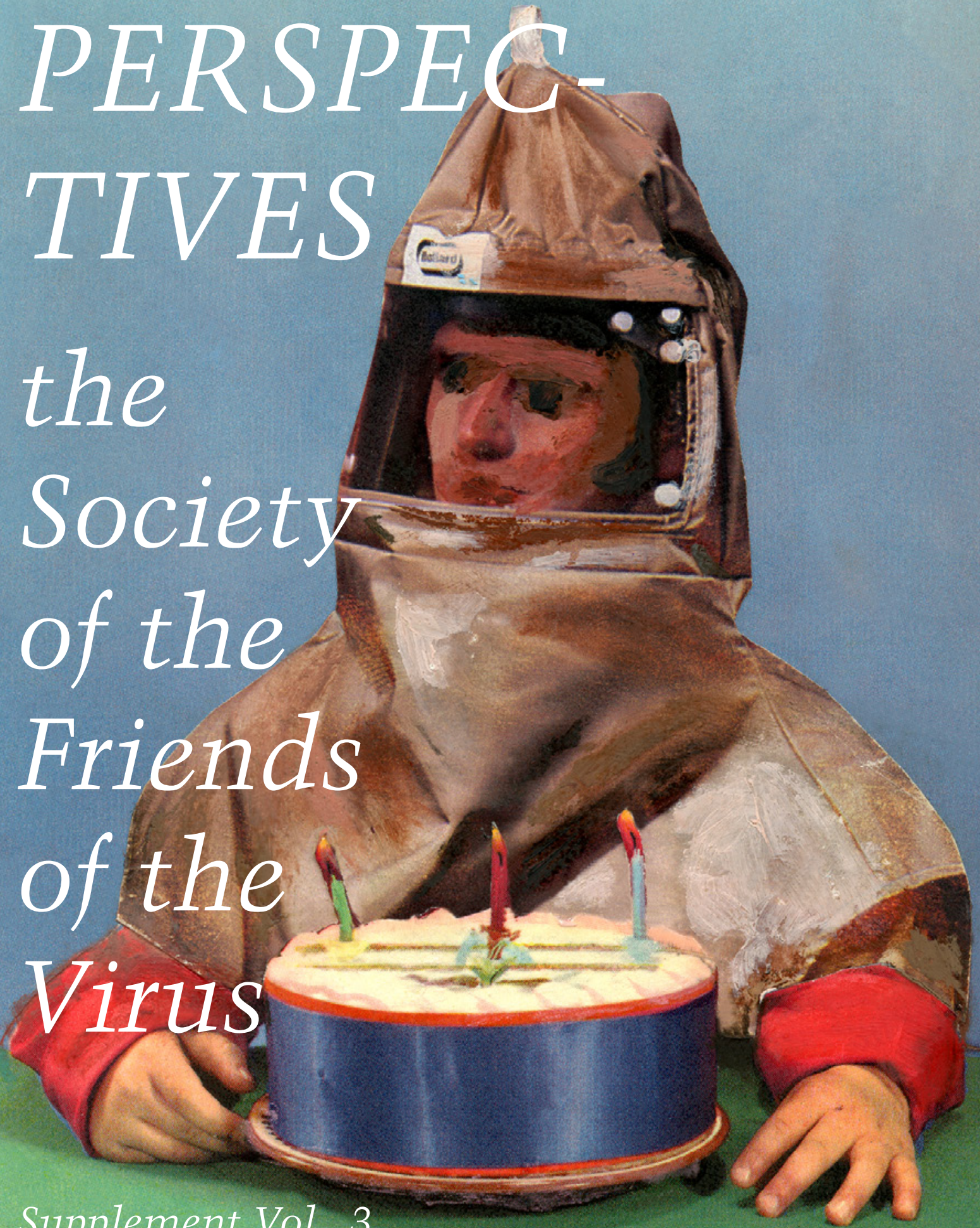


# *PERSPECTIVES*

## *the Society of the Friends of the Virus*



*Supplement Vol. 3*



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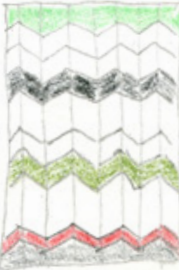
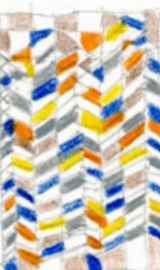
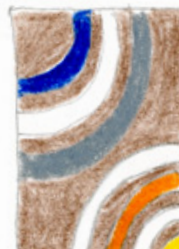
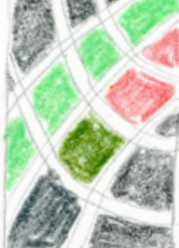
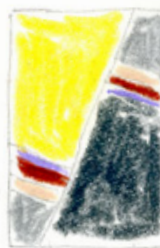
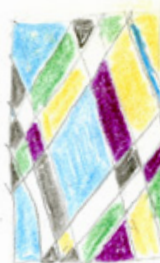
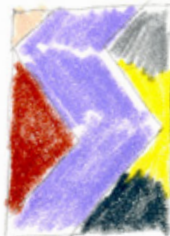
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*The times of pandemia are back,  
in our present*

*In their return,  
they reveal the bodies  
with which we have been made to live.*

*The loud voices, the authoritative voices,  
spread their discursivity of bodies to be contained, bodies to  
connect on ventilators, bodies that are dispensable, while hiding  
death body, death is a statistical death*

*(one wonders how is this being confused with 'the end' of 'capital'  
when it is all the way, a continuous administration, a continuous  
economy over life?)*

*In which bodies are we being made to live?  
The loss of death and the impossibility of healing.  
The reduction of life.  
All this coming to clarity in the borders revealed by the pandemia.  
The loss of death and the loss of healing.  
Healing and the possibility of dying.*

*From disabled lives to the plentitude of life.  
From statistical death; from the static anatomic, iatrogenic body,  
state-body, to ancestral possibilities of mourning,  
re-membering back.*

*Healing from these reduced bodies, reduced lives.  
Healing from forgetfulness, from oblivion,  
Healing from the death in numbers,  
Healing from the subject, the earthless self, the worldless self,  
the disjointed being I, being this something nowhere,  
anywhere, this artifice.*

*The sovereign self, the body-self, the I cannot live, cannot die.  
reduced, enclosed in a surface, the shiny glittery image of I, the  
surface of fear, disjointed, indolent fear, angst ... relentless,  
ephemeral suffering, vacuity.*

*What have we become?  
Can we remember ourselves? under the anatomic body, the  
iatrogenic body, the representing body?*

*Recovering death, recovering dying, recovering mourning,  
recovering healing and memory, recovering ancestry, under the  
shiny image of desire / angst, of fear and death in numbers.*

*The measure of death, the counting of body, the counting with no body.  
Death with no name, death with no memory,  
death with no death,  
deathless death.*

*Raging vortex.*

*futurities*

*raging futurities,*

*empty time,*

*emptying time*

*consuming*

*ravaging*

*healing ancestrality*

*humbling healing ancestrality*

*the time that remains,*

*the open wound,*

*that pains,*

*that does not forget*

*that harbors the possibility of healing*

*the possibility of dying*

*the hope, hope*

*hope, a strolling path*

*that precedes us*

*that insinuates its way*

*because others have passed*

*the path before because others were here before (not my path, our path)*

*Healing as reception*

*as listening*

*as not forgetting*

*as remembering*

*Remember ourselves Earth*

*ourselves communal*

*always already in the preceding presence*

*in the opening of the paths*

*that lay ahead*

*in the presence of thoseS that*

*(of worlds, of the, forms ...)*

*precede us*

*in precedence*

*recover mourning*

*recover health*

*re-member*





# *People of the World One More Effort!*

## *The world changes from the bottom up*

The shock of the coronavirus has only carried out the judgment that the totalitarian economy founded on the exploitation of people and nature has announced against itself.

The old world is fainting and collapsing. The new one, dismayed by the heaping up of the ruins, doesn't dare clear them out. More frightened than resolved, it struggles to find the boldness of the child who learns to walk. As if screaming about the disaster for so long has left the people without a voice.

And yet those who have escaped from the deadly tentacles of the commodity are standing up amidst the rubble. They have awoken to the reality of an existence that will no longer be the same. They want to free themselves from the nightmare that the denaturation of the earth and its inhabitants has brought down upon them.

Isn't this proof of the indestructibility of life? Isn't it on this fact that the lies from above and the denunciations from below are shattered in the same backwash?

The struggle to live has no need for justifications. The reclamation of the sovereignty of life is able to destroy the empire of the commodity, the institutions of which are being shaken up globally.

Until now, we have only battled to survive. We have remained confined in a social jungle in which the law of the strongest and craftiest has reigned. Will we leave behind the imprisonment in which the epidemic of the coronavirus has held us, only to return to the danse macabre of prey and predator?

Isn't it obvious to everyone that the insurrection of everyday life, of which the Yellow Vests have been the harbinger in France, is nothing other than the overcoming of the survival that this society of predation hasn't stopped imposing on us daily and militarily?



## *That which we no longer want is the seed of what we do want*

Life is a natural phenomenon that is at a permanent state of experimental boiling. Life is neither good nor bad. Its manna gives us [edible] morels as well as [poisonous] Amanite phalloides. Life is in us and in the universe like a blind force. But it has endowed the human species with the ability to distinguish the morel from the death cap and a little more besides that! It has armed us with consciousness; it has given us the ability to create ourselves by recreating the world.

To make us forget about this extraordinary aptitude, it has been necessary to weigh us down with the weight of a history that begins with the first City-States and that ends – even quicker than otherwise if we get our hands on it – with the crumbling of market globalization.

Life is not a speculative enterprise. It only cares about signs of respect, reverence and worship. It has no other meaning or direction [sens] than human consciousness, which life has given our species in order to illuminate it. *Life and its human sense [sens] are the poetry made by one and by all. This poetry has always shined with its radiance in the great uprisings of freedom.*

We no longer want it to be an ephemeral flash, as it has been in the past. We want to put into play a permanent insurrection, one just like the passionate fire of life, which dies down but never dies out.

It is now the entire world that is improvising a song of the trails. It is here that our will to live forges itself by breaking the chains of power and predation – the chains that we, men and women, have forged for our misfortunes.

Here we are, at the heart of a transformation that is social, economic, political and existential. This is the moment of *Hic Rhodus, hic salta*, “here is Rhodes, here you jump.” It is not an order to reconquer the world from which we have been chased. It is the breath of life that the irresistible impulse of the people will restore to its absolute rights.

## *Alliance with nature demands the end of its lucrative exploitation*

We haven't fully understood the concomitant relationship between the violence exercised by the economy against nature, which it pillages, and the violence with which the patriarchy has struck women ever since it was established, three or four thousand years before the advent of the so-called Christian era.

With the advent of so-called “green” capitalism [le capitalisme vert-dollar], the brutal pillaging of terrestrial resources has tended to give way to subornation on a grand scale. Though the name of the game is protecting nature, it is still nature that pays the price. Thus things proceed as they do in simulations of love in which the rapist dolls himself up as a seducer in order to better grab hold of his prey. *Predation has long used the practice of the velvet glove to get what it wants.*



We are at a moment when a new alliance with nature takes on the utmost importance. It is obviously not a question – how could it be? – of returning to a symbiosis with the natural world in which the hunter-gatherer civilizations evolved before they were supplanted by a civilization founded on commerce, intensive agriculture, patriarchal society and hierarchical power.

It is rather, as one will certainly understand, a question of restoring a natural world in which life is possible, the air is breathable, the water drinkable, agriculture is practiced without the use of poisons, the freedom of commerce is revoked by the freedom of living beings, the patriarchy is dismembered and all hierarchies are abolished.

The effects of dehumanization and of the attacks systematically conducted against the environment have had no need of the coronavirus to demonstrate the toxicity of market oppression. On the other hand, the catastrophic management of the catastrophe has shown the inability of the State to demonstrate the slightest efficiency outside of the only functions that it is able to exercise: repression and the militarization of individuals and societies.

The struggle against denaturation has nothing to do with promises and commendable rhetorical intentions, whether or not they are bribed by the market in renewable energy. It is actually based upon a practical project that bets on the inventiveness of individuals and collectivities. The permaculture that renatures the lands poisoned by the market in pesticides is only a testimony to the creativity of people who have everything to gain by destroying that which has conspired to bring about its loss. It is time to ban the concentration-camp livestock farms in which the abuse of animals has notably been the cause of swine fever, Avian flu and cows driven crazy by the madness of fetishized money that economic reason will once again try to get us to ingest, if not digest.

