

My name is Océanique. I'm a jaguar. The rugged waves are my evanescent spots in the thicket of leaves and the *tenebrae* of infinity. The deserts and tropical forests are not mere chaotic inconsistencies. They have rhythm, tempo, duration: polyvocal rhythm and movement. All pass in the oceanic from pure virtuality, from indeterminate depth and duration. My name is Océanique. I'm the virtuality itself. Blind and deaf like the universe. I'm a jaguar that consumes human flesh in the untimely oceanic duration. I'm the middle passage where the oceanic submerges them in their sleep. The oceanic that cuts and builds a future for longing and *saudade*, losing mother and losing kindness.

The peasants on a small dinghy, crossing the strait overnight, when *Fils de détroit* from Tangier play at the wedding. Their boat is not much bigger than an adult porpoise, but it will surf well in my caress. They've just departed from the Berber wedding and the dinghy has a small outboard two-stroke, and two pairs of oars. Tonight I have a caressing voice in my mane, and it invites them to trust in their luck. They row away from the shore before starting the motor. There is no moon in view, and my swell blends blindingly with the shimmer of the stars. After a half-hour ride, I miss them already, and wouldn't like them to leave so early. I make them swing like crickets in a storm. They lose direction, soon hope. Hastily they pick up the oars and row until their hands are blistered from salt, sweat and water. A short span of four hours, the blind sky glimmers azulene blues, for they may see the shadows of mountains. The bulls will welcome them on their journey.

A peasant is marinated with my saline saliva for weeks when hiking the sierra, lurking from human habitation, crossing the rugged mountain range and leaving my traces on the tracks. The universe, black, disappears near the city of Almería. The promising possibilities of *supermercados* light the night sky, though the night sky itself scarcely responds. The lights crown the city's limited possibilities, but deny my Océanique presence and my absence of light, where only the stars glimmer as marks of flight. The peasants slumber, famished in the mountains above Nerja, dreaming and being dreamt by the intellectuals in the city—those with cowrie-shell white manes and deadly blue eyes. 'That could be a Polish actor from some play in the Cricoteca,' the unfortunate intellectual whispers to his drink at the bar while coming out of his daze, rising in disgust at the smells of putrefied salt water, sawdust and grit, and the pungent halitosis of the serf. 'Not

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even close,' a confessional tone of voice says, envisioning a peasant marinated in the saline saliva of the Océanique. I whisper, to no avail: 'Children of the sun, mother of the living. Found and fiercely loved, with all the hypocrisy of *saudade*, by the immigrants, by the slaves, and by the *touristes*. In the land of the Great Snake.'

While they sleep I consume. The oceanic Anthropophagia sees no differences among the ex-western racists, the post-human philanthropes or the slaves of the Deep South. The world will perish but there's no end for the Océanique.

It all fades into a season of staleness. The positions you take so you may believe that all there has been remains fresh and vibrant, while you forget the fetid fifth season where all your moves merely adjust what is necessary. Splendidly this old rickety raft is your base for life, but it is stale, hollow. Ibn-Arabi says we must slowly learn to leave all that matters, since this will all fade and etiolate. What will once again be brilliant in life will be immanent, like the soul of each thing and each in their being. The soul of the Océanique, like water, is untimely and indeterminate—the blind and deaf universe of the ocean we all live in. The ancient dust and debris of long-departed stars.

There is no feeling of safety in the Océanique, the dark universe. What you will all feel resembles a kind of crisis. In crisis there is no place for hopelessness since you are all at sea and entangled with the infinity of my swell. The crisis is the moment lived through, the worst in decades, but if the storm will never end, this crisis has the potency of the opaque universe. Yes, not much, you will see. A crisis is not the possibility, only the virtual potency and the untimely open-ended story. There is none of the pleasure of watching from your balcony as the crisis develops. 'What a nice chair he's chosen for being melancholic and serious,' someone from the pavement might think, and how he enjoys this destruction from the distance — all that hate, all those positions to analyse and speculate on. That melancholic bastard, another one curses, during the last weekend of the season when he returns to watch the screen, where all the words murmur variations on the same future, as told by everyone from Vimeo to Mubi, Netflix to CNN, HBO to Reuters to RT, *The Guardian* to *Libération* to *Le Monde diplomatique*, and onward to the so-called social media in our smartphones, from Laptopdancers to Tablets. It's on. A determined intellectual on his balcony withdraws from all this in the masochist pleasure of the simulation of the destruction that the swell Océanique provides after midnight. An intellectual makes the last entry as a tweet. The horror of the pleasure of horrors.

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You are never alone. There are turbulent fluxes of tribes, memes, partial fixtures and physical encounters. You are never alone in the crisis. The intellectual at his balcony, depressed and melancholic, afraid of the tumultuous crisis evolving—for the migrant on a dinghy, losing his mother, and the mother losing her child—is swollen by the salient swell of tears.

