



pirate culture, the free scene,
the open body, this voice among
others, and the abandoned buildings
becoming something, this movement
of wishing and making,
the shadows, the emptiness,
this beating life and fragile idea,
he moves forward, to enter, to
search – and the others as well,
the floating subjects, and the sudden
togetherness,
to be side by side,
the shadows, the silence, the city
outside,
we feel its light as it pours

The Free Scene, a project by Brandon LaBelle, as part of Aurality and Environment, FASE, December 1, 2017
- February 4, 2018, Tabacalera Estudios - Madrid. With: Vicente Colomar, Fátima Cué, María Escobar, Antonio
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through the windows and the cracks,
to catch our hands,
the corridors,
the decayed materials, rooms of dust
and cardboard,
she pauses to count the broken
pieces, to listen to the footsteps
around her,
side by side, the floating subjects,
in search,
for something, a possibility: the
making of a network, which is a type
of vitality,
each a figure within, along the
stairs and the empty offices, the
glass and the papers left behind,
this abandoned building that
turns into a world as they enter,
capturing the emptiness –
this imaginary republic, of crossed
lines and stolen joy



It is like a ship
Like a shipwreck
This abandoned place
Abandoned
Empty

It is like a ship
Abandoned
Capsized
Turned over
Lost
On the island of the urban center

It is like a ship
The island of resistance
This ship and the island
The territory and the horizon around
What can we find here
To hide in the ship
To occupy

It is like an empty fortress
This abandoned ship
Around which the population and the political territories exist
This ship becomes an autonomous figure
It takes over
It introduces something else
The pirate
The pirate
And the ship
The abandonment and the possibility
The take over
It is a minor figure
This pirate
A pirate imagination
That fills this ship with its own fantasies
Phantoms
Fabrications

This ship is a kind of factory
The factory of ideas
Of making

Of taking
Of giving away itself
Through each other
To spread the pirate imagination
Free culture
And the free scene
Of making with what can be found in the trash of the empire
The pirate
To leave the ship at night and to steal from the island
And to return
To run back into the factory of ideas
The open community of free culture
This ship is always searching for new islands
Let us ride the seas
Let us take to the wind
Let us drift

We are marooned on this island of the urban center
Here all types of misfits come out to play
The pirate is an open figure
It appeals to the imagination of others
It assembles together all types of minor thought
Poor materials
Lost desires
Forgotten skill
The knowledge that can be made from such an assemblage
To recuperate the open possibility of something only glimpsed on certain occasions
This pirate imagination
This art of survival

The pirate ship is resonant with its own imagination
It beats out like an energy
It fills the ship with its screaming
It is a dance of death



The opera of the buffoon
What folly
What fantasy
These fingers that get themselves dirty in
the detritus of the empire
We are hiding out in this dance of death
The song of the metropolitan Indians
As they broadcast their radiophonic litera-
tures and lamentations
Their community reports
Their gibberish
The metropolitan Indians on the air
Searching for a new island
A city of pirate constructions
The media take over
The broadcasts that send out their energies
into the wind
Across the streets
Of the productive city
To infiltrate every corridor of activity
Of family relations
Of these bodies working together
For the good of someone
The pirate has no interest in such
productions
This dance of death
Speaks only to the fugitive and the exile

The ship is a type of autonomous con-
struct that may also become a prison
I can no longer leave this ship
The island offers nothing
Already the natives are restless
Can you hear the city outside
Just beyond these walls
It is so active
It threatens to take over
It threatens the soft occupation
The fugitive assemblage of the pirate
figure as it dances and drums its
lamentations
It wails for the figures that only trespass
the lines of the gridded city

It spreads the ocean across the urban
center
It is a type of contamination
This pirate imagination

Let us swim in this ocean
Of fugitive ideas
To make from the debris of the empire all
sorts of constructs
I know you understand what I speak of
I know you have the same wishes
This sexuality of imagination run wild
At sea and in the wind
Broadcasting and transmitting all that
it produces through itself as an open
possibility
As a figure on the run
We are runaways
We are shipwrecked
We are in need of a new ocean
The finger
The muscle
The fever
The wish

