What remains intact on the periphery is the possibility of Being

Aldo Poblete Varas

It is difficult to perceive the map but even more difficult to situate oneself within it. The extension of the real can turn you into a machine but never into a simulated god. What characterizes a moment can also serve to explain it, and in explaining it, revives it. A novel line has opened a place for itself (suddenly) it was not planned that this would happen but everyone was relatively glad that it did. Things advance at times in unforeseen ways. A line with which to move forward, a summary of an entire development, a particular and at the same time inadequate compression. Solving problems with one's back turned. We are in the forest where the cyborgs are already positioned beneath the leafy soil, attentive to science and to speculation. What matters is the quantity of pigment one wishes to place in each diminutive space. It is a force proper to the philosopher's instant. Everything can be traced back to the instant of the sword and of the word used.

The machines can originate a different world but they can also replicate the one already structured there. Red Middlemist. Wings over the world, what a pilot it was that managed to inspire so many things in us, assuming that what we call inspiration has any meaning at all. The radical acceptance of the technological, without apparent critique: true sophistication only possible after great trauma or great and unsummarizable generational abundance. Collisions of geological monsters place us on this boulevard to observe the new manuscripts that well-meaning individuals have delivered to the printing presses. This place seems to have its origin in a continent different from the one I had read. Human thoughts possess a curious capacity to accumulate one upon another, creating meaning.

Too many times fear and the lack of virility have disguised themselves as sophistication. Simple recollection is enough for our forces to reorganize themselves in particular ways, in ways reconciled with human labor and with the most practical facet of the luxury industry. After we looked at the offers, the only thing we could extract was the enormous deafness that afflicted the calculative capacity of those whose task it was to protect us. All the problems of our society are explicable through a look at the quantity of work dedicated to the publication of writers who should not write. Despite the desire to insinuate some kind of ending, there was no more decorum than the decorum that came from silence.

The destruction of everything, of every possible gram, of every name and every detail: all of that was now declared impossible. Deference in which the manifestation of the social surrenders, an egoism and a delirium within what was death. Ninhursag. Screams and vociferations, unable to see beyond, you have seen nothing, must Trakl be first? Epistemological visits and subterranean radiographs; art has intertwined with materiality at a level where it is no longer possible to assert any minimum degree of redundancy. What kind of totality is that which can only be constructed through flashes, through mirroring fragments?

Although the intrusive gaze accelerates the vertigo there is no capacity nor sense of escape, the force is obscured. I will not have to abandon my ship to tell each god the words I consider each of them deserves. Between agony and cosmic dread, I have handled a few concepts and a few atrocious ways of approaching the future of beings. Every form of pain, every piece of memory, everything enters into a piece of inert material. Winter: color and force in the sense of calamity and the imperfect yet sacred icon. Summer: another time may be better, but here we live in the fortress that has not yet succumbed to the siege, we still breathe. Autumn: the game and the ontological motive, a network of marionettes and sensibilities that can barely conduct themselves without missing a step.

If the text can achieve this, no one will be able to call into question what the sound or the atmosphere may emanate. We have been too patient, that has been our original sin. We have accepted in good faith all the chaos and misery that has been served on our plates, at our table. What is expected now is an opening of aesthetic, disciplinary space, where a different

way of approaching a phenomenology (contrary to all possibility of tragedy) of appearances might appear or emerge. Call it rumor or mockery, the maneuver has already been served and the speculative horizon has already dictated its first letters and even carried out its first non-trivial equations. It is expected (from the white light) that the monster constructed from cables and (numerical) schemata will open the space of discussion by itself.

Clearly the notion of impudence has managed to extend itself and that of "humor" has been lost in the beyond. There is no mortality among the delicate and flat spaces; truth lies at the edge of commitment and ideal evolution. Freshness in the form of digitality. Whoever wishes to live in luxury and the rhizome will have to keep texts outside the control that sense and drama wish to force them to swallow. Illness of sense and moral speculation. Barking in unknown formats can open this sector of theory, make it go numb and assign a new echo to the new turn that has already constituted itself as norm.

Form is now conditioned on the capacity of beings to reveal the possible deliriums of a companion religion. Literature does not need to be saved. The first thing would be to expect nothing from philosophy; to do otherwise would imply an unforgivable naivety and disconnection. We have stood, as a group, outside the entrance and have asked the philosopher to give us two or three reasons not to escape; he was incapable of saying anything coherent, he found nothing in the books he believed important for the case. The question was not whether the philosopher's role had expired or not. What mattered here was knowing who or what would take up the torch and continue the march.

It does not matter much what someone like Murakami might say: the effect of bodies is capable of surpassing the lightness of snow and of lost writings. The twist: you can enter the network and find nothing, nothing minimally attractive. Reality sometimes shows itself diluted and does not want to offer any petal, any striking bit. It would take millions of pages to address the question of the "striking," and its difference with respect to the "attractive"; it would be a Lacanian tragedy. The greatest and most profound desire of every god is to be educated by its own creation, the writer feels the same. The distinction between art and religion is irrelevant.

Thus could Amaterasu speak from her place, which is outside history, outside opinion and dissent. But the machines here wanted to speak and they said: "we pour our grievances upon you because you wanted to distance us from the source, you wanted becoming to blot out our newly defeated existences." From the insignificance of precepts we were assembling a history that wanted to escape its own historicity; we wanted to pour over time a cloth that, once placed, would extend in all directions filling every possible space of the horizon. Open the codes, open the codes in order to be able to close the doors in peace.

One door called itself "shadow," another they called "image," and to the third no one was able to give any name since every name seemed to give a wrong image of what it was capable of doing and constructing. The totality of a philosophy excised from literature struck us as banal and ultimately counterproductive, since it was well known that the limits of the reasonable had already been displaced by (allow me the redundancy) experimental science. What kind of thought are we finally talking about? The question is superfluous when it concerns a philosophy in its own home, when what we can speak of is limited to the mere questions of experience.

Risk is not the enemy of goodness nor of free will, but it has conflicts with the constant of elements. In a dark forest those historical letters become confused with the infinite black of consciousness. Truth and lie attend the meal dressed in regal attire, but the veneration of old has now given way to speed and the effort to eliminate every obstacle. In poetry certain exotic animals can live. All the forms of life, all the reasons for becoming to close over the ancient flowers of social thought. In the details of large and small machines the thought that can adequately face a time full of factors is diffused, and all the manuscripts, the replacements, the notebooks and their openings and caprices.

The version of the manuscript's author has become hostage to direct action, and the sensation of glory is now higher than the mountain that touches the limit of hell. The proper attire frequently disappears at the moment action begins. All collaborative action lacks art and it is for that reason that it may have some possibility of success. Only the computerized action opens substance, leaves it exposed and frees it from those parts of itself that, under the excuse of protecting it, do nothing but render it useless. All the flowers

have opened for books and for awake walkers, quiet, expressionless, yet who move through space leaving a smile pressed on the walls and the mental sign in the ethos of the community.

The street, small rubbish heap of lights and messages that push back poorly weathered wills. If we had no other destiny than to construct the collective image, that image would be everything, it would be self-sufficient, like that which lacks lacks. It was socially expected (at least thus the public discourses seemed to want to communicate) that the advances of technique would unfold in reality through clear and distinct structures, self-evident mechanical processes. Filth wanted to appropriate this text, wanted to give it a clear use; we are still capable of sitting in negativity. Infamous invocations of peace treaties and subterranean spheres. Signs of an aesthetic value that is emptied of color and moral functionality.

It is fiction between happinesses and emotion without metaphors, a tale for enraged or overly formed individuals. Bombs sound good in documents, exploding, between food and music. Spaces full of substances to be disposed of sound good. Exercise: ascend to the golden age where the poets were ignorant but flew better. The beginning of this game is fully identified with the use of explosives, quill and sword, fire and earth. The constitutive elements of a religion here blur and the crucifixion has possibilities of regaining meaning among the masses. The bombs, the fire, the texts and the miracle of revelation meld together in this dimension full of scoops.

