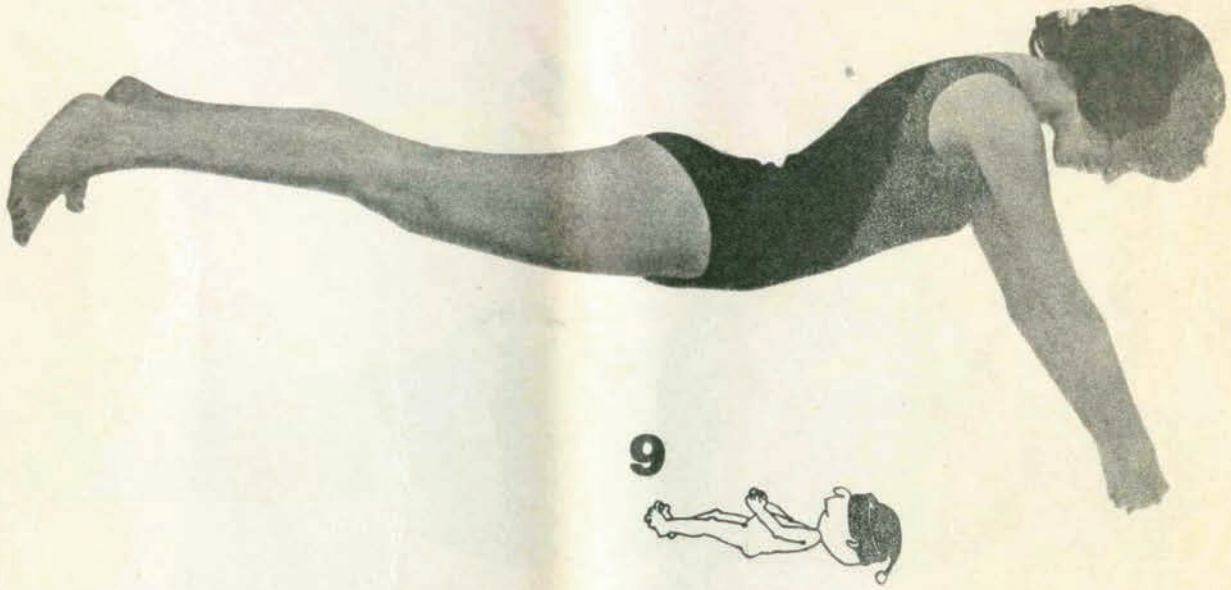

9) FRONTAL. Mediante esta posición se logra contacto en todo el cuerpo, una relativa penetración pero profundo estímulo.

Crux Desperationis 9 - april 2017

director Riccardo Boglione
editorial staff RB, Georgina Torello

journal header Paolo Argeri
journal design Massimo Alacca

Images taken from *Técnica Sexual '75. Poses amatorias. Consejos útiles para hombres y mujeres*, Buenos Aires, Editorial Epsilón, 1975

gegen, Montevideo 2017
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HFT The Gardener

Hillel Fischer Traumberg (b. 1982 London), a high frequency algorithmic trader in the city of London, experienced a semi-hallucinogenic state one day whilst staring fixedly at the High Frequency Trading graph patterns illuminating the bank's trading room walls. After several such experiences Traumberg got the idea of experimenting with psychoactive drugs and eventually managed to procure some online from a supplier in Zurich.

The influence of the drugs, which he took at first in small doses, began to alter Traumberg's perceptions of the trading algorithms he was working with and he gradually began to feel more at one with them as if he actually inhabited the code. He felt himself becoming part of an infinite swirl of global data as the algorithms became transformed in his mind into technicolour fluxing entities, travelling through and beyond his body in holographic space and time.

In his spare moments Traumberg started researching the ethnopharmacology of a hundred or so known and documented psychoactive plants across the world, exploring their historical ritual uses and functions in shamanic healing, in magic, religion, sex, divination, protection, modern medicine and in mental enhancement.

He became curious about their chemical composition and studied the compounds in each plant which produce the psychoactive effects. He made lists of the active substances, the alkaloids, and wondered whether inserting their molecular formulae into the codes of his trading algorithms would have a similar effect as the drugs themselves have on the human brain, i.e. whether they would in any way enhance or alter the trading performance of the algorithms.