Do these caged animals who leave their confinement to enter the slaughterhouse have a destiny that is so different from ours? Do we not live in a society that pays dividends to the business parasites and let the men, women and children who lack proper medical care die? An unanswerable economic logic reduces budgetary resources due to the growing number of old people. It foresees a final solution that with impunity condemns them to die in retirement homes deprived of resources and caregivers. In Nancy, France a high-ranking health official recently declared that the [coronavirus] epidemic isn't a valid reason for not continuing to reduce hospital beds and medical personnel in accordance with previously made plans. Nobody kicked his ass. These economic assassins cause less commotion than a mentally ill person running through the streets brandishing the knife of religious illumination.

I am not appealing to popular justice; I am not encouraging the massacre of the dirt-bags of business turnover. *I'm only asking that human generosity makes the return of market reason impossible.*

All the methods of governing that we have known have gone bankrupt, disintegrated by their cruel absurdity. It is the people who must implement the project of a society that restores to the human, the animal, the vegetal and the mineral their fundamental unity.

The lie that describes such a project as “utopian” hasn't resisted the shock of reality. History has struck the market civilization of obsolescence and insanity. The construction of a human civilization hasn't simply become possible; it now clears the way for the unique road – passionately and desperately dreamed of by innumerable generations – that opens upon the end of our nightmares.

Because despair has changed sides; it belongs to the past. The passion of a present to be constructed remains with us. We will take the time to abolish the time is money that is the time of programmed death.

Renaturation is a broth of new cultures in which we will have to fumble around between confusion and innovations in the most varied domains of activity. Haven't we accorded too much credit to a mechanistic medical practice that often treats the body like a mechanic treats the car in his garage? How can we not distrust an expert who repairs us so that we can get sent back to work?

Hasn't the dogma of anti-nature, for so long hammered into us by production-centered imperatives, contributed to the exasperation of our emotional reactions, to the propagation of panic and security-conscious hysteria, thus exacerbating the conflict with a virus that the immune systems of our bodies would have had some chance of softening or rendering less aggressive, if they hadn't been weakened by market totalitarianism, to which nothing inhuman is foreign?

We have been completely drenched with the progress of technology. To end up with what? Heavenly flights to Mars and the terrestrial absence of beds and respirators in the hospitals.

Assuredly there will be more to marvel at, in the discoveries of a life of which we know nothing or almost nothing. Who could doubt it? No one will, except for the oligarchs and their lackeys, whom mercantile diarrhea will empty of their substance and whom we will confine to their latrines.

## *To have done with the militarization of the body, morals and mentalities*

Repression is the State's final reason for existing. The State itself is subjected to it under the pressure of the multinationals, which impose their diktats upon the earth and life. The foreseeable questioning of the governments' decisions will respond to this question: would confinement have been relevant [with respect to stopping the spread of the coronavirus] if the medical infrastructure had remained efficient and hadn't experienced its well-known dilapidation, which was decreed by the *obligation to be profitable*?

Meanwhile – there is no denying it – the current militarization and ferocious security-consciousness have only adopted the ongoing repression imposed all over the world. The democratic order couldn't have asked for a better pretext for protecting itself against the anger of the people. Isn't imprisonment at home the goal of those in power, worried about the weariness of their assault teams of police clubbers, eye-pokers and salaried killers? A nice dress rehearsal of the netting tactic now employed against peaceful demonstrators, demanding the rehabilitation of the hospitals, among other things.

At least we have been warned: *the governments will now try everything to make us go from confinement to the doghouse. But who will accept going docilely from penal austerity to the comforts of patched-together servility?*

It is probable that the rage of those who are caged will seize the occasion to denounce the tyrannical and aberrant system that treats the coronavirus in the fashion of the multi-colored terrorism with which the market in fear has had a field day.

Reflection doesn't stop here. Think of the schoolchildren who, in the country of the Rights of Man, have been forced to kneel down before the State's cops. Think of the education system in which, for centuries, profes-



social authoritarianism has shackled the spontaneous curiosity of the children and prevented the generosity of knowledge from being freely propagated. Think of the extent to which relentless competition, rivalry and the pushiness of “get out of my way” [pousse-toi de là que je m’y mette] have confined us to the barracks.

Voluntary servitude is a mob of unruly soldiers who march in step. A step to the left, a step to the right? Does it matter? They both remain in the order of things.

Anyone who accepts being barked at, whether it is from above or from below, has no other future than that of a slave.

## *Leaving the morbid world and the end of market civilization*

Life is a world that opens up and it is an opening upon the world. It has certainly often been subjected to the terrible phenomenon of inversion in which love changes into hatred, in which the passion for living becomes an instinct for death. For centuries, life has been reduced to enslavement, colonized by the crude necessity of having to work and survive in the manner of an animal.

And yet we have never before seen such confinement, in isolation cells, of millions of couples, families and solitary individuals, whom the failure of the health services have convinced to accept their lot, if not docilely then at least with contained rage.

Each person finds him- or herself alone, confronted with an existence in which it is tempting to disentangle servile work from crazy desire. Is the boredom of consumable pleasures compatible with the elation of the dreams that childhood left cruelly unfulfilled?

The dictatorship of profit-making has resolved to take everything from us at the very moment in which its powerlessness is spreading globally and exposes it to potential destruction.

The absurd inhumanity that has sickened us for so long has exploded like an abscess in the confinement into which the politics of lucrative assassination (cynically practiced by the financial mafias) have led us.

Death is the final indignity that human beings inflict on each other. Not due to the effects of a [divine] curse, but because of the denaturation that was forced upon them.

*When we break the chains that we have forged out of fear and guilt, we will not be motivated by fear or guilt, but by life rediscovered and restored.* Doesn't this show, in these times of extreme oppression, the invincible power of mutual aid and solidarity?

A form of education repeated for millennia has taught us to repress our emotions, to shatter our life impulses. Under it, we have been told that the animal in us must become an angel at any cost.

Our schools are lairs for hypocrites, inhibited people, and thoughtful torturers. The last ones who are impassioned by knowledge flounder around there with the courage of despair. Upon leaving our prison cells, we will finally learn to free science from the fetters of its lucrative utility? Will we devote ourselves to refining our emotions instead of repressing them? Will we rehabilitate our animal nature, not tame it, the way we tame our allegedly inferior brothers and sisters in the animal world?

Here I am not encouraging anyone to practice perpetual ethical and psychological goodwill; I am merely

pointing my finger at the fear market in which security makes the noise of its boots heard. I am drawing attention to the manipulation of emotions that stultifies and stupefies the masses; I am guarding against the guilt-tripping that prowls in search of scapegoats.

“Down with the old people, the unemployed, the undocumented immigrants, the homeless, the Yellow Vests – throw them out!” It is the roaring of these stockholders in nothingness who shop for the coronavirus in order to propagate the emotional plague. The mercenaries of death only obey the orders of the dominant logic.

What must be eradicated is the system of dehumanization that is put into place and applied ferociously by those who defend it because of their taste for power and money. Capitalism was judged and condemned a long time ago. We are weighed down by the plethora of the defense’s arguments. We’ve heard enough.

Capitalist imagery identifies its death throes with the death throes of the entire world. The specter of the coronavirus has been, if not the premeditated result, then at least the precise illustration of capitalism’s absurd curse. The cause is understood. The exploitation of people by people, of which capitalism is the avatar, is an experiment that has turned out badly. Let us make sure than the sinister joke of its being the sorcerer’s apprentice is devoured by a past from which it should never have emerged.

Only the exuberance of rediscovered life can break both the handcuffs of market barbarity and the characterological armoring that stamps the mark of what’s economically correct into the living flesh of each and every person.

## *Self-managed democracy annuls parliamentary democracy*

It is no longer a question of tolerating the fact that, perched at all levels of their national, European, trans-Atlantic and global commissions, the leaders come before us to play the roles of guilty and not guilty. The economic bubble, which they have inflated with virtual debts and fictitious money, is imploding and collapsing right before our eyes. The economy is paralyzed.

Well before the coronavirus revealed the extent of the disaster, the authorities at the “senior levels” seized hold of and stopped the machine, more surely so than the strikes and social movements that, though very useful as protests, remained much less effective than they needed to be.

Enough of these electoral farces and cheap diatribes! May these elected representatives, who are conjoined by financial interests, be swept away like trash and disappear from our horizon in the same way that the portion of life that gives them their human appearance has also disappeared.

*We do not want to judge and condemn the oppressive system that condemns us to death. We want to destroy it.*

How can we not end up returning to this world that is collapsing, in us and before us, if we don’t construct a [new] society with the humanity that remains within our reach, with individual and collective solidarity? The awareness of an economy that is managed by the people and for the people implies the destruction of the mechanisms of the market economy.

As part of its final feat, the State hasn’t been contented with merely taking its citizens hostage and imprisoning them. Its non-assistance to people at risk is killing them by the thousands.



The State and its patrons have wrecked the public services. Nothing works anymore. We are certain about it: the only thing that continues to function is the criminal organization of profit-making.

The State and its patrons have conducted their affairs with no regard for the people; the results are deplorable. It is up to the people to take care of their own affairs by ruining theirs. It is up to us to make everything get going again on new roads.

The more exchange-value prevails over use-value, the more the reign of the commodity imposes itself. The more we give priority to the use that we want to make of our lives and our environments, the more the commodity loses its biting intensity. What's free [la gratuité] will deal it a deathblow.

Self-management marks the end of the State, the bankruptcy and noxiousness of which the pandemic has highlighted. The protagonists of parliamentary democracy are the undertakers of a society dehumanized for profit.

On the other hand, we have seen the people, confronted with the deficiencies of their governments, demonstrate an unflinching solidarity and mobilize a veritable healthcare self-defense. Isn't this an experience that heralds extensions of self-managing practices?

Nothing is more important than preparing ourselves to take charge of the public sectors, previously managed by the State, before the dictatorship of profit scrapped them.

The State and the rapacity of its patrons have brought everything to a stop, paralyzed everything, save for the enrichment of the rich. It is one of history's ironies that pauperization is now the basis for a general reconstruction of society. How can someone who has confronted death fear the State and its cops?

*Our wealth, is our will to live.*

Refusing to pay taxes and fees has ceased to belong [exclusively] to the repertoire of subversive incitements. How will the millions of people who lack the means of subsistence be in a position to pay them, while money – counted in the billions – continues to be swallowed up by the abyss of financial malfeasance and the debt worsened by it? Let us not forget that it is the priority accorded to profit that gives rise to pandemics and the inability to treat them. Will we remain in the position of the “mad cow” without drawing any lessons from the experience? Will we finally admit that the market and its managers are the virus to be eradicated?

The time for indignation, lamentation, and the assessments of intellectual disarray has passed. I insist on the importance of decisions taken “by the people and for the people” in local and federated assemblies where matters of food, housing, transportation, healthcare, education, monetary cooperatives and the improvement of the human, animal and vegetal environments are concerned.

Let's move ahead, even if we have to grope to find our way. Better to meander in our experimentation than to regress and repeat the errors of the past. Self-management is the seed in the insurrection of everyday life. Let us remember that it was Communist duplicity that destroyed and stopped the experiments of the libertarian collectives in the Spanish Revolution.

I am not asking anyone to approve of me and even less to follow me. I make my own way. Everyone is free to do the same. The desire for life is limitless. Our true homeland is everywhere that the freedom to live is threatened. Our land is a homeland without borders.

We are not  
coming back





No, writing would be too much, already, I will not write. Who has the time. This recording, these voice memos, will be enough. He said yes, the tele-doctor says that it is okay with him, that it still works. That I should vent. Because if not, shit, my head is going to explode. I started talking to myself, sometimes. So at least now I'll record it, and the doctor says it's okay, that it will help me. This is unbearable. Even with the headphones on I can still hear them, they are always screaming, dammit. I told them that I needed at least a couple of hours of silence but there is no way with the kids here locked up all day.

