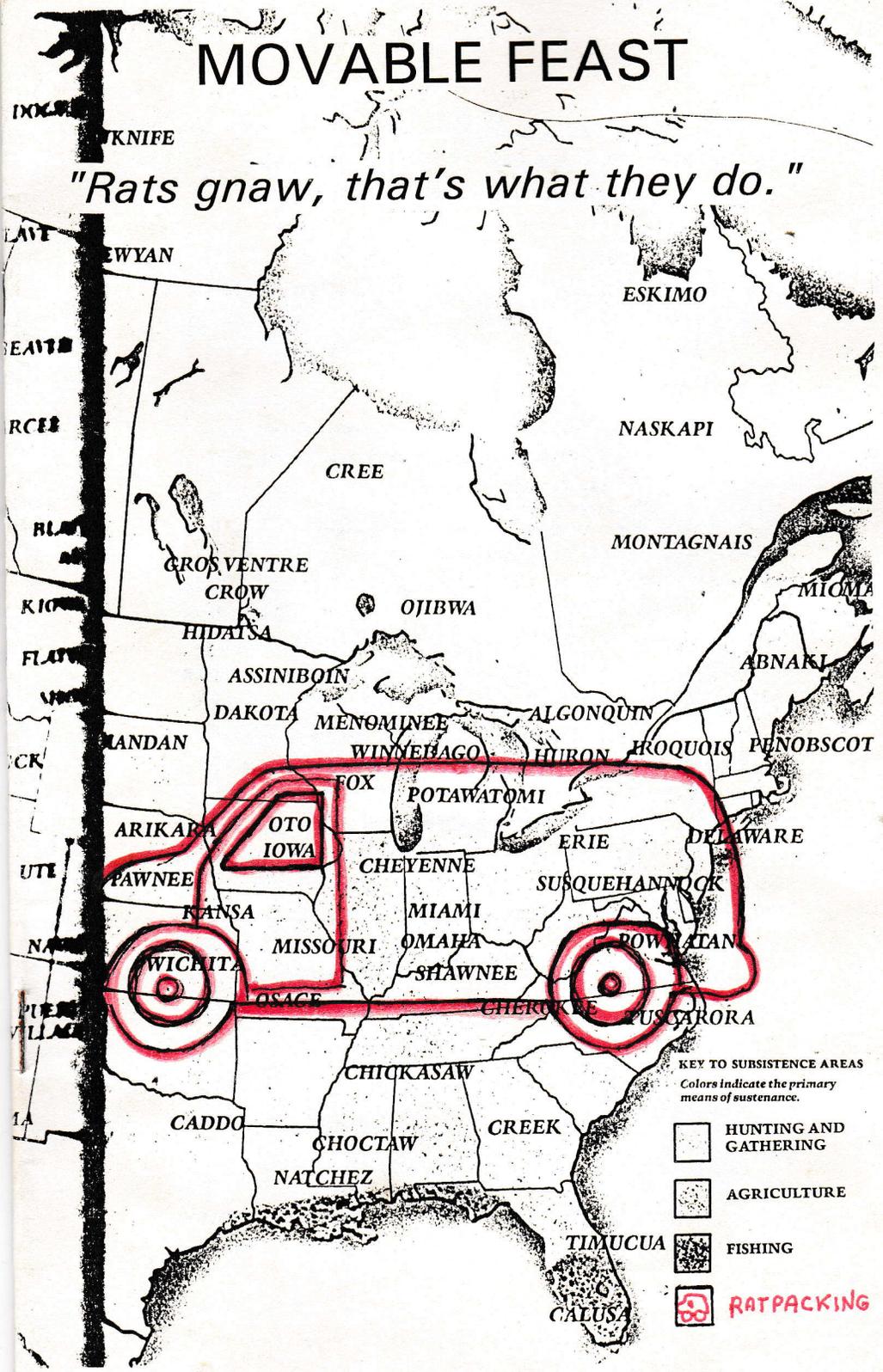


# MOVABLE FEAST

"Rats gnaw, that's what they do."