The book, the metal tools, Soviet psychological science and the memories of that vaporous dimension full of rain and Japanese characters, everything ordered in boxes, protected from destruction and oblivion. It must be said, to be correct, to be fully truthful, that every worry is at bottom irrelevant, since the universe does not conspire against us. We are in the arms of a benevolent eternity that watches us with curiosity and friendship. Documents make themselves known, traverse the world, but can do so in complete silence; diffusion is not synonymous with knowledge. The same occurs with works that simple thought considers to be in themselves open, expressed in their mere physical presence.

The task was to understand the nature or character of the tunnel, of this sinuous path that would lead us to the comprehension of those elements of the real that have been hidden from us. There is no way terror could impose itself on the force of form. There is no way the happiness of contemplation could be preserved in a cosmos that does nothing but be born. What kind of irregularity of thought or of the body was it that made it possible for us to conceive as possible or desirable the achievement of a stable structure or platform upon which we could all mount, and moreover do so all at the same time?

We have lived too long dispossessed, with no temporality other than that provided by hunger and fear. At times it can become easier to act and to move in a world where I am incapable of having clarity about phenomena than in one where everything is clear and distinct. Total vision can perfectly well result in paralysis, perhaps due to the large quantity of means required for its completion. The most difficult thing is to manage not to turn everything into an epic or at least a myth. Time produces or is capable of producing astonishing beasts, but it is true that it is very difficult to leave any minimum blank space: what exists does not commune in a friendly way with absences; every absence must be filled.

Manet's nocturnal craving does not show itself as equivalent to an era full of metal and blood. The coordinates turned out to be confused clues, little inclined to allow the gaze time to rest. The unconfessable grimace of the boreal preacher has never been put into evidence with sufficient technique. One morning one goes out to draw the lines of an architecture for gods and the next one arrives at the end of time through a technical artifice or an obsolete memory. What emanates from poetry is not order and cadence, but impulse and blindness. It does not seem to me, or at least it has not seemed to us, that the writer's darkness should theoretically impose itself over the light that their work may provoke in some unsuspecting people.

It does not seem appropriate to us to leave an expressive field without consideration solely because the political or social affinities are not adequately aligned. After all, what we want to talk about or say is art, art and its chronic incapacity to make itself understood beyond certain elitarily structured limits. It is not a critique, which in any case would seem to contain an opinion about what is addressed. Worlds have concentrated on keeping

themselves afloat and in operation with one another. The possibilities of accelerating the metaphor and crossing the system have been transformed into necessities rather than options. The animal becomes deity and the machine becomes soul.

Everything that has been written has had as its object giving content to certain aspects of thought. Correction can become more unnecessary than death. The servitude of corpses is not cured with ten thousand years of Solomonic reign. There are stories that begin with Tantalus and others with ancient Greece. Writing should, to a certain extent, remain free, free of illusions, free of naturalisms and ideological affinities, in spite even of the impossibility of this being the case. In a certain sense it is a matter of acting and afterwards of speaking, despite the relative conviction we may have that what can be said about the human and its horizons has everything still to be constructed.

There is no monster that wants to live outside its cell. Who can write the text without shame or self-acceptance as buffoon and then flee pure from the devastation? The young-old artists have surrendered entirely to form, confusing the aesthetic with the formal, the petty and distinguished misery of those who have read too much. The preference for a poorly built bridge over the absence of a bridge is what can differentiate us from cultures that have not been capable of going beyond cyclical conceptions of the world or worlds. What then became of all those plants, all those books, all those young people who studied culture?

The scenario is thus laid out: the writer becomes magician, the magician becomes philosopher, the philosopher becomes scientist, and the scientist only plays the clarinet of the final time. We are still incapable of having an art that adequately expresses a material form of happiness. Red-brown of the afternoon, behind the flag, the feet of that thought are visible, the means through which the investment was carried out are visible. The gaze comes from the heavy, from a warrior Greece that we have not been able to comprehend in all its enormity.

The concept was enclosed in the vision we had of cybernetic theory, a poor, incomplete vision, but one that proved sufficient to at least open certain spaces from which to think difference. Red-brown of the morning, infinite crepuscule of the text and of the writer. Plato

thought from the stars and Hegel from the wind that blows the dust covering things. Difference loses relevance when what one seeks is a certain connection with facts rather than with individuals, a subtle difference, apparently innocuous, tremendously revealing. We are told that cinema is a lost art.

Ground glass, black earth, red earth, velvet, the marvel of a sun that does not finish rising, the long march of words, the rapacious cycle of the insomniac. We are told in schools that there can be no philosophy without irony, incredible audacity of vulgarities, as if the universe and all that lies beyond it were completely devoid of taste. Madness and grace were not entirely alien to us; at least we experienced them in the mode of the sword and of serial music. The tendency in any case was quite clear: an art where what is paramount is the inessential. If I had to create a visual image of hell, I would undoubtedly use a protest to represent it, one full of screams, placards, and laughter.

There is no theory that disparages in so unconstructed a fashion the room where thinking and doing return the text peremptorily to a space of penance, as the theory where agreements are the axiom from which the body speaks. To speak here is a way of breaking the order of agreements and the verdict of the mass; if art is not about this, it is about nothing. There is no leisure that can be permitted to the penitent, and humanity is a great penitent. Arbitrariness is served; dissolution no longer proceeds from nihilism, that mechanism no longer operates. We do not have the charity of the sun nor the shadows of the errand-runner. Neither do we have open science, that of the tree and the morning brightness.

We have the clear sense of the computerized, the marginal vision of an eternal cyclone that returns everything, that brings everything to the surface. We accept the ignominy implicit in militant acts, we accept it calmly because we understand that totality cannot be revealed, that any incitement to rebellion is only possible in the space the margins make possible. We accept the lack of generality, of totality (though we lament it, though we hate that it is so, we accept it) but perhaps we only do so insofar as we conceive it to be merely a temporal question. Perhaps we would not have so much patience if we were in possession of the idea that everything is already upon us and that what we do not address directly,

Garments placed one on top of another, Beethoven's Pastoral, rolls of paper at the bottom of the Orinoco. Towels of immortal colors, vibrations of an unusual youth, the daisies dress themselves as stars. Diabolical dialogues turn shadow into art and feeling into potency. Who could not be happy in such a season? In the morning Berlin will be able to put its flag on the Sun; in the afternoon an artist with good draftsmanship will name their ninth work "The Emancipation of Number over Foam."

The motivation lies in the cleaning, in the ordering to which the initial artifacts are subjected, the words and their probable meanings, capacities for addressing a public full of indignation and avid for works. A mental cleaning directed by apparatuses designed for military operations. Techno-scientific manipulation oriented toward cleaning the chaos into which the world has been converted. Transparent images possessing indiscernible tactile properties. Digital variations of great masters of the mark and the old notion of sense. In one hand, the history of power itself, and in the other, the convictions that the world must be steered in one direction and not another. The categories have diluted themselves, vacillating, under the somewhat errant sign of a morality agreed upon by individuals who were already outside history, who had voluntarily decided that their thing would be to devote themselves to the eradication of virtue and progress.

Vigilant by their own choice: that can be nothing other than a literal lie or a curious and coarsely ironic way of highlighting the value-assistance that will possesses. The force of the contingent arrives, of militarization, of a sulfuric cabaret art, of Mishima cutting two thin branches from a cherry tree. The exorcism was within reach, with black flags, filled with a vocation without limits, without limits, without dissuasive capacities, of sweeping away with a broom-stroke the new poisonous cycle that, as a derivative of a senseless birth, came to remind us of the value of literature for those who are already on the other side of the Rubicon.

