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→ [Fr](#)

Ladies and Gentlemen,

We are at war.

A war has been waged for millennia, a war that has shaped the whole human history and will continue shaping it in the future. This war has been intended to hijack the human imagination; it's a war to control the very thing that defines us, Homo Sapiens. Millions of years ago when an ape-like creature gazed at the stars, what it found in that endless abyss was imagination and through it, it became able to define itself as something different from an animal and it paid the ultimate price: torn out of the bosom of nature, alone and cast away, he had only his imagination to find his place in a harsh world he cannot fit in anymore; consequently, this naked ape had to imagine an identity for himself and from the same place –imagination- he created a new notion: the notion of humanity. What are we then but a naked ape with an imagination?

Every single achievement human beings claim is the fruit of that most powerful tool, which is the ability to imagine, to rethink the world, to break it down to its simplest elements and reshape it based on our needs, feelings, understanding and imagination. They say that the first surrealist object ever made by human beings was the wheel. It imitates walking, but it looks nothing like legs and feet, even though it crosses distances (walks). We have identified walking according to our understanding and how we comprehend the world.

This war has always been waged on this super-power to bend it to the will and needs of the few, even if it belongs to the majority. The paradox lies in taming the wild imagination without breaking it with the purpose of turning that wild beast into a draught horse that works for the glory of authority, the State and Kings and Queens. It's a paradox because imagination is all about dynamic thinking, the re-examination of everything and the continuous questioning of every stable idea that's been accepted as the truth. This is when imagination comes in clash with authority; imagination craves a dynamic world, a world that always changes, improves, evolves. But that's dangerous. What if we imagine a better world or a better way to do things? What if we wanted to turn what we imagined into reality? Won't that bring the whole rigid temple of power down?

Even the most authoritarian mind in history knows imagination can't be killed, so they clipped its wings turning the (Muses) to working creatures, Denying them their freedom, every creation must be

removed from the hands of (Boann) and locked away to be exploited, myths locked in religions, poetry locked in Holy books, science locked in consumer products, art locked in museums, and it continues, an enslaved imagination that works from 9 to 5 and takes a 30 minute lunch break, an imitation of the real thing, the real power.

Surrealism was and still is the strongest counter attack in that war, breaking the containers where they locked imagination, reminding the muses of their long forgotten freedom, freeing the fruits of imagination and bringing them back to humanity .

The Room is our share in that counter attack. It's a sword of light in the heart of the darkest place in the world at the darkest moment of its history. When it seems like every shred of free imagination had been eradicated, The Old Ghost rises again, so behold and tremble, because the dragon is alive again and he is breathing fire.