Inevitably when the presence of these rogue algorithms came to light at the bank his bosses traced the problems back to Traumberg. Suspecting a nervous breakdown due to the stresses of the job they released him from his employment. With his substantial savings Traumberg moved to a penthouse apartment on the other side of town at Embassy Gardens, a New York Meatpacking District styled riverside complex recently constructed around the new U.S. Embassy in Nine Elms on the southside of the Thames.

From his apartment Traumberg had a 360 degree view which took in the US Embassy, the New Covent Garden Flower Market, the green glass edifice of the MI6 building just beyond St George Wharf, the Houses of Parliament and the city of London further to the east.

Most mornings Traumberg went for a stroll around his new neighbourhood.

From the local flower market he built up a collection of plants with supposed psychoactive properties which soon filled his living room shelves and penthouse roof garden.

One day, staring at the list he had compiled of the botanical names of his plants he decided to conduct a gematria experiment. Using his rudimentary knowledge of the Hebrew language, gained during his school days, Traumberg made numerical experiments translating the botanical names of psychoactive plants into phonetic Hebrew and then deriving their numerical equivalents.

He discovered that, for example, Mandrake, (Mandragora officinarum) had a gematria value of 970. Adding together the 9 the 7 and the 0 made 16 and then adding the 1 and the 6 made 7.

A copy of the Financial Times on his desk prompted him one day to check the numerical equivalents of the plants against the top companies in the FT Global 500 index.

Traumberg found that the two final numbers for Mandrake, 16 and 7, corresponded to Petro China and Wells Fargo which came 16th and 7th respectively in the FT index.

Traumberg compiled a gematria chart of all the plants, listing their botanical names alongside their global companies equivalents. He then developed an algorithm that would trawl the internet collecting images of the groups of psychoactive plants which corresponded to each company.

Inspired by the botanical illustrations of Ernst Haekel, which he had loved as a child, Traumberg reprogrammed the algorithm to collate and transform these images into works with a similar style and format.

Stimulated by the artistic results he recalled a summer holiday he'd taken in 2013 to Venice with some banker friends. One of them, an avid art collector, had dragged them around an exhibition in a park on the lagoon and he had seen masses of weird coloured drawings in one of the many buildings, which were said to have been made by artists who had received no formal training.

This brought to mind a work trip several years previously, to UBS in Bern, Switzerland. The Swiss bank had taken them on a free afternoon to a museum where he had seen works by a supposed madman. He looked it up online, the guy was called Adolf Wölfli.

Traumberg, who by now had become obsessed with the forms and structures of the plants themselves, as well as all the data he was collating about them, began, under the influence of the various psychoactive drugs in his possession, to spend his afternoons making a vast series of drawings.

Under the hypnotic influence of Wölfli he transformed himself into an 'outsider' artist. He developed a fantasy of himself as a kind of techno-shaman, transmuting the spirituality of the universe and the hallucinogenic nature of capital into new artforms.

One day a banker friend, the art collector from the Venice trip, paid him a social visit and was astonished to see Traumberg's new apartment filled with strange plants and drawings. On a subsequent visit he took along a top art dealer who invited Traumberg to show the works at his London gallery. Traumberg, in the throes of a hallucinogenic trip, agreed to the offer. Later in the year the dealer put on an exhibition and all the works were sold out, primarily to bankers, oligarchs and to some of the corporations featured in the works.

