

# Onfwan Fouad [Algeria]

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An overturned blue umbrella.

You have to calculate the coordinates of the rain.

The inner interior does not mean a closed place as the mind is accustomed to consuming meanings with its actual appearance.

Don't knock on the door. Just hold the handle by that hanging, truncated hand inside of you...

An untamed body with a head of fog opening its mouth to read: "Welcome to Hell, in your size". Quickly our perception made us commit to launching "The ROOM" project. As the first who shot their surrealism to the flesh of reality saturated with transparency and consumerism; to drop the popes of art, the sultans of literature, the heirs of capitalism...

We found it the perfect time to stretch the umbilical cord to more revolution that washes the impurities of society out of humanity. You are not meant to be with the illiterate herd. Then you must choose the position on which to stand.

Each land has its tremors, whose secrets come out for those who know how to read the stock market, and every sky has its storm in order for the decaying fruits to fall from the tree of consciousness. The wind is not only the creator of unrest, just as writers and poets who believe in change and renewal.

The ROOM, either as a black box for the wings of the bird of consciousness, or an unknown graveyard that will not help you in excavating under its skin.

The ROOM is only a prisoner for your fears, and if you are afraid to stay alone by yourself you will find someone to save you. You will do it, and no one but you will save you.

Don't expect that the ROOM will be a place of luxury and prestige that you used to find in the galleries and poetry rooms—the forums and platforms with lights that eat your soul and revive your ego.

We are here in the wrong place and time to rehabilitate your rebellion.

You should write without periphrasis.

You should write with mischievous clarity.

And you should write spontaneously with clear focus on the surrealist project that exposes putrefaction, and revealing the social falsehood accumulated from faces, identities, origins, and ethnic roots and religion.

That's what the ROOM prepared for you, writing in the face of the dream state, and writing against the aging of imagination. Writing under the influence of emptiness, not under the influence of accidents.

We are the mirror that absorbs what goes through it, and does not reflect what is equivalent to it. We are the opposite of the opposite.

On the surface, we wear the face of utopia as an emergency in angelic worlds, but the treatment is purely dystopian. Just as a catastrophic equivalent— to zoom to the farthest point that the future sits upon. The musty dream is nothing but dystopian eggs that hatch as a kind of prediction of the subconscious threshold...