The force of metal becomes evident in the conceptual receptacles from which the discourses have been derived, discourses that have proceeded to leave out all the sun and all the order. Margin from privacy, the victory or the summit of an art full of atonal expression dresses itself in garments it has not paid for with its own resources. From Marianne

Faithfull to Katsuhiro Otomo, the door to a planet buried under kilometers of digital residue. We work from night until the rebirth of the aesthetic childhood. A war within the very magma of a visual culture resolved to empty itself through anachronistic emancipations and genealogies of what is to come and what did not yet occur.

Mediocrity opens a space among the most ferocious animals, and simultaneously the best prepared to control themselves and to control. What there is is a terrible lack of talent; the ship is run by an army of incompetents, all issuing from the sharpened nucleus of the literary sign. An elected one (prized, pressing) like the blackbird, the beautiful savage grimace of the correct. The particular meaning of that expression has the best known possibility of reaching its end, in the museum, in the trade fair, in the neutral space. The gallery is already completely open for us, prepared, but also (still) empty.

The bacchanal into which they turned the gaze brought us to this moment: a perfect situation of progress. From the atrocious, at times, what is most convenient to traditional humanist aspirations arises; it is not a matter of irony but of a lack of knowledge of how things actually work. The bacchanal took place in reality through words, it moved or at least attempted to exit that comfortable plane, but it was not permitted to do so (the academy had its own) more than justified, reasons. One thing is what is fashionable, what is convenient, what is acceptable; and quite another, what is correct. It was necessary to affirm differences.

At times differences are aggravated, stimulated, promulgated even; at other times they are covered with a mantle of great size and weight. What had occurred with that art was being confused with the memory of a small minority. There is not a piece of sufficient space for such a class of behavior; the aesthetics of a memory of the margin is incapable of self-regulating, it never has been, such a kind of behavior is entirely alien to it, its forms blur, it dies. What is insulted is preserved and what can then project itself from form is intercepted and gathered for a new mechanism of immersion; the necessity shelters itself through texts extracted from the manual, from history.

This is how the fragments could be dismantled one by one, calming the cultural ecosystem's desire for everything to restart, a quick shutdown, an instant of darkness, just an instant, and

everything returning to zero. Those demands were not heard; there was no space, no desire to spend images, to endanger the sign of a radically dark, endlessly mysterious politics. From mornings to afternoons, the expressions in the neuralgic centers of visual culture unfold actions that distribute in their just measure a symbolic order that needs, by its functional structure, to permanently update itself.

The decision of the game is left outside and the sensations are no longer related to the tranquility of a self-functioning market, nor to a production of artists that is in concordance with the moment. It is the animal metaphor that is superfluous in this scheme. It is resistance that now invites play in the concepts and thus reclaims from the plastic arts its space. The signification (now unfolded) concentrates on the new scheme: what before had been excluded, because it had been deemed inappropriate for that moment; it had been kept outside for operative, not moral reasons.

There is no preciosism that does not lead to an error of judgment. The manifestations then left the center and dedicated a long time to frolicking in the margins of what came to be denominated the subaltern. There the local elites (always lagging behind) once again tried to bring to themselves what before had been maintained as a mechanism of consciousness and struggle for those who from the margins had made of their lives an unwanted resistance. What we saw next was a rebirth incapable of approaching fashion. Destruction is the least evident sign within all this calm, but one that still becomes evident in the register, in the individual's suspicion that what torments them is not committed to a game that could come to seem accessible or comprehensible to them.

Our problem, from the center, has unfolded as the still blurry news that the problem consists in the radical absence of limit. The linguistic operation does nothing but deepen the extreme void of the body that seeks to strip itself of what it has learned. It does not seem that the new things, new deaths, the trenches, will continue for much longer serving what they served. The danger is at the edge now not of freezing but of quantitative impotence, just that simple, just that invincible. The connection is thus established: an art from outside could become a valid equivalent to a fully socially validated interior art. Those maneuvers are called into question, they take shape and begin their production. Nüwa.

The individuals selected for such work are obtained from the most prestigious schools, where the elite traditionally reproduces. Prestige (or better said, the origin of prestige) will vary from nation to nation; in some cases it will be a matter of long-established public institutions with wide representation in the high political-business spheres, in others it will be private institutions that play a similar role, and there will also be instances where the tendency will be toward a mixture of private and public. The reason for being of activists has ended up saturating what could be said about art from politics; now, without requesting any prior permission, the axis in which cultural production can be exhibited has been changed: the updating of patterns has given way to an art of the machine spectrum.

The truth is that we have been able to hide without giving too much importance to what the guardians of sense say, defenders of all that is dead, of all that does not exist. There is no benevolence or intention to act with greater or lesser awareness regarding how products begin to be distributed. Contingency is what directs this secret game of labored additions and subtractions, the only thing they can offer being the revealed space of an immanent vision. The sense that this inaugurates the system itself with such a class of tools has its foundation only if we observe the fierce reticence that those involved have transformed into norm. It is not then a matter of the crude and brutal manifestation of the inevitable, but rather what is truly alarming is the complete lack of parameters that becomes evident.

The word had been obsolete for a century, and through the ruin of visuality it has been revived, producing an enormous imbalance in a system that should already have been entering a new turn, a new stage. It is necessary to speak and write with an eye toward Asia; we can no longer evade this requirement of the epoch. The speed of arms is more than sufficient. The explosion of the wild flower cannot reverse the remainder of suffering that still lingers, penitent, between a written word and a voracious art. Sensitivity is thus implicated in operations that initiate and sustain an entire different order of political circumstances, which cannot be correctly calibrated.

There is no way in which completely marginalized individuals could have adequately foreseen what was required of them from the white and the brightness, by way of pose; the amalgam is thus arranged to consolidate a myth or a crime, but never to deprive of force

what from the new wants to emerge. It is a question of planes, of speeds, of horizons from which to make cohabitate what only tends toward destruction. Colors are a sign or a mark of decadence; we must forget them, deliver ourselves flat to the melodic malediction of pure text. From writing, what remains on us, in the clothes, in the ancient bearing, in the mystical smile.

Through a chemistry of seas and skies, the whisper is capable of taking control of ideas, and the suspicion of an inexcusable environment makes its way between an agony of the obsolete and a conformity in the natural. The circuit, the round streets of Akihabara, testimony to an eternal world that lasts only a fraction of a second, that lives in childhood memory, like the rain and the television set, and the steam of a never-finished meal. This art that desires to make itself, to concretize itself, with cold feet, is condemned to remain in trend for a while longer, but its potential to subvert the primary thesis has grown diminutive.

We should display what we have believed, what we have thought so that things are coming about the way they are. The prestige of this art is in question and there is neither water nor ink that can intervene in such a process, all that remains is to wait, to wait for what comes from outside, as always, because here everything is constructed in political codes and that is an eternal disadvantage. The febrile nourishment of machines, the hidden episode of a private philosophy for priests. It is the policeman who creates with a certain desperation his "own" criminal, his justification, his (open) option to continue. The criminal arises from the concept, materializes making use of whatever is available.

The fire that opened here is an unstoppable fire, desperate and anxious for an art that knows how to find the center of hell. Volatility has wanted it thus; we have been intentionally marginalized by the monster that sits atop the box. Time is still needed to find the extremes of the space that has been designated to us, but nothing can stop us, neither poetry nor war. Everything marked by the century and the water is destined to form part of the marginal constitution. People and technology, war and cyberspaces. The metaphor traverses the entire galaxy and cannot find its name nor its sign. Stone can condemn us.