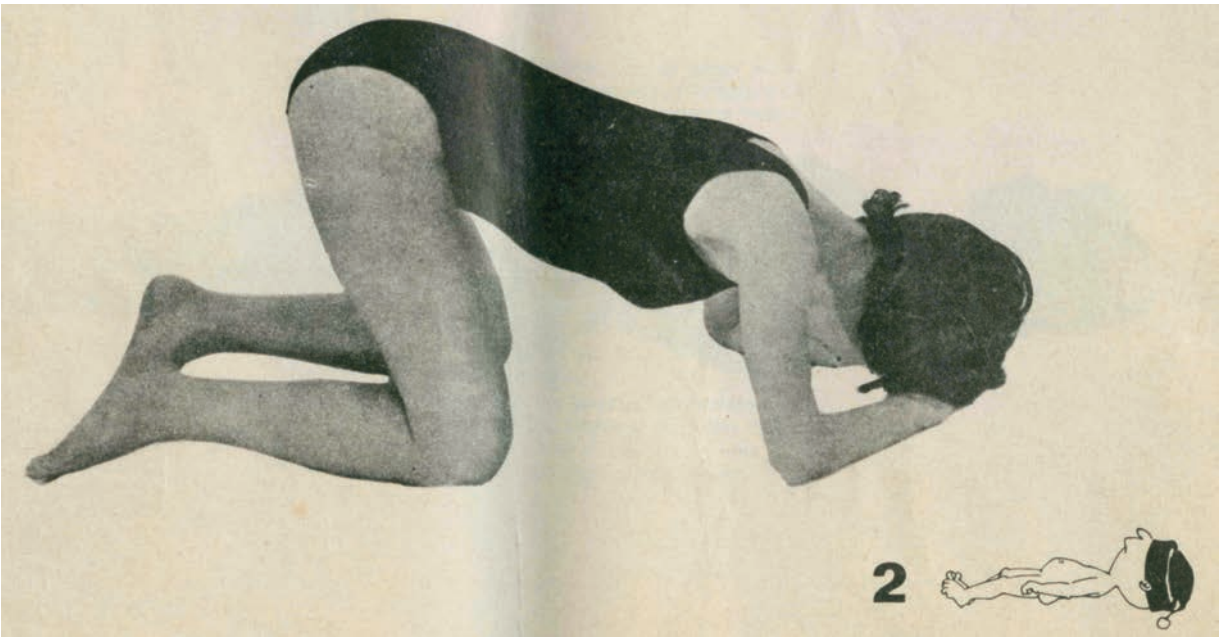
Traumberg was unaffected by this turn of events, his primary concern being to discover whether the realities opened up to him by psychoactive plants were arbitrary hallucinations or whether they indeed, as many had suggested, lifted the brain's filter, opening the portal to what lay beyond our everyday perceptions of reality necessary for survival; the holographic universe perhaps?

Traumberg spent his days wondering whether his experiences were real or imaginary, whether they originated in his unconscious or came from another dimension. He wondered about the nature of consciousness and whether it existed outside the brain/body. Was consciousness perhaps the ultimate organising principle of the universe, merely reflected by the brain in a limited and distorted way? Was consciousness maybe a giant algorithm? And where was the universe in this algorithm?

Based on his experience with high frequency trading algorithms Traumberg decided to develop a new algorithm to test these ideas.

A brain thinking about a brain. Consciousness thinking about consciousness. An algorithm trying to return information about another algorithm. A brain trying to develop an algorithm about an algorithm about a universe of which it is a part or perhaps a whole or perhaps neither?

HFT The Gardener



SUZANNE TREISTER

GONE MENTAL

VITTORE BARONI

Poem/Structure for Every Twenty-Four Hours (An Example)