Finally good news: the curve is flattening, finally a light at the end of the tunnel. I have to send ideas for Tuesday but I don't know what to do, I had the project of my life, this was my chance, finally, well deserved, but now with all this thing of the virus, who knows, this was the project that was going to send me up high in Contents, that was going to make them learn my name once and forever, dammit. Because, let's be honest, only if your name is known around Contents, do you have any chance of doing something important in the Profession, or in the Party. But now. Everything is dying down, except for what has to do with the virus, of course. And still, they keep asking me for ideas. Demanding. How long, how long until we go back to normal, until you can talk about something other than this. When the hell, to be able to have a little space, at least after all I've worked and worked, at least not having to be picking up socks and toys thrown everywhere, not having to put up with this constant hysteria. To be able to go out, to go away, to spend several days away, to travel, to breathe.

We are fine. I tell my brother that yes, we are well, of course, Alicia and I have always been a model couple, he says, surely you are doing well, of course yes, I say, we are fine, the children are fine too. But this is not healthy for anyone. He, of course, he has his entire house to himself and when he gets bored he goes in his official car to see one of his girlfriends or his ex. She kept the custody of the children. Well, very well, of course, luckily this has happened when our people are in government, and not those egotistic right-wing bastards. Really, after all, all we are asking for is a bit of normality, dammit, of common sense. A little respect and solidarity between people, specially when we are here having to see each other's faces all day, what we cannot afford are these irrational outbursts of rage, those crying attacks out of nowhere. At least in front of the kids you could hold back a little. She has always been too temperamental. Well, take the pills, download the therapy app, like the rest of us. When it is necessary, it is necessary and that's it. And also, we know that all of this is going to pass, that it is going to end, that we are going to return to normality. Then, why?

Well, can you believe that today she starts saying that no, that she doesn't know if she will go back to work, if she will ever come back to Contents. You're crazy, I tell her. We cannot make it with only one salary. I hope you are not going to be like those smarty pants, like those posh children from the "We are not coming back", who go around saying that they are going to change the world because they don't feel like going back to work when the virus is over. Daddy's kids who can afford it. And since she always has to have the last word, she stares at me and replies that the "We are not coming back" movement was started by supermarket workers, farmers, bus drivers, housekeepers, who are not at all rich kids. I, restraining myself, trying to reason, tell her that the people in Government have worked their asses off fighting with the opposition to give all of these people a Minimum Vital Income during the next two months, and that only for this very reason can they now have the balls of saying they don't

want to go back to work. We will see when they run out of MVI. She explodes saying that I don't understand anything, she starts with the crying as usual, she closes herself in the bathroom and leaves me there with the two children looking at me with wide eyes before starting to cry too. To make things even better, Antoñito had peed on his pants.

I sent the ideas, but I have received hardly any comments, very few views. Who could be interested now in the rise of sports bets, the influence of South Korean pop culture, or the explosion of evangelical churches in Latin America. They are all issues that smell like old, it is too evident that I had started with them before the virus. Sometimes I dream of crowded ICUs, I see myself there among the half-dead bodies and I want to shout that I'm not sick, that I'm still young, but I can't. And my project, my great project, which was going to be a bomb, which could have entered the Great List of Novelties next fall, will now end in an abortion. My great idea of an International Laboratory of Culture, which had already found some support from people in high places in Contents, it's going to sink, because the online aspects were not well developed, and now everything is online. Yes, dammit. Everything. Even that. Or am I the only one who occasionally visits those kinds of webpages, uh, Mr. Tele-doctor? I don't care. As if someone was ever going to listen to these audios. The therapy app is programmed to mark them as received, but then in the weekly video-call a different therapist shows up each time, and none so far seems to have listened to any of my ramblings. However, of course, the payment disappears from my account every first of the month, without fail.

At night, when Alicia and the children sleep, I go to the balcony and wait for some sneaky smart guy who thinks he can skip the confinement to walk down the street. Then I spit.

Today is a great day. My eyes are sore from reading the news and the articles from all the Big Names. It seems that yes, it is true that we finally move on to the next phase. There is no vaccine yet, but finally we will be able to leave the house. Carefully, of course. I have already downloaded the Government app, it has a voluntary geo-location option, and of course I will activate it, it is a matter of responsibility. Finally Marcela is going to be able to come to take care of the children, and she is even going to be able to take them to the park, finally there is going to be a bit of tranquility to work. Finally, a little normality. And also, my brother tells me that in the Government they need a lot of people to help communicate to society the new protocols for Safe Social Contact, and that if I have any proposal, I should send it directly to him. So I've started to work on it.

I have hardly stopped at home in the last few days. Alicia yelled at me for it, as usual, but I closed the door again in her face. I'm fed up. It is more than understandable that after months without being able to leave, the last thing I want to do is staying there locked up and looking at her sad face. In any case, we have barely spoken for weeks, and we are doing better this way. And besides, Marcela is almost always around the house now, and I've heard her coughing more than once, and she looks very bad. It seems that she lost a couple of relatives to the virus, her mother, I think, or her father, back in Ecuador. This has been and will continue to be very hard times for everyone. I have told Alicia to make sure that Marcela is fine, and to tell her that for the time being she had better stay home resting. I've already hired another, younger, caregiver. And she is from here, by the way.



A lot of people have immediately responded to the job post, apparently there are still people who are willing to work. Luckily. Things are returning to their right places.

I feel better, and I may even stop the therapy soon. But I've gotten used to these voice recordings. I have been working a lot, in the office. There are still many empty desks, some people will take longer to return, but I don't want to wait any longer. I have good ideas to propose to my brother and to the Party. I want to base everything on the concept of humanizing the great technological leap that we are having to take as a society in a very short time. I want people to be able to see the faces of the Experts, to know their names and surnames, to know that whoever recommends three mandatory temperature measurements a day is not some sort of Machiavellian controller, but Professor X and X. But beyond that, I want to present this new world that we are entering as a more civilized, more advanced and modern epoch. I imagine large glazed spaces, self-disinfecting surfaces, citizens who greet each other kindly on separate sidewalks for those who do or do not have antibodies. And above all, citizens who return to work happy to contribute to this new harmony, happy to be useful to this new society, each of them in their places: the Expert, recommending the appropriate measures, the Politician, applying them, the Citizen, abiding by them. And we, of course, communicating them.

Yes, everything returns to its place. Even Alice. Finally she feels much calmer. She ended up accepting the medication, it was childish not to do it. Now I realize what she must have gone through during these months of confinement. At first I took it half-jokingly, but then I realized that she really became quite obsessed with all of the "We are not coming back" nonsense. They still keep fucking around, these people, at first they used the excuse that it was very dangerous to go back to work, that the most disadvantaged people were being exposed to the virus. I'm not saying there wasn't any truth to that, but now they've finally given themselves away: now they openly admit that they just don't want to work. Some go to the countryside, settle in communes. It is nothing that we have not already seen in the 60's of the last century. They are relics, neo-hippies, they refuse to progress. Recalcitrant. The worse thing is that some of them are still in the cities, organizing strikes, pretending to be sick to avoid work, sabotaging everything. But yes, I realized that Alicia must have become quite obsessed with them, I found a lot of propaganda on her computer, and even a few days ago I still saw her looking at a website from the movement. She stared at the photos that appeared there, about to cry. For a long time, a tear seemed to struggle to come out of her right eye, but it finally didn't. Because Antoñito started screaming like crazy that his tablet had run out of battery. Lately there is no way of taking it out of his hands.

In short, everything has finally returned to normal. Everything is in its place, and everything works as well as it could possible work.

The only thing is that, I don't know ... I woke up today with a bit of a sore throat, and a sort of tightness in my chest. Something weird, almost as if it was hard for me to breathe ...

# *it's unquestionable: rinse, wash, repeat.*

*the demonstrative spectacle of the global system, in which we find ourselves at the current moment, aims to integrate people within its processes through the homogenous information stream of mass media and social networking sites as a means to perfect the command over the conditions of present-day life. its priority is to stop people's ability to recognize their surrounding environment and one another. the commanding system reveals a lack of trust toward its members of society by utilizing numerous disciplinary measures in order to define and produce an exceptional reality. hidden beneath the illusion that the virus can be controlled, it is in fact life that is being controlled. at the very edge of daily consumerism people are partaking in the fake notion of separating death from life, which makes it possible for tools of control to further deepen and merge with basic needs of life.*

*under these conditions, it is the commanding system, which is making decisions about basic needs of life. this system declares the unhindered activities of life threatening mining, ammunition production, virtual betting companies as basic needs of life, which in reality ensures competitiveness within the market of gamble economics. the commanding system defines life and basic needs of life exclusively around gamble economics, outside of which life is prohibited.*

*by declaring "social distancing" - the universal organization of isolation keeps all of its social members under ongoing oppression by enforcing a technique, which completely eradicates the Encounter under the conditions of deprived freedom. the space of Encounter, where interaction, affect, care, love, social sentiment and potentiality take place is turned into a transactionary space, converting the Encounter into surveilled arrangements, business planning, distance imprisonment.*

*the mediator appears in this transactionary space. interaction is no longer possible without the mediator. the mediator is a flat, smooth surfaced, hygienic, bodyless device for immediate use with the aim to separate and dispose of the problematic, the complicated, the negative, and also conflict, sensitivity, folds and wrinkles: this is the civilized reality. the degree of civilization determines the competitiveness of organized isolation. mediator devices (menstrual cycle tracker, nutritional risk index, heartbeat and pulse checker, insulin protocol calculator... as well as new applications for COVID-19 testing) are produced under the conditions of organized isolation, the flat and smooth implementation of which normalizes control.*



*come close*

*come and see with your own eyes that the other is really the mirror and you are you on both sides. how close we were when we loved, how far are we when we no longer believe. i will stand by your grave until you become one with the earth.*

*friend, the situation is worse than possible to imagine. we are living surrounded by an established fascism. i don't know what to say...  
i will take off a layer of my body that was feeding off your fear.*

*there is something that needs to be demolished,  
there is something that needs to be cared for.  
death will come and maintain the border -  
we must submit to the gravity that brings us closer,  
we must pass through each other to restore air to skin.  
there is so much existence inside of feelings.  
everyday life can be seen. vital importance is in the social space.  
come closer  
the imagination of necessity moves us. it is time to do  
the most important things.*

*one more thing:  
our "personal" constitution must be stronger than ever before,  
we were born and are living in a time of vulgar, criminal  
institutions, in which people are self-destructing.  
are we to commit suicide?  
something needs to change.  
then the nasty establishment will suicide itself.*

*dear friend, follow the intuition, which you never had before:  
there is a lot left to demolish yet.*

*- YAKHK\**

*\*An Exclamation of Disgust in Several Languages, English Version Yuck*







---

Dear ones --

thank you for your notes and thoughts.

You are always in my mind, even if I do not communicate very often.

I have been receiving your writings and that has helped me also to reflect on the times we are living.

I have had a couple of tough years.

In 2018, my neighborhood was devastated by a mudslide and an over flow of the near river. It took us over a year to recover from the damage. Our house was very affected (many friends and family helped us to recover). I have to say we were very lucky as many others lost their lives and homes. This year, as we were recovering the faith and finally not being scared of the rain, another mudslide happened and we had to live it again and this time the horror was worse. I do not think we are going to recover in our spirits from what we went through. I have felt very bad since 2018 because I felt I failed delivering a safe place for my family. Our house is all what we have and now we are facing the hard reality of having to move from here and losing our home. I am not sure how we are going to make it to be honest, but we can no longer live here as it is not safe. This might happen again, the government has warned us. We, the ones that did less damage, are suffering climate change. And then the virus arrived to Bolivia...I am not sure which one is more scary, if the virus or the mudslide.

I am sorry to tell you this story but I have been very depressed and sad the last few months. I am not sure what to do and what is next for us and... at the end, I am very lucky still as at least we have water at our house and even if not safe anymore, we are under a roof. Other people are not that lucky. The last mudslide left 300 families without a house.

But how are you? I have talked with a friend living in NYC and has told me about the situation there. Seems like there are only bad news but we know there are other good things happening. Are there? I am in search of good news!

-----

I started to write that a few days ago and I couldn't finish it. I do hope you are doing fine and that you are safe.

Much love,

M

---

Dear ones --

You can use whatever you think can be useful, so, please, go ahead.

An article I wrote with a friend about a rain harvesting project in Cochabamba, was recently published in a book ...It is a paradox that as somebody that has worked with water for such a long time, now is afraid of it. Be very specific when you ask, says a friend, because sometimes "what you ask, it will be given."

I know it will pass and I am sure this is making me stronger, but I do not want to be stronger. It is very hard to start over at this point in my life, when I feel I should be retiring, finding a safe place and quiet place in life. We are far of being safe.

