

Homeopathy of the slowness

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All reasons

texts

discussions

criticisms

arguments.

The blah blah blah of the fashionable philosophers and the yada yada yada of the useful leftist technocrats resound daily on our TV screens and in our ears. They offer us information and theories that presume a sophistication that's both hard to verify and that has no relation to what's happening to us. And that's exactly what we lack: relationships, conjunctions, vectors and surfaces that can translate (to us) from what happens to us, from the instants that shape our living.

With markings, blows, distances, we realize that the world, our lives, will not change (only) with good arguments. One has to put a stop to the arguments. To argue, when that's an end in itself, is similar to the gesture of the dying man who can't see beyond what his eyes show him, preferring to agonize to take some risks so as to feel, think, or live something unexpected. We suspect that the best way to stabilize the course of the world and to transform it in an incombustible corpse is to argue about it. This world, getting more reactive by the day towards any life wish, was not built upon arguing. Neither will we do away with it by betting unilaterally on this way. To inhabit a modification that takes a life and make it rectify its courses, we believe, requires an extra effort, less indulgence with our fears and our sour comforts and more opening and receptiveness to what might come.

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Beginning on these rather intuitive fragments: we are trying to write. To open some doors, to blow some soap bubbles, to burn ships, to save the poetry that, despite everything, remains and insists on this waste land. To look beyond the walls that we build daily. To destroy them. To invent, with whatever we have, a joyful and expansive discipline out of the destruction.

We experiment to start our texts, thoughts, long walks, and tours with some questions.

Sometimes we realize that to ask seems to be, in times of eagerness for success and of an imperative for general adaptation, an art of lodging discomforts, of opening breaches in time, of inhabiting it in its playful freedom and suspend its immediacy.

In short: an art of learning to delay.

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To be delayed: not to work, to be late, to deny. To be a retarded, a dysfunctional. To be is to fall behind, to interrupt any function.

Next step is to go looking for friends who are always waiting for us, to do another, more interesting things. To jump over the fences that our times force upon us, for example, and build a gentler and warmer being-together. A thought of political friendship is not possible without some hatred for this life. Kindness, drifting, and *subtle*¹ encounters are also part of the framework of desiring to think and live together.

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According to Juan Carlo de Brasi, the *subtle* happens and presents itself beyond all adjectives, properties, artifices, or common sense. It's an especially soft and porous matter. Tough task for a thought used to searching for similitudes and immediate solutions of the algorithmic kind when faced with the questions it finds, since the subtle avoids being closed in, loves the endless landscapes, extends the passages where all the roads seem to close upon themselves.

And well, in this apparently plasticfull pause that oscillates between discomfort and stinging anxiety, we ask ourselves some questions that interpellate our praxis: what mobilizes us today? Why do we desire a continuous movement – projects, residencies, scholarships, grants – as if it were the true liberation from our lifetime? Are we running towards some kind of ‘beyond life’ while denying the question with a machinery of constant notifications & *subscribing to follow anything apparently new?*

Servants at the service of a new notification?

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Swallow saliva while a new Whatsapp notification lighting up the screen of your cellphone (or your computer) and your nerves, like starving hyenas, start to howl and demand attention.

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Mobilized and *questioning* why? what's new in this?

We mobilize because there's something of our desire put into this movement. It's not possible, at the risk of being too naive, to think or to feel this constant invitation to move, to change, to stand out, to express our emotion on a personalized wall, to

make an extractivist use of the *hashtag* without thinking or feeling at the same time that something really important would be happening there: a decision? Is that deciding?

In short, an ephemeral future.

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It would seem that it offers us a future, even if we know, since that far away yell by Johnny Rotten that hasn't ceased to return, that there is no future. We know that the future, in principle, has ceased to be a necessary dimension for action. The future, like this world, is a land devastated by guilt, doubt, hope, and other sad affections. One needs to abandon it, and right now.

Fuck you Google!

The future is a bad Error!

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We are left to observe, perplexed, without contemplations, just like Alice in front of her mirror, the poisoned illusion of which we are taking part. But perplexity can also be a weapon to prick this illusion with, to eat it away and chase it out of our scene.

