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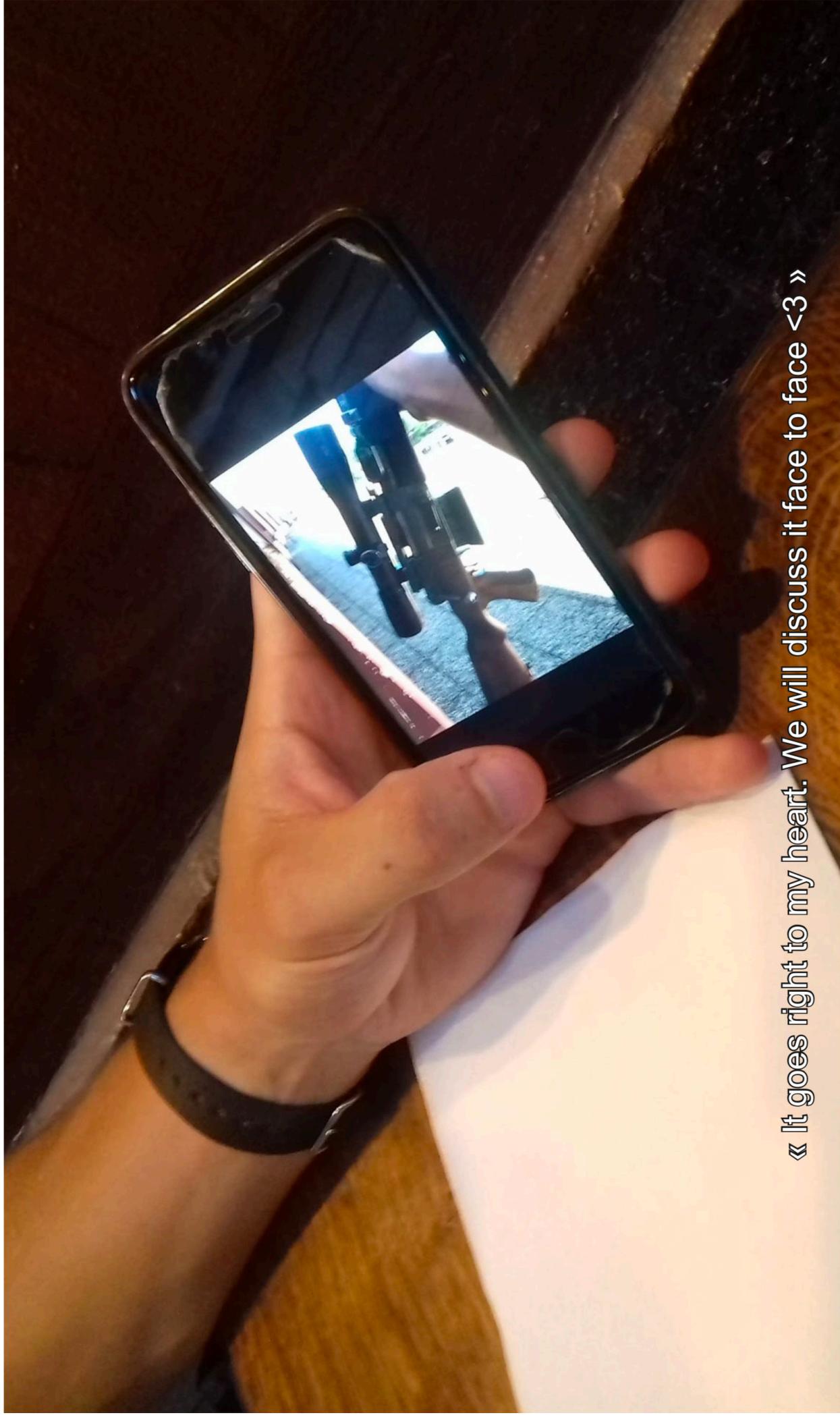
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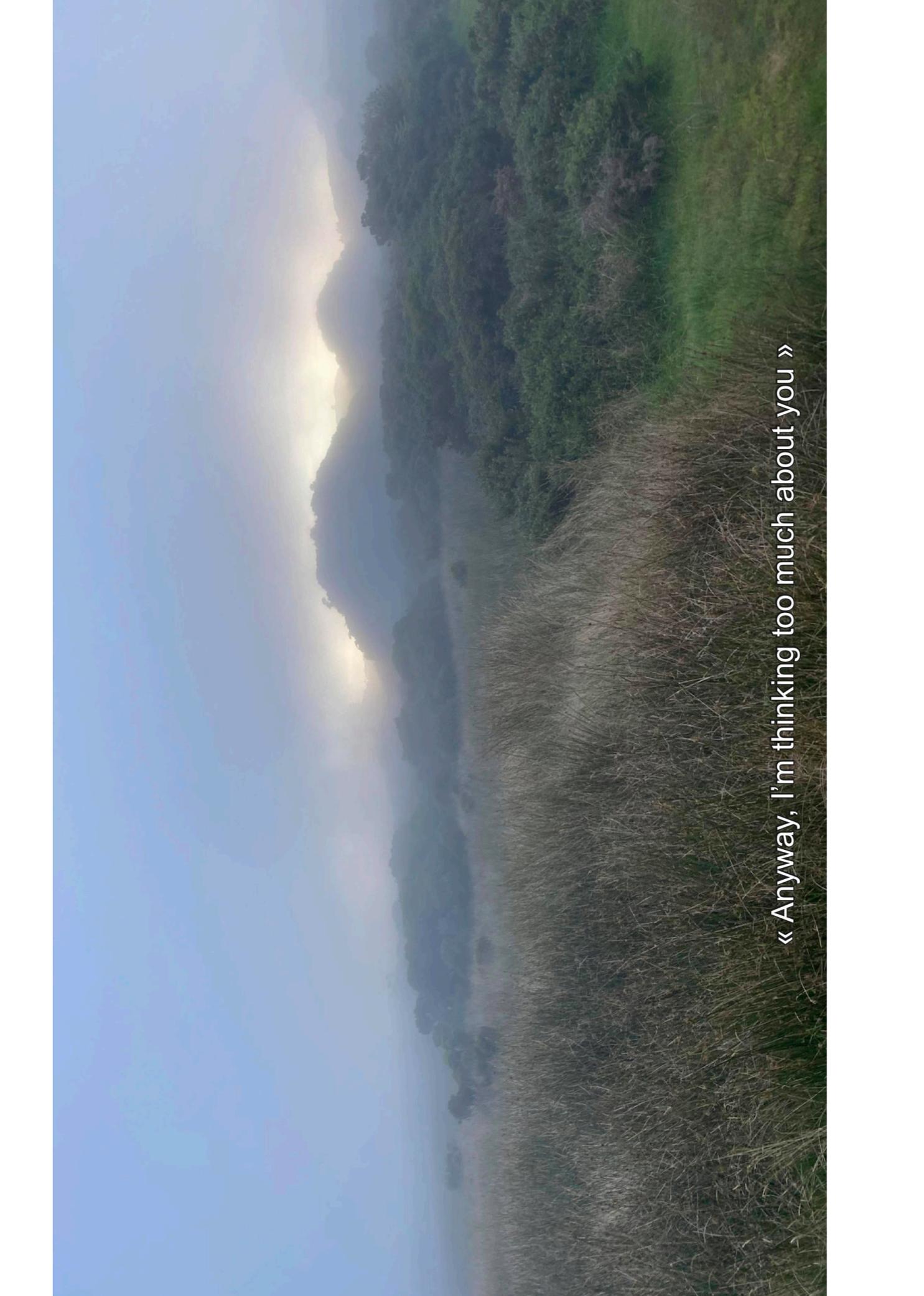
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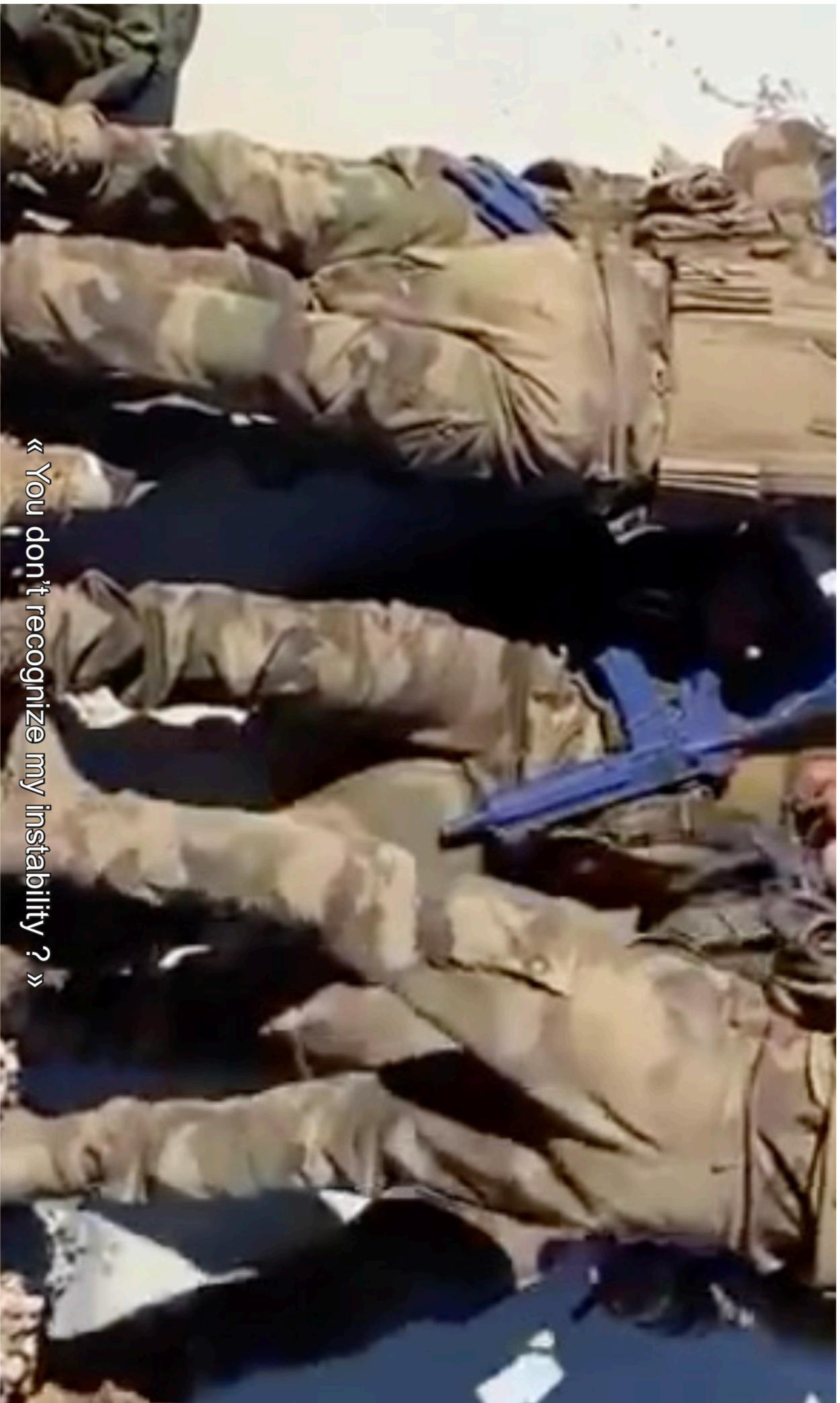
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« Are you in troubles ? »



« Anyway, I'm thinking too much about you »



« You don't recognize my instability ? »



« You tell me if I can help you. »



« You're making me crazy »

TODAY IS LIKE A MEMORY
OF THE PAST. WITH AN
OBSCURE GUILT THAT
REVEALS
THE EXPOSURE OF HELL TO
THE DAYLIGHT. AT FIRST
THERE WERE INFINITE
PROFITS FOR
THE SPECTACLE SIMULATED
AND STIMULATED BY
FEROCIOUS EYES. BUT
IMAGES
WAKE UP AND TRANSFORM
THEMSELVES. WHAT TO SAY
REGARDING TERROR AND
ITS PREPARATION ?

IT IS IN THE DARKNESS
THAT ARCHAEOLOGY
BEGINS, THERE WE
DISCOVER THE LIGHT
THAT TRIES TO REACH
US BUT CANNOT.
DISASSEMBLING
LANGUAGE, FRACTURING
APPEARANCE.

A SORT OF COUNTER-TIME
WISH... FOR UNITY. AND IT
IS GOING TO CHANGE SET
RULES.

SO. INNOCENT SIGNS
? THE REVOLUTION
CAN HAPPEN IN THE
APOCALYPSE.

EVEN IF ANNIHILATED BY
THE NIGHT, MAYBE EVEN
MORE, FRAGILE LIGHT WILL
SCREAM.

- RESISTANCE - AND
FROM THE CORE OF INNER
WOUNDS, THE DETESTABLE
GREAT HISTORY
WILL BE DISMANTLED,
ANALYZED, AND
CONTESTED.

TRANSCENDENCE AFTER
THE DESTRUCTION.
FROM MOURNING, A
MANIFEST. IN WHICH HOPE
AND MEMORY WILL BE
MUTUAL STRENGTHS.