12:00am—12:59am

43°21'50.91"N 79°58'39.56"W 43°20'29.12"N 79°46'34.11"W

43°13'17.52"N 80° 0'45.63"W 43°12'0.40"N 79°48'4.14"W

1:00am—1:59am

36°54'5.04"N 13°34'34.54"E 37°24'55.85"N 14°14'43.73"E

36°50'47.96"N 14°41'20.33"E 37° 6'2.15"N 14°45'27.11"E

2:00am—2:59am

33° 1'42.07"N 74° 2'44.37"E 33° 7'53.11"N 74°17'44.84"E

32°55'19.46"N 74° 0'51.05"E 32°43'23.21"N 74°18'55.62"E

3:00am—3:59am

11°33'39.97"S142°47'8.04"E 10°41'38.94"S142°11'0.13"E

8°36'14.13"S143°33'15.54"E 10° 6'32.93"S142° 6'46.47"E

4:00am—4:59am

39° 1'42.98"N117°39'24.52"E 39° 1'21.89"N117°41'8.89"E

39° 0'18.23"N117°38'41.34"E 38°59'55.83"N117°39'48.25"E

5:00am—5:59am

20°16'19.32"S 44°17'11.08"E 20°16'37.11"S 44°18'35.73"E

20°17'21.74"S 44°17'10.72"E 20°17'45.52"S 44°18'22.54"E

6:00am—6:59am

60°44'53.87"N135° 7'53.95"W 60°46'14.84"N135° 2'15.74"W

60°40'20.60"N135°11'15.69"W 60°40'11.42"N134°58'4.18"W

7:00am—7:59am

35°25'35.46"N 97° 0'28.08"W 35°27'4.35"N 96°55'36.75"W

35°23'3.63"N 97° 0'48.85"W 35°21'52.03"N 96°53'18.45"W

8:00am—8:59am

16°20'35.45"S 62°20'30.71"W 16°23'1.34"S 62°17'21.44"W

17°39'16.28"S 63°27'11.54"W 18° 0'27.68"S 62°58'52.60"W

9:00am—9:59am

12° 8'50.00"N 85°29'35.99"W 12° 8'42.05"N 85°29'11.83"W

12° 8'42.59"N 85°29'40.56"W 12° 8'30.68"N 85°29'23.76"W

10:00am—10:59am

75° 2'57.15"S129°39'18.94"W 75°47'14.98"S134°37'26.18"W

73°47'52.95"S131°40'8.70"W 74° 0'2.28"S135°44'19.24"W

11:00am—11:59am

60°56'42.11"N 56°48'47.57"E 60°54'57.93"N 56° 3'18.10"E

61° 1'58.57"N 57° 6'13.33"E 61°51'28.33"N 56°30'16.55"E

12:00pm—12:59pm

13°47'48.58"N100°38'44.96"E 13°47'52.16"N100°38'41.95"E

13°47'50.56"N100°38'47.76"E 13°47'54.08"N100°38'44.42"E

1:00pm—1:59pm

39°12'49.39"N 71°11'16.84"E 39°12'48.57"N 71° 9'22.52"E