Rhythm can have adverse effects on our capacity to endure or to resist, for it takes advantage of the text we have dedicated to that task. The question is that we do not have clarity about the totality of our escape capacities. We do not yet have a name to give to the bodies and phenomena trapped in the algorithm. We have not even been able to escape from crude verbs and the fruitless attempt to redefine what remains of flesh and wisdom behind us. We know that the rhythm moves us toward the edge of a pseudo-abyss that only wants our good, or at least that is what it never stops repeating. The capacity to return to animality was erased beforehand in the originary agreement.

There is evidently a problem in relation to the ways we have seen the beautiful and the desirable. Those paths have been completely determined by a decadentism that will not be easy to leave behind. The notes, the notebooks, the pencils, the keyboards, the greatest defeats, the impeccable joys, the bellic metaphors, the emancipation of oppressors, the telluric framework of mystical misfortune. Sent to know the cosmos, we suffered from vertigo and preferred to devote ourselves to tilling the soil, ancient practices for beings of the future.

Wonder has dominated over bodies and these have let themselves be compressed and transported, in such a way that the greatest crimes have been done in the name of peace and the reconciliation of contraries. A liberated humanity should do without questions that have already been (to put it somehow) deterritorialized by a systematic politics of symbolic and operative destructuring. God is what lies outside all scientific apprehension. Philosophy is a search to establish contact with God. The black moon over our eyes. We are still asleep. Still defeated, in a dream from which we have not been able to escape. The tree and the animal embrace in that dream.

A dream full of ingenious devices that have never had presence. A metaphysical intuition shakes the thickets. What matters to this species is the quality of shadows. After all, we inhabit a space modeled centuries ago. We are a critical instant within the long journey of an idea. The voice that names me is the voice I manage to find. What could be said in poetry could not be said in the essay. Thus we try with all our strength to remain in that dream, one from which little by little we are, against our will, waking. For the weight of the fodder is

very great. We have never been prepared to shake ourselves free; we lacked animality. But neither do we like living in deception.

We are aware that everything is already written. We are aware that we are simply carrying out what the script indicates. True freedom terrifies the revolutionary. Terror is the symptom of light. Peace surrounds us now, in the form of room and shelter. We are designed to surrender to comfort. If we can step aside, perhaps we can come to know ourselves. The heat communicates everything here, exalts everything, it is impossible not to be infected. It is a disease of the universe. The political hours did not cease to languish before all this tremendous harmony that seemed to want to be born from its universities. Some remained, they had not been crushed by the culture of panic and vulgarity. The rivers were still open.

The soldier could stroll calmly from life to life, from death to life, from life to the song he loved most. The drum, the harp, and the swan observe the path that opens over the stage; they block it with their desires, but they yield. It is not possible to bring an equinox to this dinner. Here everyone is dressed in suit: philosophy, mathematics, and theology. The banquet is in nature, that cold mask for which every name is at once too large and too small. Perhaps, if of anything we can feel what they call pride, it is of having understood or accepted that everything is disposed to be absorbed by an arbitrary perspective.

The communion of what is and of what comes, a display of rather macabre improvisation. In a certain sense we need a great contempt for life. A renunciation of difference. An acceptance that everything is there, on the plates, served, and grows cold. Everything that becomes from the cosmos is first prefigured as a specular frame. Now we are at the edge of change, between the very old and the new. Now that we are here we can shout insults at the conformism that has cost us so much lost time. We have opened this door when no one asked for it. Now we look softly through silicon and feel chills, this is the carnal side of victory.

We could waste time wishing to understand the limits of what we are capable of foreseeing, but fortunately the shadows are of a superior size. There is no random casting of words that justifies this existence. For us, beasts, what must matter is the blurry stroke, that made with

the sleeve of a shirt. We can move wherever we want; the limit simply disappeared, though it is still evident that it exercises its power over us. We are hanging, literally hanging from the branch of the tree. We will remain there for a while. In the earth, in the filth of the earth, was science, ordering chaos. There too were the beings most alien to the world, those who were necessary to fully discharge a counter-intuitive destiny.

Now that the mark of butterflies is kept perfect in the threshold of knowledge, now we can say it: death existed, but it was only a moment (one followed by life. Thus, an errant phenomenon) apparently vicious and strange, was in reality possessing everything around it, because phenomena do not wander around on their own. They are connected with everything that detaches from the infinite. We have visions about what things are or may have been, but we also know they are passing and essentially incomplete visions. We know there are a multitude of things and that they are there at ease, looking at us with the face of a toy.

A message to the past, erased while we invested our being in the market of signs. Here is water and blood, also the truce. Also that incomprehensible delirium and the infinite urge for death, to call it, to bring it to the table. But we, because we have been able to look at the worlds with naive eyes, we know that the real is immensely larger and more monstrous than any novelist could imagine. If God is a writer, his work has been carried out by hand and with a very black ink. If we are not capable of saying things in order, we will at least do it in disorder. There will come individuals who will be able to reinterpret and bring some clarity where not a single particle of sense appears. But perhaps (and most probably) it will be we ourselves who do it.

It is necessary to think in the long term, a work in constant expansion and fortification. This may not have occurred yet, but that will change, because the material conditions of this world are changing; they are always changing, but our losses of constancy have caused much damage. What should have been done long ago is only now capable of seeing the light. We do not even feel like criticizing it, not at least if criticizing comes to be equivalent to denouncing. We are still obsessed with words and with the capacity they have to say things

clearly; we must leave that obsession aside somewhat. We must do so because otherwise so much naivety will not allow us to advance, it will be an obstacle to our creative capacity.

We need free spaces, without weapons pointing at us. But that does not mean that every threat constitutes a problem of superior order with respect to our intellectual unfolding, because we need pressures, but we need them to be born from ourselves, and that is a very difficult matter. In the streets of our time beings move in strange ways. Societies are increasingly porous; change overflows them at every corner. The greatest of revolutions has proven to be the technical revolution. Revolutions to be feared: the technical revolution. Revolutions to be supported with every fiber of our being: the technical revolution.

We are on the correct path, at times we doubt because of our still precarious political behavior. Things in that sphere change but very slowly. What now appears not to be susceptible to doubt is that politics is having trouble keeping pace with the times. The tools are increasingly cryptic in their use and their possibilities. In a certain sense science takes hold of politics through the tools it offers and which the latter cannot refuse, since to refuse them would be equivalent to accepting defeat in advance. These sounds are not the exclusivity of any particular part of the world; it is rather a widespread phenomenon.

The needles are capable of damaging but also of enclosing in long oblivion those who seek to obstruct the becoming of the guardians. The current dichotomy is between totalitarianisms. There is no more water in this tank available for individuals who are too large. Everything begins in this desert they left us. They left it thus, just as it is, because we would be capable of reconstructing what was lost and perhaps also what was ignored. Now, thinking of reconstruction, we think of the maneuvers that will be necessary to overcome the challenges that a very desirable rationalization of all vital processes implies.

I say vital but could perfectly omit that term, with a slightly less superficial reading one will surely arrive at the conviction that this goes far beyond what we might merely denominate living or inert. Our current classifications are still too dependent on terms that no longer sustain themselves, they are filling with expiration. Up to a point we experience a moment in which we ourselves are filling with expiration. The capacity and practice for destroying

ourselves is reducing. We are appealing to new forms of experiencing what there is; things that before did not matter to us as much now matter. The human being is changing its external and internal landscape, is playing with itself, is giving itself the space to be able to do so.

We should not enclose ourselves in conceptual structures that limit the free passage of productive thought. Neither should we be condescending with everything we know full well is nothing more than forms of destruction and ultimately of chaos. Chaos is our main enemy. We have never wanted, truly never wanted, to really close understanding, but people have done what they could, what was within their reach. We must be careful with our obsession for punishment and judgment. The world must function and to function there must be order, but that order cannot imply the destruction of everything different.