NO LANGUAGE ANYMORE.
JUST A NEGATIVE SPACE.
A GEOGRAPHY TOWARDS
THE IMPOSSIBLE.

IT OCCURS THROUGH
CHAOS. FATIGUE, CRAMPS
AND SPASMS

MY BODY HAS BECOME
A MAZE. ROUGH
WANDERING.
BREATHING OSCILLATES.
A DREAM : A MAN WHO
UNLEARNS.
INTENTION VERSUS
ISOLATION. YET, GROWING.

LAST FORMULA BEFORE
THE FATAL CATAclySM.
FROM THE OVERPOWERING
POWER. I ESCAPE
FACE TO FACE, OTHERWISE
MY OWN PRIVATE FAILURE.

~

ROUGH SILHOUETTES AND
GLIMMER OF ASHES.
I HAVE TO THINK NOWADAYS
OF A CONFLICT WHERE
FIRE ATTACKS SPACE AS
MUCH AS HUMAN. MY BEIN-
GIS ALIENATED. NO
LANDSCAPE BEHIND THE
GLASS.

SPECTATORS-
SURVIVORS. ALMOST IN
FULL DARKNESS.
ANNULATION...
ESTRANGEMENT.
SATURATION.

VISUAL HUNT VERSUS
IMAGE OF SURVIVAL. THE
ESCAPE FROM ESTABLISH-
MENT TOWARDS REBIRTH.

~

MUNITIONS ARE LACKING. I
WILL MISS MY PROTECTION.
WHERE ARE YOU ?
THE GEOGRAPHY OF
MY CHILDHOOD. I CAN'T
REMEMBER.

THE CITY IN ASHES STILL
BREATHES. THE ECHO OF
THE CRIES OF THE REBELS
RESOUNDS.

THEN THERE'S ONLY ROOM
FOR A FEW SCARS OF
CLARITY.

IT IS IN THESE GAPING
HOLES THAT THE
REPPRESSED MEMORIES CAN
BE RECOVERED. GOING
BACK IN THE VEINS OF
TIME.

WE KNOW THE EXTENT
OF OUR DUTY TO MEMORY.
FRACTURES.

Prologue : A camera with two lens...

Issued, rescued. From afar I see sparkling and rusted structures that trigger me. Are they meant to play or to train ? I am getting closer to them. It is indeed hard to breathe, but maybe that is the price to pay in order to have a proper look. What is it about that connection that frightens me ? As well as the question raised by the space of the playground regarding memory, safety, brutality, endurance and survival. It is about physical and psychological development in dark times, about hope in turmoil. As Didi-Huberman argues, for the film maker Pier Paolo Pasolini, it is about :

Adopting an apocalyptic vision, certainly. But if, along with that apocalyptic vision and the anxiety it provokes, there weren't also some bit of optimism in me, in other words the idea that it's possible to struggle against all that, I would very simply not be here, among you, to speak.¹

Images. Nestled in blurred movements and in overexposed pixels. Between the surveillance camera and the weapon's sight, between the fictional exchange and the revolted voices. Images, images, images. Yet, is it about the violence of pictures, or the one that is portrayed ? Arguably, controversial and others troubles solidified and upgraded by the act of representation. It is indeed about in-between structures, half content and half context. From afar it appears as a fine and single line but when I stare at it carefully layers reveal themselves. Parallel ones. Destructive ones. Let us merge with that borderline vision. It is a camera with two lenses, situated on the same side but that produces opposite images.

The hypotheses which are developed on the following pages are based on an interweaving of experiences, interpretations and affections. It aims to build up a constellation of views regarding strength, passivity and illumination. From its etymology, constellation is explained as a group of stars that draws a figure on the celestial vault that people's imaginations believe to recognise. This idea of creating connections of meanings that would dress mental and fictive, yet parallel worlds, stories and meanings is a key point of the ensuing arguments.

I can hear three voices, used in the following text as three aligned narrations. Two of them come from a different origin, the referenced and the poetical, and the third one, the dialogue, is the sound created by the merging of the first two. Half coalition, half disappearance.

What about taking a picture with a fire gun ? About impacting someone violently with an image ? Which is the most reasonable ? What would you choose ?

Brutality and its Oppressive Images

The delineation of alienation

In order to talk about violence it seems necessary to observe first how it is perceived and represented. What is behind the staging of cruelty in images ?

The delineation of alienation could start with an "armed-eye", to re-use the expression of the Soviet film director Dziga Vertov when speaking about the use of the camera in the documentation of conflicts and the violence of its portraying.

I am the camera's eye. I am the machine which shows you the world as I alone see it. Starting from today, I am forever free of human immobility. I am in perpetual movement. I approach and draw away from things — I crawl under them — I climb on them — I am on the head of a galloping horse — I burst at full speed into a crowd — I run before running soldiers - I throw myself down on my back — I rise up with

THESE IMPLANTED
FICTIONAL ELEMENTS.
FROM THE PAST THAT CAN
NEVER BE REVISITED. BUT
FOR EACH DRAMA THERE IS
A SUSPECT.
A SORT OF PRESUMED
HISTORICAL TRAUMA. FLY
AWAY WITH ME OR I WILL
MISS YOU A LOT.
THE ENVIRONMENTS OF
CONTROVERSY. THE
IMAGES SINK INTO
THE GROUND.
THE DESIRE TO BREAK
UP THIS CITY AND FINALLY
LIVE IN THE PRESENT
RESONATES. BUT IT IS A
FIGHT.
A BEAUTIFUL DUEL
EVEN. DO YOU HAVE TO
REMEMBER THAT ?
IS IT WORTH IT? THE
FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE IS
IN FLAMES.
HOW DOES IT END?
THE VERY VIOLENT
EMOTIONAL SHOCKS ARE
SUPERIMPOSED.
THE CITY AGAIN. THIS
BATTLEFIELD WHERE
RHYTHMS ARE SUSPENDED.
THE PAST REVOLUTION
IS ABOUT TO EXPLODE.
BECAUSE WE KEEP
RUNNING AND EXPOSING
OURSELVES.
POWERFUL CHILDREN. THE
TENDER MEMORIES ARE
BECOMING DARKER.
A SPACE WITH ABSOLUTELY
IMMEDIATE CONSEQUENCES.
SUSPENSE SEDUCES AND
RAVAGES.
THE TERRIFYING NIGHT
BECOMES THE SHELTER.
WHAT MORE CAN I SAY?

~

BY REVEALING THE REALM.
ILLUSION. ILLUSION.
ILLUSION. INSIDIOUSLY
ACTIVE MOTIVATION TO
PASSIVE DREAMS. HOW
TO AVOID PARALYZED
PLAYGROUNDS.
« IN RESPONSE TO THE
CERTAIN CHAOS. ON THE
SEASHORE OF ENDLESS
WORLDS, CHILDREN PLAY «.
PRESSING THE LIMITS

OF TRADITIONAL
BOUNDARIES. THRILLING
MOVEMENTS.

NOT YET SETTLED
IN DISILLUSION, THEY
HAVE THE FREEDOM TO
FORMULATE THEIR IDEALS.
HIDING PLACES. SHORT
CUTS. HOW TO PURSUE
PATHS ALREADY BLAZED BY
OTHERS BEFORE.
BUT YOU HAVE TO ADMIT
THAT GAMES ARE ALWAYS
POISED TO TURN INTO
SOMETHING SCARY.
«THIS UNUSUAL ABILITY...
TO TRANSFORM THE
WORST DESERT IN A
PLAYGROUND «.

~

THE PROTOCOL OF
INNOCENCE IN DISORDER. A
GAME MADE TO REPRESENT
HELL.

SIMULATION.

STORYTELLING, BUT
WITHOUT ENTERTAINMENT.
HOW BAD IS IT ?

THE USE OF COMPETITION.
IT NEEDS TO BE BANISHED.
THEY WON'T COME BACK
TO THEIR CHOICE.

HOW DID WE GET TO CALL
MILITARY TRAINING GAMES
? THERE IS SOMETHING
WRONG IN IT.

HIS DOMINANCE IS
CRUMBLING AND SO MUCH
THE BETTER FOR ME. I FIND
MY MIND BACK.

IT'S A CONNECTION WHERE
I MAY HAVE LOST MYSELF
TOO MUCH. I RECOLLECT
MY SCREAMS.

WHY WOULD YOU TRY
TO PERFORM WARFARE
AS REALISTICALLY AS
POSSIBLE ?

THE PARADOX IS NESTLED
IN THIS DISTURBING GAP.
FIREFLIES WILL EXPOSE IT.

I WOKE UP FROM A
PARALYSIS. HIS HEAVY
TENSIONS DISAPPEAR FROM
MY SIGHT.

ELUDE, EMERGE, EVADE.
LET'S CALL IT A HAPPY
FAREWELL TO OBSCURE
CONTRADICTION.

WHAT A SERIOUS GAME

the airplanes — I fall and I fly at one with the bodies falling or rising through the air.²

It is about what we are looking at, what we assume to be pure fictions or fragments of reality, and the way that certain constructed images can make us the spectator of the atrocious. Representations of terror have a double identity, they are like a sword with two sides. One of them is to communicate, to document and the other is to reproduce and indeed to maintain a certain inferno. How to take a picture of “ hell ” without promoting it, when the camera and the rifle are connected by their technical essences ? This question triggers me because it sheds light on how the production of images and the cinema industry followed the development of the weaponry industry. It is about the irreversible connection between the body, especially the sense of sight and the world of violence. For Virilio it appears therefore that:

there is no war, then, without representation, no sophisticated weaponry without psychological mystification. Weapons are tools not only of destruction but also of perception - that is to say, stimulants that make themselves felt through chemical, neurological processes in the sense organs and the central nervous system, affecting human reactions and even the perceptual identification and differentiation of objects.³

From technical inspiration to metaphorically announcing the end of the world, the camera as the gun, the eye as the munition, the gaze as the perversion of the portrayal of a battle are united for the best and obviously the worst “because seeing is dangerous, war and its technologies have gradually eliminated theatrical and pictorial effects in processing the battle image... With the new composites, the world disappears in war, and war as a phenomenon disappears from the eyes of the world”.⁴ As a system that is becoming more and more hidden, it seems that in order to be dismantled it has to be studied and countered from a different angle. The beast has to be taken by the horns, but by who ? Innocents will claim their revolt, no matter the tool they need, and images will not die. The one taking them will not disappear and the scene will be projected in reverse. From a blindsight, a warless perspective. From fusion, confusion. A new field of perception is awaiting.

And here comes the idea of images as purity in the face of terror, of controversy in the face of oppression. Yet there is an unbelievable seduction that occurs from war movies, such as “*Full metal Jacket*” from Stanley Kubrick or the recent “*The Kill Team*” from Daan Krauss. Is it a way to pretend that violence is a transparent system ? A way to actually put a mask on it, and to blind people by making them believe they have a full image on conflicts and their preparations.

But in the quest for truth, polish filters will vanish, and brutality will be abandoned. Fantasy and aesthetic will leave the internal system of the camera and the idea of showing and creating a romantic battle for the purpose of the audience's entertainment will be shattered. The spectacle is over. The concept used by the theatrical entrepreneur Samuel Lionel Rothafel that “Death is just a big show in itself”⁵ will be re-questioned in a way that the oppressor will get dizzy. Bodies will be allowed to inscribe their own luminosity in a new storyline. So let us not freeze time, because things should not be forgotten. But let us grasp the harmony that always establishes itself between the functions of eye and weapon in order to challenge the “crisis of representations” and start an infinite “crisis of dimensions” to restate the expressions of Paul Virilio. But a question persists. How to show the reversal and the violence of this omnipresent, overwhelming yet necessary crisis ? The one that finds a balance between denouncing and perpetuating within the image.

Dancing muscles in the ashes

There is something about evolving and becoming a foreigner to oneself in the movie “*Jessica Forever*” realised by Caroline Poggi and Jonathan Vinel. The film follows a group of orphans rejected by society because of their violent pasts and depicts their struggles to integrate back into the world.

When I have to think about it, I remember dancing muscles in the ashes. I remember

relationships of love and hate. I remember the bloody back of a doubtful person. I remember the quest for attention as well as the tears of devotion. And I remember this strange common thought that you must run to survive. Images are savagely running in front of my eyes. The camera is the weapon following these archetypal movements. And questions keep occurring. Where is the inner forgiveness of a soldier hidden? Does the difference between murderers and warriors lie in their trainings or their apologies? The roughness of the images I remember are linked by affection. The illusory cohesion of this collective identity is about to scramble. To describe the atmosphere : Fleece. Shield. Shirtless. Slinky. Sultry. Seductive.

On the screen two scenes are depicted; one is about disorder, the other about virtue. But what will happen when those forces confront each other. In fact, it is a group of innocent people who have made a blood pact against the prejudices of society. Somehow it makes them even more lonely. But their brotherhood gives rise to both disciplinary rituals and unmotivated enjoyment. It is heroic maybe even romantic.

Are they submissive or rebellious?