Abrazos

M

---

Dearest M,

Can we send you love from this distance ... Your letter is very moving and if you will let us, as we are putting together another volume of writings, it would be nice to include it, as it offers the ground for our thoughts. ...

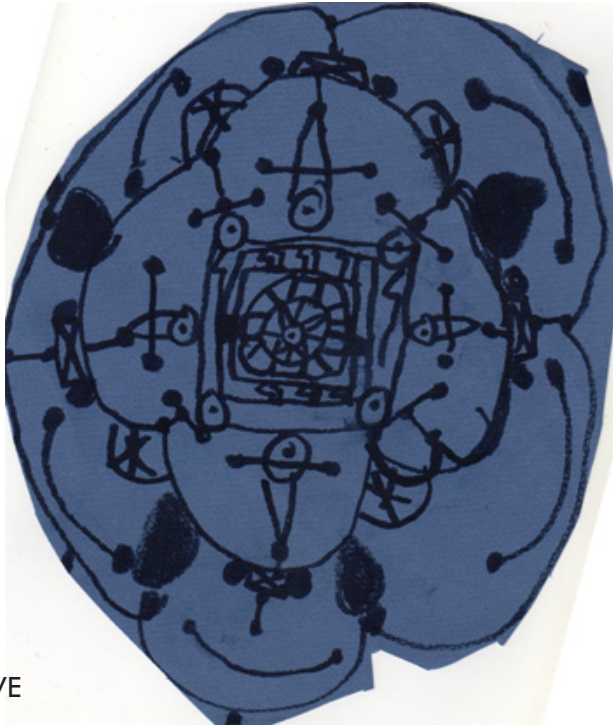
It says a lot ... about the sense of urgency we feel.

Besos,

*Letter from Bolivia*



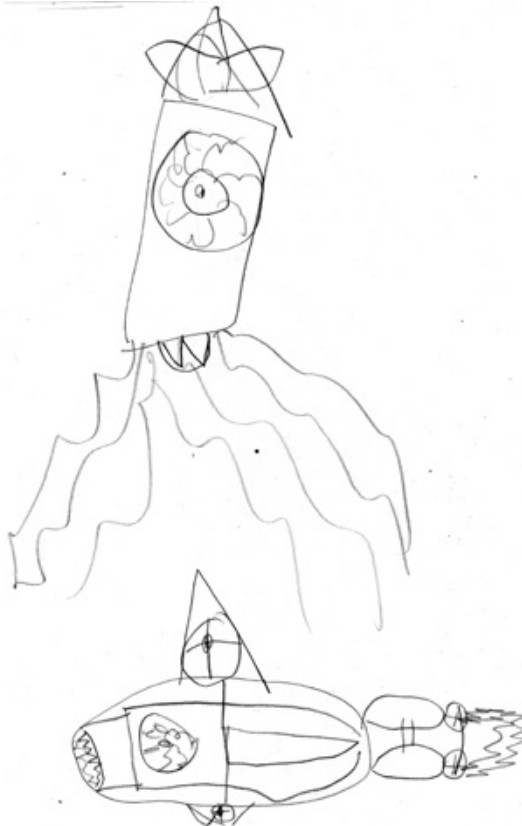
# MY DIARY AND ADVENTRS – ANDOTHER WEEKS



## CAVE

Jay, I told my mom today DO not destroi my cave. I bild it with a conforter and pillous. I hide there when I get upset with my mom or dad.

A giant cave under the water. The level's rising and if he gets pulled he wont be able to breth and he will dai. Because looks like he has a hel-mett but he dosent. He says help! Because the exit was here but he couldnt make it because the jet pack could only make it to here.

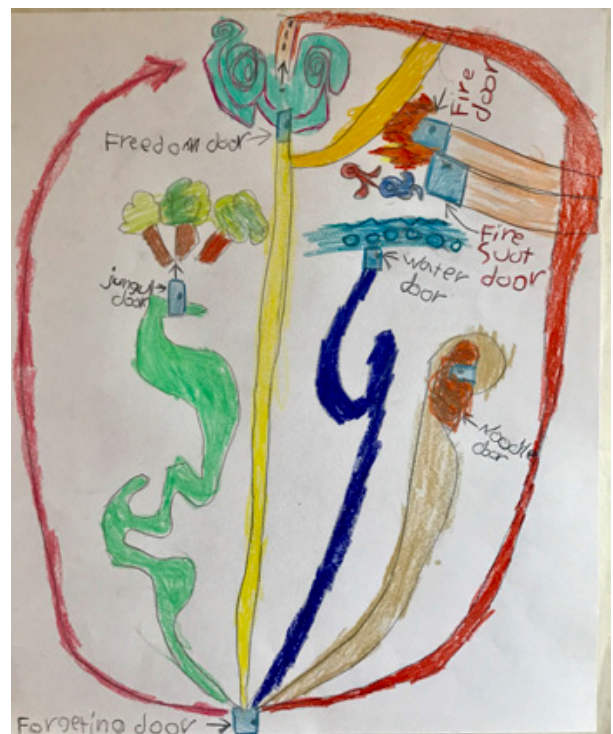


## HAUSE

I am bilding a hause that is a hause called WHO-ENTERSNEVERGETSOUT. When you enter the door you forget everythin and you get lost in your mind and you enter and enter again but never go out. Once you get throuh the door, then there's another door, and another door, and another door, and another door untill you totaly don't know where to go and you faint. If you open a door you are in the jungol, if you open another door you are in the water, another door you are inside of a mandala, a maze and yu have to find the way out to be free and you go out. But then it's start all ober again.

## SUBMARIN

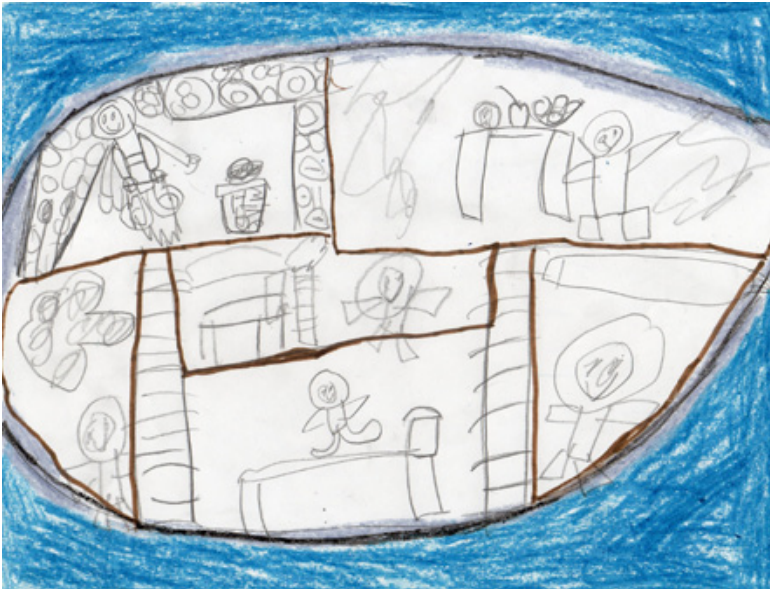
people are inn a submarine for along long time, onen person wants to scape always but can never scape because they are always underwater and captain Nemos almost never wants to stop in plac-es. BUT they see amazing things and creturs, and tresurs, and Nnemo takes the tresasures and gives it to people fighting inn Greek or other places to be free from bad guys. Also Nemo gives the gold to peopel hungry



SPAINN

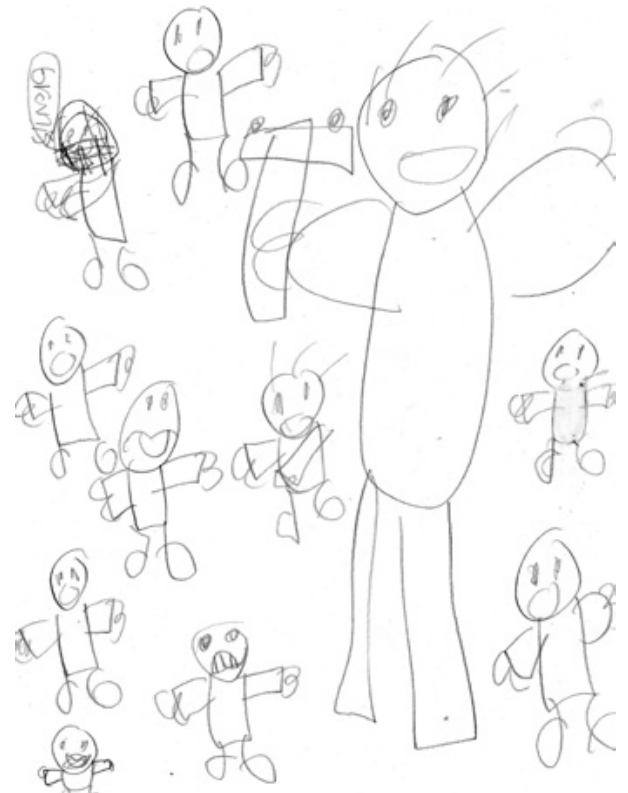
My cosins in spainn tells me that kids can never never go out and people are afrai of them be- cause maybe they have corona. Nobody can go out NEVER they must be tired..

And my little brother S from harlem thinks coro- navairus is a moskito. And he made a song that he sings vamos a la caye. Vamos a la cayeeeeee.



SONG

Look Jay I wrote a song is name \*\*\*\*\*RED LIGHT-----////////<<iiii^AAAA]\\\ Busting thru a train Its ok to be scard. I'm oways there if you need meeeee Paintings are evrey wher. If I'm here you are there. I see you evrey where. I hope I can see You tomorrow ^AAA++++==~~~~~~///.....



SUBMARIN II

Inside the submarin theres a cabyn, a diner/ food taible, a flouwer room, a bunck bedroom, a normal bedroom, and the pensil room. In case you break a pensil you can go to the pensil room and then you can get a new pensil. The cabyn has many butomms, and they can go out of the submarin when they want, they are not LOKEDD.

-M & B & L



Pandemic  
bla bla





It is already some weeks of quarantine. When the isolation hits you, it's painful. I want to feel that all those restrictions are in their beginning, I am trying to become a physical endurance expert but I epically fail. Day after day, I realise that no one is around to care and I'm trying to figure the limit of this state, to imagine how it will be when things will get back to normal, while the news convinces me that nothing will get back to normal. I keep recalling a nightmare I had two years ago, a huge tsunami, which without seeing it I could feel it, shaking me, I could hear it, arriving, and when finally will arrive, everything would be destroyed and I will end up alone talking with a bunch of strangers, trying to figure out with them how life will be from now on. Is this how life will be from now on? It is difficult to know of what it is best to do, when you know that some are suffering more than you, when some are already in the battle against the virus in hospitals, in clinics, people that go through this without a place to be, without anyone to take care of them. Whoever is fighting alone better stay online, even if the connection is poor. Try to make very short term planning and allow yourself to stay in a routine and receive cordially in the spirit of well manners the empathic "how do you feel", "I am thinking of you" or the desperate "I miss you" in any kind of means of communication. At some point, after England, the Netherlands announced herd immunity and in Greece strict quarantine measures were imposed to major cities, islands and slowly to rural areas, I tried to go to the studio to pick up some materials so I could create an improvised studio in my house, but until I had enough drive to send a text message to receive permission to go out- it takes one second- I ended up a couch potato. Time seems either passing too fast or too slow. Every morning I try to get back to some kind of practice, but it is impossible to happen in the house, with breadcrumbs on the table. Then there is this thing about wearing a mask. I saw a few people wearing masks, or people feel that they need to keep the proper distance, and then there is a creation of a funny choreography to figure out what those limits of distance may be. You don't know and cannot control the exact coordinates of another person's movement before you actually encounter them. When one is going fast towards you, do you rush to predict and continue moving as you like or you wait until they are already too close to you and you just need to turn your back to them? If you need to stay very long at a particular spot - for example checking groceries at the supermarket - do you expect the other to keep the distance or do you need to always hurry up with your instant decision making, especially when they are all made in public. When I am in the streets, the pavements are small, so I end up giving my pavement space to a possible passerby. There is no one walking too close to me but I noticed that I am insisting on doing so. The streets are different, the confines of the space limits my moves, and the choreography here becomes more syncopated, slight moves of keeping distance create accidents. Yesterday I fell down while trying to protect my speed of walking towards a man popping out from a corner. There are a few people on the streets but only to go to work but I don't see them because I sleep 12 to 14 hrs regularly. Right away I felt that there is no program, no plan and no future. At some point I lost my voice and I felt really drained and scared that the virus came to me, but then I didn't have a temperature, and I didn't have the "cough", and every day I would wake up with grown anxiety. Although I don't have a temperature I keep feeling so exhausted and I curve for a bit of rest but of course I'm noticing that as I'm scanning myself I can go in these wild kinds of waves of being quite okay with isolation and later I don't like it at all. But, if I was living with a partner I think it would be a very different situation. I heard that in China, the divorce rate went up dramatically. Couples really started to irritate each other. So, I know that my kind of loneliness, on that front, comes from a different need, and It's not that I miss being with someone but how to start creating an actual ease to be on my own and not feel anxious to fill any gap. I feel lucky that I am in this house and that I have my personal forms of life, but, I guess what I miss the most is the sense of forms of common life. At the same time I feel like I'm getting ready for a better relationship, with myself and with somebody else. I sometimes think that this has a positive effect cause we all needed a radical kind of deus ex machina. We were getting frenetic without reason. Everything seemed unreasonably intense. That is really unhealthy. The priorities now need to change, and we really need to reconsider what we want to accomplish as a society. Health, education and housing needs to become free for all. Work needs to stop being what determines our lives. The elderly are in need of actual social relationships. We have built our whole social imagination based on a revolutionary youth and our well-being. Relationships are tough, they make you vulnerable, they are not easy but no one teaches us how to work on them but to just have them. There is again so much commentary, opinions and this constant hyper state of over communication, the amount of emails, reports, posts going around about the virus and it turns out to be similar to any other topic of interest. It would be so nice to use this time to calm down instead of filling this fear of uncertainty with absolutely repetitive and meaningless bla bla... I find it really odd that this bla bla becomes a general behaviour. I mean it's an interesting moment to observe that this global phenomenon does create different ways of working through it. It's so interesting how this takes place, you know, in Hong Kong for instance they went into this already weeks ago, they are so well coordinated. I think they're looking at us westerners like we're completely crazy, in denial, careless, like walking death wishes. It is unbearable how difficult it is for people to stop with commerce. There are strict measures in Greece and even though the streets are kind of empty people hang out in random places and they talk to each other through their balconies. It is interesting to see how this is going to play out as the cases are going to rise. You also have groups of people starting this spontaneous clapping and honking of horns and this whooping thank you to health workers, and for some of us

