

Manifesto_REFLUX_1

PSYCHOGEOGRAPHY

The radicalization of Hungarian mourning is our only hope and our most effective weapon! (HUF 1.1.1) We call for an updated mourning that includes Aquatic trauma (HUF 1.1.2) in the genealogy of Territorial entitlement.

As Geology is built upon references to Hyperobjects before it had to adapt to them, it presents itself as the best candidate to revalidate the scientific project in Hyperstitionary times. Geological registers of what is now called the Carpathian Basin show that there used to be a “Pannonian Sea” covering the whole area that contemporary Hungarian nationalist claim to be Magyar territory.

It was this sea that polished said terrain into a semi flat Plain where in the 9th century 7 semi- nomadic tribes established their own Kingdom to exert sovereignty via their unique language and Strategic advantage over the post-roman and holy roman vestiges. Ever since then, the Tribes, Kingdom and almost 2 centuries of Ottoman occupation evolved into what may territorially and culturally be called “Hungary”.

Since the first World War, the Hungarians have been forced to share the sovereignty of the Plain with at least 5 other non-Magyar administrative states. The 7 tribes, that lost half of its population during the Mongolian invasions and had reunited under Catholicism again after more than a third of its territory had been integrated in the Ottoman empire are divided once more. The Communist chapter of history of any culture has grown a big void in its politics of identity that then succumb to mere politics. The Ruling class that emerged after the violent pseudo democratization of the country nominate themselves as Árpád did when HE united the semi-nomadic tribes and as HIM they will not hesitate to build up a dynasty by and for themselves. As the King of the Magyars back then, the sovereignty of the Carpathian Plain is a key point in the legitimization of the contemporary autocratic ruler. Due to modern political structures, a campaign to recover the lost land is impossible and this only potentialities the Ruling Class’s propaganda machine that sells its Citizens and the Hungarian minorities that have stayed in the Carpathian basin both: a PROMISE of Magyar unification and the ENEMY that is beyond the plain but still terrorizes it and makes the Árpadian project impossible.

Oligarchs and Loyalists war against imagination have flooded the basin that the earth had decided to be drain some million of years ago. They have filled it with their history of what being and thus having to become Hungarian means.

What political forces forget is that we live in a time where it is MAN's self written history that which has to be flooded, not the spirit of citizens and noncitizens.

We call everybody to remember beyond that which we have been trained to remember. We call for the giant flood of the long dead sea that has shaped our past, present and future, we call for that bigger force of righteousness that will drown Orban in his own macho spit, the Carpathian Basin belongs to no-one else than fluidity itself, this is why we have to remove any ideological embankment, lets dilute its phallogocentric foundations to let the wave take us all back home.

The claustrophobic scenario that politics present to us only serves them to keep our imaginary potential inside a corner of our already limited minds, not to mention that they have the isolation of Hungarian language as the perfect example and excuse.

A call for an Myocenic flood speaks in the language of geography and territorial policy thus taking both with it. (HUF 1.1.4) The original and traumatic experience of a Lost-Abendland is that what builds the bogus agenda of people in power, in their eyes to be part of ancient 7 tribes one must suffer and mourn this traumatic experience in Magyar language. A flood that precedes any instrumentalization of the human mind in the name of the western expansion erases any original experience, we have never been that what other tell us we are! and that what they want us to be is peasants trained by centuries of patriarchal survival strategies in order for them to be legitimized as unifiers and leaders of a millennial mass of lost souls.

The individual power each of us has is to fight this propaganda machine; strive for an XENOAESTHETIC transformation in order to make national identity based on MAN's history become a stranger to itself. We force a space of liminality, a space with the freedom of becoming in which the search for exceptional nationality is deconstructed taking huMANist, colonial- universalist illusions back underwater (HUF 1).

We have already been territorially diluted by the current monsoon, post hungarians are already parasites living on the big Gidran-Horse that carries just the few self-proclaimed coMANDers: titan Oligarchs and post soviet- next top motherfuckers.

For them, we are Pathogens that make this horse sick and incapable to ride for them from the tip of the Alps, through the Danube bridges, stomp through the Tisza to

safe and proclaim what past horse-MANs promised them would be sub-ordinante to them.

And it is true that we are the ones building this Tojan-horse on wheels instead of legs, letting big MANchilds play middle-ages castle siege, but it is about time that we tell them that we live in a geopolitical time where play-time is the most valuable sign of colonial privilege.

Long live the anarchy of necro-architectures (HUF1.2.2.) which have built this horse for them to sit to avoid them from sitting on all of our chests while we sleep, as the past they did in the centuries before. **If you do feel this weight while you dream it means you are this necro-horse and for that i thank you.**

It took huMANity millennia to develop human, animal and flora rights, but animals, flora and humans have always known that they **themselves** have existed before someone decided what they can do with their owns. I dare to apply the same principle to our collective Necro-Horse which has been ridden since centuries although it has always been dead and full of parasites.

The Pannonia Sea hides in the stomach of this horse, we just have to rip it open with our micro but sharp teeth so our riders drown in what from their perspective is the most gorisch nightmare.