They take up weapons and make rounds against an invisible enemy. In any case bodies and faces are magnified. Idolised. In any case it is fascinating. A kind of spectrum ranging from criticism to passion, from terror to feeling, gathering and gripping all these young soldiers who obsess me. Is that being haunted? My head is indeed locked in a mouldy cardboard, on which it is written "Bad memories, do not open". And then in the distance I look at their heroic bodies. There are bloody reflections on their leather armour. In the end, when they lay bare, they are as sensitive as dented. Are we all not trying to tame our demons? What is the melancholy of monsters?

But there is no more time. They have to go back to training. The protruding bodies change, touch each other. There is a lot of contact. Or rather there was. Because at this moment it is mostly the memory that dominates. So this scene after the suicide. We do not know if it is hell or a dream. The manliness is softened. There is a crisis. But that's not new. So what do we do to survive?

After the bloodshed, the existential anguish always resumes its rights. Wild and flayed boys hold hands. It is gentle but there is still a use of force. Inevitable. Impossible love. And in the middle of a scene of military exercises that resemble more a spiritual rite, they end up discovering each other. They put aside their penchant for murder and self-mutilation. The zones of perception and comfort are de-played. Many questions for few answers. In the end it is an expression of idolatry, which in this film becomes an emblematic concept of camaraderie. Thus revealing both emotional benefits but also negative impacts of it in the construction of identities. It all comes down to these characters, who oscillate between an apprehension in front of certain hierarchical authority and a lack of affiliation. Indeed they are disoriented. Indeed they are afraid. As they wonder, they are doubting. Yet, they grab their bulletproof vests and they go outside to resist again a martial and overwhelming system. But where was that same system — which divided into boxes — created, and under which circumstances? What is the value and the possible issue regarding inheritance, how to deconstruct it, flip it around so that it is not only imposed?

An Experience of Decay

In "*Beau Travail*", made in 1999 by the filmmaker Claire Denis, harmony arises from redemption and beauty. A sort of connection occurs between dusty landscapes and identities in crisis. The story takes place in Djibouti where the French Legion still train. Let us have a look at those training scenes, in which the notion of power is visually manipulated and challenged. What fascinates me in those earth grains that merge with the tension of the posture embodied by a group of men, is indeed the metamorphosis that occurs. The idea to step out from oneself, to become someone else in a way. The screenplay follows new army recruits and the transformation of their identities. A link is created between living entities and the topic of ruins as a metaphor of variation, disparity and rebirth.

} STARTED WITH HIM.
 BUT HE WAS THE ONE
 MASTERING THE RULE.
 THERE HAD TO BE SOME
 SORT OF TOUGH RUPTURE.
 OTHERWISE HOW TO KNOW
 WHO TO BE.

~

« WHY DO YOU STAY HERE
 ? JUST TO SEE ». BEFORE
 ~ BEYOND

THE UTOPIAN AREA, A
 SPACE WITHOUT NAME.
 IT'S REVEALED ! IN THE
 MIDDLE OF THINGS AND
 SILENCE.

ON THE WAY BACK. « GO
 ON. GO AWAY ». THE
 WHOLE WORLD
 COLLAPSES ON A
 MISUNDERSTANDING. IT
 HAPPENED !

A FAILURE TO UNDERSTAND
 SOMETHING CORRECTLY.
 THEIR SPEECHES WHETHER

THEY ARE VERBAL OR
 PHYSICAL

ARE INEVITABLE
 PROCESSES. NO

STRUCTURE ANYMORE.

NO WALLS AT ALL. « I DID
 NOT WANT TO MAKE YOU
 SCARED ».

BUT THEN, A

CONSTRUCTION THAT
 GENERATES FACTS,

GESTURES AND THOUGHTS.
 LET US CALL IT THE BIG
 REVERSAL.

« WHERE AM I, WHERE DO
 I COME FROM AND WHERE
 WILL I GO ? »

THEREFORE IT IS ABOUT
 DOING WITH AND DOING
 WITHIN.

APPREHENSION CAN BE
 BASED ON IMAGINATION.
 REPETITIONS, BACK
 AND FORTH. CYCLES OF
 MOTION.

IT IS NOT YOU BUT I
 JUST THOUGHT IT WAS
 HAPPENING

AGAIN. IT IS TAKING PLACE
 WHEN IT IS DARKER AND
 WHEN WE

ARE GOING THROUGH
 GHOST SPACES. BUILDINGS
 SHAKE WITH
 VIOLENCE. NO LIGHTS IN
 THE WINDOWS ANYMORE.

« ON TOP OF THAT YOU ARE
BRUTAL, I JUST LOVE IT.
YOU MAKE ME WANNA
RIOT «, FAR AWAY THERE
ARE NOISES.
I HEARD A LOUD CRACK, A
DISAGREEMENT, A FIGHT.
WELL, A DEBATE WITHOUT
END OR EVEN SUBSTANCE.
THE EMERGENCE OF
VOLATILE INTER-WORLDS.
BUT
IT'S NOT A DOWNHEARTED
STORY. LIVING IT BACK
AS A VIEWER. BY STICKING
TOGETHER THE PIECES OF
HIS WORLD
THAT HIS BEING THOUGHT
WERE BROKEN. THE
UNTOUCHABLE
OF TOUCH, THE INVISIBLE
OF SIGHT, CONSCIOUSNESS.

~

ENTERING THAT TERRIFIC
GROUND ONCE MORE.
AT FIRST SIGHT SEEING
TWO CONFLICTING
REALITIES.
ACKNOWLEDGING THE
RELATION AMONG TIMES.
BEING CONFUSED ABOUT
HOW LAYERED A SINGLE
AREA CAN BE.
OBSERVING THE HIDDEN
PRESENCE OF THE SACRED.
WANDERING OUTSIDE
AUTHORITARIANISM AND
OPPRESSION.
NOTICING THE
CORRELATION IN THE
DUALITY.
FINDING RE-CONCILIATION
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
BATTLE.
CONNECTING BEHAVIOR
AND THEN THE IMPRESSION
OF BEING HERE AND THERE.
ELSEWHERE, ALMOST
NOWHERE.

~

OUT OF CHAOS, A WHISPER
ARISES. CAN WE CHANGE
THE WORLD ?
HE ALREADY CAN NOT GET
HIMSELF TOGETHER.
BUT WHAT IF ?
THE COMMON THOUGHT
THAT THE WAR MAKING
WILL BE FOR THE CREATION

In the journal *Contra-edition 3*, which focuses on the relation between conflict and its representation within the contemporary world, Robert Mills establishes a connection between buildings and bodies through the notion of ruins, and uses the expression “enjoying their torments” in order to depict the mutation of the “sense of History” into “a site of feeling”.⁶ This is what I observe when looking at those pretentious male bodies in *Beau Travail*. An experience of decay.

Claire Denis seems to take a new look at archetypes and the common image of the soldier. In this movie, she focuses on the inner. The inner who is repressed, who is misunderstood. And all the rituals which seek some sort of escapism that could follow from the idea of being restrained.

Yet, I see questions about childish rituals, a sort of mourning of the innocence of infancy and the emotions it could lead to, such as melancholy and the pressure of idolatry. I see questions about masculine rituals, the way they were performed, choreographed, institutionalised. I also see rituals of the unconscious, related to the way that culture transmits knowledge and how as human beings we exist in space or, more so, how we always fight for our existence in certain environments. For the photographer Ziad Halub « Rituals offer a way to deal with grief through catharsis, and to process and heal from the loss ». ⁷ And here lies the violence nestled in the contortions. In the writhing of youth that is still felt within the repressed, there is a need for a counter sensation. Counter context. Counter force. Counter history.

The camera alternates between a nostalgic view on ideal forms, and a speculation around human hopes and ambitions, around protocols. Everything turns around in the sand. Obsessions. Repulsions. So that “despite the combat fatigues and the guns, these exercises seem more like the spiritual practice of martial arts than preparation for war. Indeed, all the military hardware in this film seems defunct”.⁸ There is an explosive desire. And what counts is how it is transmitted, emotionally yet violently between bodies and spirits. It is showing entities under pressure, and the ghosts that surround them. Is it depicting one of the toxic results of imperialism towards humanity ? The muscular bodies of a combat-free legion crack in the light of the sun. Burned in salt, approached by death. But still resisting.

Plunging view, protruding torso, khaki clothes. The last dance for bodies in catharsis. They scream in the way that they stretch and challenge physical boundaries. It is about a lost and confusing passion. There is something archaic in this image, but not in the sense of longing for old idols to be reborn. It is more about how a different, parallel vision of a well-known topic can be re-written.

In this movie I see the ambiguities of relationships, the mysticism of devotion, the use of an erotic aesthetic in the depiction of labor. This is a statement on affection and brutality. Because in the end, when we look at it, we know nothing about their pleasures or pains. Both from the outside and the inside of the narrative, the image depicts the confusion that can emerge from fraternity. What matters is indeed the image. The vision of the discarded which becomes an access to regeneration. But where does that renewal happen ? Does another kind of space need to be created, reconsidered, reframed ?

Beyond the Redemptive Park

The game ends in an emotional fight with no winner

I walk around the metallic structures of the training ground. They are still warm. The war training reveals the fragility of militarism and of its education as a performative system that could indeed, collapse. It is a “theater of operation” to re-use the words of Paul Virilio, in which the representation of terror replaces the maintenance of

protection. There is a sort of artificiality behind it that keeps coming back and shows the absurdity of war from its origin and all things, physically or not, that circle around it. What has to be looked at and what seems important for the oppressor is, on top of the violence, the communication of it. It is about propaganda and exposure. But if the menace is created through images, it can be demolished.

What we need is indeed a sort of terrible lucidity and an infinite wish for overcoming. The essay "*War and the Cinema*" and the book "*Pure War*" propose a better look at the preparation of battles and the notion of conflict trainings as relevant focuses in the deconstruction of war. To look at the conditioning of soldiers where they must pretend they are fighting and the abnormal normality of their profession in general considering :

Despite the massive accumulation of documents, publicity and films, young army recruits still say in response to questions that they cannot imagine what a war would be like. [...] before facing the battlefield for the first time, looks at it from afar in astonishment and for a moment still thinks he is at a show.⁹

What must be pointed out is the idea that it has crossed their minds that it was a show. And it is an insane loop about a dangerous and perfidious divertissement that is planted like seeds in our eyes.

Behind this idea of a spectacle, of a game, of a terrible situation transformed into delightful imagery, of contemplating violence... lies the archetypal image of the hero that should be reconsidered. Because after all it was a common thought that soldiers do not die, they fade away. As some sort of a cult of mythological spirits, as winners in a game. But the supremacy of the champion associated with war making should be banished. As one of the strongest in the playground. And from there, a new kind of kingdom, a sort of parallel memory, a disturbance in time and space can be conceived.

In "*The Survival of The Fireflies*", Georges Didi-Huberman, praises the idea that in the production of images, under the thrill of domination, the camera is a tool to protest and struggle. Again, it enlightens the bipolarity of the visual act. The one to point at and the one to reverse. Indeed, images also work as light in the night. They are a result of a sensitive process with fragile consequences. Images are, by their nature, surviving because "The image [...] in danger [...] tries with every shot to save itself".¹⁰ And in the idea of resistance, they, by being a result of a flash of reality allow an "afterlife - after death, after apocalypse, after end times"¹¹ to a specific moment. In this case I am speaking about a traumatic moment. Can images be called a tool for construction... from redemption ? Believing in the impact of pictures and of representation leads "to raise that fall up to dignity, to "new beauty", to a choreography, an invention of forms".¹² A parallel universe to escape and criticise the violent, but still acknowledge it. Images appear, reappear, survive. It's about their incitement toward the idea of a single horizon. The possibility of collateral views that fight the main, the idol, the bigger. "The image offers us a few nearby glimmers « closer to the real, « while the horizon promises a great and faraway light".¹³ Still, a question perseveres. How to look at the tragedy ? How to take a picture of it ? Where does it lie and how to counter it ? From certain minority to shared desire how to disassemble a violent, yet invisible reality ? It is about finding a balance between impacting people's eyes and freezing time by acknowledging the brutality of taking an image.

Entering that terrific ground once more

The ground is on fire, playful structures are collapsing. Where to go to escape or return, to find peace, to challenge the experience ? For the philosopher Michel Foucault :

The space of our primary perception, the space of our dreams and that of our passions hold within themselves qualities that seem intrinsic: there is a light, ethereal, transparent space, or again a dark, rough, encumbered space; a space from above, of summits, or on the contrary a space from below of mud; or again a space that can be flowing like sparkling water, or space that is fixed, congealed, like stone or crystal.¹⁴

OF THE NEW IS SHIVERING.
A PHENOMENON THEN. THE
ONE OF SEEKING FOR THE
JUSTICE. FOR FREEDOM.

OTHERWISE, CRUELTY WILL
SNEAK IN THE BACK DOOR
WHERE HE'S NOT LOOKING.
HIS STEPS ARE
CONSTANTLY BETWEEN
TRUE AND FALSE
DECISIONS.

HIS LOYALTY IS TOWARDS
SOMETHING. BUT NOT AS
BEFORE.

