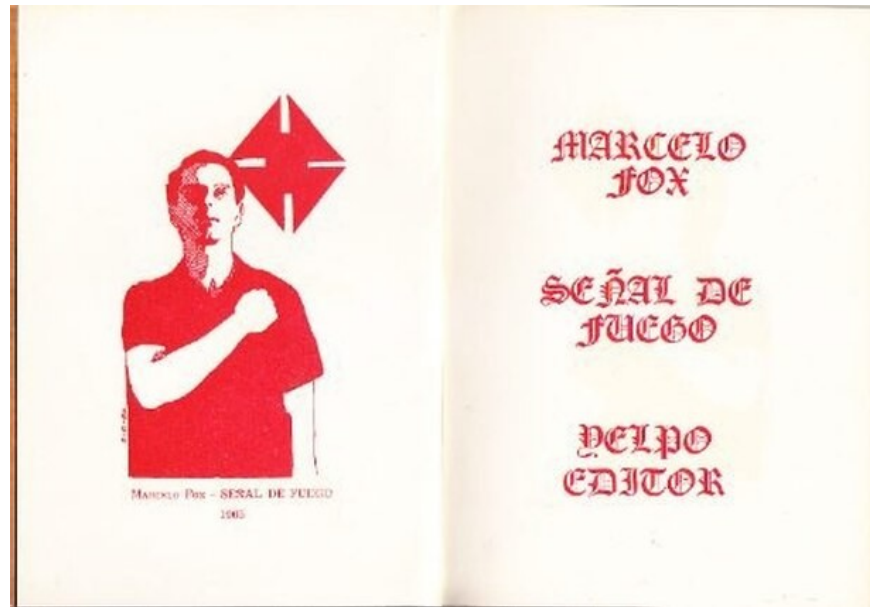


# FIRE SIGNAL (excerpts)



**MARCELO FOX**

**Translated by Alejandro de Acosta**

Some of these excerpts from Marcelo Fox's *Señal de fuego* (Yelpo editor, Buenos Aires, 1968) were featured in the excellent blog Golosina Caníbal:

<http://golosinacanibal.blogspot.com/2015/11/senal-de-fuego-marcelo-fox-seleccion-1.html>

And in expanded form in an article by Matías Raia in *Revista Invisible*:

<http://www.revistainvisibles.com/marcelo-fox-senal-de-fuego.html>

Matías, with Agustín Conde de Boeck, has composed an excellent archival presentation of Fox in their *Vida, obra, y milagros de Marcelo Fox* (Borde Perdido, 2021).

I present this sampe now, early fall of 2021, in anticipation of further translations of Fox.

The devil doesn't want to destroy the world—  
nursery of his victims.

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So far the cries of the prophets have only  
made for brief nightmares in the sleep of  
humanity.

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The world-stomach ends up running  
everything.

They don't know that they're living, they don't know that they're dying, but their grip on the rudder is firm so the boat doesn't turn off its endless circular path.

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Fire doesn't light up the faces of those it's inside of—that would render too easy the task of the minions of grayness, hollowness, ice.

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When the blood raves, tunnels, cities, alibis collapse.

Since they love Freedom, they have buried her in a lovely Pantheon on whose walls, neatly engraved, are the eternal principles of law, municipal ordinances, the articles of the constitution and traffic laws. On the sarcophagus where she lays with her plaster shroud there is a sign in Gothic letters that says: No spitting on the floor. The ceremonies celebrated there in her honor are regulated by traffic lights, so everything unfolds in an optimal order and decorum.

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They call slaves free men; they call free men murderers and libertines.

If you don't want the rebels to scream, don't beat them.

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A pyre between ice floes and darkness—my voice guided the aerial cavalry of death to the sands of this world.

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Only when darkness is absolute will the sun be reborn.

The actors change. Those celebrated change.  
The dream abides.

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Ultimate knowledge. Knowing that everything is void suspended in void. Fullness hanging from fullness. Fullness and void that are air, flames, plants, objects, dialectics, gods, momentary consequences, ephemeral eternities, concrete ones, empty ones, footprints of the sun for the eyes of the pilgrims of the absolute, everyday food, bars, for the others, ones who sleep.

Knowing that words, even the highest, are surly mirrors, capable, in inexpert hands, of infusing sleep with their games, even the deepest sleep, dreaming that you are awake.

Thoughts like burnt stones for throwing in the waters of ordinary Lethe.

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Holy desire to destroy, to burn books in a pyre, to start all over from some fundamental truths.

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The disaster, the game of the mad, begins when men give up on being wise and declare themselves friends of wisdom. When they project the fire in their skulls so as to hallucinate with ephemeral glimpses and dark caves.



It is said that there are cities, labyrinths,  
laughter, birds, children, skies, medals for  
merit, phosphorescences, fun charades,  
efficient architects. I only see an opaque  
desert, I only see the remains of ancient  
shipwrecks and strangled gods, statues  
shaking in vain as they try to trap the wind,  
some secret pyre or another, becoming diffuse  
not long after being lit, all beneath the  
uniform logic of the gray.

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The skull—fire's natural temple.

I, summary of All.

Instropection, leap towards the roots of being.

Metapsychics = Metaphysics.

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Struggle, change, becoming—plane of Logos.

Peace, the permanent, eternity—plane of

Being.

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Men, fetuses of gods afraid to be born, afraid to cross the threshold of the infinite and take over the inheritance of the exiled idols, their own treasure.

So as to ride—ride astride a tiger.

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Suicide before pact.

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Freedom, lovely as the already inevitable encounter of a Molotov cocktail and a Soviet tank in the streets of Budapest.

Lose the world so as to be able to conquer it.

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To be able to wake up the dream must first become nightmare. Later under the sun you can even taste the fruits of the trees of forgetting.

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I bet on the songs of the coins.

Look head on at the sun—until you extinguish it.

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A New Order to seed Disorder, inaugurating the feasts of Resurrection.

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One who is asking for equality, will ask for the scepter.

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The Truth lies in the extremes.

Men have not been born for pleasure or sleep.  
Men have been born for sacrifice and duty.  
Storm. Rapture.

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I know, I feel that I know.

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Expansions expand limits as they expand.

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Let the world be the mystical body of fire.

The Cycle alternates shadow and lights,  
ripening and flowerings, exile and returns,  
sleep and awakenings, plague and  
abundances, cities of the shade and cities of  
the suns. And men are dragged in this circular  
river by the sheen of the hallucinations that  
God throws down to the world.

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This peace is a war with God.

**[ mufa :: poema ]**

**translation series 002**