39°13'3.45"N 71°12'20.76"E 39°14'7.62"N 71°10'34.08"E

2:00pm—2:59pm

8°59'54.45"N 38°48'59.96"E 8°58'39.26"N 38°46'56.65"E

9° 1'56.46"N 38°50'12.69"E 9° 1'56.75"N 38°46'38.54"E

3:00pm—3:59pm

55°53'52.24"N 3° 1'32.87"W 55°50'59.68"N 3° 0'50.84"W

55°54'28.09"N 3° 4'43.80"W 55°53'38.25"N 3°10'10.83"W

4:00pm—4:59pm

53° 0'22.22"N 14°22'10.75"E 50°23'42.49"N 13°19'53.74"E

53°25'46.62"N 12°41'39.58"E 49°59'51.06"N 12° 5'41.45"E

5:00pm—5:59pm

52°29'59.62"N 13°21'48.60"E 52°29'57.63"N 13°21'47.68"E

52°30'0.18"N 13°21'44.88"E 52°29'58.68"N 13°21'44.16"E

6:00pm—6:59pm

33°31'56.28"N 36°27'47.52"E 33°28'36.98"N 36°26'54.93"E

33°34'55.29"N 36°24'10.48"E 33°30'20.93"N 36°23'7.78"E

7:00pm—7:59pm

17° 3'39.17"N 96°43'40.65"W 17° 3'43.67"N 96°43'36.90"W

17° 3'17.38"N 96°43'3.05"W 17° 3'31.28"N 96°42'50.69"W

8:00pm—8:59pm

49°50'13.41"N 97° 9'2.08"W 49°50'28.01"N 97° 7'40.49"W

49°49'26.67"N 97° 9'5.68"W 49°49'33.05"N 97° 8'2.27"W

9:00pm—9:59pm

1°23'7.27"S 55°49'42.26"W 2°19'28.87"S 54° 7'22.52"W

2°12'12.68"S 56°56'56.42"W 3°29'30.81"S 55° 0'4.82"W

10:00pm—10:59pm

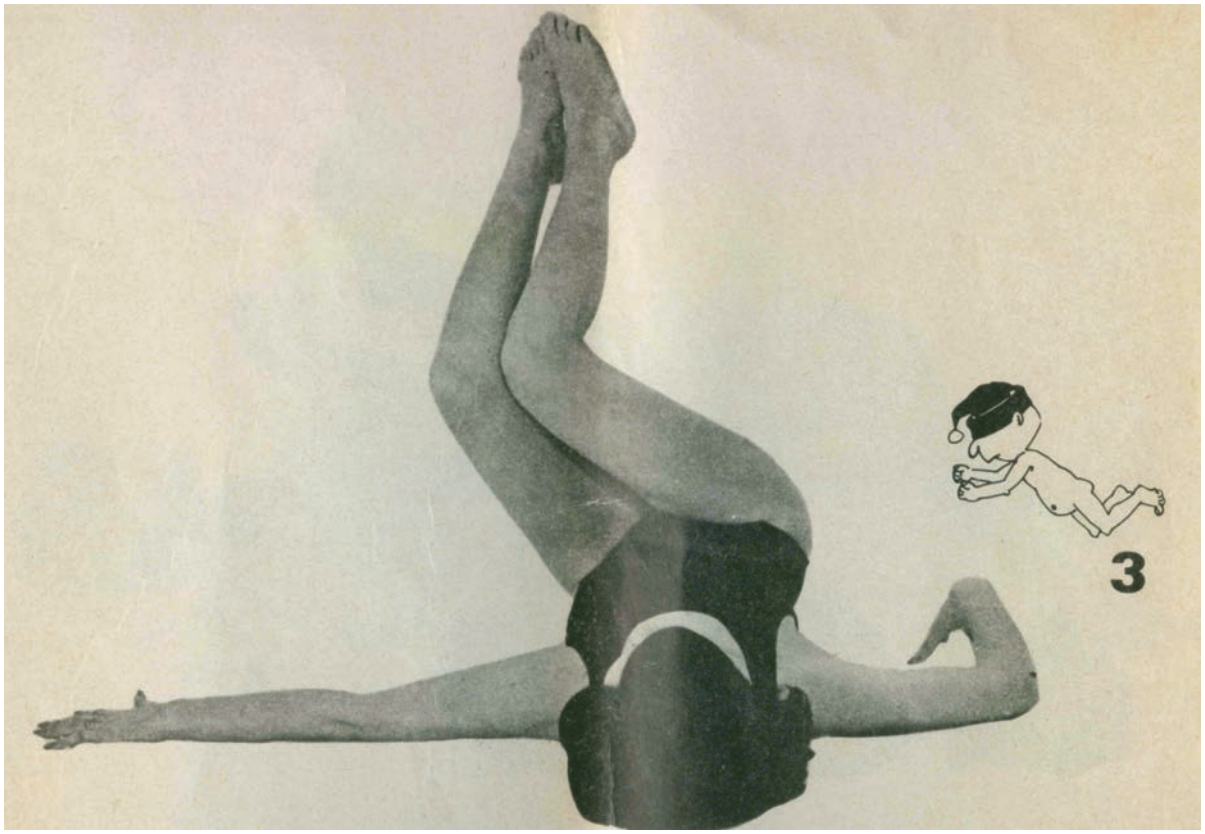
20°43'5.83"N 156°26'59.35"W 20°43'9.40"N 156°26'45.02"W

20°42'48.73"N 156°26'53.69"W 20°42'52.44"N 156°26'39.38"W

11:00pm—11:59pm

0°42'30.32"S 23°35'23.73"E 1°20'3.77"S 23°13'20.22"E

0° 6'0.94"S 23° 6'17.97"E 0°58'8.30"S 22°28'5.66"E



SACHA ARCHER

MICHALIS PICHLER

SEVEN ADVERTISED SONNETS

Sometimes thou seem'st not as thyself alone,
    But as the meaning of all things that are;
    A breathless wonder, shadowing forth afar
Some heavenly solstice hushed and halcyon;
Whose unstirred lips are musics visible tone;
    Whose eyes the sun-gate of the soul unbar,
    Being of its furthest fires oracular;-
The evident heart of all life sown and mown.