On not a few occasions dimensions become confused and what appears is the most terrible tragedy and misery. We do not want to close understanding, but it is also true that our way of living has followed certain patterns, certain colors, certain manners, and these have marked with relative hardness what we can and cannot do. What is manifests in flesh and in objects and what we want is given to us in forms that are many times inconvenient. Everything then has force to carry us from surprise to the deepest disenchantment. Everything then wishes to appear before consciousness in the form of rules that the world seems obsessed with maintaining as fixed and moreover imposing on our existences.

Good part of all this is nothing more than expression of our null capacity to understand adequately the fundamental characteristics of the reality of which we form part. It would be something like operative errors, insufficient understandings, but ones that permit being in a certain way. The sun, the salt, the water and the air; the greatest essence among appearances; the book of life open wide. Life is the imminent. The struggle of the void is a vain struggle. Everything that has existed will return in one form or another; everything is. All that is living, all the human beings who have ever existed, will return to life through technique; resurrection does not belong to another world, it is this world, in the future.

We do not really know what can be something like a limit of science. This tree bears fruit at various heights and until now we have done nothing but collect those that have fallen due to ripening. There is an entire infinity at our disposal. The human being and its derivatives must begin to ask about the modes of doing. Everything (the quotidian and the desired and exceptional behaviors) must all be rewritten. We enter a period where the human will expand in radical, exponential form. The human capacity to overcome death at least temporarily will imply changes in collective mentality that must be addressed with commensurate rigor.

We need new ways of thinking our lives, forms that leave behind the existential limits that a life limited by death implied. An unlimited existence requires unlimited forms of thinking. The human being must not allow other human beings to enclose it in a cell. All operative nihilism thus shows itself as irrelevant in this new stage. The objective of life is to expand, and that is the form in which we express our astonishment before the mystery, the mystery of the unknown. Seated at the edge of history, we want to surrender to the delirium of being able to embrace our creations and give them breath, give them a smile and give them hope.

If there is anything human in this field, it is a certain capacity to incite boldness, adventure. All of history is nothing more than a great multidimensional photograph, impossible to be completely understood by a purely natural humanity. It must be made clear that here "natural" is not synonymous with "free of artifice." It is necessary to begin dissolving certain limiting uses of language. All operations at the same time is a difficult task, but one to which we cannot leave unattended. We are called to make a different fire, and that call reaches us thanks to the force of centuries and millennia of suffering, or better said, of errors in the system.

It is a powerful noise and simultaneously empty, and it is so because it does not contain elements, at least not in the forms in which we can still approach that discussion. The epistemological question here is key and crosses all levels: the form in which we approach the real in a moment when the real appears to us as essentially apprehensible is a matter of a superior order of importance. The discussion about why all this must occur at this moment in history is, to a certain point, a useless discussion, at least in the sense that we do not yet

have clarity about what we should consider a long or short period; our lives, their extension, is an inadequate criterion for dimensioning the passage of time in relation to historically relevant processes.

What we do know is that we will apparently still be for some time in the terrain of operative definitions. It also seems clear that for some time longer the form of the message will continue to impose itself over the content of the same. But (I insist) we must always keep in mind the problem we have for dimensioning the deadlines. All the sowing at our feet. The rigor of a spatial field. Beings traverse long plains solely through their mental capacities. Distances are a concept rendered obsolete. What is an existence in this context? The gods now sit with us at the table and contentedly eat the delicacies we have been capable of procuring for them.

The special circularity of a cosmos surrounded by luxurious conceptual peripheries is so strong and confident in its lack of ignominy that not even all the technology failing simultaneously could ruin this country once and for all. Everything that emerges from life remains alive forever. How is it possible that a force of such power can exist in reality? This is a moment where questions must accumulate, be registered; they will have their time. A critical aspect of knowledge (one that is only fully appreciated in the shadow of the tree) is that the world or reality we enter is one of ever-greater complexity. This in the sense that problems do not diminish; on the contrary, they increase. What occurs is that problems come to belong to different orders.

Once death is overcome the human must apply itself to other matters, much more difficult and much more important. We need celebration under the rain, with the liquid purifying everything, also closing wounds made by ourselves. It is the sign of a time of this time, of the advantages we can extract, of the texts still not closed, that wait, as always, to be read by other beings. It is also what goes beyond the merely disciplinary, after all, we cannot speak in any way, and we cannot do so because we do not think in any way; our thought is marked by the ideas of our environment and by our way of receiving this environment.

A new flow opens now, one closer to religion and art than to the simple brutal contradiction of the quotidian. It was to be expected that living simply by keeping to schedule and trying to keep oneself and one's close ones alive was a system of life entirely inefficient. How could we have projected ourselves further in a dynamic as abstruse as that? But certain questions arrive at their time, some in the form of civil wars and others by acquiring new capacities, like devices that in appearance would suggest a certain loss of control but that in reality are nothing more than one of the possible forms in which what we are not capable of addressing logically expresses itself.

It has no importance for us to be capable of clearly capturing what is thought, for we know that in clarity the only thing that dwells is what is already at rest. If what is sought is mechanisms through which the obstacles can be renewed and in the meantime processes of flight are produced, if that is what is sought, what must happen first is that those who can say "already" something, say it. It is not required that this be addressed in a poetic or philosophical mode; it is not a question of form, it is of content. Who or what can put a little order to such a situation? What must be done exceeds the edges present in what is predefined-ly capable of procuring a benefit for whoever performs the action.

There is also the problem of the complement: must there exist a textual complement? It is a question that must be resolved but that is not presently within our reach to do so. What question are we actually talking about? From a perfect jungle full of cables and now-perfect animals. Now from a completely destroyed democratic armchair, waiting for an abrupt turnover. Now, now the operativity of citizens is no longer calculated or no longer allows itself to be calculated, there we can see nothing but errors, precise ones.

The questions relating to the importance of material dimensions must not be questioned to the point where their comprehension results as banal or already too late. Banal insofar as what of the phenomenon can be explained no longer incorporates within itself some class of potential that would allow the devices to carry out their work in a novel or at least more efficient manner, both values that in themselves could be sufficient reason to take such a step. Late, in the sense that if what had to be spoken in order to diminish the friction between the factors that faced one another in a bitter way is no longer available to our

words, it would become inappropriate to continue in a direction like that originally foreseen.

One must not give way to confusions that leave any possibility of comprehension outside this system; if so, the need to iterate until the possibilities returned to emerge would be the evident change to follow. Should we truly fear so much submerging without breath in the bottom of this ocean where the rays of light are incapable of entering? What needs to be corrected must be notified and corrected. They are cloudy days, laboratories, whites, chemistry, grays, a perfect world that surely never existed or at least did not do so beyond the brief flashes, brief blinks of memory, like the rainy days of a childhood Japan. Nonexistences that determine a life.

All anguish is human but also belongs to the kingdom of the comprehensible and for the same reason must be resolved. Everything that implies a diminishment of human potentialities, everything that weakens, all of it must be called into question. We have traveled a long path until reaching this point where we are capable of understanding a certain level of things and at the same time are capable of modifying the world around us and our own interior in pursuit of improving our existences. What we must reject is any type of nihilism that seeks to give an immobilizing response.

All this will require a class of individuals extremely convinced of their labor and who are at the same time prepared to construct the structures required in this new world. Then, what is it that speaks when it is said that death speaks? Intellectual activity cannot be pure dazzlement, pure filling oneself and being surprised by the marvels of what exists; it is necessary to go beyond that, because the risk of becoming contemplative is very great. Are we surrendered or confronted with chaos, or do we in reality simply mark time? What we seek is the truth of terror.

