

pen pressure: a show of poetry, fantasy and faith

This show comes from a sustained interest in poetry, fantasy and faith, in their aesthetic specificities and political pertinence. The three have in common the capacity to create a particular space for enunciation, briefly suspending some logical orders to catch glimpses of trajectories and grammars not so well known yet that are nonetheless already intuited and desired or required. What follows are allusions to informal conversations with the participating artists and poets, notes, quotes or short comments around the works they present here:

mentions an estrangement from our destinies: it is there where fantasy, faith and myth operate. Orpheus after looking back and Narcissus after seeing his own image: they remain in the world changed, like in another life — sometimes described as death— that wraps them in a spiral of great energy. In that loop that is parallel to destiny the I is reaffirmed and expressed and becomes powerful. ‘cries tumble out, taut’, stretching the intensity of a current without resolution that is generative of action and trajectories. Estrangement is not a rupture with life, it is a momentary cancellation of the world to keep alive the fervor in waiting, to revive it, eat something, to be again. the mythical figure Mamma Roma goes yelling ‘Unfortunate the one who stays!’, and she abandons the world of the night in a confessional-loop in which the camera spins with her, and behind her head you see the streetlights like stars. At the end of the movie the same scene of the spiral walk repeats: she is back in the same place; and who’s fault is the round destiny? Well, ‘the evil you do is like a highway the innocent have to walk down’. That’s what the priest told her.

‘What would happen if God was something / that you can hold in your hand. / Here with us. A present thing. / The birth now a celestial place.’ jayy dodd. *The Black Condition Ft. Narcissus*.

jayy dodd changes the traditional reading of the myth of Narcissus: dodd doesn’t want Narcissus to die when he sees his reflection, and lets him know how beautiful he is, that he can exist knowing of his power and understanding why he can come to be loved. His reflection unfolds a structure that goes from recognition to hope in this power he has just discovered, the magnitude of which he can only glimpse. It’s a small structure, closed and in a roll, like a shrinking world: a choker to the neck mounted with pearls, a mirror and a chain invoke and certify an intense and diffuse reality where mystery begins to resemble knowledge.

‘The combination of thorough study with leaps of faith —well this is the most reliable approach to the truth that I know. So what you diagnose as Narcissism is really just happiness.’ Fanny Howe. *Night Philosophy*.

in order to understand something, one must have faith for a moment, and the processes of production, the ruminant machines, the chains of rational thought and assembly, all must be stopped if even briefly. And with all that excess of hot friction coming out of every mechanism produce instead desire, wax and ecstasy. This new surplus takes curious shapes that announce surplus worlds, which can come to be or fail: for example, some chains decorated with flowers, an argizaiola lit up like a statue in a temple, or a halo of marxist sanctity that goes covering things until real bliss comes. or also an egg that is placed very carefully so that one can be born after in it. the overflowing fertility of Marosa di Giorgio is absolutely prolific in its superabundance of eggs and larvae, in its fantastic extravagance and its waste of libido and faith against the logics of use value of objects and signs.

‘papá legbá says sotto voce / all writing is pig shit / since these symbols and all symbols are drawn / infinity’s separation from all symbols must be shown throw drawing.’ manuel arturo abreu. *obsequies*.

Liborio was a healer, a priest and a liberation and anti imperialism who believed. faith and his resurrection believed in, even after prohibition and after Palma Sola in 62, because with him space is made for all that is unthinkable as of today, what is barely intuited but is coming eventually. aseptic writing

holds too a void for the apparition, for what is not yet verbalized to start to show. like Heaven's throat, opening all the way down to the ground, like a huge spacing that opens N. H. Pritchard's folio.

invocation, good and bad wishes, strategies and pleas let the future happen now. Like Audre Lorde explains, poetic expression is not a useless fantasy, but neither it has to be an intelligible truth, nor explain clearly and time and again its politics. poetic expression is also quotidian **Nayare Soledad** act of life, something that happened today. to make the future happen in the present is also *travestir*: '*travestir la realidad, la historia*, is not only a physical question, it is to find what was erased by colonization and white cis supremacy'. It is to invoke history to find the future that was already there, to bring it here through new paths that doom the old ones.

it is the air that comes out of the ground that signals the presence of caves, just like the air that comes down from the skies generates pressure. standing between these two airs is a bit like a trance, between gravity and grace. when you go into the cave you cross an armored door and you close it behind you. locked in, 'an instinct was generated in me, **JOVENDELAPERLA** similar to the one I felt in lockdown when I danced alone in my room. It is from there that the poem is born'. the graphic potential of the written word + drawing on the wall + music which together produce a rite of deepening into the world. the same way that for Bataille, to draw an animal is not to make it intelligible, it is to make it tangible, to bring out and close the inaccessible monster, and to find pleasures in this proximity.

'In a cloud of fiery pale chemicals, / please come flying, / to the rapid rolling of thousands of small blue drums / descending out of the mackerel sky / over the glittering grandstand of arbor-water, / please come flying.' Elizabeth Bishop. *Invitation to Miss Marianne Moore*.

'This flight is a spectacle of queer transport made lyric.' José Esteban Muñoz. *Cruising Utopia. The Then and There of Queer Futurity*.

Geryon attempted to reach the moon on an early age paddle flying machine to connect with his ancestor "man-bat". Technique and fantasy joined strengths to allow an escape from the world, so that those who were closer to the monster than to the human could see the world from high above and far away. In 'Take Ecstasy with Me', the last chapter of *Cruising Utopia*, José Esteban Muñoz explains a poem that Elizabeth Bishop sent to Marianne Moore in which she asks her to 'come flying', in a trip across the queer history of Brooklyn's bridge, overcoming the actual conditions traversed by **Cole Lu** oppressive structures and architectures that still reproduce. But the poem is a plea to go beyond the 'crushing force of the dynasty of the here and now. It is an invitation to desire differently, to desire more, to desire better.'