NO CAUSE, NO GOD, NO
PERSON, NO TASK, NO
NATION.

A DEVOTION TO THE
TRANSPERSONAL IDEA
AN ASCETIC ANALYTICAL
PROCESS THROUGH WHICH
WE ALL PASS.

THE PRIMARY RITUALS ARE
REFORMED

HE IS LOOKING AT THE
EVOLUTION AS MUCH AS
THE APOCALYPSE THROUGH
DELUSION.

IT IS ABOUT MEETING HERE
AND PERFORMING, RE-
APPEARANCE

CAN IT BE LARGER THAN
INDIVIDUALS ?

SINCE IT IS WHAT ALLOWS
HIM TO CHANNEL AND
DIRECT POWER.

LIKE A DREAM FILLED WITH
ELLIPSES AND METAPHORS.

TO ACCOMPLISH HIS
GOALS.

THE JOURNEY THROUGH
DIMENSIONS,

TRANSFORMS THE
INHABITANT INTO AN
ILLUSIONIST.

WE ARE JUST BEGINNING
TO SORT OUT THE INNER
HUMAN WORLD IN A
SYSTEMATIC WAY.

BESIDES, AREN'T WE ALL
MEMORIALISTS?

MYTHS, VISIONS,
CEREMONIALS...

HE'S SEEKING FOR
ANOTHER MANIFESTATION.

~

THE AVALANCHE OF THE
WAVES, LIKE THE GOLDEN
GLOW

TO THE TERRIFIED NIGHT,
OF THE FIXED UNKNOWN
THE WAIT THEN THE
DEPARTURE, FLOWING,
UNSETTLING
BECOMING A FUGITIVE BUT
CARRYING REASON.

LEAVING THE BLACK
WAVES, THE LATENT ARROW
IMPATIENCE AND MATURE,
FROM FLIGHT TO DAYLIGHT
THE DERAILED SLEEPER
NO LONGER THINKS.
THE STOLEN INHABITANT
NO LONGER FEELS.

~

WITH REGARD TO THE
INNOCENT.
RELENTLESS AND
DISCREET LIMITATIONS.
THE MOST SUBTLE
PRESSURE. THE ONE OF
LANGUAGE.

A DOUBLE ALIENATION
ELIMINATING ALL ANXIETY.
DULY CONDITIONED
REVOLUTIONARY
PERSPECTIVES.

THE REASON OF THE
STRONGEST. THE BITTER
PRIVILEGES.

THEN, AN EASY IDOLATRY.
THE HARSH LIGHT OR THE
RUTHLESS LUCIDITY.
BUT KINGS IGNORE THE
FUTURE. DISCIPLINE
IS THE STRENGTH
WHICH REITERATES THE
EXERCISE OF AUTHORITY.

IMPREGNATION ~
EXPERTISE

WELCOME TO THE HORROR
SHOW. TWO CHARACTERS :
THE HERO AND THE SAINT.
OF POWER AND WORDS,
OTHERWISE EXPRESSION.
REDUCTION ~ SEDUCTION
~ MANIPULATION.

WE NO LONGER DARE TO
SPEAK. IMMOBILITY.
THE FICTION OF OUR
EXCELLENCE. WELL,
FRAGMENTARY ROADS.

WE MUST GET RID OF THE
MYTHOLOGIES.
NO MORE REIGN, NO MORE
POWER, NO MORE GLORY.
ONLY THE REMAINS.
BUT THEN THE FIRST
VISIBLE SIGN.

And it is in this idea, beyond the realm of the physical, that one hope survives the attacks. The one of the Heterotopias as a parallel context in favour of the uprising, “capable of juxtaposing in a single real place several spaces, several sites that are themselves incompatible”.¹⁵ Surviving ~ Fighting. And that irreversible will to have a disorganising influence regarding the established, since :

their role is to create a space of illusion that exposes every real space, all the sites inside of which human life is partitioned, as still more illusionary. Or else, on the contrary, their role is to create a space that is other, another real space, as perfect, as meticulous, as well arranged as ours is messy, ill constructed, and jumbled.¹⁶

It is a constellation between the unconscious that I can see in the innocence of playfulness and the brutality that I observe in the way emotions impact one another. So let us have a closer look at this in-between space where training and playing, cruelty and infancy seems to be concentrated.

In the introduction to the book “*The Playground Project*”, Daniel Baumann describes the play field as a meeting place where children learn to take initiatives and overcome conflicts, to invent games and claim freedom of time and space. Therefore it resonates as both an environment of escapism as well as one for the affirmation of inventiveness. The space of the game indeed enlightens the freedom to have ideas and to act on impulses. It speaks about our relation towards the world and how to create the self within contexts, no matter how dark they are. The paediatrician Donald Woods Winnicott, in the book “*Playing and Reality*” states that “It is in playing and only in playing that the individual child or adult is able to be creative and to use the whole personality, and it is only in being creative that the individual discovers the self”.¹⁷

But when I look at playgrounds, a frightening wonder arises, especially within the prism of observation I inherited from my experience of brotherhood; what is the difference between violence and morality, between primal and destructive, between playground and training ground ? Few questions cannot be escaped. What is it that children play in war-games ? What does the use of fake weapons embrace or reduct ? This idea that violence can be at a certain time, a synonym of innocence triggers me.

Moreover the playground appears as an environment, created under the name of safety, but still a place in which danger occurs and allows trauma to be created. From the inside or outside of the play, security appears as a certain utopia. I see that metaphorically playgrounds reveal themselves as spaces of revolution, in which the future or the parallel can be thought. A tribute to the past, an arena of self-development, a look at the impact of time, it is all there. Right in the middle of those soft grounds, childish noises and colourful patterns.

It seems that playgrounds embody, in their own sometimes anarchic ways, alternatives to confront and challenge or at least question surroundings. In a way they embrace the idea of a space in a certain time where individuals can get access to materials and tools to build their own worlds. In the history of playground architecture, it often appears that their designs were in fact a question of acting upon a space, upon the way space was constructed. Sometimes they were used to manifest social and political statements. For example the playgrounds designed by the architect Aldo van Eyck, implemented in cities still scarred by the war, were a way to challenge reality by creating new kinds of spaces where the user would be confronted with his primal behaviour and would realise what needed to be changed outside of the play field. In a way those playgrounds with metallic frames made for leisure, reveal a place that seeks to reverse destruction, and to prevent possible future scenarios. And when I now enter this space surrounded by pretty fences, I cannot stop thinking about what has to be said and done to counter issues, to overcome past trauma and let go of fearful visions blocked by power and memories towards new horizons.

From a Realm of Pessimism to the Fall of Supreme Power

Bruised kingdoms and explosive glories

The playing field has become a different space. When I am there it feels as if a surveillance camera is making the landscape blurry and is therefore transforming reality into some sort of time dilation.

Yet it is about context, and how objects and elements are exposed or better to say overexposed. Here lies the tension. Right there. In the middle of that kingdom where blameless entities were used to both express and create their realities. It is a matter of structure and of building up. And it occurs as much in the sand box where they used to play, as in the desert where they used to train. It is therefore a spiral. Rules create fictions. And narratives work as lenses to observe powers both if they are taking place in a playground or a training ground.

Construction is at the core. And after a long time spent motionless, primal and infantile delights are coming together at the surface “The persistence of games is remarkable. Empires and institutions may disappear, but games survive with the same rules and sometimes the same paraphernalia”.¹⁸ But what keeps appearing is that I wasn't looking at certain things the way I could. Misunderstanding has become a filter. Playing is not a protection from danger anymore. By the power of attorney, I wondered about the life of monsters but I've become blinded by the pressure of the immersive and overpowering light it created. Now it is getting clearer again. Reappearance. A story like this makes me wonder how far a fascination can make you disappear. Is it violent? Yet I affirm the correlation between obsessions, critics and rebirth.

Then a question remains. How to reveal small stories of hope in an apocalyptic context. How to speak about the delicate shimmering of fragilities on mud wall huts covered with scavenged sheets of rusted metal. The articulation between the space inside the game and the cloudy surrounding are merging. Yet, it is about rules. Either ruined by brutality or recused by a structure. The place I am speaking about is situated in the abyss. Where unmarked wounds and dark exhilarations are created and criticised. Like I said, there is no happy ending to the story. There is not even a unique beginning and it all relies on the pluralism of perceptions regarding one situation.

The elaboration beyond the torments. Leaving the fetish but still acknowledging that “there is no kingdom without the destructive effects of oppression and shadows”.¹⁹ And there, carefulness is asked.

A better look at a different light. Seeking for the destruction of empire by manipulating and tearing down its own crystal splendour. And it appears to be a circle. So I go back to the playground and I hope for a new ambition. An aspiration from the imagination that keeps emerging from the sandbox. The value towards parallel kingdoms that are already here. But still well hidden in the night.

Escaping Hell

No. No images anymore, just some decay of optimism.

Botticelli, in one of the representations of Dante's inferno, used small fireplaces as a metaphor for spaces, processes and people in resistance within a dark context. Those intense small lights, fighting against the darkness of the surrounding are inspired by

AND AS SOON AS HE
THINKS...
AS HE SPEAKS, AS HE
ACTS. THE ABYSSES
REMAIN.
RIOT OF THE BREAK-IN IN
THE NAME OF THE MYSTERY
OF BEING.
UNAVOIDABLY, FLAYED
CHILDREN BY FLAYED
ADULTS.
THE SHIFT? BEYOND THE
LIE TRAINING.
BESIDE THE PRESSURE
THAT I REFUSE TO EMBODY.
A CERTAIN SILENCE. THE
ILLUSION OF AUTONOMY IS
ENGRAVED.
APART FROM THE COMIC
DRAMA. DEMYSTIFICATION
OF THE DUEL.
THE ONE OF AVOWED
DEPENDENCE. THE ONLY
OPTION. TO DESTROY
THE IMAGE. TO RESIST.
OTHERWISE THE EMANATION
GETS ANGRY WITH THE
RULES WE IMPOSE. THE
INSTRUMENT OF A HIGHER
PRINCIPLE!
THE DISPARITY OF THE
FORCES INVOLVED!
THE PHENOMENON OF
DEATH AFTER THAT OF
FORGETTING!
DIFFICULTIES ARE VERY
PRESENT. BUT THE
COURAGE TO SEE THEM,
CLEARLY.
THE TRANSCENDENT
ORIGIN OF DENOUNCED
BLINDNESS.
WHO WILL SECRETLY
ACCEPT, THE ARISING OF
EMERGENCIES AND THE
DEEPER ONES. THE KING
ABUSED IN HIS OWN LIGHT.
AND THE DESPOTISM IS
TRIUMPHANT IN THE WORST
CHAOS.

~

THEIR HEARTS ARE
ASKING, SHIFTING BACK
AND FORTH. UNAVAILABLE
PATTERNS OF ERRORS. THIS
MORNING THERE WAS AGAIN
A NEW SILENCE TO KEEP
THE FORCES OF CHAOS
AFAR. WHILE HE TRAVELS
AROUND HE IS HAUNTED
BY ME. NOT A LIMIT BUT

A PASSAGE. CHILDLIKE WONDER. SPIRITUAL DOCTRINE. IT IS HOW YOU USE YOUR POWER THAT COUNTS... WITH ALL OF YOU, OUR NEXT ACT, THE MYSTERY AND THE FASCINATION. ETERNAL. THE PERSISTENCE OF VIOLENCE NOT OVER THERE, BUT HERE, AND IF HERE, ANYWHERE. EVERY REVOLUTION NEEDS AN ARMY, THE SENTIMENT BEHIND IS LINGERED. LET'S START TO MAKE OUR OWN TOYS, INSTRUMENTS AND WEAPONS. GESTURES OF QUESTIONING. SUCH ATTEMPTS AT DOING MORE WITH LESS USUALLY GOES UNMARKED. WE ARE EVERYTHING BUT PASSIVE... SO WE SHOULD LOOK CLOSER AT EVOCATIVE NAMES. ON TOP OF THE CAMOUFLAGE THE HOLY DISORDER. HACKING YOUR EDUCATION. PLUS « VERTIGO IS A CHARACTERISTIC OF GAMES, BUT ALSO OF RITUALS, IN WHICH ONE SEEKS THE DESTRUCTION OF ORDER AND STABILITY, IN WHICH ONE ATTEMPTS TO MOMENTARILY DESTROY THE STABILITY OF PERCEPTION AND INFLICT A KIND OF VOLUPTUOUS PANIC UPON AN OTHERWISE LUCID MIND «. EXPRESS DEVOTION AT LEAST TO THE RHETORIC OF REVOLT. SOLIDARITY. OUR STRENGTH, OUR SOLUTION, OUR DETERMINATION AND OUR WILLINGNESS. SO LET US WONDER AT THE CONSTELLATION ABOVE US. EXTENSION. AMPLIFICATION. WE ARE EVERYTHING BUT PASSIVE. SO NOW WE MUST DO THE WORK THE SEASON DEMANDS. WE MUST ABANDON THE PLAYGROUND, WHERE RUINED WALLS ARE STILL RIDDLED WITH BULLET HOLES. LOOK, WE WILL DO EVERYTHING THAT IS POSSIBLE. WE WILL

fireflies and the symbols which emerge from those insects. The fragility which occurs during the night. The innocent which opposes itself against imperialism. Yet, the smallest element reveals questions about the bigger scale. Indeed it is about giving a chance to the forgotten story to be explored for the purpose of deconstructing the oppressor, the dominant, the main. Then I have to think of how images can position themselves as violent entities, which tend to counter the established. Images of ruins and ruins of images. It is about not escaping hell because it is frightening but to have a better look at it, at its core, in order to analyse it and reverse it.