Even such Love is; and is not thy name Love?
    Yea, by thy hand the Love-god rends apart
    All gathering clouds of Night's ambiguous art;
Flings them far down, and sets thine eyes above;
And simply, as some gage of flower or glove,
    Stakes with a smile the world against thy heart.

an advertisement best viewed in DIN A4,
published on the occasion of SONNET(S) & OTHER SONNET(S)
Ulises Carrión, Michalis Pichler, April 12 - May 22, 2013
& : Christophe Daviet-Thery Livres et Editions d'Artistes, 34 rue Louise Weiss, 75013 Paris

[illegible]

HELEN FRANK

Intention Correction

against : adjacent
ageing : raging
applies : apples
asemic : alembic
causes : sauces
colour : flour
complicated : completed
content : context
course : court
delay : dealt
design : deign
differing : riffing
disruption : desperation
edit : diet
either : wither
except : expect
exist : exits
expanse : expense
explore : explode
extend : texted
fold : fool
following : flowing
forging : foreign
form : from
framed : farmed
frequently : recently
function : faction
imagine : image
important : imprint
interest : internet
labour : about
later : alter
learning : leering
listen : silent
make : amen
material : natural
meaningful : manful
mention : emotion
nature : feature
nurture : future
once : cone
overlaid : overload
pictorial : pectoral
poetry : party
poetry : potty
positions : portions
pounding : funding
present : pursuant
process : prices
produce : proceed
progress : process
progress : regress
propped : prompted

quite : quiet
referring : fearing
regard : repost
reordering : recording
residency : residence
response : repose
retain : train
serious : series
slightly : sluggish
space : peace
splice : space
stating : sitting
status : statue
stern : strewn
story : ostiary
stricken : strike
structured : strutted
subtle : sublet
suppress : surpass
surprise : suppose
tacit : tactic
theory : there
times : items
together : tougher
tried : tired
understanding : understating
unfunded : unfounded
value : clue
weird : wired
which : chew
whole : while
writing : wiring

RACHEL SMITH

Nana

by Émile Zola

digested according to dirt and disarray

She didn't care if she looked badly dressed. The table had not been cleared. The flounces had just been dragged through a pool of something unpleasant which had trickled under the door of the first-floor flat, where the maid was a regular slut. A crumpled, dirty piece of coarse paper. The carpet was spotted with grease. She really is a filthy slut. Such a filthy mob. A lot of sluts who couldn't hold a candle to her. Dirty bitch. A real little trollop. The greasy steps of the narrow spiral staircase. Letters and newspapers were piled up in a set of pigeon-holes, and on the table bouquets of flowers lay waiting beside dirty plates and an old bodice. In the midst of this filth and disorder. The smell of stale cooking. Dirty nooks and crannies. The chorus-girls' grubby underwear. A disorderly array of bottle and glass jars containing oils, essences and powders. The hole under the stairs was wet with slops. There was nothing left on the table but the dirty plates. A chaotic disarray of jars. The smell was anything but pleasant. It was bare and dilapidated. The surrounding squalor. The grease from brushes and combs. A chamber-pot forgotten among a heap of skirts on the floor. Black with spilt water, and underneath were a number of dented zinc jugs, pails full of slops, and coarse yellow earthenware pitchers. There was a whole collection of cheap articles in the room, twisted and soiled by use : chipped basins, toothless combs, all those odds and ends which, in their hurry and carelessness, two women will leave scattered about when they undress and wash together in a place where they spend only a little time, and whose squalor has ceased to worry them. A pail was leaking. This filthy room. The wretched poverty of this garret, full of the two women's disorder. Battered hats and shabby shawls. Damp oozed from the walls. They said she was disgusting in her own house. Men in dirty shirts. Stinking water-closets. Slime and insipid stench. The base of a wall rotted away by water from a sink and a whole heap of garbage in which a green spindle tree in a cooking-pot was surrounded by old pails and broken crocks. Dirty dresses. These trollops. What a filthy lost they are! How disgusting! The filthy bastards. In a little over a year she had broken the furniture, knocked in the chairs and dirtied the curtains in such a frenzy of filth and disorder the two rooms looked as if they were inhabited by a pack of mad cats. Chair-rails and scraps of curtain would come away in her hands while she was struggling with the dirt. The place was filthier than ever. The rumpled bed. Basins standing about on the floor. Dirty petticoats, which had been hung over the backs of armchairs, staining them with mud. A dirty bed. In the midst of indescribable filth: no cleaning had been done for a week, the bed was disgusting, and there were pots all over the place. He got on her nerves with his habit of sniffing in all the dirty corners, and even in her slippers. The filthy bitches. The utter dilapidation of the vast chamber, which looked shamefully stained and worn in broad daylight. A slut of a young actress kept her dressing-room in a filthy condition, with chipped pots everywhere, a greasy dressing-table and a chair marked with a red stain, as if someone had bled on the straw. The paper pasted on the walls and ceiling was splashed from top to bottom with spots of soapy water. The stained wall-paper, the greasy dressing-table, the whole dirty room. Dirty