© Anti-copyright, Hakim Bey, 1994. May be freely pirated and quoted -- the author and publisher, however, would like to be informed at:

AK Press  
22 Luton Place  
Edinburgh, Scotland  
EH8 9PE

AK Press  
P.O. Box 40682  
San Francisco, CA  
94140-0682

Have you ever been sexually attracted to the Jehovah Witness who knocked at your door? If so, the next time be ready. When they give you the Watchtower, be sure to give them back

## RAPT

Apocrypha and Gnostic Tracts  
"All the Good Parts"

*"It's as if there were angels in the next room beyond thick walls -- arguing? fucking? One can't make out a single word."*

-- Hakim Bey on RAPT

Initiated RAPTRAP send all responses, inquiries & submissions to:

RAPT  
P.O. Box 170218  
Brooklyn, NY 11217-0218

Back Issues \$2

As always, we will come rapt in a plain brown rapport.

Ⓟ RAT right, Thieves Theatre, 1995.

## AN IMMEDIATIST POTLATCH

i.

Any number can play but the number must be pre-determined. Six to 25 seems about right.

ii.

The basic structure is a banquet or picnic. Each player must bring a dish or bottle, etc., of sufficient quantity that everyone gets at least a serving. Dishes can be prepared or finished on the spot, but nothing should be bought ready-made (except wine & beer, although these could ideally be home-made). The more elaborate the dishes the better. Attempt to be *memorable*. The menu need not be left to surprise (although this is an option) — some groups may want to coordinate the banquets so as to avoid duplications or clashes. Perhaps the banquet could have a theme & each player could be responsible for a given course (appetizer, soup, fish, vegetables, meat, salad, dessert, ices, cheeses, etc.). Suggested themes: Fourier's Gastrosophy — Surrealism — Native American — Black & Red (all food black or red in honor of anarchy) — etc.

iii.

The banquet should be carried out with a certain degree of formality: toasts, for example. Maybe "dress for dinner" in some way? (Imagine for example that the banquet theme were "Surrealism"; the concept "dress for dinner" takes on a certain meaning). Live music at the banquet would be fine, providing some of the players

were content to perform for the others as their "gift," & eat later. (Recorded music is not appropriate.)

iv.

The main purpose of the potlatch is of course gift-giving. Every player should arrive with one or more gifts & leave with one or more *different* gifts. This could be accomplished in a number of ways: (a) Each player brings one gift & passes it to the person seated next to them at table (or some similar arrangement); (b) Everyone brings a gift for *every* other guest. The choice may depend on the number of players, with (a) better for larger groups & (b) for smaller gatherings. If the choice is (b), you may want to decide beforehand whether the gifts should be the same or different. For example, if I am playing with five other people, do I bring (say) five hand-painted neckties, or five totally different gifts? And will the gifts be given specifically to certain individuals (in which case they might be crafted to suit the recipient's personality), or will they be distributed by lot?

v.

The gifts must be made by the players, not ready-made. This is vital. Premanufactured elements can go into the making of the gifts, but each gift must be an individual work of art in its own right. If for instance I bring five handpainted neckties, I must paint each one myself, either with the same or with different designs, although I may be allowed to buy ready-made ties to work on.

vi.

Gifts need not be physical objects. One player's gift might be live music during dinner, another's might be a performance. However, it should be recalled that in the Amerindian potlatches the gifts were supposed to be superb & even ruinous for the givers. In my opinion physical objects are best, & they should be *as good as*

*possible* — not necessarily costly to make, but really impressive. Traditional potlatches involved prestige-winning. Players should feel a competitive spirit of giving, a determination to make gifts of real splendor or value. Groups may wish to set rules beforehand about this — some may wish to insist on physical objects, in which case music or performance would simply become extra acts of generosity, but *hors de potlatch*, so to speak.

vii.