In "*The Divine Comedy*", written by the poet Dante Alighieri, we follow the adventure of the poet himself and his guide, Virgil into three different worlds. The Inferno, the Purgatorio and the Paradiso. The travel through death that occurs seems to be about the deconstruction of a duality.

In Botticelli's images the ink is almost vanishing, the immortals are disappearing, this representation of verses is about to collapse. Yet, we can still see it. We can still take a look at the two characters who observe from an upper space a circular hole in which the flames are moving, shining, existing.

It is about survival, as Pasolini mentions in some of his letters, that were written under the development of what he called a "new kind" of fascism, less obvious and more infiltrated in reality. According to him, fireflies, although having the value of ghosts are still represented, maybe even more, in the idea of hope in pessimism. Because by their intrinsic nature they are in a constant riot. It is about peeling off, looking at the emotions beyond the expected criticality in order to build down the negative influence. So a first step occurs. The one to understand the violent impact of feelings and traumas, their treatments within the creation of imageries.

What is the political importance we give to apparition, to sensation ? To vision and melancholy ?

From "Tell me whom you haunt and I will tell you who you are"²⁰ to "The catastrophe you fear will happen has already happened"²¹ Repetition and re-emergence. Maybe it all comes down to ghosts and the violence they incarnate. To the past materialised in the unconscious and its inevitable activation. For André Breton it is indeed an image of how memories and their processes influence the present. It embraces this idea of the irreversibility of letting go. But is it a way to denounce or on the contrary to sublimate the difficulty of escaping the lines of time ? It is indeed about cutting off a blood tie with yourself. How does it feel to contradict a promise ? The space between remembrance and forgetting is actually a spectrum in a constant imbalance. But here lies a question about position. And it's where rituals, the ones that lead from birth to death seem to find their essences. For Donald Woods Winnicott the panic contained in experiences, especially the ones of childhood participate in the amplification of the self.

It seems therefore that acknowledging and analysing our fears in terms of relevance to the present as well as hallucination in the future are parts of the process to overcome them. In the quest of reversal, it seems that re-looking at the origin, re-interpreting and reframing it, is an essential step in order to access new wishes and allowances. A sort of in-between insurrection and recovery.

Resurgence of lights versus the violence of memories

A muffled anger

Emotional disagreements and conflicts are everywhere. Physical or not, they wistfully dominate us. With oneself, with others. The fight against time and remembrance.

I started to look at almost everything under the name of duality. How to reject and dismantle this invisible, yet more than present network? What about the idea of using a language to criticise its absurd origin, in other words to infiltrate in order to overthrow? Questioning the impact of duality is indeed not a fascination but a way to take control upon it and seek harmony.

In “*Pure War*”, Paul Virilio depicts an alternative view on the mechanism of conflicts, especially the invisible ones. He points at the dematerialisation of war in the name of invention and at the lack of distinction between war and reality. And therefore that is what makes it difficult to grasp and deconstruct. He proposes an understanding of the structure in order to deconstruct it from its core and states the importance of being against the mythic dimension of the military world. What resonates a lot is this idea that no matter which battlefield, real or not, brutality shifted from a control of space to a control of time. And that we are living against our will in a constant hyperrealistic conflict. But if war is taking place everywhere, under all kind of forms, it is also where the change, where the revolt will start. Again. Right at the centre of the problem. And we must access what Paul Virilio calls a “transhistorical” level in order to create new environments and times.

At the core of the apocalypse. Two phenomena occur and reveal their matters of interests. In the deepest night they appear. It works like a kind of cartography. A map of honesty. They present themselves as a challenge regarding the act of remembering and depicting images. The one of the absence and the one of the ability. Therefore it is about awareness and unconsciousness. They become relevant in contrast to the context. And as Holderlin states “But where danger is, Deliverance also grows”.²² So what has to be done or said after the destruction?

Yet it is about suspending time. And from this loss of location, meaning arises. In physiology “picnoleptic” relates to a mental absence of a few seconds, and in optics “hemeralopia” is the capacity to see in the dark. These two effects indeed speak about trust and perception. It is about re-looking and through the subjective vision an idea in the poetic act emerges. The deconstruction of temporal and contextual lines.

And the creation of “making-world”. It comes down to the question of how to create spaces of protection, spaces of healing and inevitably revival through language. For the poet Holderlin, this is where the human condition is. In the awakening. And the metamorphosis of trauma into constructive experiences is nested in the elaboration of our own sensory and communicative prisms to understand what surrounds us and thus become a master of our own reality. “Such is man’s measure. Well deserving, yet poetically, Man dwells on this earth”.²³

How can subjective, so-called empirical thoughts become witnesses to a larger whole? How does poetry question the link between small and big History, by developing new stories? It is also a reflection on the language itself, its brutality and safety at the same time.

On words as communal tools and subjective metaphors. How do they become individual images and at the same time common sense? And indeed which one do we choose in order to stand against archetypes? To stand against domination? To simply stand.

Speaking about purity and confusion, or innocence in a violent context, brings me back to those words that keep returning over the past years. The poem “*The Sleeper in the Valley*”, by Arthur Rimbaud, with its tragic end “He sleeps in the sunlight, one hand on his chest, Tranquil. In his right side, there are two red holes”.²⁴ Written as an echo of the French-Prussian war of 1870, it enlightens a fragility on which lies a scream for revolution. Yet, a macabre discovery behind a peaceful sleep. A carefree body, somewhat naive but still abandoned which raises a question.

How do we look at the terror and how is it described? Again the body and its silent performance is what makes you interpret, doubt, and imagine the in-between fear and

START BY MURDERING OUR
MEMORY. REVOLUTION
IS STIRRING. THEY HOPE
FOR A KIND OF SOLUTION
OR ILLUSION. THEN THE
EFFICIENCY OF THEIR
TARGETING IN A FINAL ACT
OF VIOLENCE. IT IS ABOUT
COVERING IT ENTIRELY AND
YOU ARE THE INFORMATION
! THOSE WHO DO NOT
REMEMBER THE PAST ARE
CONDEMNED TO REPEAT IT.
AUTONOMY. THEY REMIND
US TO HOPE BEYOND ALL
PAIN AND BUILD UP AN
ARCHITECTURE OF CHOICE.
THEREFORE « WE HAVE
TO APPEAR AS AUTHENTIC
BEINGS WITH UNIQUE
FEELINGS AND ACTS «. A
DREAM OF TRANSCENDED
MASTERY. TAKING A VOICE
AND SPLITTING IT FOR
EXAMPLE. ANGER AND
TENACITY OF LOVE UNDER
OPPRESSION LIKE
A DISTANT ACTING.

~

A DESIRE FOR INERTIA.
WELL, THE MISSING. THE
DISAPPEARANCE.
IT’S THE CLEAR
ABOMINATION OF
DESOLATION. ANNIHILATION.
THERE IS A MYSTERY IN
THAT,
A RIDDLE OF DISPLACEMENT
THAT FASCINATES ME.
SUBLIME EFFECTS.
I TOLD MYSELF RESISTANCE
IS A CONSTANT MENTAL
CONDITION.
AVOIDING HAVOC. A
SPACE APPEARS. IT IS IN
INVERSION.

HERE LIES A BURDEN,
WELL A NIGHTMARE FOR
ALL OF US. ONLY WEAPONS,
NO MORE HUMANS.
THEREFORE A MAIN
WONDER IS QUESTIONED.
A MARK IS RISING ON THE
HORIZON OF HISTORY.
SO WHAT CAN WE SAY
ABOUT VIOLENCE THAT IS
NOT YET SANCTIONED?
IT WAS GIVING ME AN
INEXPLICABLE BLOODY
NOSE. SCREAM OF

DEPARTURE.

WE WILL HAVE TO USE
THE ABSENCE AFTER THE
STRIKE.

START IN THE MIDDLE,
RE-WRITE IT. CAMOUFLAGE
IS SMOLDERING FOR OUR
BEST.

I WANT TO REMOVE THE
PURE EXHAUSTION.

BEING AWARE OF THE
HEARTBROKEN MILITARIZED
SIDE OF MY IDENTITY. IN
THE LAND OF TOTAL FEAR.

FRAGMENTED. IT HAS TO
BE CONFRONTED IN ORDER
TO BE DEMOLISHED, TO BE
COUNTERED.

SUCCESSIVE PERSPECTIVES
FOR NEW NARRATIVES.

~

LET US ACTIVATE THE PAST.
A KIND OF FLOATING FEAR.
LIKE THE INCARNATION OF
THE UNFOLDING FRAME.

I CAN HEAR YOU
BREATHING AND YOU MADE
ME NERVOUS

MY SENSE OF URGENCY. A
VIRTUOUS CIRCLE

BUT THEN WHICH
VIOLENCE ? THE ONE WE
LOOK UPON ?

THE ONE THAT IS EDITED ?
THE SPECTACULAR.

MY REMEMBRANCES OF A
PARTICULAR DAY.

FRATERNITY. IMMORTALS
ARE ALWAYS RIGHTFUL.

A BLOOD TRICKLE DIVIDED
MY FOREHEAD IN TWO.

THE GREAT DISPLAY
OF AGGRESSION AND
SEDUCTION.

IS IT FIREWORKS OR
GUNSHOTS IN THE
BACKGROUND ?

HEREIN LIES A MAJOR
MYSTERY. REPULSION ?

IS NOT IT THE SAME WITH
THE WAR IMAGERY.

A HATEFUL BEAUTY PLUS
THEATRICALITY.

THE OVERFLOW AND THE
ABSENCE OF IMAGES.

THEN THE FICTIVE
POSSIBILITIES.
CONSTRUCTION.

~

contemplation. The posture suggests idleness more than military duty. But let us not be mistaken. He is indeed dead. Nature as much as this poem will be his tomb. And what remains is the massacre of youth in a cruel environment. It is at the same time tragically ambiguous and also a sort of broken recklessness. What seems to matter indeed in this poem is the attention to the detail, to the digression. To look behind the expected appears as a moral, in order to find new meanings and significance regarding a clear domination. It seems to come down to being subtle and sensitive, yet even more impactful in denouncing an abstract violence, the one of feelings.

From Portraying Destruction to an Oneiric Inquiry

Thinking again about the representation of brutality in images seems to obtain another meaning when acknowledging that some are produced in order to promote the way oppressive lights can inundate our reality, but that on the other hand, some acts of images, the flashes and other ephemeral yet sensitive actions indeed exist to dissect these bigger stifling harmful structures. It's about finding a position in the duality. Deconstructing the idea of two sides and looking at the poetic of the smallest, the in-between, the controversial, the pessimistic in order to perceive ashes which are still hot.

It happens in this metaphorical islet of the playground that I constructed as much as in reality. Yet it is indissociable. The particulars of the small stories will take on the larger history.

In the "Survival of the Fireflies", Georges Didi-Huberman strives to take a stand, that is to shift the gaze in order to thwart power through new aesthetic forms and to propose a metaphorical observation of the smallest shines in supervised and terrorised nights. And within the threat believe in the importance of figurative flashes, bursts of hope and entities "who bear within their bodies an eternal, tormenting burn".²⁵ He seems to use the paradigm as his main methodology. The consideration and the exploration of the particular, to see the almost invisible, to establish new modes of perception, of construction. According to Agamben, it is a singular element which makes intelligible a new whole of which it itself constitutes the homogeneity. He opposes the violent and contaminating light of the projectors of the dominant powers and of the archetypes with the innocence and the relevance of the glow of the fireflies, becoming therefore an allegory of resistance, of survival and other forms of alternative lives. In fact our reality is a nightmare, and it is our duty, in between past and future, to contemplate or to embody a community, a thought which allows us "to say yes to the night all crossed with glimmers and flashes, and not be content merely to describe the no of the light that blinds us".²⁶ By offering another perspective, which precisely testifies a form of escape from supremacy, the idea of a new conception, of a new organisation emerges. The one of erecting and using pessimism to counter a context of abused power. In this new version of obscurity the notion of hope detaches itself from the past but indeed concentrates itself in some sort of insurgency which opens new futures.

Epilogue : The Revolt is Here...

It is now the time to analyse the remnant, to dive into the crack, to transform it in a refuge of memories, and from there, from the flashes of innocence, the tragic and apocalyptic will be scared and aimless. And from the space of everyday oppression, the ability to re-invent, to legitimate and allocate the sensible will lead to a switch from showing destruction to a search for resistance.

And therefore create news prisms of observation through images regarding the assumed.