I wish for the emptiness
The abandoned place
The opening
Everything is falling apart
There are only shadows here
A stillness
The pirate is a type of ghost
It is always haunting the empire
With its imagination
Its restlessness
Its desire for freedom
The pirate looks for entrances
From behind
From underneath
It breaks the walls
It tunnels
This figure of abandonment and ship-
wrecked ideas

It gathers the pieces and the fragments
In order to build a new ship
The broken soldier
The dance of death
The drum that plays itself
Ghosed by forgotten rhythms
Suddenly
It comes alive
The ship is always resonant with festivity
Drunkenness
Criminality
The erotic
The dark knowledge
The fugitive idea
The pink nation
The dance of death
The bones of the empire
Coming alive

The corridor
The window
The trash
The left behind
The informal
The camps
The desperate music
The strained voice
The shadow
The marooned
And the shipwrecked
The runaway
The fugitive sound
The metropolitan Indian that takes to the wind
And the pirate that produces a new ocean

Es como un barco
Como un naufragio
Este lugar abandonado
Abandonado
Vacío

Es como un barco
Abandonado
Volcado
Entregado
Perdido
En la isla del centro urbano

Es como un barco
La isla de la resistencia
El barco y la isla
Alrededor el territorio y el horizonte
¿Qué podemos encontrar aquí?
Escondernos en el barco
Ocupar

Es como una fortaleza vacía
Este barco abandonado
Alrededor del cual la población y los territorios políticos existen
Esta nave deviene una figura autónoma
Toma el control
Introduce una cosa más
El pirata
El pirata
Y el barco
El abandono y la posibilidad
La toma
Es una figura menor
Este pirata
Una imaginación pirata
Que llena este barco con sus propias fantasías
Fantasmas
Fabricaciones

Este barco es una suerte de usina
Una usina de ideas

De haceres
De apropiaciones
De entregarse a sí mismo
A través de cada otro
Fundiendo la imaginación pirata
La cultura libre
Y la libre escena
De construir con lo que podemos encontrar en la basura del imperio
El pirata
Dejar el barco de noche y robar en la isla
Y regresar
Corriendo a la fábrica de ideas
La comunidad abierta de la cultura libre
Este barco está siempre en busca de nuevas islas
Vamos a cabalgar en los mares
Dejémonos llevar por el viento
Vamos a la deriva

Estamos abandonados en esta isla del centro urbano
Aquí todo tipo de inadaptados salen a jugar
El pirata es una figura abierta
Que apela a la imaginación de los demás
Reúne a todos los tipos de pensamiento menores
Pobres materiales
Deseos perdidos
Olvidada habilidad
El conocimiento que puede ser hecho de tal montaje
Para recuperar la abierta posibilidad de algo solamente vislumbrado
Esta imaginación pirata
Este arte de sobrevivir

El barco pirata es resonante con su propia imaginación
Late como una energía
Llena el barco con su griterío
Es una danza de la muerte

La ópera del bufón
Qué locura
Qué fantasía
Estos dedos que se ensucian en los detritus del imperio
Escondiéndonos en esta danza de la muerte
La canción de las indias metropolitanas
A medida que transmiten sus literaturas y lamentaciones radiofónicas
Sus reportes comunitarios
Sus galimatías
Las Indias metropolitanas al aire
Buscando una nueva isla
Una ciudad de construcciones piratas
Los medios de comunicación tomados
Las emisiones que lanzan sus energías al viento
A través de las calles
De la ciudad productiva
Para infiltrar de actividad todo pasadizo
De relaciones familiares
De estos cuerpos trabajando juntos
Por el bien de alguien
El pirata no tiene interés en tales producciones
Esta danza de la muerte
Habla solo al fugitivo y al exilio