who are alone, it gives us a sense of touch and a sense of “we” that happens, and we are all drastically entering a moment of a history that we are all part of, everyone with their unique capacities come closer out of this simple gesture.

## **We are all sick!**

This is not the first time we are faced with a global experience. For centuries we have been facing the violence of capitalism, its destructive program upon various ecosystems and the societies of this planet. It is not the first time we are facing the horrors of the nation-state’s desperate organisation of control and order. And it is not the first time that we experience social dead ends. We were getting out from this pain when we invented ways to turn pain into courage, into imagination and when we transformed fear into action; the silence into voice and self-determination. In which way could we possibly allow the virus to become our friend? The virus is treated from all the nation-states as another parasite that we need to kill, though our convictions are the enemy and how we have been cultivating a separate body and mind. As long as we have been learning to understand everything through binaries we do the same now: applying an internal mechanism of control to our bodies that will be permanently treated as sick and as a threat to ourselves and others. “We are all immigrants”, a slogan written all over Athens in 2015. But now it feels that we cannot claim that “we are all sick!”. What are we waiting for? Mortality is not ethics, it is not an ideology, there is no logic to mortality, how can we live without wanting to conquer death? We cannot win death but we can create counter intuitive ways to respond to change, vulnerability and weakness. If we recall how our bodies were before the virus started spreading they were overworked, exhausted, not so much healthier than now. Lots of allergies, autoimmune diseases, stress, panic attacks were some of the effects of the constant pressure to be productive and efficient, along with prioritising well-being and economic security. All of those demands were also the sacrifice of any social relation that wasn’t for the benefit of both ourselves and our role in society, our work and status. Our lives were in constant split between personal desires and social duties and in constant neediness from bodies to be on both sides in their full capacities no matter what.

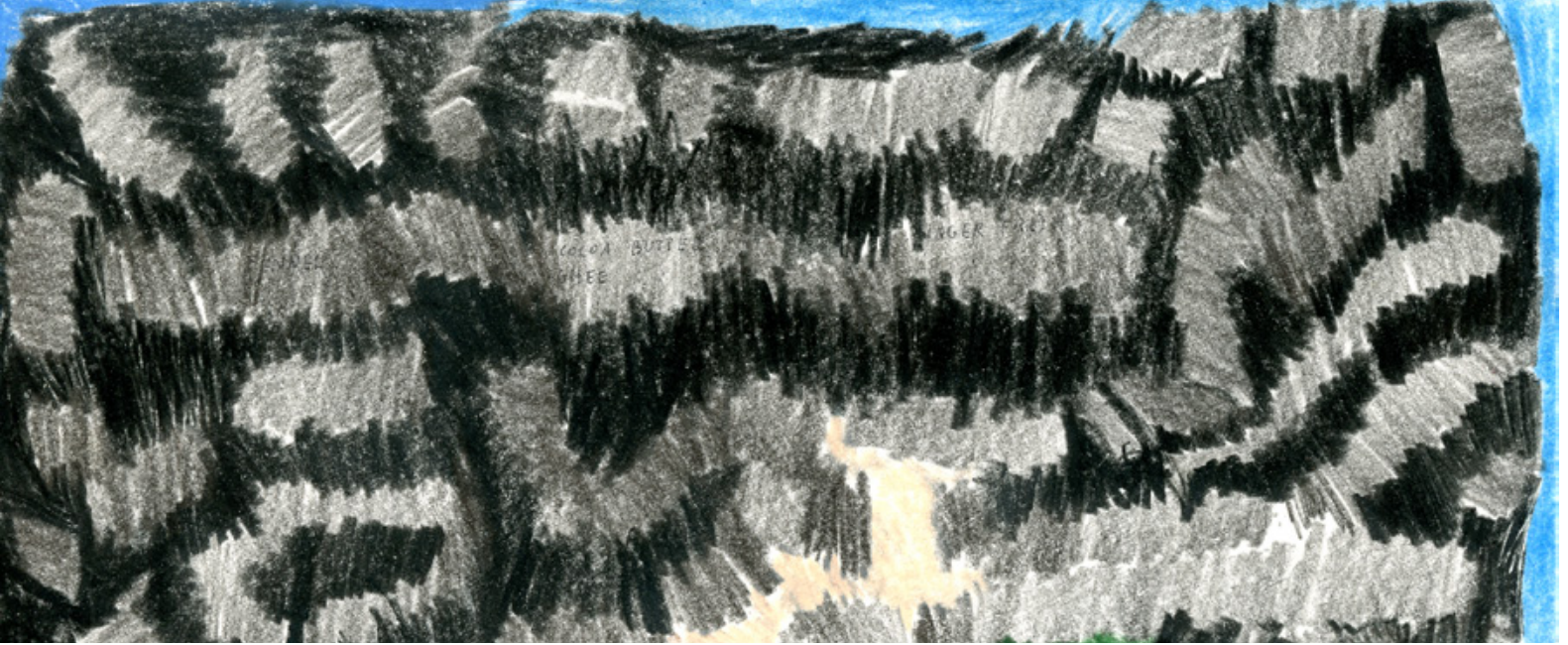
How will those bodies be after the quarantine is over? Probably with the same symptoms but with an extra pressure that comes with the complete mistrust of the public sphere and its capacity to heal us. A retreat of the body from the mind while in quarantine and when there is at the same time a constant threat, deaths announced, people talking about this constantly, creates a parallel reality of the virus taking over while desire and duty can only rule while the body sustains. This double reality erupts our kairos. the very notion of the modality of time, and its unpredictability. In this moment of emergency whoever has a home will recruit new ways to survive. Narcissism, self-doubt, over-enthusiasm will come and go in waves and they will bring with them bodily symptoms of breathing and skin sensitivities, appetite disorders, lack of sleep, loss of memory. There is a new subjectivity created during the quarantine but there is also a new understanding of a time determined only by predictability. Kairos is gone; and when that concept of time is gone the sense of the public sphere also starts to fade away. It is up to us now to treat ourselves against the loss of kairos. We could invent new understandings of recovery that can effectively heal ourselves and prepare others for the aftermath of all of these. We can make our treatment heal the public space by recalling it: recalling touch, accident, our first encounter with friends. We can bring together various medicinal methods and knowledge of different traditions and take back our bodies and kairos. Our immunity to the unpredictable time (kairos) will be the one that can treat the streets, the corners, the empty spaces of our cities, and it will touch the buildings making them meaningful again.

## **Death will not become another spectacle**

Solidarity is the first word that comes to mind when things are in crisis, but the imperative of any reproductive labor is the effect that it brings in the present moment through practice and engagement with one-another, like art is the joy of not knowing, of no control, allowing accidents and incredibly fabulous failures to happen. All of our struggles to heal the pain and the violence caused by authoritarian and patriarchal systems happened through gathering together. **But how do you build solidarity when you can’t come in contact with other people?** This moment of self-policing can’t force upon us a new split between us and our bodies. What my body would like to do now is not what my mind says to my body to do and what I am forced to obey. It is not what the virus teaches me. Do I listen to the virus or the state regulations? If the virus is a friend it will teach me how body and mind can be transformed by accepting each other without hierarchy and this solidarity is to build solidarity with the virus itself, the foreign entity, the unknown, the one that it can’t be controlled, a guest who comes in without any warning and guarantee. Our bodies are hosts and based on the current events, **global capitalism turns in his totalitarian phase: all the nation-states entered the phase of the global-fascist model of “dual state”**. According to Ernst Fraenkel’s portrayal of Nazi Germany as a “dual state” there is a “normative state”, composed of lengthy constituted authorities and the traditional civil service, jostled for power with “prerogative state” formed by the party’s parallel organisations. The governance’s “normative segment” of a fascist

regime continues to apply the law according to due process and officials in that sector were recruited and promoted according to bureaucratic norms of competence and seniority. In the “prerogative sector”, by contrast, no rules applied except the whim of the ruler, the gratification of party militants, and the supposed “destiny” of the Volk (people), the nazza, or other “chosen people”. But today, while the global economy has become the destiny of the planet and its inhabitants, and we daily experience the split of Europe and the globe between the North and South, between the rulers and the slaves; we are also, during the epidemic, witnessing nation-states regulating laws to control the epidemic while supporting the split for their own people by exclusion by who is allowed for example to economic help, to health care, and who has access to tests. While the global elites fly with private jets out of the infected cities to remote places, and the tv triggers us with fear and panic and the “untouched” rich and famous who did the test, had the virus and they are medicated in some luxurious hospital somewhere safe; global capitalism has turn to totalitarian capitalism. The “normative states” of the globe are closing their borders, they are constituted authorities and keep the automatic pilot with the civil services providing to the people the impression that they continue to maintain some basic rights. On the other side the newly established “prerogative states”: the corporations, the elites and the ruling class of the globe (leaders and CEO’s of mega tech industries, scientists and programmers) are regulating laws in the name of the one and most important priority: Capitalism, profit, money and power above all. This transformation will affect us all but most profoundly will change our ontological understanding of our own bodies. **But how do you reclaim something that is unsafe?** I am in isolation for twenty days and I am not able to touch, kiss, hug anyone, all my actions are enclosed in privacy. I exist but if there is no other person to claim my existence I need to turn my body into a private entity, all my functions become private and all the public that is scattered in the streets and the corners of the metropolis, the junky, the homeless, the immigrant becomes an issue for the state to interfere, while the law is protecting the ones who are in privacy. Everything that is public is even more criminalised. The biopolitics in its actual sense turns its violence to the bodies that are not recognised by the nation-state; and now in this category of sovereignty adds on the sick. The body handed accountability is only the one that has given legal recognition: the legal body is a part of the community that defines it, so better find a group to define and categorise your “body” with a particular identity. The legal body is an individual, an organisation, or an entity that has given legal recognition, a compilation of laws known as “ body of laws” and for the “normative segment” this identity needs to be clear and not threatening to the flow of the economy. The productive, work-machine, the resilient subject, the survivalist. Us against ourselves. All of our interactions are feedback loops, and whoever was used to it already through online services now all of us need to get used to it and make ourselves specific insofar that we can survive. This call for survival makes me nauseous. This endless resilience has formed another sense of body. And if I am sick that changes the very sovereignty to my own body. Do I claim that I am sick or do I keep having the rights of my own body? **How can you claim the means of production when the means of production are dangerous?** While more regulations of isolation are placed on the working class, the poor, the immigrant, the elder and as any other reorganisation of work, is dictated to secure a healthier, and more productive labor force and reinforces to break the surge for working-class organisation. In this case right now, we are also faced with a shift paradigm, the physical space of work has been infected. As slowly most of the work moves to the house, the working-class is domesticated. What kind of class struggle can happen in the home? There is a need for soft subversions in the domestic private sphere and to welcome a new class struggle that happens in the kitchen. This is the moment of a combined productive and reproductive labor struggle and its name will be “body struggle”. Working performance happens in the house, in the private sphere, relationships are going online, and emotions are going with the flow; while the virus is spreading, the virus is not covid-19 but totalitarian capitalism. **The enemy becomes the social sphere** : Carl Friedrich and Zbigniew Brzezinski, the founding scholars of the “totalitarian” model, coined the term “islands of separation” to describe elements of civil society that survive within a totalitarian dictatorship. The only islands I see surviving are the bureaucracy, the police, the tax offices, the banks, and the state and finally our own singular bodies, which are not anymore safe to hold any public interactions. Everything social becomes private, while suffering takes place capitalism protects the tax-payer, the businesses, the nuclear family, the borders and the rich. In the midst of all of these friends, relatives die and no one will ever know in which way this occurred. We know that there are many deaths but it is devastating to see the numbers on a statistical scale and the globe becoming red on a screen. Those bodies are beings, they are not numbers. Whatever consensus we all had to protect one another from the epidemic doesn’t give us the right to look at bodies as numbers. We need to turn off the computers, turn off the screens and invent other ways to connect and communicate. Death will not become another spectacle.