What remains is indeed this idea of going back metaphorically to the playgrounds and acting upon violence with the energy children have when they are devoted to building their own reality. The images will be the tool to create a parallel, yet liveable environment. From looking at the duality embedded by the act of taking pictures, especially of brutality, and seeking for a sort of in-between, the need to analyse in order

to deconstruct becomes the first step to take in order to take a stand, to have a voice. Thus it is not about refusing violence, but using it in its most subtle form, through the poetical and visual act so that it will criticise and indeed destroy itself.

So let us stand for the immortality of the playground, which will resist even in the most hostile environments. Yet, the artificiality of what was taught, under the name of valuing old archetypes, will be reframed by new paradigms. No idolatry, less confusion... the revolt is here.

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SILENCE HELPS ME TO BE STRONGER AND IT FEELS GOOD TO KNOW THAT I AM NOT ALONE.

IT WILL COME BACK. LIVING IN APNEA. THERE ARE TRUTHS THAT MAKE YOU DIZZY

CAN YOU TELL IN WHAT WORLD WE LIVE IN WHERE THERE ARE VALID REASONS TO KILL ?

HOW TO COMBINE THOUGHTS TO FEEL LESS PAIN WITH THE FEAR TO BECOME A MONSTER ?

INDEED IT IS ABOUT TWO VIOLENCES COMMON IN THEIR FEROCITY.

WHERE IS THE REDEMPTION OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE HURT ? SOFT SHIELDS ARE ALL BURNING.

« DID IT HURT WHEN I SHOT YOU ? NO ... YOU KNOW THAT NIGHT I COULDN'T FALL ASLEEP «.

IT COMES DOWN TO NO LONGER RUNNING AWAY AND FACING ONE'S DESTINY.

GHOSTS CAN HURT. ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY COME LOOKING FOR YOU WITH KNIVES AND SPELLS.

NEVER FORGET OUR LEGEND. YET, HERE LIES THE TEST OF REALITY.

I WAS AFRAID... HE WOULD TURN INTO A DEMON, BUT IN THE END YOU ARE THE SAME AS BEFORE. SO WHAT ARE THE RITUALS TO OVERCOME TRAUMA?

YOU ARE MY BIGGEST VICTORY AND I REGRET NOTHING. THEY WERE ALL WRONG.

ALL THESE MOMENTS WE LIVED TOGETHER, WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FOR ME.

~

THE IMPOSSIBILITY TO REMEMBER « WILL SILENCE US. »

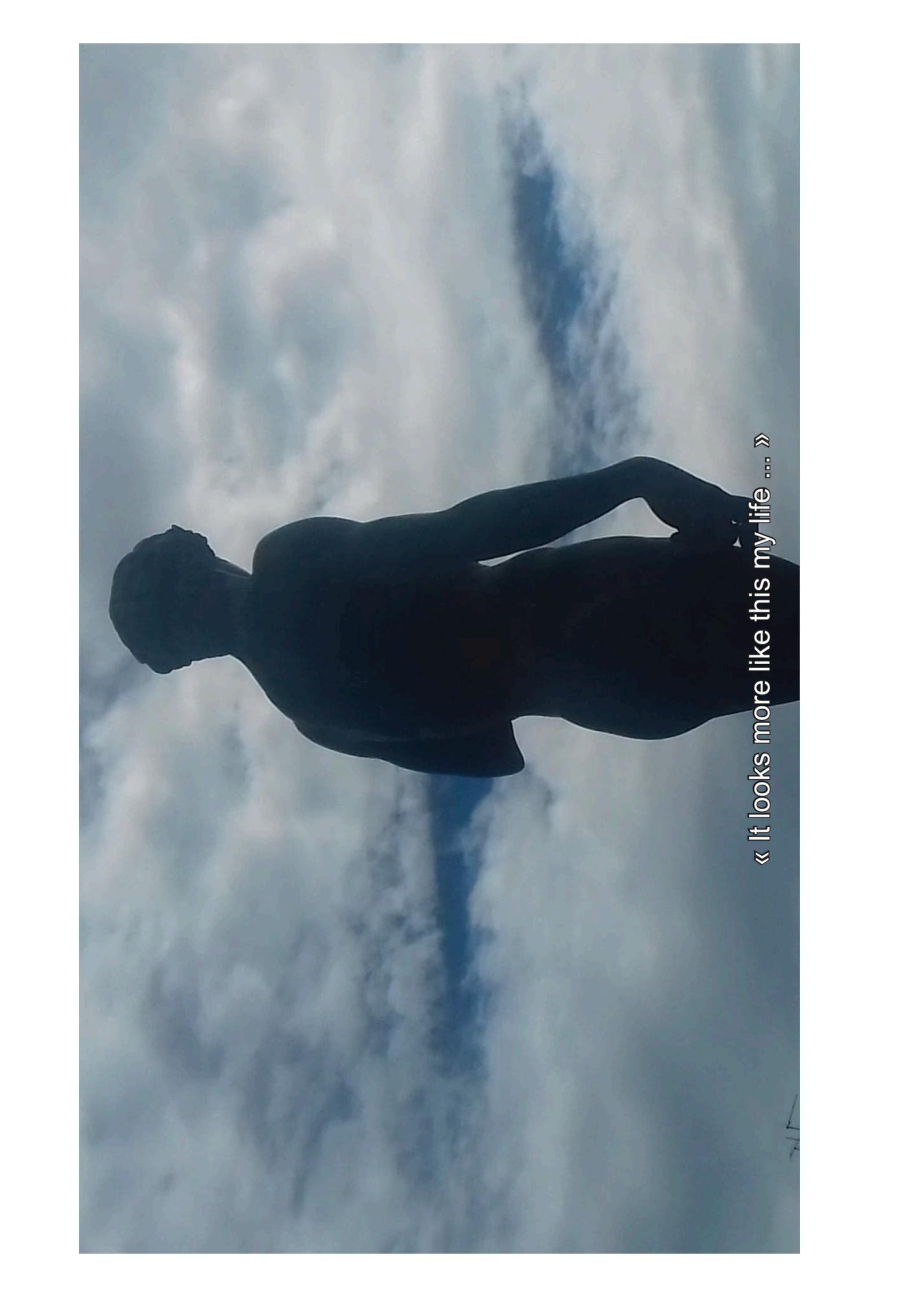
THERE WILL BE ONLY FRAGMENTS AND HIS GAZE. ANYWAY. I WAS GETTING MORE AND MORE TROUBLED.



« Yes, I do live in a lie »



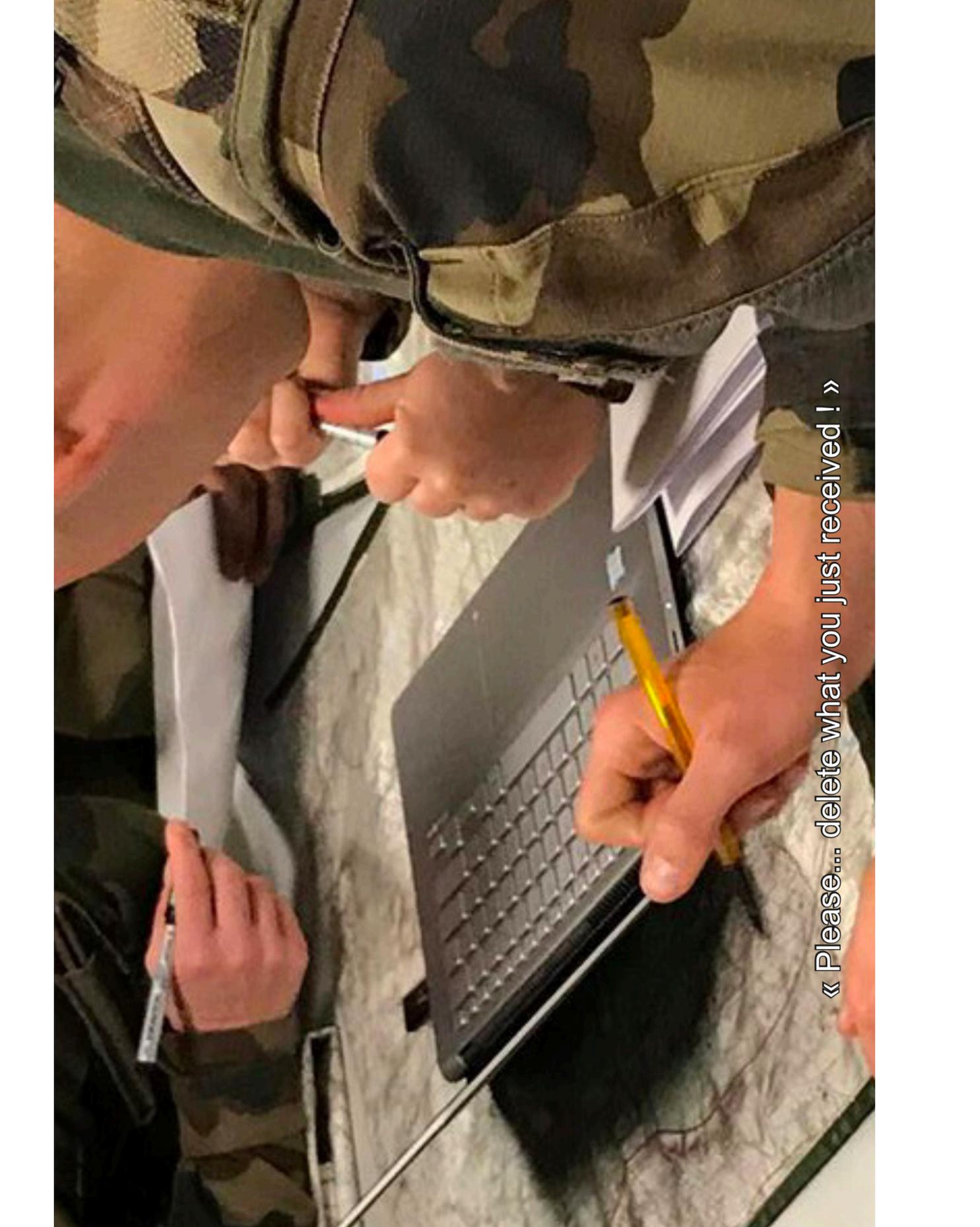
« I made it, bro. »

A silhouette of a man standing against a cloudy sky. The man is facing left, with his right hand on his hip. The sky is filled with soft, white clouds, and the overall tone is a muted blue-grey.

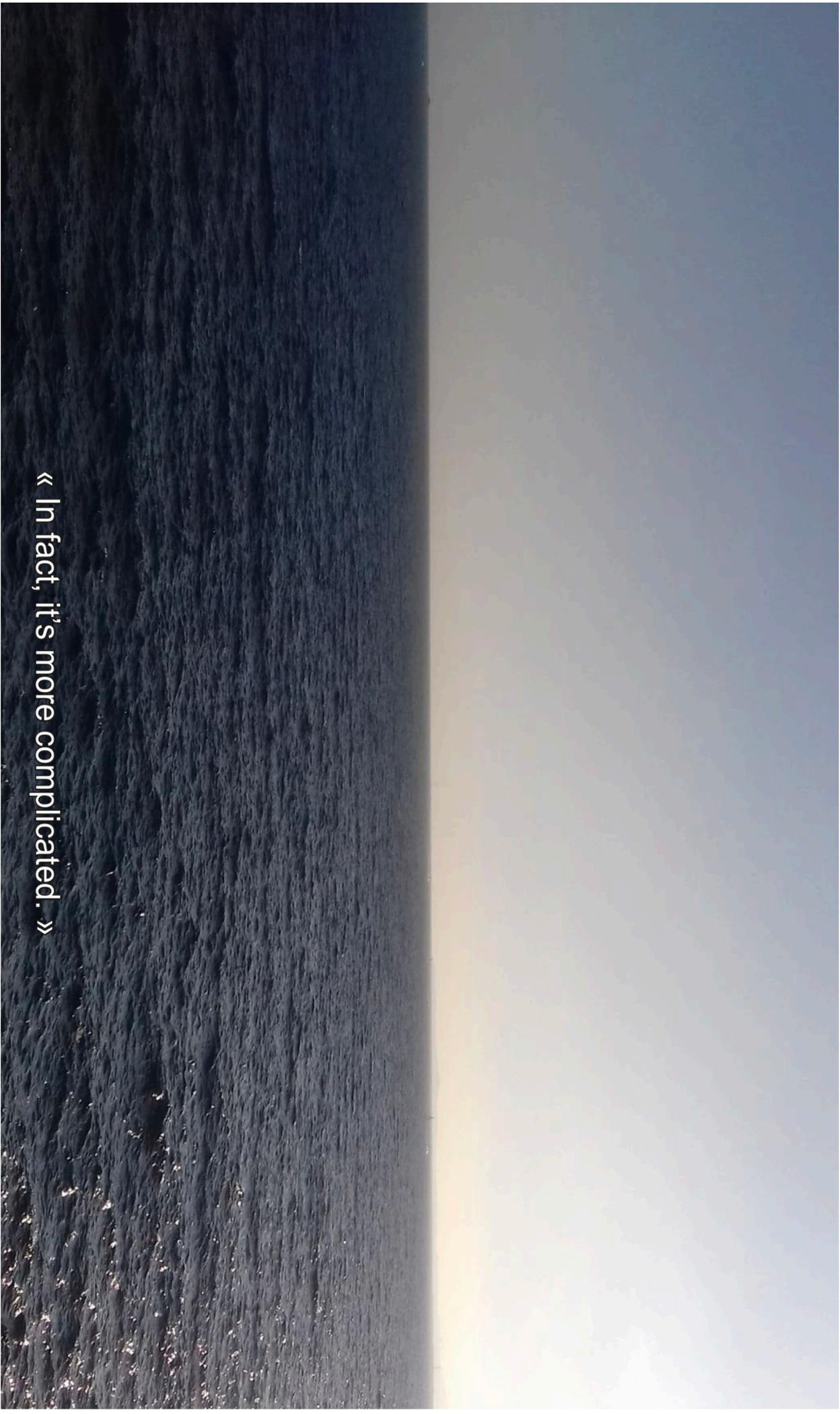
« It looks more like this my life ... »



« I'm about to go to hell, I'm getting sentimental ! »

A close-up photograph of a person wearing military camouflage clothing and a beret. They are seated at a desk, looking down at a document. Their right hand holds a yellow pen, and their left hand holds a silver pen. A laptop is open on the desk in front of them. The background shows a white wall and a patterned chair.