Esta nave es un tipo de constructo autónomo que puede también devenir una prisión
Ya no puedo dejar esta nave
La isla no ofrece nada
Ya los nativos están inquietos
¿Puedes oír la ciudad allí afuera?
Justo más allá de estos muros
Es tan activa
Amenaza con hacerse cargo
Amenaza a la suave ocupación
El fugitivo ensamblaje de la figura del pirata mientras danza y tamborilea sus lamentaciones

Se lamenta por las figuras que solo traspasan las líneas de la ciudad grillada
Extiende el océano a través del centro urbano
Es un tipo de contaminación
Esta imaginación pirata
Dejémonos nadar en este océano
De ideas fugitivas
Para hacer de lo que queda del imperio toda suerte de construcciones
Sé que entiendes de qué hablo
Sé que tienes los mismos deseos
Esta sexualidad de la imaginación se vuelve salvaje
En el mar y en el viento
Emitiendo y transmitiendo todo lo que produce a través de sí como una posibilidad abierta
Como una figura a la carrera
Somos fugitivos
Estamos naufragados
Estamos necesitados de un nuevo océano
El dedo
El musculo
La fiebre
El deseo

Yo deseo el vacío
El lugar abandonado
La apertura
Todo está cayéndose a pedazos
Solo hay sombras aquí
Una quietud
El pirata es un tipo de fantasma
Siempre está rondando al imperio
Con su imaginación
Su intranquilidad
Su deseo de libertad
El pirata busca entradas
Desde atrás
Desde abajo
Rompe muros



Hace túneles
Esta figura de abandono e ideas naufragadas
Recoge las piezas y los fragmentos
Para construir una nueva nave
El soldado roto
La danza de la muerte
El tambor que se toca a sí mismo
Fantasmado por ritmos olvidados
De pronto
Deviene vivo
Este barco está siempre resonando con
festividad
Ebriedad
Criminalidad
Lo erótico
El conocimiento oscuro
La idea fugitiva
La nación rosa
La danza de la muerte
Los huesos del imperio
Deviniendo vivos



El pasillo
La ventana
La basura
Lo dejado atrás
Lo informal
Los campamentos
La música desesperada
La voz tensa
La sombra
El abandonado
Y el náufrago
El fugitivo
El sonido fugitivo
La India metropolitana que toma al
viento
Y el pirata que produce un nuevo
océano.

/ translation: Luis Guerra

Stavros Stavrides: I am thus very suspicious or reserved about the idea that we can build our own small enclaves of otherness, our small liberated strongholds that could protect us from the power of the state. I don't mean that it is not important to build communities of resistance, but rather than framing them as isolated enclaves, we should attempt to see them as a potential network of resistance, collectively representing only a part of the struggle. If you tend to believe that a single community with its commons and its enclosed parameter could be a stronghold of liberated otherness, then you are bound to be defeated. You cannot avoid the destruction that comes from the power of the state and its mechanisms. Therefore, we need to produce collaborations between different communities as well as understand ourselves as belonging to not just one of these communities. We should rather understand ourselves as members of different communities in the process of emerging.

An Architektur: But how can it be organized? What could this finally look like?

Stavros Stavrides: The short answer is a federation of communities. The long answer is that it has to do with the conditions of the struggle. I think that we are not for the replacement of the capitalist state by another kind of state. We come from long traditions, both communist and anarchist, of striving for the destruction of the state. I think we should find ways in today's struggles to reduce the presence of the state, to oblige the state to withdraw, to force the state to be less violent in its responses. To seek liberation from the jurisdiction of the state in all its forms, that are connected with economical, political, and social powers. But, for sure, the state will be there until something—not simply a collection of struggles, but something of a qualitatively different form—happens that produces a new social situation. Until then we cannot ignore the existence of the state because it is always forming its reactions in terms of what we choose to do.

An Architektur: We have discussed a large variety of different events, initiatives, and projects. Can we attempt to further relate our findings to their spatial and urban impacts, maybe by more generally trying to envision a city entirely based on the commons?