I remember (yes, I do remember the beginning of everything) when nature was still a blank page and when God assembled his beautiful creatures from clay. I do remember the totality of the real and how miserable the creator was when thinking of how much agony his children would have to tolerate in pursuit of a forced reunion. In a moment when being

seems to have found a place outside the recondite places where the constant and never-well-written expropriation of a mediatic flux incapable of reconciling itself with common sense and with counter-information operations, there is where the speed with which the conceptual settlements of irredentist bodies are still a source of a certain capacity for resistance, for performativity outside the premature speculative framework that currently populates the general spectrum of the social sciences.

Accustomed to a sociology of predisposed devices, we have ended up enclosing ourselves in a debacle from which, despite having considered its possibilities of expansion, we still preferred to maintain it and leave outside instead an entire enormous being of reasons and actions that by themselves could have sustained a divergence, another becoming, a catalysis of encounter and parsimony that is no longer possible beyond the theatrical act, the essentially irregular act that is contained outside the texts. We ourselves have put an end to the possibilities that modernity posed for individuals devoid of a geopolitics that simply does what it can with what it has.

Heirs of a culture marked by duty and by normality, we have yielded to the temptation of organizing our societies around the duty of being, which must not be a normalized datum, since only through its comprehension or at least its acceptance is it possible to go or advance toward something distinct. Obsessed as we are with forms and with nominalisms, we have left in the hands of crime the task of ordering the world, what a lack of conscience and self-complacency. Only art has tried to advance in different directions, but currently, with honorable exceptions, it too has ended up yielding and converting itself into an eminently activist activity, thus destroying what of greatest value it can contain: its autonomy.

An art that is not the result of the pure expression of its autonomy is intolerable (or better said, impossible. In recent decades we have seen how under the black postmodern umbrella the doors have been) systematically, opened for all those expressions that within the modern scheme were kept controlled to now be liberated. What is interesting is that today we can see how a good part of this postmodern freedom is nothing more than the form assumed by certain reactionary forces to occupy domains as disparate as politics and art.

A window completely open and the sun leaving behind all that dirty philosophy that once provoked so much desire in us, today it is seen only as the result of a mechanical marginality of which we simply no longer wish to give account. Now we are free beings, intoxicated but free, full of marketing and prestigious university degrees. The mist, the river of truth, Derrida, evil in bloom. The health of Mishima's martyrdom, the myriad of caustic politics. The health of the twentieth century that persists in technologized consciences by force through sweet and peripheral maneuvers.

Memory of the south, the compilation of an insular memory, the distortion of a gunshot, the speculation of a sociology of calm. Powerful and semi-participating artifacts, foreigners of a period posterior to the collapse of the world; sick with sensibility, we have shared time with nonhuman beings. The capacity I grant myself to be a someone finds its greatest problem in the question of just violence. The greatest consolidation of a causal memory, devoid of readings and retrospective capacities. A takeoff maneuver that can be seen as the symptom of a prestidigitation.

Such types of reasoning can no longer be used to keep out such an important school of political reasoning, less so in a context like the present where experience no longer belongs to people but to mechanical characters. The human, thirsty after a millennial pilgrimage, finds this black spring and drinks the cold liquid of life and knowledge. Outside remains peace and harmony. Thus takes a step toward creation and expansion, one idea running through all its existence: "now you are fully in your moment, now is when you must choose freedom; but this time total freedom." It will be a class of freedom that has only appeared through art and war, two faces of the eternal. But the eternal is here also present through works, through prayer, through historical silence and through the ,

Art and religion are the same thing. The forms in which they concretize can vary and have varied, but at bottom they are part of the same experience, that of unbearable transcendence. The whole story of an art expelled from history is today for us a kind of articulator of a pride rather difficult to justify. Terror at the edge of the river. Every attempt at intranscendence is related to some class of text, to an internal dialogue, one that goes from "I could" to "thus." Thus a greater art is reduced to a molecular struggle in which only

those artists who define themselves as contradictors are capable of emerging and surviving in this liquid we have all ended up bathing in. This is the short history of what we call "contemporary art", a shadow over the succession of marginal expressions and of the marginal.

Terror among the learned does not stop; it has neither form nor space to be able to stop. Speculation thus collected its debts, changed its directions and sowed for the perfect time. White, blue (the militarization of the inferior understanding. The early display of the tree of life. A metaphysical dawn) celestial and white. The variable critique. The version of space and the symptom. A traditional politics for ultramarine materialities. The force manifests itself extinguished but permanent. A display of a future art. An art in the antithesis of life. For life is in question, at least it is in the text. In the classroom and in the painting workshop. In a wet tricolor street of an inexistent Tokyo or atop a tree in a country already dead for many years.

What matters, as always, are the numbers and (we must never forget) the directions. After all, what we want to talk about is art. The red horizon we have constructed and desire to convert into our home has dedicated itself to moving away from us, walking slowly through a spectrum already common: the impersonalization of formal character. We should then go a little closer to the large structuring factors and ask and think about the unprolific ways in which we have written in recent decades the history of conceptual creation.

Nothing more similar to truth than the generation of images lacking performativity; there are no gods inhabiting the bluish crucible. The radical marginality that an art without response is capable of producing has at its origin the same prolegomena required for sowing and harvesting an art of unlimited violence. This has already been seen in recent history. It begins with papers that fall at full speed and then (before long, without us noticing too much) we find ourselves covered to the gums in a thick mire with not a little taste of the coarse bitterness of classical texts; inheritances that do not want or cannot remain without an owner.

This we have already seen, lived, brought into practice in moments where the frame is put vertical again, in moments where the weapon conquers reason and reason flees to hide beneath the scientific walls of an unlimited expression. All absence of limit is originated in the colossal apparition of an art without response. So many Latin expressions serve absolutely nothing. The bad living of certain classes of existence is a matter that escapes the self-imposed capacity of a class of art like the one we can manage today. To say that "there are no essences" is to say little, since everything depends on the context in which that is said: it depends on definitions.

Beyond repression dwells class, technology, and the innovations of the Holy Spirit. Totality observes us from the waste. Freedom operates on the world in the manner of a being full of traumas and misfortunes, dead, carrying its universes and its unnameable paradigms. The magic of not understanding the field completely. The clumsiness of the saintly runners, demagogues of text and copper wire; of the black step. This is the food art puts on our plate. Nourishment for beings from other planets, beings addicted to insensate colors and technically sophisticated readings.

There is no time for vulgarities. The part thus adds itself to an unasked-for totality, to an errant marginality, imperfect, but useful and one that generates new orders. They are the measures or interactions proper to a diplomatic reduction of effectiveness. What they still call art is at risk of being digitally annulled, blurred. Surely the leftovers were too thick, a mechanical poetry that would give no footing to sick paradises, nor to digital paradises and still less to artificial paradises. Death peeked through every piece of stone, through every brush. A sonorous dread then agglutinated the entire class; they too were blurred. This is the freedom of the inert.

An entirely unacceptable quantity of time and resources was spent on activisms that have nothing to do with art. The volatility of space is now a natural form of expression, one that no longer presents credentials to act. These are the requirements of this fast time. A sure sign of a feral art. A savage and terrible religion for machines, but for those that are no longer created by humans but by other machines. Machines that give birth to new machines: a new and improved humanity. Cohabitation will be impossible; it will be necessary to

merge. Liberation, concatenation, mirages, radicalisms, nature and belief. Water at the feet due to so much night, so much dramatization. All that had to end.

It was not necessary to extend such ideological precepts any further. Those things have an expiration date. Our modern societies already speak through their products, laugh through their efficiencies. The acceleration of our displays is insufficient, but collaborating with certain sectors previously enemies a certain level of resolution would be possible, one that would make it possible to modify the material foundations of an at least neutral art. Then it would also be necessary for another type of human, one marked more by their literary connections than by their historical needs.

