

## **Assurnasirpal Deconstructed \***

The social void is scattered  
*to the power of their chariots, armies...*  
*and hands trusted with interstitial objects*  
*to engage in...battle...*

and crystalline clusters  
*I... overthrow;...*  
which spin around their chariots  
and coalesce *6,000 of their warriors...*  
in a cerebral chiaroscuro.

*the remainder in starvation*  
*in the desert of the Euphrates*  
*I shut up...*

So is the mass,  
*in the narrows of the Euphrates...*  
an in vacuo aggregation of individual particles,

*and I outflanked Aziel,*  
refuse of the social  
*and... who fled before...*  
media impulses: *to save his life...*

an opaque nebula  
whose growing density  
*the Euphrates,...absorbs*  
all the surrounding energy and light rays,  
*I crossed in ships of hardened skins:*  
to collapse finally under its own weight.

*I approached the land of Carchemish:...*  
A black hole which engulfs the social...

Today, everything has changed:  
*twenty talents of silver,...*  
no longer is meaning  
in short supply,

*bracelets of gold,*  
is produced everywhere,  
*scabbards of gold,...*  
in ever increasing quantities

–it is demand which is weakening.  
And it is the production of this

*extensive furniture of his palace,*  
demand for meaning  
*of incomprehensible perfection...*  
which has become crucial for the system.

Without this...*200 female slaves,*...  
power is nothing  
*precious stones,*  
*horns of buffaloes,*  
but an empty simulacrum

and an isolated effect of  
*white chariots,* perspective...  
Exaltation of micro-desires,

*images of gold,*...  
small differences,  
unconscious practices,  
*the great sea of Phoenicia...*  
anonymous marginalities.

Final somersault *to the gods*  
of the intellectuals *I sacrificed;*  
to exalt insignificance,  
*I took tribute of the Princes...*  
to promote non-sense

*of the lands of Tyre, Sidon, Gebal,*...  
into the order of sense.  
And to transfer it back *on the sea-coast...*  
to political reason.

*teeth of dolphins,*...  
Banality, inertia,  
*I received as their tribute...*

*to Istar, Lady of Nineveh*  
*on my knees I knelt...*

*I, Assur-nasir-pal,*...used to be fascist;  
*consumer...invincible,*  
–without changing meaning,  
*who combats injustice,*  
without ceasing to have meaning.

*Lord of all Kings,*...  
Micro-revolution of banality,  
*glory of the Moon-god*

transpolitics of desire  
*worshipper of Anu,...*

-one more trick of the 'liberationists'.  
*suppliant of the gods,*  
The denial of meaning  
*an unyielding servant,...*  
has no meaning...

There is no possible distinction  
between the spectacular I,...  
and the symbolic,  
and...no distinction possible  
*mighty and fearless*  
between the 'crime'  
and the 'repression.'  
*from the rising*  
*to the setting of the sun*

It is this uncontrollable  
eruption of reversibility  
that is the true  
victory of terrorism...  
*to my yoke subjugated.*

\* Pastiche by /cual – @ August 2005

\*\* All text in Verdana font is from Jean Baudrillard –**In the Shadow of Silent Majorities, or The End of the Social and Other Essays**, NY: Semiotext(e), (1978, 1983) translated by Paul Foss, John Johnston, and Paul Patton.

*All text in italics is from an inscription by Assurnasirpal (king of Assyria from 883 to 858 B.C.) found in the ruins of the temple at the foot of the pyramid at Nimroud, quoted in **Babylonian and Assyrian Literature**, translated by J. M. Rodwell, P. F. Collier & Son, New York, Colonial Press, 1901.*