Stavros Stavrides: To think about a city based on commons we have to question and conceptualize the connection of space and the commons. It would be interesting to think of the production of space as an area of commons and then discuss how this production has to be differentiated from today's capitalist production of space. First of all, it is important to conceive space and the city as not primarily quantities—which is the dominant perception—the quantified space of profit-making, where space always has a value and can easily be divided and sold. So, starting to think about space as related to the commons means to conceptualize it as a

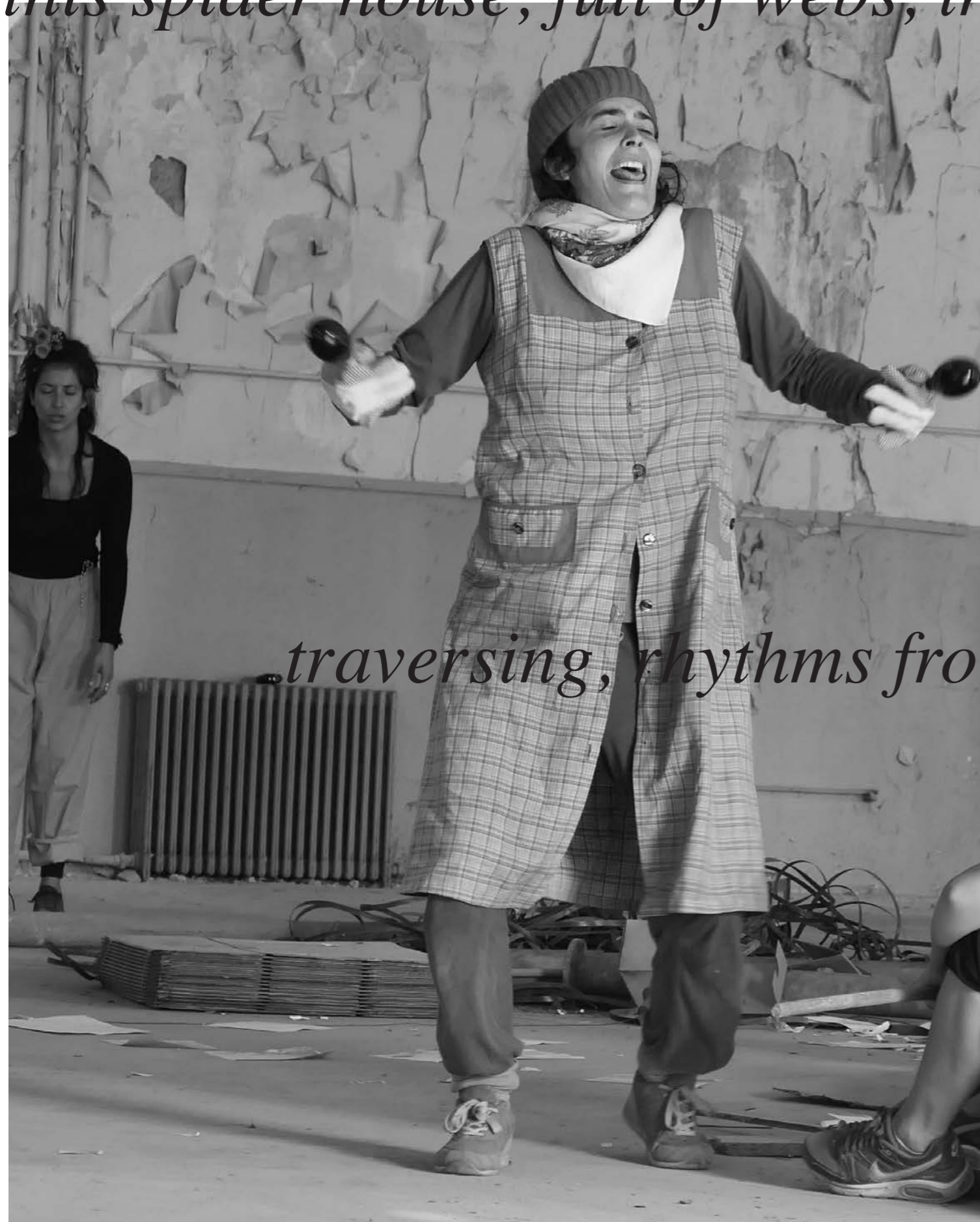
form of relations rather than as an entity, as a condition of comparisons instead of an established arrangement of positions. We have to conceive space not as a sum of defined places, which we should control or liberate but rather as a potential network of passages linking one open place to another. Space, thus, becomes important as a constitutive dimension of social action. Space indeed “happens” as different social actions literally produce different spatial qualities. With the prospect of claiming space as a form of commons, we have to oppose the idea that each community exists as a spatially defined entity, in favor of the idea of a network of communicating and negotiating social spaces that are not defined in terms of a fixed identity. Those spaces thus retain a “passage” character.