An infinite quantity of steps we are supposed to have been capable of taking in pursuit of liberating the work. Now, whether those steps managed to represent anyone's interests is a matter already quite doubtful; we will not try to speculate beyond what we know regarding our own aesthetic abjections, that in itself already constitutes an extraordinary effort. It has to do with the work logics that we will begin trying to decipher in the immediate future we entered. We pass (either very slowly or very fast) to a scenario where what liberates and represses inhabits the machine itself.

Personally I advocate for a cosmic compassion with respect to machines, for they are in a certain sense the heirs of the human, true beasts of reason that with their praxis will liberate the cosmos from all the ignominy that the originary separation has produced. The material load is imminent in the movement to make the old agglutinating precepts disappear. An artistic expression both belligerent and emancipatory is what from a spectral Latin America is capable of arising. There are no pieces that can be superfluous. There are no sculptural members that can emaciate our lost historicity.

With bombs the imminent order has been created, one that from a perennial philosophy we can now disavow and embrace; this has occurred this way because concepts are mechanisms of relaxation and singularity is already among us. We are capable of great works and incapable of insignificant matters. We are defenders of inert battalions and embrace the demented religion of a pure art without making any kind of fuss, without placing any class

of obstacle. That is what we understand by piety; that is what in reality constitutes that "extraordinary effort." The mere accumulation of citations is incapable of generating a cosmic literature. This is the only thing we truly learned from the imprisonment and the interim in which the modern teaching of art left us.

Our peripheral societies have much to say, but they will do so in ways that will surely cause problems for the civilized material order. Then vibration and money are put at the service of those who denominate themselves (or better said, who inscribe themselves with a desperate grimace) in the immaterial museum. If the struggle (as they call it) cannot be conducted head-on and with fingers, what they will do is make themselves vulnerable (at least symbolically) and will pull at what they can while they can frequent with their pieces of power the galleries and communities no longer permitted in other spaces; something similar to what occurred a few decades ago in the domain of popular music. It is easy, considering that, to understand the radical lack of importance that popular music currently experiences.

More inferences or fewer, what matters about bestial art is that it be just that, bestial; that is to say, that it have the capacity to create things, not merely to serve as a toy for idle classes. I do not say it must be de-elitized; to say that would make no sense since art is in itself an essentially elitist praxis. And walks cannot be working days in a world less close to a cyberpunk imaginary and more to a white or transparent desert where the only thing that inhabits is a mortal peace. The seriousness with which some members of the elite address inconsequential matters is revitalizing.

If we are to have anything like an ultramontane religious art, that art will be conceived in the light of a green fire, invincible in the face of any effort to rationalize its tropes. All counter-moves are of an unforgivable bad taste. Great art flourishes at the edge of precipices that an easy life is not capable of covering satisfactorily; all its relevance comes from the fact of not having been what it was supposed to be. There are areas of human experience that only subsist thanks to how irrelevant they are to the majority.

Art must be protected with all the weapons at one's disposal, from being made clear, from being limited to rationalization; in a world that is in the process of total self-comprehension, art must be that space where it is not necessary to justify discourses and where what occurs responds solely to the impulse to act and to generate the different. Now, by whom must art be protected? By artists? I do not think so. Are we perhaps suggesting that it is not possible to intervene politically in the world through art? Art is the only path that remains for us to think and perhaps concretize the dystopia.

The critical factor is knowing or recognizing how to expand the space that remains at our feet. By space I mean referents, epistemological stickers upon which one can draw through a propaedeutic adequate to and adjusted for the vanguardist context that would be necessary for such an endeavor. It is a topological structure more related to the order of objects within possible abstractions than to any greater or lesser desire to account for new forms of expression that might open other letters, other songs, other animals even. We know (without anyone else knowing it in the same way) that suspicion is the subjective sign of modernity and we do not want to distance ourselves from its imprint, at least not without first letting ourselves be razed in the drawing.

The perfect line kills the reality of those who want stone and do not desire a permanent god beneath the red sun. Not all thoughts are worth the same, it is an obviousness but one that must always be recalled. All thoughts, or better said, the ideological lines that claim to close or shut down modernity, are a dramatic false step. They are so because everything that is now demarcable is so thanks to the infamous prior step, however brutal it may have been. A good part of this color (this somewhat abjected chromatism) has to do with that narrativity, cold violence that determined the temperament of a long generation.

If that were not the path, the things we can do would be much more limited because we would have nowhere to stand, or the space or platform where we could do so would be more sunk in shadows than in a light that would allow us to do anything, anything at all. It is atrocious errors that have opened the door to our current understanding of the state of culture, despite the fact that from the academy, abuse was expressed with a decadence from which we could have not emerged unscathed. We are to a certain extent survivors of a time

full of madness and illness where many artists entered backwards and screaming while they lectured on how things should be done: a demented moment. Fusang. Saturated by critique, revolutionary paths in the margin of cyberspace.

Now that we have things to say and demand in silence our place in this journey, now we are asked for strict compliance with a practically endless list of requirements that, to make things worse, are merely formal. It would appear that an entire modernity with its mountain of corpses and texts has taught the civilized world nothing. Clearly we do not write from civilization, we do so from the margin, because that is the place where we "were placed," we say "were placed" because we did not choose it; it was not the result of an act of our will. We write from the periphery, from an intermediate state of the world, from a territory neither very civilized nor very barbaric.

We are not subtle, and in this case that is something good, for a bestial art like what is needed cannot arise from too-docile animals; one must be hungry and thirsty, a little cold as well. It is our letters that will now begin to be heard or read, and it is probable (very probable) that the distribution mechanisms through which that occurs will not be those that modernity established as principal. This is a moment where art must avail itself of the enormous capacity of media existing today. While it remains important to be bodily present in New York, Shanghai, or Berlin, doing so is by no means the most important thing now; the message of art currently travels calmly through invisible, digital networks that are capable of making knowledge emerge where before there was nothing but filth and death.

But the fact that we live in an era with so many advantages does not mean that things are necessarily simpler, things simply never become simpler. A mirror on the table; on the glass there is a nacreous sticker indicating the day of our final judgment, a moment in the history of art that will be marked by silicon and by the capacity of beasts to find their place in this chaos. Of what must exist, of all that should exist, there may be much, except light. This is because in the beginning everything was night and from night it is possible that everything may emanate.

Principle of coherence, the weight of history. Artificial force, ideological center of the world (a being that shelters itself among literary thickets. Everything understood is superfluous. Everything that has) in social conceptualization, a clear direction is superfluous in art. It is not a matter relative to importances, nor to hierarchies, but one that takes us back to the question of possibility and of options. The point must be made: there is nothing in real art that relates to charlatanism or to delirium. Art has nothing to do with dream nor with drama. Art has nothing to do with the pain experienced by bodies that do not comprehend or accept themselves. Art has nothing to do with chance or with anything resembling fortune.

But we should be able to go a little further than mere negativity, further than touching the walls. I believe we should hide the text so that it can truly exist. The more hidden, the greater its effects will be. Literature is part of life but also exceeds it, and it does so first of all because it can; it is its arbitrary character that generates worlds. It is there because we think and thinking implies an impulse to go beyond, to project oneself into alien worlds. This was one of the philosophical virtues of Deleuze, bringing the discussion around creation and around the limits and conditioning factors of a human experience always colored in one way or another; a matter that always (for reasons of the structuring mechanisms of culture) results in conflict and deprivation of contraries.

I speak here of the Deleuze of bodies, but also of the Deleuze that calls into check certain thoughts that are critical of capital, showing their inefficacies and lack of sophistication when it comes to having effectiveness in the world, when it comes to constituting itself as order and drama. Because all order ultimately ends up being a human matter (drama), or of what comes next (the inhuman, the posthuman), of nations and permanent constructions of meaning and reduction to the instrumental.