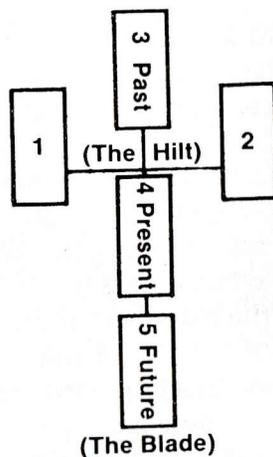
Our potlatch is non-traditional, however, in that theoretically all players *win* — everyone gives & receives equally. There's no denying however that a dull or stingy player will lose prestige, while an imaginative and/or generous player will gain "face." In a really successful potlatch each player will be equally generous, so that all players will be equally pleased. The uncertainty of outcome adds a zest of randomness to the event.

viii.

The host, who supplies the place, will of course be put to extra trouble & expense, so that an ideal potlatch would be part of a series in which each player takes a turn as host. In this case another competition for prestige would transpire in the course of the series: — who will provide the most memorable hospitality? Some groups may want to set rules limiting the host's duties, while others may wish to leave hosts free to knock themselves out; however, in the latter case, there should really be a complete series of events, so that no one need feel cheated, or superior, in relation to the other players. But in some areas & for some groups the entire series may simply not be feasible. In New York for example not everyone has enough room to host even a small party. In this case the hosts will inevitably win some extra prestige. And why not?

ix.

Gifts should not be "useful." They should appeal to the senses. Some groups may prefer works of art, others might like home-made preserves & relishes, or gold frankincense & myrrh, or even sexual acts. Some ground rules should be agreed on. No mediation should be involved in the gift — no videotapes, tape recordings, printed material, etc. All gifts should be present at the potlatch "ceremony" — i.e. no tickets to other events, no promises, no postponements. Remember that the purpose of the game, as well as its most basic rule, is to avoid all mediation & even representation — to be "*present*," to give "*presents*."



The Kachina Knife

**AN EPISTLETTE  
AND FOUR PUPA-TEXTS  
TOWARD  
THE RATPACKERS GUIDE TO THE UNIVERSE**

Brother Rat, Sister Rat,

We've all been thrown for a loop, there and back again. IOWA If you could find the etymon linking the French word to the Dakota word, you could find out not only where we were, but also who we were. IOWA Both the place and the people. The place we met, the people we met: the first meeting of IOWA. aka the conference of rats. IOWA the language. Both Sioux and (new). In other words, past and present rhyme. GRINGO LINGO of the rats. Or as the Yogi said, "It's déjà vu all over again."

GEOMANCY is the why and wherefore. We walked across the IOWA River enough times to know we weren't in New York, Dallas, Seattle, Etc. And yet we were divining on how each of the separate geographies might be linked. We say "big, cheap theatre" and other such blurt and blunts, yet we are as dumb as dirt.

MOUND BUILDERS "If you build it, they will come." Of course the real mystery behind all these mound builders of ancient america is not why

(geomancy is the why and wherefore), but ?who? Found-in-the-mounds are sea shells from Florida, obsidan (volcanic glass) from Yellowstone, shark teeth from Chesapeake Bay, mica from Georgia, copper from Wisconsin and silver from Ontario.

The IOWA CULT, alias the Rat Pack. So here's the mystery. Again, another etymon. Those who watched or participated in Erik's playwrights workshop on the first night remember the homemade Tarot deck. Unless you were there, it's hard to explain how weirdly dominant the verb "to gnaw" became. Run to your Moby Dictionary and harpoon an etymon for rat. Latin *rodere* to gnaw. So to say RAT is to say GNAW. The hard fact is these rats must continue to gnaw otherwise their teeth grow so long they can no longer eat. They starve.

LONG IN THE TOOTH The Living Theatre. Riding back to Chicago with Brad, he said he felt there was a lot of hostility in IOWA for The Living Theatre. "You mean, like me?" "Well, I didn't want to accuse you." Hamlet's hostility towards Claudius was solely because he looked so much like his father's ghost. "In other words, Brad, you're so new-kid-on-the-block and Julian Beck is dead." Of course they also put Young Elvis on the postage stamp, which is a mistake. Not because Old Elvis is better, but because Elvis is still alive. And besides, this is IOWA. Past and present rhyme. Oscar Wilde once said something to the effect that one could divide all the characters of Western literature into two categories: those that are an imitation of Christ and those that are not. Nah. There are many centers, not just one.

