

# Subliminal Statements

SUBLUNARY STATEMENTS

VOLUME I, ISSUE I

The Newsletter of the SOCIETY for a SUBLIMINAL STATE

JANUARY 2007

## Sublunary Statements

The ground speaks and has its way. It is beyond and below us, yet we take claim for what we do atop it. Does it not have a mind of its own, its own agency?

While we seem to direct what happens on top of 'our' land, we are also directed. This land is in charge – or perhaps it is in dialog with us. We have to turn beyond truth to unveil what the land is saying and doing, to find our way to where past, present, and future are compressed into an alternative time of now. *Subliminal Statements* is a practice of digging – from mind to earth and beyond.

This is the first issue of the newsletter of the Society for a Subliminal State and is subtitled "Sublunary Statements." Sublunary means "under the moon," or "of the world" and refers to all that happens on the earth's surface.

The essays, poems, and stories printed here find evidence on the earth's outermost layer of phenomena that stretch from this planet's core to the outer reaches of our solar system – evidence, in other words, of a broader reality than that evident in everyday existence.

A particular focus of the articles here are the rocks that help comprise the earth's crust. Bettina Escuariza's "The Story of Kueka" tells about a sacred stone that sustained the Pemón people of Venezuela, until it was stolen by a German artist. Andy Newman's article, "Exposing an Ancient Rock and the Bigger Picture," about a ten-ton rock uncovered in Brooklyn, exposes how our narrow understanding of the pieces of the earth we encounter is engulfed by a broader narrative. Other pieces here speak of fossils and mines, bats, and badgers, wasteland, white noise and of course, Santa Claus.

As the inaugural issue of the quarterly *Subliminal Statements*, this newsletter also inaugurates a series of publications from the Society, which, over the course of 2007 will examine the earth's crust and all that lies below and above it. Future issues of the newsletter will explore the interior world and the differentiated bodies that inhabit our solar system before again returning to the surface upon which we now stand.

Throughout, we will seek to draw back the "veil covering the unseen world" that F. P. Church described in his 1897 editorial, "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus," for the *New York Sun*, reprinted here for its acknowledgment of the subliminal. We hope to expose the agency of the natural world from where we stand and smell but cannot see.

—Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg and Carrie Dashow



Kueka, sacred stone of the Pemón people of Venezuela. Image courtesy of the Sociedad de Amigos en Defensa de la Gran Sabana.

### Dead Little Animals Create Our Homes

#### Some Stories

DINA WILLIAMS

*Our home, a historic wood-frame converted church in rural Rensselaer County, NY, is a final destination for many local creatures.*

#### BATS

The house once had a belfry, and even though that was enclosed a decade ago, the bats refuse to leave. The sound of their communications with their babies serenades us every spring. Periodically a bat find its way downstairs into our living quarters to flap frantically before it's killed by one of our cats.

#### CHIPMUNK

We know the chipmunk died in the wall. During our son's second birthday party, I heard scratching in a wall. I hoped it was just vibrations from the loud music and 20 running children. My denial

.....  
*Continued on the next page*

### AM DES Hello from the American Desert

LEE RANALDO

Hello from the American desert  
It's all pitch black and charred  
out here

Birds barely able to lift off  
Sand dunes heavy, turbulent,  
nearly invisible

Guys kick up old boots in black  
sandy fury

Turn up rotten tires and broken  
flashlights

The smell of alcohol is nowhere  
to be found

The sweet smell of sex neither  
Black and blue a pack of 2  
wheeled cycle riders

Pedaling for their lives along  
the ridge

Race by in pursuit of who the  
fuck knows what

Cinder-brick bldgs of former  
strip malls

Stand defeated, painted fascades  
fading

There's rusty barbed wire around  
the perimeter

And a ring around the moon  
tonight

## The Story of Kueka

### Sacred Stone of the Pemóns Stolen Taken to Germany for Artist's Installation

BETTINA ESCAURIZA

I want to tell you a story – told to me by a woman I met in Venezuela. I don't remember her name, but I remember her face and I remember where we were.

I met her at the Centro de Estudios Sociales Libertarios which is located in one of the many barrios of Caracas. We sat at a small table next to a few kids who use the library as a hang out away from home and a respite from the problems of the neighborhood. While the children painted pictures and laughed amongst themselves she told me a story about some work she was doing with the Pemóns.

