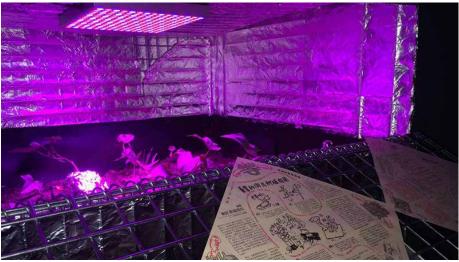
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002 等等目錄 ETC., ETC., NO.2





The second issue of *Etc.*, *Etc.*, catalogue was disseminated as packaging paper for yams given away as part of the Urban Sweet Potato Gardening Project initiated by artist June LEE. Contents include a guerrilla planting guide, op-ed society piece from the •• Propaganda Department editorial bureau, records from a Global Economic Forum dérive in Guangzhou as well as recipes and a conversation on class distinctions in food culture.

risograph print with soy-based inks on paper, chicken manure ink stencil, sweet potatoes

commissioned by curators 董冰峰 DONG Bingfeng and Rachel RITS-VOLLOCH for 未來生活手冊 Future Life Handbook

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顺红薯藤摸瓜

现如今社会政治气候的不确定性将当代文明抛入一种残酷的时代扭曲当中。我们从未像今天这样先进的同时又痛苦地倒退着:我们是被逐出家门的手机机械人,我们是被"良好教育"所折磨的辛勤中产,我们还是自愿置身于体制在梏中的被媒体洗脑了的角色中(缩句成:"我们还是角色",这样的句式不成立,可改成:我们被媒体洗脑,自愿置身于体制的桎梏中,认为"美好生活"应该向他人索取而非自己创造。我们六十多岁的香港阿姨,视长寿为诅咒(香港女人有着全世界最长的平均寿命),因为她交税缴费一辈子,年老时却毫无福利保障可言,就连头顶的天花板也岌岌可危?如果和谐一向是重要的价值观,那为何物质、情绪和精神上的不稳定如此刺耳、令人窒息?

所以,如果我们的后现代、后资本主义(又或者如文化理论家Ackbar Abbas所称的"胎死腹中的社会主义")和后真理的范围,是围绕着和谐与不稳定这条XY情动轴转动,那么这只不断转动的(有我们在上面跑的)仓鼠滚轮大概会点亮顶端巨大的LED灯——"生存"吧!当然,阶级差异会决定我们跑在何种"搵食"的跑步机上,但跑道所散发的心神不宁、绝望和暴力(划重点)却很不幸地一直存在着。我们的朋友L称之为"时代危急"。

无论是在我们笨拙地在仓鼠滚轮上快跑的画面抑或是在跑 步机的橡胶条上挥汗如雨的画面中, 我们总是孤身一人。 人艰不拆(生活就是艰难),没人来帮我们。但这游戏的另一 面是, 当我们赢的时候, 我们不用感谢任何人, 因为我们 他妈的是靠自己赢的——在我们苦苦挣扎的时候没有人瞥(睬字很少这样用)过我们一眼。但这里我用的是"我们" "我们"孤独(前后一致比较好)。这暗示着孤独其实 是一种共同的特质。所以现在再想象一座居民楼有180 间公寓,每一间都住着一个孤独的、挥汗如雨的幸存者。 噢, sorry不好意思, 这样好像更加压抑了。不, 不——挥 走这个画面(豆腐大楼?),重新构想一个寻常的孤独的画 面。因为,说实话,孤独作为一个概念,并不是一件孤立 的事。最孤独的事物以及孤独本身——是我们这个时代的错 觉,因为存在,是、已经是、也一直是共享的(shared)。 人类学家Anna Lowenhaupt-Tsing称之为污染(contamination)。在她的著作《世界末日的蘑菇:资本主义 废墟中的生命可能性》中, 她探索了松茸作为一种联合生 存的形式的生长与分布。这种珍贵的蘑菇本身繁荣于碎石 之上,多么的讽刺——珍馐源自森林毁灭、环境破坏。这是 因为,在商业伐木中,森林的其它树种被一砍而光而仅红 杉树幸存,而红杉树正是Tricholoma matsutake(松茸 的拉丁学名) 赖以生存提供养分的靠山。

说了这么多是想说,你气喘吁吁的生活所产生的可悲的废墟,在资本主义废墟当中,并不是孤立的。从最糟糕的处境看到希望,是希望你意识到这将你置于此地的合力桎梏,以及看到合力从这里爬出去的必要性。合作就是生存,这不仅仅包括我们渴望的朋友、伙伴,同时也包括复杂的因果关系网络(我觉得应该是 复杂的因和果之间的关系网络),关系与权力的系统,作为介质的付出者与索取者——这些隐藏不被看到、或者有时是我们不愿去看的种种。万事万物都是被"污染"的。

A Sweet Potato Vine of Thought

The precarities of the current sociopolitical climate have cast contemporary civilisation into something of a brutal time distortion. Never before have we been so advanced and at the same time so painfully primitive—we are mobile phone cyborgs who get beaten out of homes, we are the hard-earned middle class who get tortured with the "best education", and we are the media-programmed characters who volunteer ourselves into institutional shackles thinking that the 'good life' is something we have to apply to others for rather than make for ourselves. Our 60 year-old Hong Kong aunty sees the long life still ahead of her (Hong Kong women have the longest life expectancy in the entire world) as a curse. Because what is that long life of taxes and dues paid when only to suffer in old age without security or benefits, where even the roof over her head is precarious? If harmony has been such an important value, how is it that material, emotional and spiritual instabilities have become the blaring and overwhelming result?