Question of rhythms, speeds, desertions.

Thus, maybe to be able to go through, together, not so alone, the impasse in which we move in order to build other scenes, other ways of thinking and living. Alone-Together, in this joyful and undecided conjunction.

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In a brief essay published a few years ago, Santiago López Petit alerted us to the need to *build situations with no future*. A way of *letting one be* in (political, artistic, romantic) situations in their ambiguity. Collective, anonymous, inappropriate situations. Perhaps another way of enduring, sustaining and taking care of them, of releasing them delicately when they're not useful to us anymore and leave no space to the will to live. For more than thirty years we have been hearing the strident speakers of global capitalism repeat, with a self-assured and entitled tone –in other

times, this voice can be seductive, frantic, and rather rebellious, depending on the market share and consumer profile– that there is no alternative to the mentioned mode of production, living and subjectivation.

We have to take this account very seriously, not to obey it but to *mock it*. We have to trace its diagonals, to find escape from its diagrammes and lockers assigned to the bodies, voices, and paths.

Pedagogies of flight, practices of subtle encounters.

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We want to mock this game, to appropriate its strategies and infiltrate its roots with gas masks until they're vacant and hollow. To hollow out the game.

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To promote distances and, in these distances, to cultivate breaches, gaps – responsibility that requires slowness and a patient exercise of kindness. We want to use our laughter as an authentic demystifying machine, to disseminate the error to make common sense crack, to smoke the significant like a molotov cocktail sets fire to the farçe of a pseudo-democratic parliament. To return common sense that seem to us *indisputable* to their arbitrariness and radical contingency.

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To make it crack under irony, mockery, and fabulous masks.

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Greek Parliament, 05/19/2017

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To lose –the sense– exposes us to the most feared of disasters. It exposes us to what's outside the norm. It exposes us to direct skin contact with madness and the *undoing*. To the etiquette of melancholy or of eternal depression, or non-productivist hyperactivity. At this point of no-return the therapeutic-power comes to our aid. In exchange for us letting imagination dry in a nice raw-food dehydrator, it offers us a *speeded-up life that seems healthy, for endless performance*. A paradise of controlled emotions in small self-ingestible doses. Spoon pills, syrups to cry, antidepressants to dance, painkillers not to die. Ingredients for a life dedicated to work and the mere reproduction of the *status quo*.

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The *us, we*, reduced to the vulgar competence, the self-exploitation, and the taming

of our will to live.

The worst deal in thousands of years.

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An all-terrain army of CEOs, coaches, artists, managers, gurus, personal trainers, YouTubers, preachers, neuroscientists, highly trained at blocking the holes, closing the exits, organizing the fluxes, and taming the desires will be in charge of all the rest. But in the end our desires insist –despite this *blitzkrieg* unleashed against them, of these encapsulated doses of happiness we consume daily– in being a stubborn beast, indestructible flight. It metabolizes and dislodges the identifications, displace, release, and absolve. The revolts that took place in Buenos Aires, São Paulo, Paris, Tahrir, Barcelona, are just some landmarks, heterogeneous paths, placed and opened to existential and political invention. To the ephemeral (and what's the problem with that?) invention of *what we wish from what we have now*, as Adrienne Rich once wrote.



Fernand Deligny, S/D

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We can also deepen and develop our servitudes, that's for sure, become caged wolves, sedentary and rapacious. Maybe it's because of this surprising insistence that the question for a new opening of the senses, in times of normopathic desensibilization, results from a vital and political urgency that one –us, at least– hasn't finished calibrating. Facing the irresistible imperative of acceptance of what is,

which invites us to a general numbing of sensibility, and inscribes and viralizes in the collective body the repudiation of any autonomous creative intention, it is necessary to search for new weapons, to imagine other, less cruel bestiaries.

Free wolves, that use their freedom, the care and cultivation of proximities and distances, of the welcoming and loving strange ones, in exposure and without conditions, an intensely and immensely welcoming cartography.