For the last few years she had been doing awareness work dealing with the plight of the indigenous people of Venezuela, specifically the Pemón people of the Bolivar state (located on the Venezuelan border with Brazil). One of the issues she aiding them

with was their attempt to reclaim their most sacred object, a very large rock, which had been illegally removed from their land by a German artist named Wolfgang Von Schwarzenfeld.

The rock is called Kueka, which means grandmother and grandfather, for the Pemón people this rock explains the

origin of their people and is thus integral to their cosmogony. This is no simple rock, these people feel bound to it and they have suffered serious material and spiritual losses since its theft.

According to their accounts the land no longer produces as it did since Kueka has been gone and many people have fallen ill.

#### KUEKA, SACRED STONE

According to legend, Kueka was a young Pemón, of the Taure Pam community, who went looking for the fairest girl of the Macuxi community, breaking the rules dictated by Makunaima, jealous god and strict Pemón, who said that the Pemón only could marry other Pemón, and the Macuxi

only could marry other Macuxi. After their marriage, they fled, but Makunaima went after them, found them and told them: "Awarokuruu ...Amoro aukowamumo Chokroro tatapiche anapodaro..." (I curse thee, that you

shall spend eternity embracing your wife). Makunaima blew this prayer into the wind, and Kueka and his wife turned into stone.

(this account is taken from Indymedia)

The stone was taken to Germany in 1998 where it was to be a part of a sculptural installation  
.....  
*Continued on the next page*

#### WEB RESOURCES ON THE SACRED STONE

##### English Resource:

<http://colorado.indymedia.org/newswire/display/8056/index.php>

##### Spanish Resources:

<http://amigransa.blogia.com/2005/123102-devuelvan-la-piedra-sagrada-de-la-gran-sabana.php>

[http://www.nodo50.org/ellibertario/34\\_indigenas.htm](http://www.nodo50.org/ellibertario/34_indigenas.htm)

[http://www.nodo50.org/ellibertario/38\\_indigenas.htm](http://www.nodo50.org/ellibertario/38_indigenas.htm)

<http://www.centrosocial.contrapoder.org.ve/>

## Mysterious White Noise Hovering Over Buffalo!

### "All America City" Residents Turn to PAN-O-MATIC for Help

DORI ALICE

*Buffalo, New York (AP) – Over the past several weeks Buffalonians have reported hearing a mysterious white noise hovering over their "All America City."*

Eyewitness accounts include the sound of buzzing airplane engines emanating down the food aisles of Wegmans Family Supermarket to the subtle sonic boom of fireworks resonating in the historic streets of Elmwood Strip. Some locals even claim to hear fragmented conversations they believe to be between western New York Congressman Brian Higgins and our thir-

teenth President, Buffalo native Millard Fillmore.

Is our safety at risk? Local citizens want answers but officials aren't responding. With no other option than to self-mobilize, citizens are now working with PAN-O-MATIC, a local organization that offers many free public services including divine data mining.

A special emergency broadcast network has been developed. The mobile broadcast, known as "The Zero Hour", requires listeners to wear special state-of-the-art headgear in order to

receive the full effects of the transmission.

When asked about the procedure, Stephanie Rothenberg, a technologist for the organization, replied "Through an amalgam



Buffalonian receiving "The Zero Hour" transmission through state-of-the-art headgear. (AP)

of various frequencies derived from sources such as classic rock, vintage news audio and instructional learning tapes, the transmission recalibrates the body to its primordial, pre-technological resonance of 7.83 hertz. Any detrimental side effects that may be caused by the mysterious white noise are counteracted."

If you or your neighbors suspect the mysterious white noise is pervading your town please contact the PAN-O-MATIC hotline immediately at [info@pan-o-matic.com](mailto:info@pan-o-matic.com). All disclosures remain confidential.

## Exposing an Ancient Rock and the Bigger Picture

Treasure from the City's  
Belly Subtly Transforms  
Life for a Moment

ANDY NEWMAN

Originally published in the New York Times, October 28, 2006

It's not every day that a great big rock shows up on your block.