HUNKA HUNKA BURNING LOVE My favorite sighting/photo has the King partially dressed as Santa, about to go on duty at a Kmart. A line of kids are waiting to sit on his lap. The photo proof for these sightings is always juxtaposed against an archive photo of the Old Elvis. This one shows a fat, but not so jolly, Old Elvis in his white Aztec jumpsuit. Of course, Nickolaus has already turned over in his grave in Germany many times because of this X-mas stuff. (Christ would've too, except it only concerns Baby Jesus). So what's wrong with what someone called a Big Mac Attack? (Dumb as dirt, I thought you were talking about that *Home Alone II* kid. What's his name? Macaulay something? Hot piece of property, that kid.

WELLMAN The Mac Daddy, as the rappers say. Mack, the Knife. The knife that MACbeth sees hovering in the air. The real reason for that Astor Place riot circa 1850 in NYC was not the ostensible British vs. American thing, but that Edwin Forrest, the American actor playing MAC, actually, literally, made that knife appear for a Bowery Boys audience. In other words, Shakespeare was a better actor than he was a playwright. (We usually try to keep our great actors in theatre with a shitlong list of pretensions. Instead. Seduce them with the truth. Prospero is Shakespeare the actor, not Shakespeare the playwright. From STAGE you can create a mass hallucination that film even in all its hyperbole can only imitate. In this Bucket Brigade, it's true that there needs to be a WELLMAN, but we're all facing the fire. We like the word Playwright only because we like the word Wheelwright. (We're all trying to reinvent it; i.e., we wright it as we go along. Nuyorican Poets Cafe gives the model. The Slam. The Word becomes Flesh over

and over again. The Actor/Act on STAGE, the well is bottomless as man is topless. Become both WORDS, THE SPEAKER and DEEDS, THE DOER. No more playwright-in-residence. Send them back to the Indians. IOWA or WINNEBAGO put the Word as Flesh in one of those silver AIRSTREAM trailers. Try to keep it moving at the speed of light.

GRAND CARAVAN, WINDSTAR, GRAND VOYAGER, AEROSTAR, MAZDA We need to name what it is we're going to do. We've narrowed down to these five names because they all give unlimited mileage. The Living Theatre will present a gift to Woolly Mammoth. DC gives a shark tooth from the Bay to Atlanta. Atlanta sends mica to Florida. Seashells walk towards Austin. Somewhere between Austin and Dallas, The Persecution and Assassination of Thieves Theatre as Performed by the Sideshow Freaks at Coney Island USA Under the Direction of Robert Wilson (Returning to Hometown Roots "I didn't know he was from there!" WACO becomes an underground cult classic. Catharsis instead of: The death of 96 men, women and children. One of the new psych-out toys the Polizei tried out before the massacre was to play chants of Tibetan monks over loudspeakers (Shit like this, and a lot of other shit like this, a shitlong shitlist of shit-like-this, GNAWS on all of us, and is the real secret behind this MIGRATING HEARD we're trying to materialize. Don't ever ask/answer again, Why Theatre? Play dumb.

VAL DAY (what a great name!) She's walking barefoot on the beach looking for the three or four perfect shells to send to Austin. She sees a child, alone, building a sand castle. One more dumb as dirt MOUND BUILDER.

Yours,

Nick Manhattan  
I-Smell-a-RAT Productions

### *PUBLISH OR PARISH*

If the progression is from the '70s Mail Art through the '80s Zine Scene, then the art form growing out of the '90s will be NOMAD MONAD Always scrawl or carve these letters onto the PAGE to remember the cave wall, the animal hide, the tree bark... the Flesh of their inception. Writing has moved so far from its root in magic, that unless we learn again to write like Pythagoreans, we will never find the essence of *M* (Bowling and Billiards and Theatre are closely related to this writing. The pencils PROPS just weigh more.

To distinguish this art from the theatre, bowling, billiards we all do as well, we will name it STAGE. Although it's not Mac Wellman vs. WINNEBAGO WELLMAN, the suggestion is that Theatre is the Pupa or Imago of STAGE (What is the Worm's Work in his Cocoon?) STAGE then, also in the other definition of the word (but please, one stage at a time so we don't get confused.