# The enemy

I was there a month ago. I was there a year ago. I was there always as if I never was but there. And in 1982 of the past century something happened to us that is close to what is happening to us now. We were under siege and we were killed and we resisted what was exposed to us of hell. the killed / martyrs are not alike. For each of them a specific constitution, specific features, and two eyes and a name and an age that differs. The killers on the other hand are alike. They are all one -distributed on metallic devices, pressing on electronic buttons- who kills and disappears. It sees us but we don't see it, not because it's a ghost, but because it is an iron mask to an idea ... no features, no eyes, no age, no gender and no name ... it is the one who has one name: the enemy!





# Green Flies

The scene is the same same. Summer and sweat, and an imagination incapable of envisioning what lies beyond the horizon. Today is better than tomorrow. The dead being the ones renewed. They are born every day. And when they try to sleep, death takes them from their desire to rest to a sleep without dreams. No value to numbers. And no one asks help to no one. Voices in search for words in the wilderness, echo painfully clear: No one. Some say: "the killer has a right to defend the killing instinct". Whereas the killed, they utter in delay: "the victim has a right to defend its right to the scream." The call to prayer rises ascending from the time of prayer to indistinguishable funerals: coffins raised fast, buried fast ... there is no time to finalize the rituals, since more dead are arriving, hurriedly, from other strikes. Arriving singularly or in groups ... or one family that does not leave behind it orphans nor bereaved. The sky is lead-gray, and the sea grayish-blue. As for the color of blood, it has been concealed to the camera by swarms of green flies.



## A house - A casualty

In one minute, the life of a whole house ends. The house is also dead- it too a collective killing- even if it was vacated of its inhabitants. A collective grave for raw materials to construct, a building for meaning, or an irrelevant poem in a time of war. The house dead is severing the things to its relations and to names of feelings. And the need of tragedy to direct rhetoric towards the foresight in the life of the thing. In every thing a being in pain ... touch-memory, smell-memory, image-memory. And the houses are killed the same way its inhabitants are killed. And the memory of things are also killed. The stone and the wood and the glass and the iron and the cement scatter in shreds like other beings. And cotton and silk and linen and notebooks and books are torn like the words whose speakers did not get a chance to utter. And everything breaks: the plates and the spoons and the toys and the records and the faucets and the pipes and the door knobs and the fridge and the washing machine and the vases and the olive jars and the pickles and the cans as its inhabitants broke. And the two whites get smashed salt and sugar, and the spices and the match boxes and the medicine pills and the contraceptives and the stimulating drugs and the garlic braids and the onions and the tomatoes and the dry okra and the rice and the lentils, as it happens to its users. And the lease agreements tear and the marriage document and the birth certificate and the water bill and the identification cards and the passports and the love letters, as the hearts of their holders tear. And the pictures fly and the toothbrushes and the hair combs and the makeup sets and the shoes and the internal clothes and the sheets and the towels like family secrets diffused to everyone and the ruin. All these things are the memory of the people who were emptied of things, and the memory of the things that were emptied of the people ... ending in one minute. Our things die like us, but they are not buried with us!







## Walking anew

How, then, to walk on earth, and not water?  
To walk the walk, not just talk talk talk.  
Walking to receive, walking indefinitely.  
When are we walking together?  
The walking monks.  
The migrant walks.  
The workers leaving the factory.  
We all had to walk back home.  
Miles and miles before sleep.  
The dreaming of walking, the walking in sleep.  
The caravan is coming. Walking through lightly.  
The night walks. Between dog and wolf.  
The farmers walk. The long walk.  
As we walk, we sing, we dance, we meet each other.  
The walk on the mountain, back down to the river.  
We fill water, we talk at the river.  
Walking away. The desert song,  
Walking with cows, the goats, the sheep.  
Walking to prevent, walking to preserve.  
Not walking to discover, nor take, nor conquer.  
Just this expansive reception, this planet earth.  
Recall yourself once more, breathing effortlessly.  
O universe, befriend me, be my friend!

-JTK

On March 14, 2020, in a hidden place of the immense Sierra de Guadarrama, we, a group of people who live next to the mountains and who are also self-isolating to avoid worsening the situation, have constituted a forest assembly. At a time when being together may seem reckless or a sign of lack of solidarity and selfishness, we have decided to disobey the decreed isolation and get together. For nothing in the world do we want to lose the connection with this nature that we ourselves are as well. Perhaps it is precisely the disconnection with everything alive that is not human that has put us in the situation we are in. Truthfully, it would seem that we are in fact the virus.

This exceptional situation is forcing us to ask ourselves what is the meaning of life, health, home, family, work, the state, the economy, death... reality has taken a new form and we want to participate in its conformation. It is true that we have been talking a lot these days on social networks, but the idea of life that we have clashes frontally with this existence in front of the digital screens in which we have been confined (or to which we have confined ourselves) so responsibly for quite some time (long before the epidemic), as if everything that keeps us alive could get to us through such screens: friendships, food, work, learning, love, revolutions... We will continue to use digital networks, of course, but due to a deep and intimate need, as living beings that we are, we need to meet each other in the flesh and to hear our voices for a moment, briefly. To listen to each other. To smile or cry at each other. To get together with other living species. We believe that we can do this if we find the appropriate form and measure that does not exacerbate the problem of the healthcare system collapse, of which we are very aware. We try to learn from the just distance that trees keep between themselves, also called botanical shyness.

This state of alarm has left us very alarmed. Now we feel the contradiction, because until recently the rulers and the State were responsible for most of our problems and difficulties, and since two days ago they are our saviors. Perhaps the old idea of a State that truly strives for universal health, justice, equality and the public good may still make a lot of sense for our society, but we are also afraid that in the name of our safety and good that State could take away our last rights and freedoms and suffocate us with new forms of productivism. For too long, rulers have continued to favor the powerful and the markets, and not the life shared by all kinds of beings. Today we find ourselves in a situation where the most "unproductive" classes, the elderly and the poor, are at risk, and children are seen as infectious agents. They are our centuries-old turtles drowned by plastic cups, our rats and our chicks dying of thirst. We will not be able to go out on the street accompanied in the next few days, and perhaps soon we will need special documents to do so, as the people we called foreigners did yesterday.

It has been exciting to see and hear you on the balconies of the cities, applauding the people who work in hospitals, in the supermarkets, in the postal service, the transporters ... All those who are insuring the common goods. Only the people save the people. But the meaning of the people is in dispute. They want us alone, but in common we will be. We are going to wash our hands and confine most of our time in houses that soon we will not be able to pay, but we are not going to wash our hands of the matter of building the immediate reality that we live. We want and need it to be bodily, physical, fragile, vulnerable. But also beautiful, healthy and strong as are the pine trees that surround us. In the forest we feel fragile and exposed but also protected and at home. It is a different protection from that of the State and with nature we ally ourselves. This is our starting point.

With the maximum collective responsibility so as not to worsen the situation in hospitals, but convinced that it is necessary to generate another perceptual scheme than that of the State, we encourage the constitution of assemblies, digital and in person, if necessary clandestinely. We do not operate against the State, but for life and, for a time now, we have understood its secret well. We are nature defending itself. Dendrocracy is our origin and it will also be our destiny.

We are not scared of forests or ruins

Assembly of the Forest \* Sierra de Guadarrama # 1



Since our constitution as the Forest Assembly on March 14, we, the people who are part of this group that responsibly disobeys confinement, have met intermittently in the bush. Not everyone has easy access to it and in our municipality they already fine people for going out on the street without justification. We know that surveillance and social discipline measures will become extreme and there are already digital applications that, under the argument of “better health control”, are geo-locating people/terminals. We are a precarious group, without a doubt. Fear has sometimes led us to meet virtually, but we did not give up on the objective of maintaining a close, present-body relationship with the mountain life that we perceive as a home. And so it has been several times throughout these days. To protect ourselves we have left our cellular phones at home. The feeling of loneliness and vulnerability that we feel when going out without them is strong, but the experience of finding each other in the forest - always respecting the distance, the botanical shyness - is much more intense.

When we have been able to access a high enough point, we have verified that a new sky exists for the city of Madrid. The gray palette has ceased to star in the scene that shows the horizon. Also the marks that airplanes used to trace vainly on the sky. We knew that around 15,000 people die each year in Spain due to diseases related to pollution. These days we have seen videos of nature returning to the cities. This pandemic is thus having unexpected effects. Many of these images may have been just a longing, but the truth is that we also saw roe deer approaching the houses with curiosity and birds gliding with confidence. There is no doubt that the landscape for these animals has become much sharper, as has happened with our own existence. This healthy and ecological counterbalance clearly teaches us how modifying human customs has consequences for the environment, but also that the shadow has a luminous reverse. Nature, which is constructive and destructive, amoral, always places us in a conjunctive disjunction. We learned it in our childhood, when constructing with wooden blocks caused us as much pleasure as destructing them.

This clarity, this blue and this landscape rediscovered under a new existential tonality, has encouraged us, even if we do not have great gifts, to go out into the mountains with our drawing and painting instruments. We declare that plenaryism, the creation in the open air and about the open air, has become today a form of aesthetic resistance to confinement. By going out to draw the landscape, as so many painters did long before Barbizon's cultural invention, we intend not only to rescue the image of the world from which many people have been dispossessed: the world of the open, of the outside, of nature that today is the privilege of a few people like us (who long ago made our decision to leave the cities). This mimesis, the images we create, not only represent the landscape we observe, they are not only proof of a transformation of the territory into culture, but also reproduce its own generative potency through the creative act. The representation of the rhythm of life facilitates the reconnection and the un-confinement from the existential pandemic that led us to tolerate the intolerable.

Our mountain range was home to marvelous plenaryists who plunged themselves into the time of creating naturalistic images of the natural world that they directly contemplated. Carlos de Haes, Martín Rico, Jaime Morera, Beruete ... They painted the robust landscape that burned just last summer, the fallen pine, and the valleys through which a wind circulates that is both prescribed for healing, and recognized for its ability to make you sick. “Nature does not support the work of the imagination”, said one of these outdoor painters when the unforgiving winter snow, which will soon return, fell on him. Today we say: the imagination supports the work of nature. Another said “the snowy peaks I saw through my study window exerted such a power of attraction upon me that I was unable to escape the sharp desire to shorten the distances.”

In this confinement we are called to care, contemplation, thought and creation. Let's resist hyperactivity, consumption and fear. I wish you could be with us painting outdoors and perceive the green spring or the flakes that have begun to fall, reviving everything. We are nature defending itself. Dendrocracy is our origin and it will also be our destiny.