But it happened on Vanderbilt Avenue in Fort Greene, Brooklyn. The rock is jagged, seven feet tall, very roughly nose-shaped, and covered with a fine tawny dust.

A contractor digging a sewer line yanked it out of the street bed on Tuesday and plunked it down at the curbside near Park Avenue.

Since then, life on Vanderbilt Avenue has been subtly transformed. Adults study the rock. Children trace shapes in its dusty face. Its gravitational force seems to have slowed life a notch. For those who have come to love the rock, it is a reminder that under the crust of the city lies the entire planet.

"It's really kind of a visceral thing," said Christopher P. Moore, a member of the city's Landmarks Preservation Commission who lives up the block from the rock. "You feel rocks, you feel the earth."

Susan Raskin came home from work on Tuesday to find her dog barking at the rock in front of her house. Her cat seemed spooked

by it too. Ms. Raskin, a children's social worker, was not scared. She thought the rock was one of the most lovely things she had ever seen.

"Maybe it wouldn't be a big deal if I lived in Colorado and there were mountains," she said yesterday morning as she stood beaming at the rock. "But I live here. This is a big thing."

That it is, said the man who brought up the rock in the maw of his big yellow excavator.

"It weighs about 10 tons," said the equipment operator, a scruffy man in a green sweatshirt named

asked. "It'll cost me millions to get rid of it."

A reporter's call to the Department of Environmental Protection, which is digging the sewer line, brought a geologist to the site.

"It's a glacial erratic," said the geologist, Eric Jordan, explaining that it had probably tumbled out of a Wisconsin Episode glacier during the most recent ice age.

Mr. Jordan obtained a hammer and began whacking. Ms. Raskin could not bear to look. But when he held up a piece of the speckled rock, she could not help being impressed.



In Brooklyn, Eric Jordan, a geologist, and Susan Raskin with the rock found near her house during the digging of a sewer line. The rock has a future in Queens.

John, who declined to give his last name because of possible union difficulties. "I had to break the street a little wider to dig it out."

John was not awed by the rock, though. "It was just in my way. Next week we'll take it to the dump."

Ms. Raskin sagged at this news. She said she wanted to take the rock home and put it in her yard, along with the salvaged cobblestones and concrete gnomes and gargoyles. But the rock is too big to be a pet.

"What if I have to sell my property and I have this huge rock in my yard?" she

"Look at that," she said. "It's full of sparkles and rich grays and bright whites and dark blacks."

Mr. Jordan said the rock was well over 400 million years old. "It's made up primarily of quartz and mica minerals," he said. "You can see the mica flakes."

He took a sample of it back to his office and by afternoon had identified it as Ravenswood granodiorite, which makes up much of the bedrock of the northern shore of Queens.

He also said the rock was, in spots, magnetic.

At the end of the day, the Department of Environmental Protection decided that the rock was worth saving.

Officials there offered it to the Parks Department, which quickly decided it would look beautiful back in Queens, at a new park being constructed on the former site of the Elmhurst gas tanks.

"The community really wants a naturalistic setting, and a rock of this size and scale is just perfect for what we're trying to do," Dorothy Lewandowski, the Queens parks commissioner, said yesterday evening. "We're very excited about this rock."

Ms. Raskin said she hoped the people of Queens would welcome their native rock.

"I'd love to be able to visit it," she said. "As long as it has a good home."

### The Story of Kueka

Continued from the previous page

dedicated to world peace and remains there still. It has been defaced with writing and scratches all over its surface and the elders of the tribe fear that the spirits of their ancestors held within the rock have died from spending so much time away from their land and their grandchildren.

Last I heard the Pemónes along with the help of some allies in Caracas where planning to send their elders (also known as grandmother and grandfather) to Germany to visit with Kueka and assess whether or not her spirit remains.

## My dear dear chachi ko torry

SUSANNAH SLOCUM

My dear dear chachi ko torry  
Your whelming blime on the sea  
was left to drain, leaving only  
fossilized bones!

However broted you must feel  
you must know I look more so.  
More than you ever imagined, I  
am dream fott.

Our hike to the morrey left me  
defund.

The phosphorus mine had a  
pantor.

I never fared well a low that  
expired sea.

Fugitives were fossilized their  
heads are now fuels.

