

ALIENOCENE – SOUND & VISION

THE NEW WALPURGIS NIGHT



FRÉDÉRIC BISSON

Has the morning always to come back? Only the night can re-ignite the night, by the warmth of the immolations. The long night of perpetual crisis has blinded us to the forced operations of capitalism, which support in the dark its « natural » expansion. (See through the night the parks of the organized and profitable misery, feel the psychic barbed wire inside your brain cavity, listen to the mathematical swarms buzz and rise in the night, smell the blood flowing with the capitals, feel the black oil cumshots on the faces of the peoples, etc.) Capitalism hides its negativity; it sits on its self-

destruction principle. Its crises only made it stronger. (As Mephistopheles says, “Refinement’s making everybody slick, and so the devil too has been affected; the Northern phantom’s gone and vanished, you see I have no horns or tailor claws.”) Walpurgis! The time when every being embraces its shadow. Saint Walburga, patron saint of ambiguities, get out your claws again. I pray for a new fighting Walpurgis, as in Mendelssohn, for a Night of translucent fright. In the same way that the rites and masks of pagan Night frightened Christianity that had diabolized them, so we have now to frighten the capitalist religion with its own demons, those that capitalism produces and casts out in the strategical play of its functioning. No Harz, no Brocken! The city! Take the city for

theater of operations. Show off your stigmata,
carnivalize your mutilations and morbidities,
turn your anomalies into grotesque figures.
Bare-breasted sabbat in financial cathedrals.
Witches straddling the economic gearshift.
Naked witches with lace under the burqas, gypsy
witches without border, go for parade, process!
Danse macabre of the New Orleans drowned
citizens with the plagued barebacking
contractors, lame walk of the proctophantasmist
proletariat, mephisto-waltz of pirate whores on
the backs of scapegoats. Will-o'-the-wisp of
lonely telecommuting whores riding zombie
unicorns, rounds and farandoles of contactless
neo-whores, over-indebted and enriched with
virtual money, tramp werewolves of Wall Street
from nowhere, self-sodomite investments,

negative capital, enjoyment flows without cash,
injaculations of ghost witches, virile, priapic,
insomniac witches. Come with pitchforks and
spades!

ⁱ Goethe, *Faust I & II*, Princeton University Press, 64.