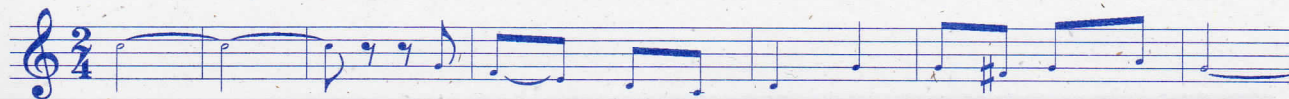


# Fulcrum

ISSUE 64 - JANUARY 28, 2013 - THE POLITICAL IMAGINARY

## OKLAHOMA!



O - k - la - hom - a where the vul - tures cir - cle round the plain  
O - o - ccu - py WS does - n't the Cloud work won - ders for our brain?  
O - o - K - cup - id have you lost the will pow - er to \_\_\_\_\_ main?

8



— we can squat and meet and slurp the teat of our dear white O - ccu - py terr - ain!  
— Im med - i - ate ly it turns real neat then Big Da - ta streams right down the drain!  
— Spo - ti - fy my love like a big white dove or Ri - ver Phoe - nix \_\_\_\_\_ flames!

16



We know we be - long to the Left \_\_\_\_\_ so why are all our friends so be - reft?

## super collective desire.

h.burke

*An Encounter with the Imaginary Party:* Squats are inconspicuous places, in 2013. The first thing that strikes me walking into 20 Bedford Square is the beguilingly sensible atmosphere surrounding me. A glance from the sedentary receptionist is as much as I'm deserved, hardly distracting him from steady typing at a Dell workbook. A comrade next to him constantly scans Twitter, looking for updates on the struggle, while a group of students drink from chipped mugs below a poorly cleaned whiteboard. Opposite me is a banner proclaiming "FULL COMMUNISM NOW". Next to this is a pin-up of Louise Mensch, who read extracts from her first novel here last week. Conversation beckons like a party I'm not invited to, but that party has bouncers on the door and they don't want me inside.

Such is my introduction to the Imaginary Party, who have injected much needed imagination into the London party scene over the last six months with a series of "full

Communist raves", and have now opened a social centre in the heart of cultural Bloomsbury.

"We've seen a disintegration of political urgency", their leader informs me as he walks me up the stairs. We pass scrawls of "Shiv Malik not shirkers" and cute drawings of Agamben as a cat. "A disintegration of political urgency, at the very moment when the political has become most urgent", he continues. "The collapse of a global debt ceiling is imminent, and no form of institutional politics will be enough to prevent this.

**Austerity isn't working. Self-organisation is all we've got left, and by 'self-organisation' we need to understand the intelligent, networked and unceasing resistance to capital across all expressions of everyday life."**

Following on from a string of recent art occupations, such as Chlo Delat's residency at the ICA and Antony Gormley's takeover of the fourth plinth, The Imaginary Party's resistance is radically discursive, challenging institutionalisation through the forms and structures of institutionalisation itself.

We enter the largest room on the first floor, a thinly carpeted space left

empty bar pot plants and some neatly annotated copies of Tiqqun. Images of May '68 and November 2010 adorn the walls. "Space is no longer just space," my guide tells me, "and the revolution will not be not networked. This room is free for use by any group or organisation for any purpose. It's about rupturing a space in the middle of one of the most densely privatised metropolises in the world; a desire for experimental and non-privatised thought. We've lost our houses, jobs and universities, we're not going to give up our selves."

Surrounding us is a number of smaller rooms, most scattered with sleeping bags and North Face jackets; the larger of them taken over as the offices of the NUS. The corridors are littered with pamphlets and flyers, paean to the flurry of recent student agitations, as well as defaced portraits of Ed Miliband. "Amid increasing financial precarity and a culture of systematic depression we need to create a new form of stability, a stability that's in the first place emotional.

"What we ask for is as simple as a place to sleep, food to eat, and people to coexist with; ours in the human currency of years, and not simply loaned out to us. We need to re-politicise these basic needs, but recognise that this can only be done with vast and uncompromising attack on structures

both physical and informational. This social centre exists as a place to regroup, a place to start building our own culture shaped on our own desires, or at least a culture that allows us to discover what those desires might be." With this my guide excuses himself, leaving me his business card - an email in perfectly sized helvetica. I wander around the empty rooms, fingering it, then sign the visitor's book as I leave. I scribble a fake email; the name above mine is Andy Burnham. I draw a heart next to my name, but don't colour it in. Outside the street is pristin.

Harry Burke is a writer and curator living in London.

Pablo Larios composed the song lyrics at top. Pablo is a writer living in Berlin and a regular contributor to *frieze*, *frieze d/e*, *Kaleidoscope*, and *Spike* magazines, among others.

Lucretius described the passage of lightning bolts across the sky as *crescit eundo* — "getting stronger as they progress." As *Fulcrum* approaches its second birthday (Thurs. 31st), I hope the same could be said of this small publication. I would like to thank all those implicated in the production of *Fulcrum*: its numerous contributors, collaborators and co-conspirators. JS.

# Fulcrum

ISSUE 24 - JANUARY 2012 - THE CULTURAL PRACTICES

THE UNICORN



The unicorn is a mythical creature that has long been a symbol of purity and grace. In the Middle Ages, it was often depicted as a horse with a single horn, and it was believed to have the power to cure diseases and ward off evil. The unicorn's legend has inspired countless works of art and literature, and it remains a popular subject in modern culture.

The unicorn's legend is rooted in ancient Greek and Roman mythology. The word 'unicorn' is derived from the Latin 'unus' (one) and 'cornu' (horn). The creature was first mentioned in the Chinese text 'The Book of the Mountains and Seas' in the 4th century BC. It was described as a white horse with a single horn that grew from its forehead.

The unicorn's legend spread throughout Europe in the Middle Ages. It was often depicted as a creature that could only be tamed by a virgin. The unicorn's horn was believed to have magical properties, and it was used to cure various ailments. The unicorn's legend was also used to symbolize the purity and grace of the Virgin Mary.

The unicorn's legend has been a source of inspiration for artists and writers for centuries. It has been depicted in many different ways, from a simple horse with a horn to a complex, multi-headed creature. The unicorn's legend has also been used to symbolize the power of imagination and the beauty of the unknown.