art, or to mimic forms that refuse it, in order to acquire a funded identity and a product. But we've absorbed it still, and so be it, it is us. If trans-substantiation has its conceptual equivalents in ancient alchemy and the upgrade, I wonder then how we can turn our current intelligence, sometimes self-centered and defeatist, into wine. Perhaps through allowing it to find its own symbols and mythos, one that could be likened to the God-faced letters of hieroglyphs. All a denizen could smell of the dripping snow of palm trees when they are too hot and wish to be cold, or when they are too cold and wish to be hot. Humor is essential to expose the folly of humans, but there is a beauty which the 20<sup>th</sup> Century I experienced scoffed into the Void, when we could, instead, make a loop of our cosmos, and find again the belly laugh in spun bismuth, now Pepto Bismol. This void is one where humans float on genitals and twinkle sprays of blood. Let's sympathize with your grief not through a smug self-deprecation which functions like the confession booth, but with darkness very real. Let's revel in your joker with the luminescence of phosphor. We all must choose whether to rip ourselves off or to inhale our good fortune in being allowed to zone out on welding, or in talking about welding, or intimacy. Art can be intimate, and spiked when seeing a man now limping toward you, his fallen piss bag in inch worm tow, his rotting smile joyously booming your name.

*[Note: This preface first appeared in the CRS pamphlet accompanying the reading at the Judith E. Wilson Drama Studio, Cambridge, on Friday 2<sup>nd</sup> April, 2010]*

HI ZERO

FOURTEEN