We are not scared of forests or ruins

Plenary Discipline  
Assembly of the Forest \* Sierra de Guadarrama # 2

ITALIAN FRAGMENTS FROM A LETTER TO THE SOCIETY

**Riguardati**

*Per anni ci è stato detto che una malattia, un male, un morbo, è, prima di tutto, veicolo di un messaggio. Certe volte questo messaggio appare chiaro nella sua semplicità: fermare, riposare, cambiare interamente (nella maggior parte dei casi) le nostre abitudini, il modo in cui viviamo, il nostro cibo, la nostra dieta, e, -si direbbe il nostro stile-di-vita ma mi piace più letteralmente- la forma-della- nostra-vita. Qualcuno non ascolta la chiamata, quella che chiede di cambiare corso, percorso: preferisce trovare veloci soluzioni chirurgiche, chimiche e a volte anche opzioni definitive, nucleari, così da eliminare immediatamente la cosa che ci ha esposti alla vulnerabilità e ha prodotto debolezza. E quando i metodi convenzionali non appaiono efficaci si esplorano opzioni sperimentali ma raramente, ancora, quella vulnerabilità viene abbracciata e il messaggio più profondo, codificato e manifestato nel disturbo, compreso. Si ricerca una cura ma raramente è stato capito che (come il senso stesso del mondo rivela) questa risiede spesso proprio nella cura (di ciò che ha manifestato questa malattia: disequilibrio, sproporzione, disarmonia).*

In italiano non abbiamo una parola per differenziare cure da care, abbiamo la parola guarigione che significa uscire da uno stato di malattia ma ha anche la radice di guardare e dal latino proteggere, in antico si usava per Preservare Difendere Salvare; si dice a qualcuno che non sta tanto bene, oltre al “prenditi cura di te”, “Riguardati”.

Si cerca una cura ma raramente è stato capito che basterebbe riguardarsi e ri-pensare ai pesi e alle proporzioni tra le parti, ai movimenti della nostra vita.

**Umani troppo umani**

*Di fronte alle proprie debolezze e vulnerabilità, diverse comunità umane hanno inventato cosmologie e prospettive (immagini di mondi) nelle quali poter trovare un equilibrio, una riverenza, un rispetto per quelle forze e forme di vita che non avevano compreso appieno ma con cui dividevano il mondo da abitare.*

Ho sentito molte cose in questo periodo, la prima a darmi particolarmente dispiacere è il senso di essere eccezioni tra il mondo. C'è il rischio di sentirsi in qualche modo sempre in diritto di avere e di essere diversi e meritare più riguardo, di altri, gli altri sono semplicemente chi non è noi. Ma ancor di più c'è lo scettico e il demistificatore. Perché non guardi il cielo, perché non ascolti come cambia l'aria? Non siamo abituati ad ascoltare, vogliamo solo vedere.

E' vero, spesso ci servirebbe tutt'altra prospettiva, un altro modo per guardare il mondo, siamo troppo umani e quindi bisognerebbe forse diventare più animali per riuscire di nuovo a comprendere che condividiamo con gli altri esseri viventi lo stesso cielo, la stessa terra, la stessa acqua e la stessa aria. Ma come umani ci dimentichiamo spesso di questo quindi, quando è iniziato tutto ciò, qualcuno ha creduto che l'aria non potesse attraversare confini politici e geografici, siamo troppo umani e come tali pensiamo, e come tali pensiamo che la “ragione” possa essere più forte dell'aria, dei batteri e dei microorganismi, crediamo solo ai nostri occhi umani. Allora com'è triste ma reale che finché non vediamo la morte, finché non sperimentiamo il dolore non possiamo credere che una cosa invisibile possa superare confini tracciati da noi, su una carta. La differenza tra noi umani e le altre speci viventi, come gli animali, i batteri, i lieviti o le muffe, è che noi ragioniamo e non ci lasciamo affettare, non lasciamo che la nostra risposta sia una reazione alle affezioni, l'istinto allora lascia spazio alle istituzioni e ai calcoli, così al profitto che sembra più della morte essere il motivo di un movimento, non lottiamo più per la vita. Non ci curiamo più di noi stessi, non vogliamo soltanto distinguere il bene dal male, anzi sembra che la verità non sia poi così importante. Così se tu, caro Virus, ci hai fatto sentire uniti dallo stesso cielo oggi, ci hai anche messo, nei migliori dei casi, di fronte a una certa verità che si era voluta lasciare da parte. L'uomo solo si è accorto di essere solo, l'uomo solo si è ritrovato a fare i conti con la sua umanità, l'uomo solo si sta chiedendo se ancora sia un uomo. E uso uomo perché questa società si mostra ancora una volta nella sua virulenta virilità.-

**VVVVerità?**

Gli antichi greci praticavano la parrhesia, si doveva esercitare, come una nave la verità doveva essere guidata e richiedeva tecnica, esperienza ma come nel mare ogni volta era unica e diversa. Questo esercizio costante richiedeva un esame di coscienza. Chiedersi perché e come le cose dovevano essere affrontate, senza giudicare o punire le scelte sbagliate, ci si allenava duramente per dire la verità a se stessi al fine di vivere una vita serena e in armonia con gli altri: per non riversare l'odio sull'altro, per non scaricare le colpe su doveva trovare un'armonia e un equilibrio con se stessi prima di tutto. Ma sai, c'è chi la verità non la vuole cercare; come la cura, che risiede forse nella cura stessa, la verità la cerchiamo da un'altra parte, non in noi. Quando te ne andrai c'è il pericolo che i poveri ne usciranno più poveri e i ricchi più ricchi e che la coscienza di ognuno tornerà la stessa dopo qualche mese. Io intanto ti ringrazio perché ho una casa in cui dormire ho la salute, ho del cibo, ho una famiglia, e per un attimo non devo impegnarmi per essere “performante” o adatta, ma non so se altri ti ringrazieranno altrettanto.

-FDS



# OF THE FRIENDS OF THE VIRUS

The Strike of Our Lives is Here, If We Want It

If we want to un/do something that affirms our communities (beyond the human/inhuman prisons)  
and the lives of those killed by structured neglect and violence

If we want to destitute the pre-existing conditions  
which produce sad passions, feelings of isolation, anger, impotence

If we want to stop the labs  
which under the name of science continue to explore the weaponization of life  
which under the name of less work create technologies which further surveil and enslave people

If we want to stop the agro-industries  
which under the mantle of progress and feeding the world  
continue to destroy the auto-immune systems of earth and its bodies with  
their genetic modifications  
their patenting of life  
poisoning of soils  
and all its vital existences  
the workers of the land  
and those who eat the food

If we want to stop the pharma-industries and the merchification of health

If we want to stop getting sick from the hospitals and their drug peddling

If we want to bring the care of our bodies, earth, into our hands, our capacities to touch and be touched

If we know that wars waged under many names, whether against a virus or for freedom or so-called security  
are waged for the accumulation of power and profit

Then we cannot continue to feed those structures of economy and state and hope they will stop

Then we cannot continue to send our children to the same schools which prepare them to 'succeed'  
marking them with grades, endless examinations, tests of aptitude,  
pills to alleviate their warranted 'anxieties' and 'deficits of attention'  
for fear of being 'left behind' and continue to watch along helplessly  
as they graduate from childhood to self-abuse to addiction to the darkness  
preparing them to be good citizens for violent states of mutilated care and inequality  
adept and flexible workers for laboring and if fortunate inventing  
more infernal and infectious machines of destruction and war  
*(should we go on? no we must stop, how then to revoke this image)*

Breakdown of the machine is only possible through active processes of withdrawal from human-automation

We know the forces of normalization are very powerful, dystopia is the bread and butter of their reports

We know the reactors in Fukushima in Japan are still leaking radiation as they work to reschedule spectacle

We know the dangers of all nuclear power, climate change, plastification, toxification of earth and its bodies,  
but they say 'life must go on' production 'must go on' the show, the work 'must go on'  
that we must return to 'a new normal' and *(drum roll)*

the 'new normal' is accepting radiation as a normal part of life

the 'new normal' is ingesting plastic air, water, food, under our plastic masks

the 'new normal' is accepting even more tests

the 'new normal' is accepting even more control and surveillance

the 'new normal' is the loss of winter

the 'new normal' is losing touch with life as it loses touch with us

the 'new normal' is becoming or having 'virtual' slaves

the 'new normal' is more mining, drilling, fracking, burning, sequestering the living

the 'new normal' is fast-tracked medication to poison and kill us faster

the 'new normal' is capitalism bigger faster stronger healthier more immune

the 'new normal' is more mediated faciality, more face-books and face-times

the 'new normal' is more Amazon™ no more Amazon

the 'new normal' is losing contact with comrades, with communities beyond 'our own'

the 'new normal' is beware of loving and living outside the nuclear family

the 'new normal' is more exceptional, same as before, just worse

the 'new normal' is forgetting, normalizing what we just lived, so it becomes the norm

But there is no global solution to this earthly inferno without stopping the fires from wherever we are -i.e., here-now

There is no date of expiry for this strike, it is the strike of a life-time

There is no stopping without striking and There is no striking without others, without striking in-common

The others are here, they are prompted by a virus, don't leave the poor thing alone to undo all the work!

Live the Strike

- Strike Auxiliary for the Friends to Come

Dear Comrades,

We had been hesitant to write your requested **Introduction to the Russian Translation of Vol. 1**, as it initially appeared an impossible task to summarize or do justice to the accumulated experiences and insights which came by way of so many friends over the last decades if not centuries.

Some days after your kind letter, and after having overcome our hesitations, we began writing you what we anticipated to be a quick introductory note, but alas that note got lost just before it was completed, having transformed into an interesting text about naming and how we are all called, but never called equally.

For several days afterwards, we tried to reconstruct from memory the text we had lost, each time feeling dissatisfied that what we had lost was far more profound, far more convincing, far more challenging, far more interesting.

And in the middle, a constant barrage of media reports was telling us what to think, the discombobulated governors and presidents and chancellors and premiers, the ambulances never ceasing to remind us that beyond their noise, there is death, loss, singular tragedies unfolding in living rooms, streets, subway stations, shelters for the unhoused, hospitals, centers for the elderly, jails, prisons, detention centers across and around our cities.

The question is what to do with our grief, our anger and loss: can they possibly become constituent for another way of living, stopping the senseless curtailment of possibilities for life. In this way, we reserve them toward this front, and use them to confront this immense garbage heap that is represented to us as existence. Our existence is not a garbage heap, but the complex web of activities and necessities we are put to work on, result into headless processes whose ends we begin to glimpse more fully with each passing day. A world in which the 'privileged' can buy off and defer the exposure to the calamities their lives of 'privilege' produce; while, the deferred time appears to be running out.

And as the structured and unaccounted 'costs' and 'externalizations' come crashing momentarily into our neighborhoods, habitats, bodies, like scars which burst from within, the questions become less abstract and more tactile, tangible, touchable. We are writing you now from a moment of acute perception of this hell. Its fires transfer literally as 'hot spots'. And there we toil to struggle against the assumptions and truth claims which each factual report on the virus let slip under the rug. 2020, an opportune year to consider taking a more sober look at what we are asked to affirm and handover to passing generations, as a form of life.

**To return to our lost text**, among the various points to address, we tried to construct a map of more critical invocations of the notion of 'society': Society Against the State, Society for Cutting Up Men, Society of the Spectacle, Society of the Friends of the Text, Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, Société Anonyme, Society Must Be Defended, Postscript to Societies of Control - to map out trajectories of the invocations of 'society' which could be some reference points, in a sharp counterpoint to uncritical invocations of the term society, including the dubious 'civil society' notion which shall be familiar to all of you.

The exigency of the Society of the Friends of the Virus has been very precise, like the periods of 2001-2007, 2008-2019, this occasion opens up to a critical shift in the way state and capital organize themselves in relation to the forces which stand opposed to their monopolization of the meaning and form life acquires in this century.

The attempt to find a way to struggle at every level of our lives and affirm what it is we are willing to do with our bodies in the conflicts of 'interest' (in all the variances and vagaries this word calls) that are laid ever more apparent before us.

Those who side with moderate steps and keeping things as they are, well, they will work to erase this moment as quickly as possible if they can. Turning it into a phenomena or event which they may later 'reflect upon' as yet another purloined letter for discourse production and ultimately oblivion. They will say, we were either mad or naive, unrealistic in assessing the powers of states and capital to recoup the gains of this entire viral affair. But this is the composure of impotence disguised as intelligence.

