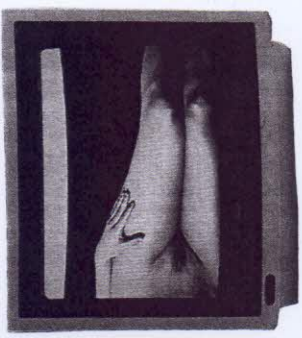


Ben Kritikos  
September 2017



a backdrop of history that never seems to move like a screen in a movie theatre where you buy your ticket and watch the world burn

disrupting space to put your body in the stream of things happening to be radicalise movement whether it is a movement that takes to the streets or the million miles an hour that the earth is hurtling through the vacuum of space to be radical is to act at the moment of crisis and when you live in a constant state of crisis then every moment is an opportunity to seize what Walter Benjamin calls the image of history flashing at a moment of danger but like Johnny Thunders said you can't put your arms around a memory especially when that memory is playing out against a

ing still. My America hates its own body. You usually hate what you don't understand in my America. The pursuit of happiness is making everybody miserable in My America. My America would do better to open its eyes and ears and nose and smell the gangrene before it sets in. My America is in the grip of a seizure. Be careful around My America because I'm pretty sure it's contagious. My America is the kind of place you think you know about, even when you've never been there. White middle-class British men love mansplaining My America's problems to me. But My America is complicated. My America is a place full of bodies. Most of them are alive--at

SPAGHETTI FOR BRAINS

Number Nine

2017

HOW  
TO  
BE  
RADICAL  
NOW  
?

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My America is a sad place. My America has been walking around on broken legs for decades broke and broke down on broken crutches. My America's number one export is a narrative about itself that is as popular at home as it is abroad. My America is drunk on powerlessness. My America has a problem with its neck that means it can't look backwards. My America's view is refracted like looking out of the window on a train travelling at speed where the objects in close range seem to race past while objects in the middle distance shift slowly against a horizon that appears not to move at all. My America thinks its body is moving but it is stand-

ing still. My America hates its own body. You usually hate what you don't understand in my America. The pursuit of happiness is making everybody miserable in My America. My America would do better to open its eyes and ears and nose and smell the gangrene before it sets in. My America is in the grip of a seizure. Be careful around My America because I'm pretty sure it's contagious. My America is the kind of place you think you know about, even when you've never been there. White middle-class British men love mansplaining My America's problems to me. But My America is complicated. My America is a place full of bodies. Most of them are alive--at