

We Can Only Trust Poetry

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there will be no proofs at stake
this is a scientific event, but there will be no proofs at the end.

it's the nature of science as it is the nature of the arts to depart from the
impossible
to make up reality
think of the scientists we know
think of the artists
they build perspectives by speculating on truth and reality
exercising theories of existence.

therefore, there will be no final proofs
but we will entrust ourselves entirely to the condition of faith
not faith on something outside, as from here on there will be no outside or
inside
but on something that is already here in between us, and this "in between",
at the same time, are we

we will manage to imagine together a premise
and we will support our ideas with everything we can
we will struggle with the impossibility of really grasping
the materiality of these subjects
but we will embody them
and in our bodies
they will matter

our bodies as ultimate devices for communication
expanding perceptive capacities
in order to reach subtle levels of information exchange

it's all here
but our bodies,
educated and disciplined,
are restrained by certain established architectures,
by history
sociology
anthropology
logos
logics

we think of all that and we are all that
and we dream of change
we value the dream as much as we value the bed that we are sleeping on
and we take the concrete for fantasy and the dream for reality
imagining spaces where multiple realities can play
and insinuate themselves
without ever arriving at a definition

we are in search for whatever slight change we can reach
to weave a thread
strings, vibrating forms and shapes,
forgetting and remembering as a whole
multitude of forms
yet the whole
infinite potential of existence

the space curved
time not linear

we can pick a point
in the mesh of spacetime,
we can pick a point

parts of the same particles,
divided and isolated in space
will respond equally to whatever stimulation the other is receiving
profound state of empathy

aren't we little pieces proceeding from one big explosion?
from one little, extremely dense, spot of dust?
so we are all, whatever we are, human, animal, vegetal, mineral....
...what else is there?....
... we are all reminiscences of the same thing
are we all entangled then?
what happens to one, happens to all?

thoughts trying to escape established knowledge
while taking shelter underneath it

isn't contradiction the only possible coherence?

we will embed ourselves in the contradictions of time
and from there, move together to create and recreate reality

this is a practice to train our body-imagination
towards a collective subjectivity

train ourselves to be in contact with something that is here, suspended,
train our sensitivity to feel the variations of the environment
train ourselves to be environment as well
train ourselves to stop being ourselves
train to un-train whatever we train
enter a tacit tactic for existing

as scientists theorizing
as artists fictionalizing
(or maybe it's the other way around)
either way it matters

we allow the space to tell us
we listen deeply
the space is ourselves
invisible architects
we read signs
believe them
and act

for this will be an exercise
a beginning for an exploration of this field

we are going to move in space and time together
we will try to make tangible the imaginary
we will build this common space for collective subjectivity to align

all that is here is a key,
it is just one possible entrance
a synthesis of the accumulations of encounters that have happened
around these thoughts

this will be remote dancing

Rodrigo Andreolli
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