Once more, we have to reject the exclusionary gesture which understands space as belonging to a certain community. To think of space in the form of the commons means not to focus on its quantity, but to see it as a form of social relationality providing the ground for social encounters. I tend to see this kind of experiencing-with and creation of space as the prospect of the “city of thresholds.” Walter Benjamin, seeking to redeem the liberating potential of the modern city, developed the idea of the threshold as a revealing spatiotemporal experience. For him, the flâneur is a connoisseur of thresholds: someone who knows how to discover the city as the locus of unexpected new comparisons and encounters. And this awareness can start to unveil the prevailing urban phantasmagoria which has reduced modernity to a misfired collective dream of a liberated future. To me, the idea of an emancipating spatiality could look like a city of thresholds. A potentially liberating city can be conceived not as an agglomerate of liberated spaces but as a network of passages, as a network of spaces belonging to nobody and everybody at the same time, which are not defined by a fixed-power geometry but are open to a constant process of (re) definition.

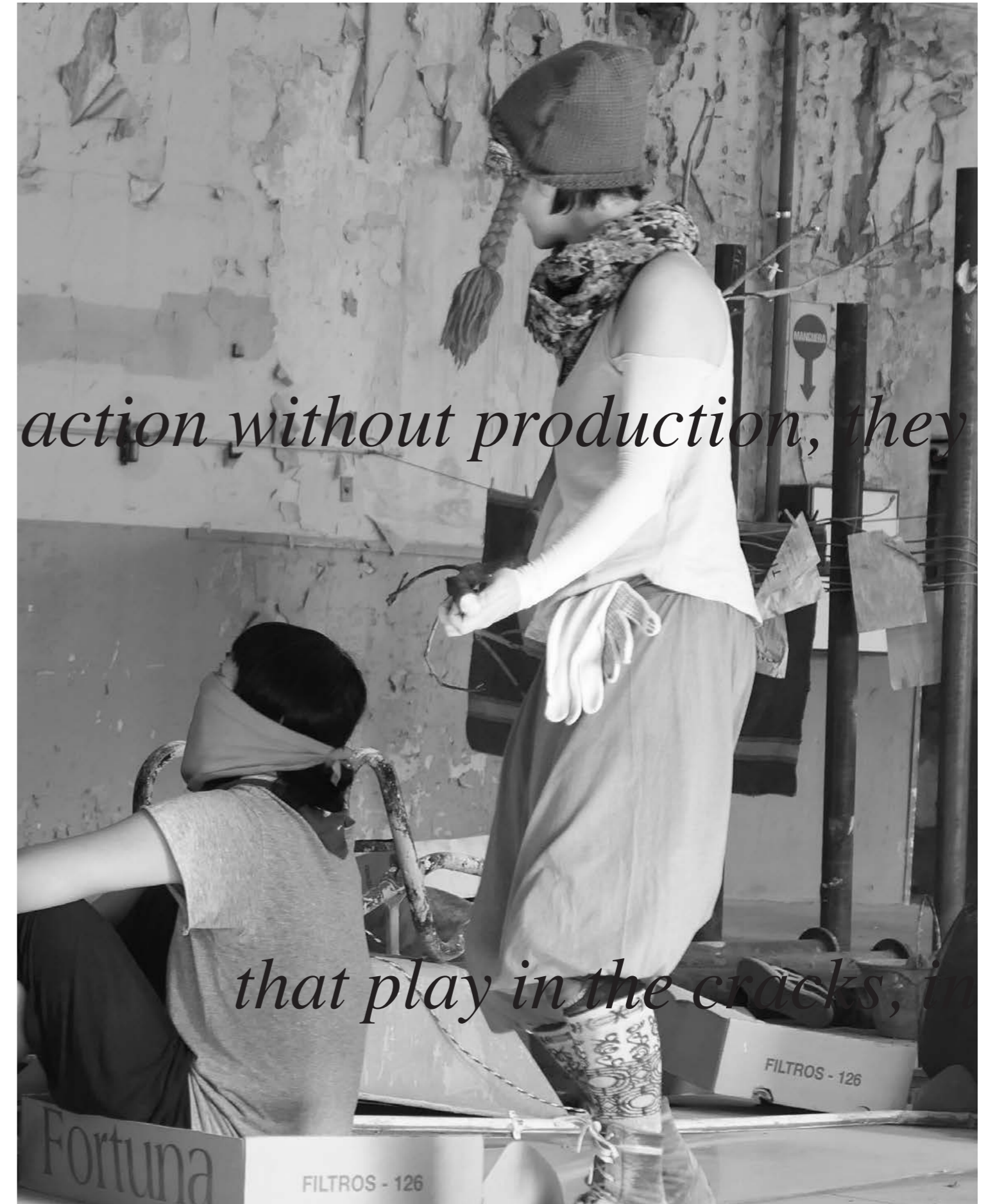
There is a line of thinking that leads to Lefebvre and his notion of the “right to the city” as the right that includes and combines all rights. This right is not a matter of access to city spaces (although we should not underestimate specific struggles for free access to parks, etc.), it is not simply a matter of being able to have your own house and the assets that are needed to support your own life, it is something which includes all those demands but also goes beyond them by creating a higher level of the commons. For Lefebvre the right to the city is the right to create the city as a collective work of art. The city, thus, can be produced through encounters that make room for new meanings, new values, new dreams, new collective experiences. And this is indeed a way to transcend pure utility, a way to see commons beyond the utilitarian horizon.