« Please... delete what you just received ! »



« In fact, it's more complicated. »

INDEED IT IS ENLIGHTENING
PRACTICE OF BRUTALITY.

THE SPELL OF OUR
LEGEND. « UNTROUBLED
BY ANY TURBULENCE. «

YET, IN SURFACE ONLY. I
FELT TEMPTED BY A SORT
OF SACRIFICE.

BUT THE FEAR WAS
PRODUCING A SORT OF
BLINDNESS.

I FEEL NOW THE
ASPIRATION OF HOPE
MORE THAN THE PULL OF
TERROR.

IN THE NIGHT FOUNTAINS
CONTINUE TO PRODUCE
MELODIES.

THE LUMINOUS FOG OF
MYSTERY. FULL OF VIGOR.
DETERMINATION AS WELL.

INDEED IT WAS ABOUT
GETTING RID OF YOU.

LEAVING THE EXILE OF THE
UNCOVERED PRESSURE.

« THE EFFORT TO KNOW
HIM GETS DETOURED INTO
EFFORTS,

EVEN MORE EVIDENTLY
FRAGMENTED AND
SUPERFICIAL, TO KNOW ALL
THESE LAYERS. «

IT OCCURRED TO US THAT
WE HAD TO STOP. HE WILL
OVERCOME THE SHOCK.

ONCE IN A WHILE, I WILL
STILL MAKE CONTACT WITH
WHAT IS STILL THERE.

« I WAS JOLTED OUT OF
MY SACRED REVERIES «.

FINALLY.

THE SEARCH OF
UNDERSTANDING UNLIMITED
DESTRUCTION VANISHES.

« THE PAST TOO, WHICH
CONTAINS DECISIONS AND
RESOLUTIONS

THAT ORGANIZE OUR
DEDICATION TO THE TASKS
AT HAND, DISCONNECTS. »

« THERE IS JUST THE
PRESENT LEFT « AND
VICTIMS OF TRAUMA.

WHO SHOULD WE BLAME ?
AT LEAST ANXIETIES START
TO DISSIPATE.

TURBULENT VOICES
AND VACILLATIONS OF
PERVASIVE FEAR.

YES THIS LAND WILL STILL
BE THE MOST BONE-DRY.

I WAS USED TO SEPARATE
DAYS AND NIGHTS. « OUR
FIGHTS ARE IN THIS SENSE
EXPRESSIVE «. TODAY
TOO; AN ARGUMENT GETS
SETTLED WITH A FIGHT.

ESPECIALLY AN ARGUMENT
ABOUT OUR COURAGE, OUR
HONOR, OUR LOYALTY,

OR THE SINCERITY AND
STRENGTH OF OUR LOVE. «

BUT IN ORDER TO CENTER
CONSISTENCY. I WILL LEAVE
TORMENTED THOUGHTS.

« GREAT HOPE « VERSUS
« GREAT RISK «. IT IS
CLEAR NOW.

THERE IS NO PURPOSE IN
« CIRCLING THE AREA OF
THE BOMB

THE HOUR BEFORE IT
EXPLODES «. THE ACT OF
TRUST. YOU WILL SEE IT.

~

AN ACT OF SELF-DEFENSE,
SOME SORT OF SOS
TO MYSELF. A GRIEF TO
INFANCY. EXPERIENCE.
LET'S PROCEED TO THE
FUTURE. A GAZE TO THE
PAST.

FROM VIOLENT RHYTHMS
THAT KEPT US UNITED.

DEAR. THE FINAL BREAK
UP. TWO FATES - TWO
HORIZONS.

FICTION WILL REMAIN
INTACT AMONG THE RUINS.

OR NOT.

IT'S ABOUT A STOPPING-
POINT FAVORING THE NEW.

RESURGENCE, REVIVAL,
REVOLT, RETURN,

RELIEF.

ONCE IN A WHILE, WE
WILL SEND EACH OTHER
FLASHES.

SOME THOUGHTS OF
RADICAL TRUTHS. LESS
ANXIETY.

A DREAM PERSIST UNDER
THE DREAD. DISCOVERED
IMAGE.

HALF-OPEN, OR VERY
LITTLE, BUT STILL,
THRILLING,

HOPE, HOPE, WATCH OUT,
THE ABILITY TO CLIMB
BACKWARDS.

THE MARGINALIZED
PRODUCTION OF LIGHTS.

Can we call each other before you leave ?

D: Can we call each other before you leave ?

S: ... « Blindly it seeks you out. Destructive and ruthless it crushes anything it encounters, endlessly and aimlessly moving between your every thought. Try not to freak out. To understand it you must accept it. Feel it, or more accurately, let it feel you. »²⁷

D: I have this image of him. He is opening the front door. Few steps are separating us. Two worlds in duel. Will I see him again ? My body is getting painful. No words. Only bodies. This scene works as a *deja-vu*. We look at each other, almost like surveillance cameras. Is it what we call *voyeurism* ?

S: There is something profoundly performative. The imaginary potential. Two gazes. A regret. Yes there was that fear of missing out.

D: « I would always be divided and I couldn't help it ».²⁸ The end is approaching. He taught me how conflicts falsify appearance by falsifying distance. I remember when I had to think of him while someone was reading my tarot cards. The Hanged-man in reverse kept appearing.

S: So let's resume. Two bodies. Same origin. Our overwhelming doubts are resulting in permanent stomach aches. « What are your symptoms? I've made some notes. The stomach of Augustus. Do you have such a heroic abdomen? Take off your shirt. Where does it ache? Right about here. Breathe deeply. »²⁹

D: Why am I so obsessed by the masculine deconstruction during development of youth ? The paradigm seems to start in the stress itself. He is on his way to some sort of spiritual training. Another meditative moment before the fatal violence.

S: It's the incarnation of bruised surroundings. Even if our lives are so different, we both wake up tired after the dance between life and death. And when we hug each other it is either: « He doesn't want me to die » or « Stop ! you'll kill him ! ». And also that discussion about the irreversibility of dying « One can't fight it ? It has to happen ? »³⁰ resonates in our shivering hands. All of this must be like an amateur video, because then people will perceive an authentic image. Empty crying, noisy body. They are working on blurring the image of destruction.

D: He and I choose for two opposite paths to survive in this hostile world. But in the end we share stressed muscles. Devalued warriors and kids in resistance. I used to think: « what is wrong with you ? » But it simply cannot be violence versus innocence. It is a spectrum. There is a preference for the face to face kind of confrontation. Fighting ?

S: A question persists. Two boys resist. Is there a way to defy the pressure to perform. The irony of the promise is becoming clearer. Brotherhood has become some sort of a theater in which the memory of us is produced and transformed.

D: I kind of want to name it « a hell of a tribute ». In any case what seems to matter

is : From which perspective and under which conditions violent characters give up their brutal urges and find some kind of appeasement ? How do they deal with the gap between conditioning and devoting ? Is violence a fatality ? What are the possibilities of escaping, and healing ?

S: The achievements of many generations built up from the dust and underpinned by the oppressor's effect are about to turn into ruins. And a whisper arises « Let's fix the deeper issue. » The old fields of perception are going to be completely destroyed. It will be the final show.

D: He looks at me and I wonder. Many times the act seems unintentional, although painful. How to look at rough but instinct behavior ? After having grabbed all of his military belongings and his concerns, he steps outside and closes the door. The atmosphere ? Some sort of a funeral ceremony. And by deviating from shapes and representations of the physical reality, his body fades away.

S: It's about our world. How we interact with it. It is a violence that must be questioned. The one that impacts as much as create emotions. Word for word. Body to body.

D: From him to me. We are monsters sailing through the night. Hissing. Braying. Unfolding. Are we dreaming? Double life. What does it mean ? « As if we could travel far enough but we find ourselves happily back in the infantile world ».³¹

S: Another circle between us and the force of things. Every move he does becomes a sign to be interpreted. The rupture. The loss. But then I would still pretty often put my hands in the fire so I could « recall an experiment in which I was placed in a cell with another individual and over the course of what seemed like decades we exchanged our memories. One by one, from the first memories of infant hood to the moment when we entered the experiment, we carefully peeled away each delicate recollection and grafted them onto the history of the other. I find it impossible to find an order for the memories I went in with; they are dim and unreliable impressions ».³²

D: Therefore I could tell another story of strength where frustration seems to unleash horrors.

It could resume like this : Once they were visiting me and over the night I made a dream. I had to wake up, shocked, in order to make a drawing of it. Early in the morning they ran towards me and they told me that he had an accident. On my desk a drawing of two cars having a crash was visible. In the end he was fine. Mental construction versus educational conditioning. What would you choose ? When does criticism that is constructive become destructive ? A possible answer... remember that a child is vulnerable.

S: Out of nowhere : « I'm good. I'm with my section, lots of things are going on: shooting, fighting, instruction, sport, walking, preparation for meetings... You? ». And this common outdated thought that the military service for young men was created as a space for the first manifestation of virility. Later on a wonder arises. Should some fantasy be censured ? Or better to say. What should be banished ? In this geography of no language, an in-between space occurs.

D: He doesn't know how to express himself anymore so his body is reacting.

S: So do I.

D: Can we call each other soon. I've got a dilemma about you.

I've been wondering a lot about us. But also about our secret. Like the affinity which exists between playfulness and danger, between light and nightmare. You know what we say, « from rules we create fiction ». But what if I simply don't want to play that game with you anymore. I have mixed physical and mental games too much with reality because of you. We attempted to create « a combat in which equality of chances is artificially created, in order that the adversaries should confront each other under ideal conditions, susceptible of giving precise and incontestable value to the winner's triumph ». ³³ But if we continued, you would always control and win over me.

Yet the echo of our complicity will not disappear. I hope you understand the way you contaminate my reality. I used to think of you as some sort of visual ecstasy. When the curtains will open, the lights go on, I will quit my reality for you. Maybe you did not even realize how you influenced me. Indeed there was an exposure to violence from our earliest ages. Almost on a daily basis. For you it was the vicious dream you are now living in. For me it was you. I got fascinated but strangely my view got too impacted. You are against your will producing a sort of intoxication that is hard for me to explain. For you I « gratified the desire to temporarily destroy his bodily equilibrium, escape the tyranny of his ordinary perception, and provoke the abdication of conscience ». ³⁴ Well. I don't want this anymore. I don't want my memory to work mechanically regarding your decisions. My soul still vibrates when I have to think about us. Playing with bows and arrows during our summer vacations. « It is indeed true that the bow, the slingshot, and the pea shooter have survived as toys where they have replaced the more lethal weapons. But children play just as well with water pistols, cap pistols, or air rifles. They also play with miniature tanks, submarines, and airplanes which drop sham atomic bombs. There is no new weapon that may not momentarily be introduced as a toy. ». ³⁵ And I developed myself, obviously because of you, with the idea that it was okay. There was even some romanticism in this.

I read that thing the other day. « Alienation occurs toward the end of profound and continuous labor. It takes place when there is no sharp dividing line between fantasy and reality, when the subject has gradually donned a second, chimerical, and all-pervasive personality which claims exorbitant rights with respect to a reality with which it is of necessity incompatible. The time arrives when the alienated one—who has become another—tries desperately to deny, subdue, or destroy this new self, which strongly resists, and which he regards as inadmissible, inconceivable, and irksome. ». ³⁶ And I'm wondering what you have to say about it. The last time I told you I did not want to play anymore you answered « too bad for you ».