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Balnearío. Water from the Sierra Alhamilla. Men, women and children floating in the Moorish bath, in the sordid green waters. The currents reconcile—form divans of reconciliation. Instantly burned by the dry season, the human past ripples through the waters here. An ancient village. Us, in many versions of the scene. Always water, always time, but colourless and out of time. Like all seawater, this is six-billion-year-old stardust from the collision of two massive stars. I was birthed by outer space. The opaque universe floats on and drowns in itself. Men, women and children resting in the untimely ancestral nest.

These jagged waves of the oceanic, water that thinks. Uchronic waters without a past or future, without the dying or the dead. No stories of these waters with the pregnant women at the bottom of the sea. Forced migration and lost lives, slave ships and the opaque universe as their concave mirror for suffering. Through Océanique they cannot communicate but remain indeterminate particles of the past. The dying on the seabed, particle and wave in infinite duration. Their concave and opaque resting place for one particular eternity.

The Océanique, wide and deep like a jungle, a thicket where the jaguar disappears camouflaging in the Océanique leaves, twigs, roots, the canopy of the dark infinite. A mother, a liquid foetus where all beings will drown in the opaque universe. A mother, deaf and blind jaguar with heightened senses. The songs of the people, the peoples—the music of Dylan, *Fils de Détroit*, the *saudade* of Hiski Salomaa—make the listeners shiver, sensing their finitude and the rhythm of the waves inside them.

But the Océanique, the jaguar like a desert, offers a pure inconsistency of rhythms and syncopation, the endless movement of the ocean, that sense of the timbre of the human voice longing for the endless recurrence of our eternally lost homes. The longing for unity and then the evanescent wish for the reappearance of our youth, families, lovers. The Océanique caresses us all in its rhythms. All pass in the Océanique embrace, all pass in the ocean, in its infinite depths and durations. The virtual itself, evasive and elusive. The song remains the same in the waves, their movement, the rhythmic spots of the jaguar. The one who will forgive all the lost dreams and hopes that long ago vanished from the earth, and that will vanish forever in the future.

The waters that slit past hearts and minds, the waters of the rugged waves passing in the Océanique time, the waters surging through the minds of the sailors from Palos de la Frontera as they rode the *Pinta* and the *Niña* and the *Santa Maria*, and then, a moment later, surging through the minds of the sailors and slaves on the *Neger* ship *Recovery*. Seconds after that, the swell of strawberry fields, the chemical plants churning copper and playing their part in LNG, propane, butane, oil, fertilizers, ammonia, chlorine derivatives and acid. The red desert and the acidic oceanic times and marvelling at the sexual sunset of our lives. Cristóbal Colón and his ships at the maelstrom of the oceanic insanity, wells emptied from Palos de la Frontera, the birth of the *colónial* season, the Queen of

Spain with capital loaned from the bankers of Grimaldi, Pinelli, Lomellini, Spinola and Doria.

Then slaves packed tight in the belly of the ship: commodities in the deafening roar of *Océanique*, the queen of the lost ones, the queen of anguish and death. The next generation was born at the bottom of the sea: a generation of slaves haunting the land like spectres. Tupi or not Tupi, that is the question. Eating the enemy, absorbing the enemy, hoping to transfer the beast of gleaming whiteface minstrels, to take the power of the belly of the slave-master. The fight against the plague of intellectuals: eat them, eat them all.

The shells were imported from the Maldives. Buried in the sand for weeks so the molluscs would die. Twelve-thousand shells a day, all of them washed and strung together for sale. Transported from the islands to Amsterdam or London, then shipped to Africa in slave ships, as ballast for the empty cargo holds, waiting to be filled. Those white vagina-like shells, considered worthless tokens for the Brits and the Dutch, but used as money in West Africa. Fetish objects, tokens: eight kilograms of shells could purchase a young male. One kilogram of cowries bought about twelve kilograms of human flesh. Like copper coins, the shells were small, durable and impossible to counterfeit.

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In 1894, 850 sailing vessels and 203 steamers were lost in the ocean. Still, the crossing of the Atlantic was never questioned. Neither, for hundreds of years, was the Middle Passage, at least not in any way that would pass beyond self-righteousness and into action. It isn't the facts that matter, but the imagination of what happens, occupied by whatever power or purpose gives our imagination its specific forms. The art of shaping our imagination is the art of governing our minds.

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The Océanique is the black hole with the pale glow, words pouring like lava from the mouths of the drowned, the loosening grip in desperate need of a moment's rest, the ship sinking with its cargo of souls towards the Océanique bed in the Middle Passage or the Mediterranean. A deaf and blind opaque universe with a fixed star on the ceiling, a dead dark star without any visible feature for the drowned or unborn children and women and men.

A seabed body, already dead or already the ghost of a spectral being. With no name, or just the mark of an X. At the bottom of the ocean, without any past, present or future.