/ From an interview with Stavros Stavrides, e-flux 1/17.

this spider house, full of webs, in



traversing, rhythms fro



action without production, they

that play in the cracks,

Manifesto for Cultural Survival:

Notes to Oneself on Becoming a Warrior of the Imaginary

1. movement strategies: primary relation of body & space (conditioning effects, spatial tensions, relational proximics: I am myself the moment “I enter”) – to produce space: against, trespass, return, occupy (inside/outside, against/with, contact/conflict): *where am I?*
2. voice-agency: upon entering, one speaks (to negotiate the linguistic pressure – “speak up son!”), holding the tongue (the silent treatment: “I refuse” /// I give you my silence), occupying the tensed border of nonsense – one must aim for laughter!! and to speak this body, toward and for you: the intimate, the speech that touches me
3. the crowd: the few becoming a sum (adding up: these others I find myself next to), to be: alongside and with (feeling the heat of this other, that I brush against (“skin ego”: *I give you my skin*)), the caress: along with others: passion/compassion, a formation: the collective project: relational intensities – co-emergence: together
4. constructions/the material drive: act of making something, to give form to this coming together: I want to live here! (to shelter, to house, to conduct a space: a stage that announces: *we are here* (territory, connecting process: the boundary line as linking channel: community of networks)): a web trembling with the rhythms of this self-organization
5. we must celebrate: perpetual festivity, spirit of joy and of love, of loving relations, this ethic of the open social body: erotic-becoming (the fragile community knows it is always on the verge of collapse: *let us party like it's 1999*): death drive /// life drive: to enact one's own “passion play” (collapse/renewal, jouissance/revitalization): creativity
6. memory, remembering: primary experience of cultural revelation: this something I do not understand and that pierces me: to make possible: I am captured by this memory: it drives me forward (movement, longing, primal progression): *I have been here before and I will nurture the conditions for its continual manifestation: to never give up* (to dream)