They are the ones who take death  
from our lives.

### Dead Little Animals Create Our Homes

Continued from the previous page

of the obvious. The scratching  
continued after the guests left and  
the house was otherwise silent.  
The next day it stopped. The flies  
— bloated and lazily focused on  
the wall — came the day after that.  
Then came the rain and stink.  
The smell lasted for a week. Then  
it was gone.

#### BADGER

The badger lived in the dirt-floor  
basement for a year. It would  
come out to nibble the remains  
of last year's sunflower house. I  
was happy about that because  
I'm a lazy gardener and never  
clean up the detritus. I call it  
mulch. The badger disappeared a  
couple of months ago. I suspect  
my neighbor the avid hunter  
had something to do with its  
disappearance.

#### SNAKES

Walking in the woods one spring  
morning I discovered a writhing  
ball of garden snakes. An hour or  
so later a young snake broke free  
from this cold-blooded family  
structure and slithered into the  
warmth of the house. I called to  
it — tried to tell it it was going the  
wrong way — but it didn't hear  
me or else it chose to ignore me.  
We never saw the snake again. I  
presume it died somewhere in  
the house.

#### SQUIRRELS

They chewed a hole in the side  
of the house near our bedroom  
and made a nest in the wall. In  
the deep of winter nights their  
scratching would wake me out of  
a sound sleep. I pounded on the  
walls to scare them away. Eventually  
we called a humane trapper.  
The following spring I found one  
of his traps with a decomposed  
squirrel inside. The traps are only  
humane if the trapper comes to  
pick them up and set the squirrel  
free. We boarded up the holes in  
the house.

### SOCIETY for a SUBLIMINAL STATE

Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg,  
Co-Director, Editor in Chief  
Carrie Dashow,  
Co-Director, Project Coordinator

## Is There a Santa Claus?

FRANCIS PHARCELLUS CHURCH

Originally published in the New York Sun, September 21, 1897

DEAR EDITOR: I am 8 years  
old. Some of my little friends say  
there is no Santa Claus. Papa says,  
'If you see it in *The Sun* it's so.'

Please tell me the truth; is there  
a Santa Claus?

—Virginia O'Hanlon,  
115 West Ninety-Fifth Street

VIRGINIA, your little friends are  
wrong. They have been affected  
by the skepticism of a skeptical  
age. They do not believe except  
[what] they see. They think that  
nothing can be which is not  
comprehensible by their little  
minds. All minds, Virginia, wheth-  
er they be men's or children's,  
are little. In this great universe of  
ours man is a mere insect, an ant,  
in his intellect, as compared with  
the boundless world about him,  
as measured by the intelligence  
capable of grasping the whole of  
truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa  
Claus. He exists certainly as love  
and generosity and devotion  
exist, and you know that they  
abound and give to your life  
its highest beauty and joy. Alas!  
How dreary would be the world  
if there were no Santa Claus! It  
would be as dreary as if there  
were no Virginias. There would  
be no childlike faith then, no  
poetry, no romance to make  
tolerable this existence. We should  
have no enjoyment, except in  
sense and sight. The eternal light  
which childhood fills the world  
would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus!  
You might as well not believe in  
fairies! You might get your papa  
to hire men to watch in all the  
chimneys on Christmas Eve to  
catch Santa Claus, but even if they  
did not see Santa Claus coming  
down, what would that prove?  
Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that  
is no sign that there is no Santa  
Claus. The most real things in the  
world are those that neither chil-  
dren nor men can see. Did you  
ever see fairies dancing on the  
lawn? Of course not, but that's  
no proof that they are not there.  
Nobody can conceive or imagine  
all the wonders there are unseen  
and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle  
and see what makes the noise  
inside, but there is a veil cover-  
ing the unseen world which not  
the strongest man, nor even the  
united strength of all the strongest  
men that ever lived, could tear  
apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry,  
love, romance can push aside that  
curtain and view and picture  
the supernal beauty and glory  
beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia,  
in all this world there is nothing  
else real and abiding. No Santa  
Claus! Thank God! He lives, and  
he lives forever. A thousand years  
from now, nay, ten times ten  
thousand years from now, he will  
continue to make glad the heart  
of childhood.