We have lived long enough to see the fruits of these objectivities, which produce the most docile subjectivities. To shift our perspectives and our bodies in the lines where we see the faults, the fault lines of our deteriorated existences, and where desire wrests open paths which we have either been too fearful or too alone to embark upon.

Those paths do not lead to the existing institutions, they call for a multiplicity of strikes, exits, and this is why we intervene in this moment. Destroying the highly militarized states seems as improbable as voting our way through them. What this moment of stoppage opens is the possibility to take a deep collective breath, and not return to the states we have been living in and reproducing through our 'participation' and endless 'activities of compliance'.

Our lives are structured like a performance organized by another who determines the rules and in which we are invited to 'participate'. We know all about these forms of participation and they are as false as the pre-scripted roles and potential set of actions allotted. Everything is possible, in accordance with everything unquestionable.

To find our ways, we must discover new choreographies of our own collective un/making. Our names and biographies identify us and also stand in our way. We must take distance from ourselves to rediscover again the art of distances, most importantly from capital and state.

A l'amitié à venir,

The Society of the Friends ...







1. First refrain or ritornello, the majority of our existence is either at work, recovering from work, or seeking it. And without changing the work itself, the dependence upon it, the meaning we derive from it and those destructive systems which dole it out, ever so infrequently, we seem only to perpetuate the systems we try to escape from or we know to be destructive of worlds.

2. Transferring that 'home-work' to others (still gendered - further racialized - classist - relying often on undocumented workers - or migrant workers which depend on their employers for their legal status) has not been - despite what is sold as 'feminism' (by militarists, statisticians, capitalists, among others) - the horizon or radicality of such struggles. That horizon cannot be delimited to an end or result, but certainly the dismantling of patriarchal structures, values, operations and ways of thinking could be a start.

Among those horizons, is the question of the reproduction of life. For the patriarchal order of things, this is what 'nature' is there for. To wake up, cook, clean, obtain food, feed the kids, take care of the elders, teach the young how to exist, tend to the house, garden, animals, if any were left, which means nothing at the level of 'work'. 'Work' calls for products and production. So when the man would go out and sell his labor for money, sell products, or produce products, that would mean doing something.

Reproduction of life = 0

Production = alpha omega

The patriarchal institutions most of us inherit, discount reproduction of life as a side process, until of course, capital can turn it into services to sell. Pay attention as 'health' and 'education' are two obvious epicenters of this latter mentioned operation. That care of bodies, care of children, teaching of words, conduct of life, care for the elderly, ... that all these have seen the slow steady incursion of either the state or capital to capture and profit from their determinations on *how* and *in the name of what* they are to occur.

One of the contributors to this text, writes the following:

*Hospitals and Universities and Schools and Child Care and Elderly Care and Art Centers, are each places where life is materially and culturally reproduced and cared for. For this too, they are the most immediate zones of extending and amplifying the strike. Either they are to be done away with or repurposed to meet the needs of those who use them and rely on them. Can a strike turn such institutions into sites of common use, common care, outside the control and determinations of state and capital? The difficulty in answering 'yes' is that in their current form, in the way they have been engineered, they have already been structured to disregard care and reproduction of life, regarding instead the demands of capital as consumers or producers of its world as production and its production as world.*

3. To reimagine our home is not to reimagine domestic life. It means to reimagine the conditions that have forced domestication upon us.

4. Second refrain or ritornello, we should not run away from contradictions, nor should we embrace them. We need to look for our concrete measures and means of overcoming them. In this case, how to turn our place of work, into the site of proliferating and intensifying the strike. This means an entire reconfiguration of *how we see what it is we do/undo*.

5. For brevity, here we can situate the world as one, homogenous world limited and determined by States and Capital. Worlds are multiple, inferring a play of difference, and open-ended beings and becomings.

6. Work is more than what we do to 'earn' what they call 'a living'. It is what we do when we raise kids or teach young adults to fit themselves nicely in the world we know to destroy worlds. It includes all the time lost searching for it, recovering from it, medicating ourselves to be functional for it and even all the means of escaping from its ill effects. The point is not to feel guilt about this dynamic, but to exit it.

7. To be concrete, one cannot negotiate with or join to reform an entity that destroys the means of existing autonomously from it. Put in the terms of solidarity: no further can one negotiate or make a 'deal' with parties whose compromises are premised on the continued destruction of the worlds of others. Put in the terms of any meaningful relation to history: one cannot negotiate with parties whose power and legal authority is premised on violent processes which are not merely historical facts, but if unacknowledged and not confronted can only but be repeated.

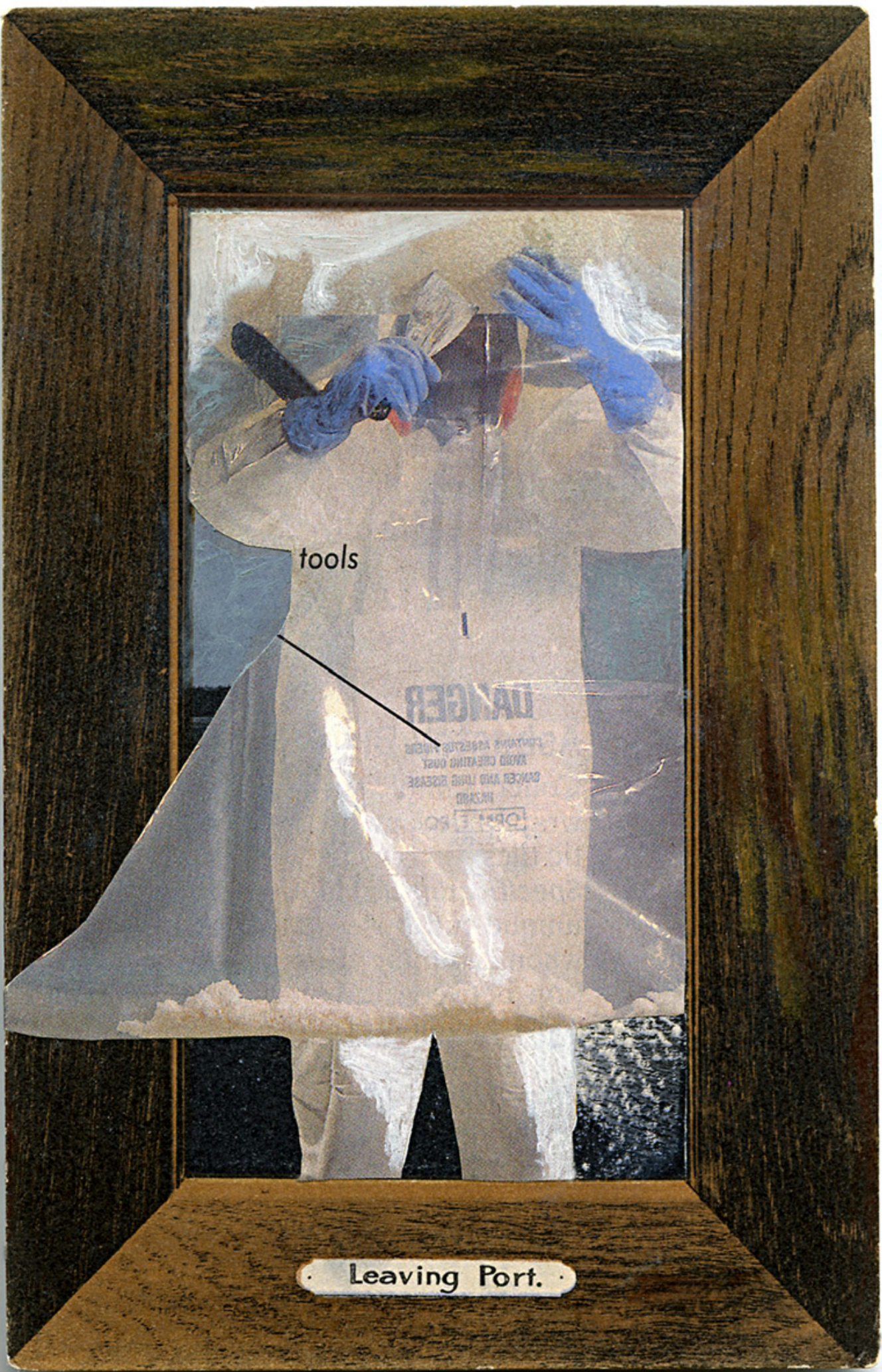
8. Universal basic income is one proposed solution. While better than coerced labor feigned as voluntary work, the limits to this solution are multiple and obvious. To outline just a few of these limits. Universal means who? Does it include those denied citizenship today? Does it include the former colonies from which wealth has been and continues to be extracted? Where does the income come from, meaning what structures does such income depend upon - is it on *the world which destroys worlds*? Under the headings of our analysis, it would still fall into the category of work. And if money itself is a social relation and a way of relating to worlds, what other ways of relating do we want to affirm beyond money? Moreover, if it isn't already clear, in the contemporary functioning of The Economy, consumption is work, not only at the level of time and labor required, but without it, without this work, the whole machine would stop *working*.

9. That rent and the basic costs of food are barely covered by the amount of money most people earn for work, is not by chance. That students have to pay fees (in some countries the sums being so large requiring debt) for education (which is necessary for feeding the 'development' and 'innovations' that fuel *the world which destroys worlds*) is not a coincidence. That families have to pay to deliver, raise, nurture children which will become good students, who take debts, in the hopes to be good enough to join the ranks of workers employed for *the world which destroys worlds* is not an oversight. These contradictions are structural and they will require measures to overcome them.

10. The great sciences which call us and remain to be developed are those which lead us to search for and discover the measures which destitute and open our paths of exit from our reproduction of *the world which destroys worlds*. They return us to the earth in the terms of its abundance and its infinite capacity to host a multiplicity of worlds and forms of life as opposed to the scarcity and homogeneity imposed by the world of consumable identities as life styles.

11. From the vantage point of the Society, neither the questions we pose nor the answers we come up with can be developed alone, nor will they be answerable without actively looking for an exit and constructing measures with others to do so.





tools

DANGER  
AVOID CREATING DUST  
DANGER AND FINE DUST  
Hazard  
DANGER

Leaving Port.



# T

**Test, Testing** [test, tes.tɪŋ] *n.* **1** a language game played by politicians to distract, control, or find something to speak about without aim or meaning as a common pathology of the spectacle of politics **2** an act of using something to find out if or how it is working **3** designating an attempt to redefine **testing** in terms of *modes and modulations*, not in terms of *essences and meanings*, as in:

Testing *affects*

Testing *any space whatever*

Testing *areality and arealisation*

Testing *bodies that matter*

Testing *being-in-common-diagrams*

Testing *becoming-imperceptible*

Testing *becoming-intense*

Testing *collective assemblages of enunciation*

Testing *the coming community*

Testing *communicability*

Testing *death as a force coextensive with life*

Testing *definitions*

Testing *desire*

Testing *deterritorialized paths*

Testing *ecosophical durations*

Testing *the eternal return*

Testing *ethics*

Testing *ethologies*

Testing *feelings*

Testing *habits*

Testing *the in-appropriable*

Testing *inoperativity*

Testing *language*

Testing *life as a force coming from outside*

Testing *the infinitely coming and absolutely singularly arriving communism*

Testing *a life undivided, unseparated from its form*

Testing *the centrality of love for the coming politics / community*

Testing *means without end*

Testing *Monsieur Teste*

Testing *poesis-potency*

Testing *singularities within the Outside*

Testing *the threshold*

Testing *the unforgettable*

Testing *uses-of-the-self*

Testing *uses-of-the-improper*

**3 a** *\_distancing* or *\_spacing* implies relations reduced to a banal principle of exchange **b** *\_the calculative stance* understanding the underlying conjunction between the general equivalence and technics, namely that the development of technologies are determined by the principle of general equivalence, i.e., Money, i.e., Capital **c** *\_the regime of general equivalence* grasping the underlying dictatorship of exchange in every situation and under every circumstance **d** *\_mutation in the paradigm of equivalence* destitution in the ruling ideology of equivalence as a possibility for anarchist, communist, feminist, queer, decolonial relations worthy of their names to emerge **4** most importantly, in times of a Pandemic, ***Microfascism*** [maɪ.krəʊ fæʃ.l.zəm] transhistorical cancerous molecular phenomenon that draws processes of subjectification to itself. Linked to historic fascism, yet not reducible to it. Transmitted through generations adapting itself well to new conditions.