The cultivation of STAGE will be an attempt by the theatre tribes to tattoo their playwrights and brand

their actors and packrat their designers with enough knowledge that they become WORDS, THE SPEAKER and DEEDS, THE DOER and are able to deliver the "presents" of one tribe to another.

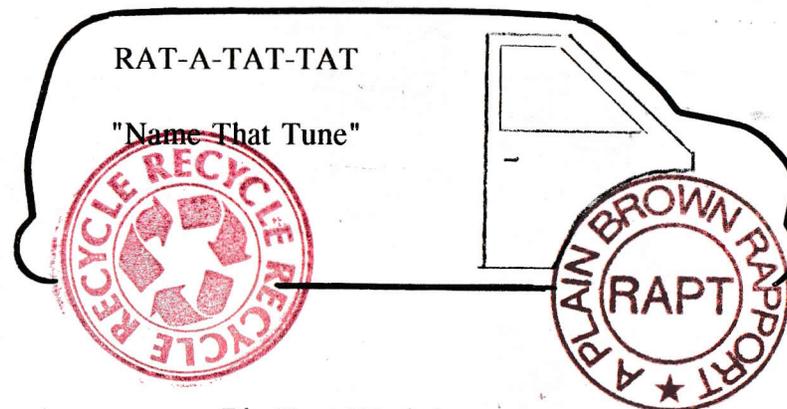
### PROPS R US

The difference between Toys R Us and Tools R Us is a fairly minor one and definitely not a matter of maturity. Work vs. play is a false dichotomy when you move from a career in theatre to a life in Theatre. We'll use the word PROP because it undermines and redefines, not just shortens, the word property. Also because its first definition is support. The PROP or the gift that one theatre band or cult sends to another looks a lot like that ol' metaphysical tobacco pipe that once was exchanged so easily across this continent. (Close, but no cigar. Second hand smoke, etc. Still, there's no reason why the fetish or talisman exchanged today can't bestow and transfer the same amount of power from geography to geography as it always has.

### MIGRATING HEARD

We will be as dumb as dirt. Dumber than the dumb animals. La bête. Marilyn Monroe. Dumb as a fox. But more so, because it is not the Pope, it's the Seven Hills of Rome speaking. The Mountains of Tibet speak, not the Dalai Lama. When Big Squirrel tells us his vision, he sounds more like the wind in the Black Hills than a man. The old way is the new way and we will follow the MIGRATING HEARD again. Kill it, eat it, sleep under its skin. Soon we will become it. Again.