panes. It was an indescribable hotch-potch of plates, gilded cardboard goblets, old red umbrellas, Italian pitchers, clocks of all styles, trays and inkpots, firearms and syringes, all lying chipped and broken, in unrecognizable piles, under a layer of dust an inch deep. A dirty little whore. Grease-spattered dining-rooms. A sudden urge to stir up the mud of their childhood would take hold of them. The glasses sticky with sugar. Everything was broken or dirtied or withered between her little white fingers; a heap of nameless debris, twisted rags and muddy tatters followed her and marked her passage. A chair which had been thrown on the floor among a heap of clothes looked like something dead. The stain had reappeared, a pale red colour on the white roses in the carpet. This bedroom had become a veritable public place, so many boots were wiped on its threshold. The passion for defiling things was inborn in her. It was not enough for her to destroy them, she had to soil them too. Her delicate hands left abominable traces, corrupting with their touch whatever they had broken. He remembered the stories of saints eaten up by lice, who in turn ate their own excrement. Abracadabra, and nothing was left ; everything was swept away. A heap of mud in the gutter. A shameful, decrepit thing. A human rag, rotted and perished. The little slut. What lay on the pillow was a charnel-house, a heap of pus and blood, a shovelful of putrid flesh. Venus was decomposing.

A novel

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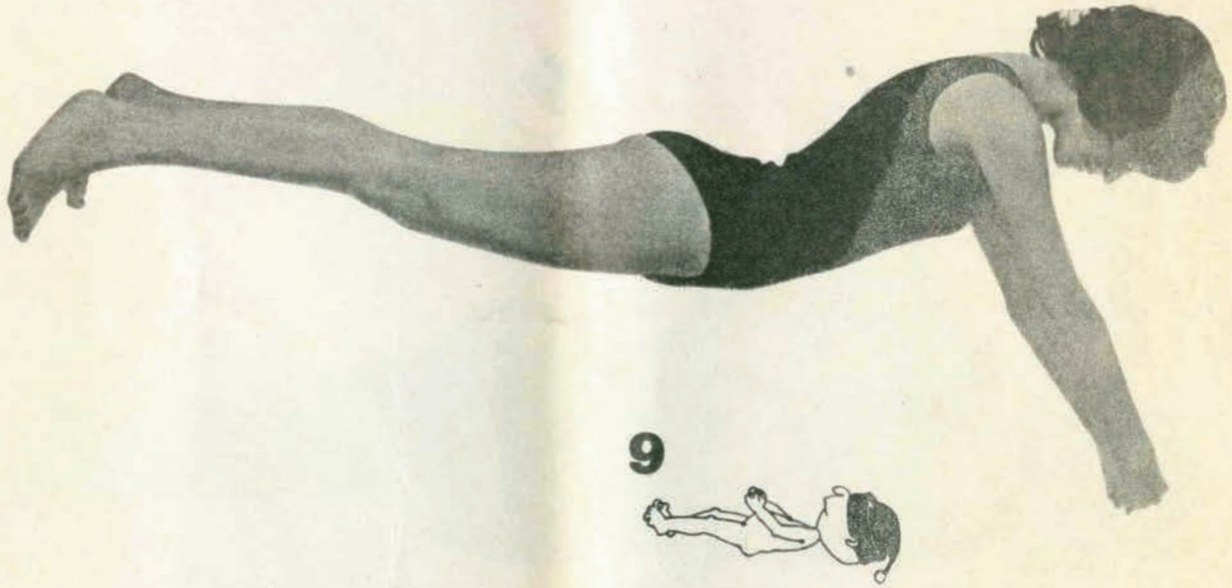

9) FRONTAL. Mediante esta posición se logra contacto en todo el cuerpo, una relativa penetración pero profundo estímulo.