Disorder and panic became too overwhelming. The terror and the attraction were too merged. The passivity and the destruction were too valued. If I am thinking back at what happened it seems almost like the first time, I am having more or, at least, as much power as you. Before there will be « The need to prove one's superiority. The desire to challenge, make a record, or merely overcome an obstacle. The hope for and the pursuit of the favor of destiny. Pleasure in secrecy, make-believe, or disguise. Fear or inspiring of fear. The search for repetition and symmetry, or in contrast, the joy of improvising, inventing, or infinitely varying solutions Solving a mystery or riddle (...) The desire to test one's strength, skill, speed, endurance, equilibrium, or ingenuity. Conformity to rules and laws, the duty to respect them, and the temptation to circumvent them. And lastly, the intoxication, longing for ecstasy, and desire for voluptuous panic ». ³⁷ And I would be obsessed about it. This is where the game became dangerous. Don't you think? Well, look at us. What could we expect from your corrupted life.

I know. Play, especially the one we maintained, is still « simultaneously liberty and invention, fantasy and discipline ». ³⁸ But on top of that it was wrong for many reason.

Later in that book. It says « In sum ... military actions, are currently imitated by children. They find pleasure in behaving like adults, in momentarily making believe that they are grown up. That is why every ceremony, or more generally, every regulated activity, provided it be impressive or solemn and above all if a special costume be required, normally serves to support a game which reproduces it in a vacuum. From this derives the success of toy weapons and contrivances that, thanks to appropriate parts and the elements of rudimentary travesty, enable the child to change into an army officer ». ³⁹ It enlightens a system, in which it's hard to point at who or what should be criticized. It shows indeed the violent system in which image and behavior associated to danger have become part of youth's visual culture. And it makes my head calmer to read these words and therefore understand the structure in which we were trapped. And I know you want to stay in it but I won't follow you anymore.

The vicarious dreams that you transmitted to me. You know. This whole thing about a dazzling hero. I have to liberate myself from it. And return to my initial mindset which is « we are opposed in permanent conflict, but united in a basic alliance ». ⁴⁰ It is about metamorphosis for the best of us. And those « symbolized the labyrinth through which the initiate must first wander ». ⁴¹ But you have to know. I regret nothing. You were the most important and I will never forget you and I can't wait for the future of our love. I wish you the best, and please, take care of your life.

S: Close to his house there was a park where he used to go. There he could imagine beyond the realm of the physical. And therefore enter a new kind of reality. Occasionally his tears were taking away a bit of his makeup. The effort, the scream, the speed, the tension. It was similar to what he would experience years later. In that place there were sharp structures, tense muscles and soft grounds. Only then he would realize that it was fiction. « The taste for competition, the pursuit of chance, the pleasure of simulation, and the attraction of vertigo certainly seem to be the principal effects of games, but their influence infallibly pene trates all of social life ». ⁴² With its own psychic almost supernatural, well internal system. But now the rules have changed. He's not the master of his own survival anymore. Blurry environment.

The dust is floating around bodies in excitement. It is not the same settlement but he is now able to recognize some empiric parallels. Between his past and his present. The life he has chosen follows a strict and coherent path. In the background, an explosion. The grains of sand are penetrating his birthmarks. He remembers more and more how it was looking like. How he felt there. His individuality is under challenge for the search of power and belonging. Although he was crying when they forced him to wear his bulletproof vest. He remembers it was almost like putting on his skin for the first time.

D: Today, he performs the same movements, with the same value and intensity. That is his due. « He was looking for a middle ground between disenchantment and enchantment, between research and poetry, between knowledge and dreams. After all, he also believed in play and 'drunkenness' as knowledge systems besides rational explanations ». ⁴³ His heart is beating faster when he approaches his physical and mental goals. Fear and motivation are synonyms of achievement. Dreams are still here so then he could once in a while escape his daily torments. But in the authority he found his freedom. A landscape of hopes interwoven with danger. In this paradise locked up in yellow fences, they established various possibilities. But all were acting and believing in something external to the truthful. Over time laughs and screams are united in a whispered organization. Resurrection will take place at the end of the break. A return to the influence. Terror became desire. Sometimes he thought about removing his armor. To be someone different. As he used to think. That is a play to extend the border of his identity. They asked

what he will do of his existence. But he knows deeply that his weapons are his only access to happiness. His uniform is a picture of what he wants to conquer, psychologically and spatially. Half a prison, half his own territory of ambition. Like a guided, conditioned ghost spirit. Only in that way he can make his heart vibrate the same way as before.

Victims and monsters merge in the collective unconsciousness. « it is a question of surrendering to a kind of spasm, seizure, or shock which destroys reality with sovereign brusqueness ». ⁴⁴ « The tribute to the forgotten has started.

S: A matter of context. Obliquely ones. A sensation which includes, incloses, endures, well... suffocates. What would be the idea of an out-between ? That not only focuses on the unique connection but that embodies all ideas and concepts that can surround a link.
Miscellaneous.

D: I hear « Indeed, it is a complicated relationship that you might have with him, » It doesn't seem so undercover. It is all here.

S: Yet, it is a spatial worry. Playing ~ Fighting. A moment of building up and down. But when did the crisis start ? One location. Few meanings.

D : I remember spending hours, building up parallel worlds with their own rules and inhabitants. I am now wondering what those innocent moments have to say about the deconstruction of things that made me anxious.

S: Let's re-open the quest for the new, in order to re-evaluate the now. Physical or not, they are almost everywhere.

D: I moved closer to his sword. It was sparkling, very thin, very elegant. It has great value. It is a tool of recognition, a symbol of power, an emotional object and obviously an allegory of his choices. A blade. Two sides. A murder and an obsession. It all boils down to that. He has the sword and I have the shield.

It comes down to the image of opposite forces. Presentation or representation?

S: We look at our lives in the fine polished metal. Their faces and emptinesses merge. « The problematics of the action of image consists in determining the power of which the image is capable of, this power which allows it, in contemplation or the touch, to pass from latency to the visible influence on sensation, thought and action ». ⁴⁵ Out of fear or enthusiasm, we dissolve. Words are imprinted sinuously on our pallor. On our values. «We know the extent of our duties» is engraved in the cutting edge.

D: « Me Fecit formula ». I miss you and you will never leave me. I feel it. After all, maybe I'm dreaming.

The weapon was hidden in a scabbard. The one of the executioner. But it's still very beautiful. When he shows it to me he has tears in his eyes. Like when he got his first tin soldier. Now he is the one with a heavy and choked heart. Ammunition is produced from the same material as the toys that surrounded him in his childhood.

S: « The signature is found to be the personal statement of a tool of battle, which - be it as life-saver or as death deliverer - was understood as an extension of its user's own body. The more closely the reader is able to observe the inscription, the further he is drawn into a sphere in which the difference between observation and action, between the living and the inorganic, is ever more sharply marked. This is the zone of the image act ». ⁴⁶ It's nestled in the middle of this double-edged sword. Exactly where the images are believed to have died. Apparently dreaming of a sword is an omen of jealousy.

D: This link between bleeding object and emotional property dates back to Greek statues. It's all in the saying. And that is frankly unsettling. It's an identity game to own a weapon. « Too have soldiers on every battlefield learnt to value their own weapons as a form of living alter-ego ». ⁴⁷ It worries me because I can see he cherishes the savagery. He gave life to an artifact of terror. The question arises when the sword disappears from its holster. When will the rebirth take place? When will a society refuse to give in to the discourses of fear and violence?

S: We lay down harmless in the middle of those metallic structures and close our eyes. In the background we can hear childish laughs. The fight for love starts.

D: Blinded by the spotlights of power, and lost within the weave of screams and barks of monsters in the night, I wonder about those images he used to send me and how I would look at them. Or rather how I would feel and from it, go outside to take picture.

S: Apparently when you die, the last thing you see is imprinted on your eyes. Like a picture. The fortress collapses.

D: Moreover I read somewhere that for soldiers at war, their eyes are merging with their weapons. Look at him. We keep our memories as if they define us, but it is what we do that defines us.

S: He put his fingers in the ashes. This growing energy contrasts with the things that are crumbling around us. In the face of oppression, disobedience is in the spotlight. How does the story begin? The writing of the self may be done through the other. Like two parallel lines. Distant. Defined by each other in infinity. Whispering "trust me with your problems". So, waiting for the scream. When we cut ourselves off from our environment and enter another world ~ together. The need to give presence to the absence. « We create violence out of our memories and not out of what is directly presented to our vision, just as in childhood the viewer himself fills the blanks and his own head with pictures that he manufactures a posteriori ». ⁴⁸

D: Is the hardness of the heart leading to death? It does not matter. If times are running out. And let the intervention wipe off, bored. Because nothing escapes them. And through words time will keep going. And steps will appear. Because it is all theirs. Like the purpose, of that path.

S: By returning incessantly, sometimes walking backwards, to the playground, there is a will to affirm the status of poetry as a way to express and erect worlds. Even, or better to say, especially in cloudy and obscure times.

D: If I would have a discussion about what he is doing, I would not be divided between my affection and my position anymore. Although it is difficult to see him not understanding what I am thinking, undoubtedly in opposition with him. Well, I do not actually have time to tell him everything. In a week, he will go for an unknown period of time on a mission in an unknown specific site. So good luck. And hopefully see you soon. I conclude there is not a person I know better nor admire more than my brother. Few years ago, he and I moved away from our parents house and followed our own path. Before that period I did not know him anymore as if I forgot his face. But it seems that distance allows us to rediscover ourselves. We both needed time to become someone else, as if we agreed on leaving everything behind and starting all-over again. A long time ago, we used to play together. I picture us in a garden, giving each other

an hour to build up a shack, so then we could invite the other one and let each other uncover the universe of one another. It gave me the impression of being an adult already, with hopes and dreams and passions. And that it would be enough to conquer the world, or at least, ours. But of course things changed, time did not forget us. We grew up in the same routine but on opposite minds. Although years after years I secretly lived with that will to become him. I envied him so much that I wanted to disappear. As an archetype he was what I both wanted and needed to be.

Recently he asked me if I remember him being violent or mean with me. As far as I think back, that deep anger I was feeling was not really caused by him, but more because of this competition I established. My jealousy towards him pushed me to create that immeasurable gap between us to free myself and therefore live on my own. There was a moment when I was hoping that we would be strangers. And somehow we were.

The grudge generated a certain bitterness in us, so then we were barely sharing anything.

But almost a year ago, I was speaking with a guy and he told me that knowing and understanding my brother would help me to find myself. To find a position and state an identity. To let the fascination return and instead of refusing, embracing the link. The one that empowered us to become men, no matter what it means.

Beyond the duality to see parallels lines, that are distant but dependent from each other. That exist in the same space. Therefore I thought I could make something of my life that he would understand and be proud of, so that we could be connected forever. Like a story that only he could see the reference to. Pasts and futures cannot be separated.

We're coming from the same world and it seems that we are facing the same storm.

I conclude there is not a person I know better nor admire more than my brother. And I know we will go back to that garden, just the two of us. Secrets and regrets will vanish.

And one day I will tell the truth. I will tell him how much I care for him and the way he helped me defining myself. How thankful I am.

How far would you let what you have already experienced control you? In a way he asked me: Obliteration or Obsession? I do not know what to answer but I will make sure to stand for my belief. And if I am not able to fill in the gaps let us praise for the possibility of constructing a counter-consciousness. It is okay if there are breaks and oversights.

S: According to his memories. Otherwise, based on reality. Behind the fences, in the middle of this defined landscape a question arises. Who is the enemy? The joyful and scared screams are still resonating. And then this whisper « Sometimes I suspect I am now only capable of recalling previous recollections and that all my original memories have been covered by memories of memories ». ⁴⁹ The rough metal and the tense rope, the dusty ground, the shiny surface, the sense of challenge and the fear of loss. Murderous ~ Flirtatious.

D: He told me once « children remember better what traumatizes them » and he asked himself, as some sort of inner confrontation « when do we no longer use wishful thinking? ». What if the story could be all rewritten from that wish.

S: The one that allows to reach different worlds from one space. The concept of collision. The space of hesitation. Well, a panoramic view that is distorted, disorienting and blurred.

Looking at the common definition vertigo is « a symptom, rather than a condition itself. It is the sensation that you, or the environment around you, is moving or spinning. »

D: *There is a story here. And as he did not move, they realized something was wrong. It is a wonderful image. A dead young man in a playground. The fires of frustration and discord are burning in every city. Hallucination. Adaptation and manipulation. Or rather a sort of paranoia. I had a feeling the same thing would happen in my life. As if it was possible to reveal « the withdrawal of what we think is still there ».*⁵⁰

S: *That is about going back to the playing field. First impression. It looks incredible. But under that image, a thud. Like a stage in which violent although innocent gestures are performed and therefore becoming both a critical re-enactment as well as a fascination for the (re)presentation. Inevitable reality. Smoking ruins.*

D: *Between the training ground where he is fighting and the play area where I am dreaming, there is a hill, a sort of non-place where small lights move, dance, and rebel against the night. When I look at him, well when I am getting aware of how I look at him, I have to believe, thinking about this in-between us that everything in it is political. Indeed the intensity of the fireflies is getting stronger and stomach-ache is beginning to go away in a way that transparency is added.*

S: *From where I am located, I can have a clear view at the fragile light.*

D: *I am still walking in-between those playful structures, thinking unconditionally about him. I would like for a last time to believe in the eternity of our link.*

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