### GRINGO LINGO



Big Foot Workshop





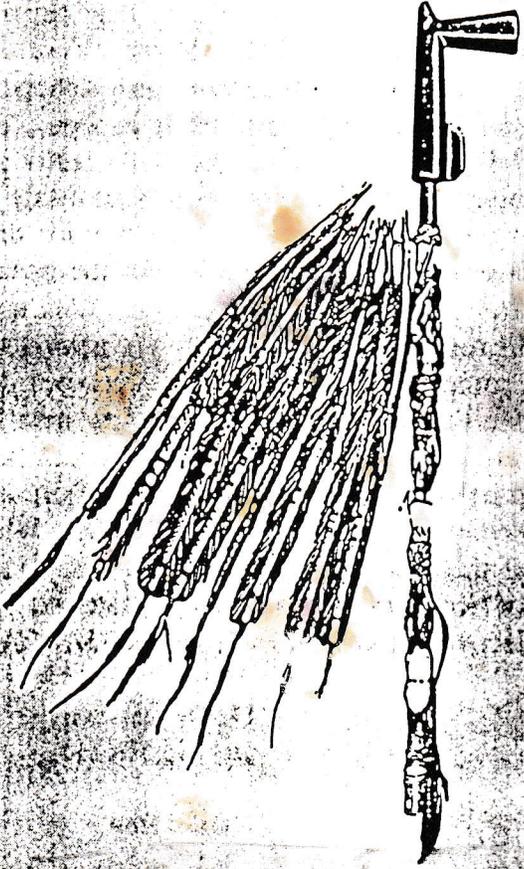
Knice,

Nice to hear from you again. Movable Feast? Why not, as long as we're not just talking Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Stein, et al. So a little more Carnie and a little less Art Whitey in the mixture please. I'm not saying you have to con or scam your patrons of our too-Late Capitalism, but how 'bout hangin' with those homeboys only on Poker Night. Your deck, as well. In other words, don't make some statement of purpose for this movable feast, let it happen. Shit happens. Well, so does bullshit, but that's better than trying to bullshit the bullshitters. This is an inside job. Rats, or whatever. Hey, who's the editor for this impending rat-zine? Tell him/her I've got the name. *SINKING SHIP*. I've also got a rat story. Well not exactly rat, but rodent. The lemming. We always try to use the lemmings as some kind of Jonestown metaphor. A mass-suicide story. Au contraire, mon frère. These little guys are just overpopulated and hungry from a spring-long fuckfest. They swim fjord after fjord "in search of" and reach land each time. When they jump off that last cliff, the expectation is yet another fjord, not some marathon ocean. Likewise, the Vikings discover America. Hey, another *SINKING SHIP*.

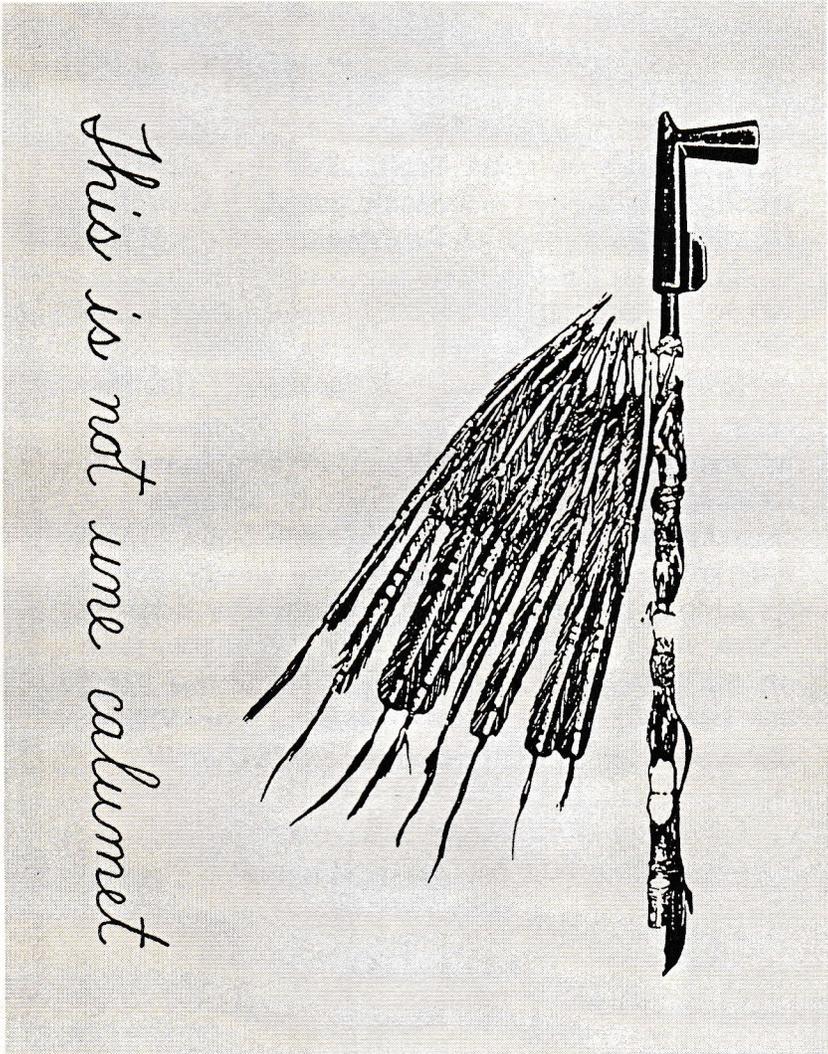
Merry Solstice  
and Ho Ho Ho,

Hakim Bey

INSERT  
on home made paper



*This is not a cabinet*



*This is not one calumet*