So if our postmodern, post-capitalist (or as cultural theorist Ackbar Abbas also calls it, 'posthumous socialism') and post-truth spectrum rotates on this affective axis between harmony and instability, the spinning hamster wheel which lights up our movements on it basically powers a large LED sign which says 'SURVIVAL'. Of course, class differences will still determine which kind of '溫食' treadmill we are running on, but the malaise, desperation and underscored violence of the track is unfortunately always present. L calls it 時代危機.

In the image of ourselves racing stupidly inside the hamster wheel or sweating profusely on the rubber treadmill, we are always alone. Life is tough. No one is going to help us. And on the flip side of that game, when we win, we fucking did it ourselves and thanks to nobody else who gave a shit about us when we were struggling. But I say 'we' here. 'WE' are alone. And what this insinuates is that such loneliness is actually a shared trait. So now imagine a residential highrise with 180 flats in it, and each one inhabited by a lonely, sweating survivor. Oops, sorry, that's even more depressing. No, notofu block that image out. What you have to reconceptualise is that image of loneliness in general. Because in all honesty, loneliness as a concept, is not a solitary thing. That most singular of things, singularity itself, is one of the greatest falsehoods of our time, because being, is and already is, always, shared. Anthropologist Anna Lowenhaupt-Tsing calls it contamination. In her book The Mushroom at the End of the World: On the Possibility of Life in Capitalist Ruins, she explores the growth and distribution chains of the matsutake mushroom as a form of collaborative survival. This exquisite mushroom itself thrives on detritus, a gourmet product enabled, ironically, by human deforestation and decay, because the red pine tree which supports $\mathit{Tricholoma}$ $\mathit{matsutake'}$ s flourishing only grows after the rest of the forest has been cleared by commercial logging.

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所以,也许我们可以伸出自己小小的援助之手,用美好的、健康的Ipomoea batatas(红薯的拉丁学名),做一个小小的污染公共空间的举动,我们也就可以沿着这个举动的单独性与这种穷人食物之间的"思想藤蔓",往下探索。红薯,一种幸存者植物,容易生长,易于果腹。十六世纪末从菲律宾传入中国,在福建拯救了无数因粮食欠收而饥肠辘辘的胃。在此之前,Ipomoea batatas在波利尼西亚人手中,从南美洲出发横渡了太平洋。据载,人们种植红薯已有一万年之久。

现在让我们回到比较近的过去,想象寒冬中在街角飘散开的一团团热乎、白蒙蒙、又香甜的空气。也许,没什么能比气味引起的情绪或唤起的回忆更私人的了,而关于红薯的联想往往是在大铁桶里烘烤着的、被颤抖的双手捧起,温暖的触感和发焦的表皮——也许这会让每一个你我回到某一个时空,忆起第一次吃烤红薯的情形,身边都站着谁。其实,这种怀旧的情绪也在日本和韩国被人们分享着,在那里红薯也普遍被当做甜品,做法也相似。如果你喜欢红薯,那么至少,这是孤独温柔的一面,我们能够意识到的一种单独正被分享着。而说到分享/共享再往前一步,红薯事实上是世界上已知的第一种自然转基因的粮食作物,也就是说它的存在,在它里面、它自己,就是共享的、被污染的和与他人合作的啊!

知道所有这些可能并不能拯救我们于眼前的大决战——我是说当代生活。但红薯是幸存者,我靠!种植它们,种植更多,种的满地都是!当全球财富论坛这个月在广州巩固着财富与权力的地位,想想我们有红薯作为货币四处扩散。而当末日降临一切都黑暗了,记住你依然能用红薯和一些电线,点亮"生存"的LED灯。



What all of this wants to say, then, is that that pathetic ruin of your panting life in capitalist ruins is not a solitary thing. And part of seeing the light out of your own shit hole is to realise the collaborative shackles of those that helped put you there, but also the collaboration necessary to really climb out of it. Collaboration is survival, and this includes not only the friends and partners that we want on our side, but the complex networks of cause and effect, systems of relation and power and givers and takers of agency that are hidden from view—or sometimes that we refuse to see. Everything is contaminated.

So, maybe like our little helping hands making the small gesture of contaminating public spaces with good, wholesome *Ipomoea batatas*, we can follow a 'vine of thought' between the singularity of a gesture and this poor man's food (a survivor plant that grows easily and fills the belly), which was brought to China from the Philippines at the end of the 16th century to save hungry stomachs after failed harvests in Fujian. And before that, *Ipomoea batatas* travelled by the hands of Polynesians sailing back across the Pacific from South America. People have been planting sweet potato there for reportedly 10,000 years.

Now come back to a closer past, and think of that puff of warm, smoky, sweet air that wafts around street corners during cold months. There is probably nothing more personal than the emotions and evocations generated by scent, and this particular association of sweet potatoes being baked live in iron drums, the warm feel of one with its charred edges held in shivering hands—probably generates for each of us a travel to a particular time and space, the memory of eating it for the first time and with whom. And actually, this same nostalgia is shared in Japan and Korea, where sweet potatoes are commonly prepared as street food in a similar way. If you like sweet potatoes, at least, this is the tender side of loneliness, a kind of singularity that we can realise is actually shared. And to speak further on sharing, the sweet potato is in fact the world's first known naturally transgenic crop, which means that its being is also in and of itself a shared, contaminated and collaborative thing.

Knowing all this may not save us from the current armageddon that is contemporary life as we know it. But sweet potatoes are survivors, dammit! Plant them, plant more of them, plant them everywhere! As the Fortune Global Forum consolidates wealth and power in Guangzhou this month, think of spreading the currency of sweet potato all around. And when all goes to black later, remember that you can also use a sweet potato and a few wires to power up that LED 'SURVIVAL' sign.