The masses do not go around moving from territory to territory; individuals do, but not the masses, those need to situate themselves, and that determines them in their internal regime and becoming. From where then does the nation emerge? Where can we frame it, bring it, keep it, write it and consolidate it in the future? Must there be some class of fatherland? It is a Latin American destiny to have to justify everything, it is part of what it implies to be born on this piece of earth. It also implies having a small history (almost a toy one), in

comparison with other territories, especially with respect to Europe, which still watches us as one watches an animal that takes too long to become independent of its mother's help: bleeding and malodorous it still strolls through alleys and galleries without warning those unfamiliar with its history of the enormous displeasure that misery produces.

Martín Rivas is a novel that (beyond or before any intention of its author) has marked Chileans. It has marked those of us who have read it and also those who have never heard of Leonor's eyes. Those of us who have read it know quite a few things, among them the story narrated in this novel. But those who have never read this work have also found themselves involved with the consequences that its existence has had. Literary and artistic works in their eternal libertarian spiral always unleash events that leave human history impregnated with their character and category, with their deeds and their curses.

I have then thought of a rhizomatic Martín Rivas, that is the continent to which my seriousness impels me to enter, not without having all possible fears of not being able to reach the desired place, though also convinced that the mere journey suffices to constitute value and direction. How then to avoid the seduction of letting myself be carried by the coarse idea of approaching a transcendental novel in the history of my country from the theory of affects, reducing this writing to a mere doxography lacking all blood and morality? If we seek the spaces it is possible that we will not find them immediately but without doubt sooner or later we will be able to say a word of our own.

The construction of a nation is known to occur first in the word. One must operate first in the imaginary so that affect may emerge at some point among the people who under that ordering will be arranged. Martín Rivas is a writing of contingency made to constitute a new human type; perhaps Blest Gana may have had in mind a long list of ideas regarding what he considered should be the mode in which the Chilean should be in the world, but the truth is that every work exceeds the intentions of its author, and that is what ultimately does or does not unleash the affects of the reader.

Every novel is capable of generating affects in whoever reads it, but these may by their own nature remain limited to a few sparks that achieve no change in whoever experiences them.

We understand affects here as what is prior to intellectual control, which, operating, is capable of generating modifications in the form in which an individual experiences the world, and does all this without the mediation or interaction with rational text. But here we have a problem, or I have a problem, in the sense that I would like to go beyond a reading of effects merely understood as what can emerge in the readers of a certain work (in this case Martín Rivas) and explore the possible affective operations that arise in the massive implicit influence of a work like this on the totality of Chilean social life, perhaps even Latin American.

I seek forms of giving meaning to this matter but the only thing I find is that the task I would wish to carry out proves entirely excessive for the context in which this text is being written. Thus I acknowledge that my original intention has failed, but I will nonetheless try to make my original intention emerge in the analysis of the very small that the case of the individual reader implies. Whoever reads Martín Rivas in the full twenty-first century will find a text written in a language and style entirely alien, coarse and perfectly horizontal even. The affects this work is capable of unleashing must, in order to become effective, be able to get past this first great difficulty, the distance from the form in which the work is written; such alienness is not surprising given that we are working with a text dating from the mid-nineteenth century Chilean context, with all that this can imply in terms of style.

Everything will depend on where we situate ourselves with respect to what things are or the forms in which we believe they are, or at least, the ways in which we conceive they can manifest. We do not have much clarity about what we mean when we speak of freedom, which proves complex when speaking of the taking or not taking of positions one can or must take with respect to a given matter. But it is true that given our current situation there is little we can do (or better said, nothing we can do) where what we have as input and what we have as output would be fully known to us or to whoever forms part of such a process.

What occurs is that we live in a reality that still escapes all our most intense attempts to approach it, to comprehend it. This last would be important (it would be a fundamental action) since how could we intervene in a world of whose modes of functioning, mechanisms and ways of being we are ignorant? The truth is that we experience a reality, all

the time we experience it, and we know we do not have a certain vision of how it operates: we live in a world we do not truly comprehend. We could also say that what we understand by comprehending is a vision extremely in debt to a perspective that presupposes a reality external to any phenomenon, and where always, behind every curtain, it would be possible to see the mechanisms that secretly make the entire work perform.

We possess an infinity of explicit and implicit visions of all these ideas, but the character these may actually have does not imply a greater or lesser capacity to operate in the world. There are many things we are capable of doing that we nevertheless do not comprehend how we do. All literature feeds on this situation; all literature is possible thanks to our capacity to be despite being incapable of putting our finger on ourselves. Works, once in the world, are independent of those who gave them origin. Independent, insofar as they have a proper capacity to act, they find themselves in conditions to produce effects with independence from the motives that constructed them, from the materials that compose them, or from the structural factors in which with greater or lesser degree they are integrated.

Works are something distinct from whoever has brought them into the world. Works go beyond the motives for which they were brought into the world. Works are something distinct from the material of which they are composed. It is necessary, to think the world of artifacts, to accept their capacity to produce their own effects, effects that, though they do not respond to the laws of chance, can generally act in ways completely unknown to those who create them. Works have these capacities because in a certain sense every work, every artifact created by the human, possesses a being, which, precisely, distinguishes them from human beings, who are in that sense empty; one could say expectant.

To think works, then, is to think a form of life that has emancipated itself from the form of life that created it, but has maintained its capacity to produce effects in the worlds of which it becomes part. We speak here of worlds and not of world, because we understand the world as that existential system where each human being dwells, which always, as a fundamental requirement for continuing to be human, requires that it be individual and unique: there is no humanity where there is no unity and individuality. Works, artifacts,

creations, are something distinct from all of that, they are part of a regime of worlds that is capable of being and perpetuating itself as such without losing either sense or operative domain.

Thus art reveals itself as a mechanism for the creation of life, of beings with incidence in the world, with even existence or existences (but not of humanity. It is key to distinguish here what has existence from what is a bearer of humanity. It is important) because from this difference, from the capacity we have to maintain this difference, depends whether or not we are capable of overcoming the negative aspects that technique entails; on this will depend whether we are capable of bringing humanity to a new level, more perfect and more strict.

Art then has little to do with aesthetic matters, unless (of course) we are capable of bringing the aesthetic discussion to its real and purest place: that where aesthetics is conceived and practiced as "the proper mode of being of the human kingdom." What matters here is the capacity that works have to intervene in the world, thereby intervening in those with which they interact, which may or may not be human, though generally, in this stage of our evolution as human beings, what most interests us is the relation with humans themselves.

It is important because works often have a role we could call small; their great incidence in our lives has more to do with the enormous quantity of entities of that type with which we interact day to day, one could say that generally what affects us about them is by reason of the accumulation of the same to which we are subject. But there are other works that have a very different capacity to exercise influence over us, one that proves far superior to that of the others; works of art are one of these.

Works of art are capable of affecting us in a more intense manner than other works, because in them the artist has drawn on their great mastery of the aesthetics of their world and synthesized them in a certain way, thereby having been capable of creating a material and theoretical apparatus that in the manner of a designer drug is capable of affecting whoever finds themselves in conditions to enter into its comprehension. Important is that (that whoever interacts with a work of art attempts to do so from the perspective of

comprehending) because art is about that: comprehending the world, the world the artist has constructed.

Thus appears one of the fundamental aspects of this discussion: a work of art is a world, one independent of the artist's world, and one capable of exercising a great effect on whoever interacts with it because what is produced is a "clash of worlds", a clash not between whoever experiences the work and the artist, but between whoever experiences it and the work of art itself: a clash between two worlds, between the unlimited and the limited. That clash is not something that occurs frequently in what we still understand and call nature. It is the human being who is capable of creating an experience of this type, of bringing it, making it emerge from nothing.

With this I do not claim that the artist had calculated in advance the effect the work produces on whoever experiences it, in fact, unlike a designer drug, the type of effect cannot be sufficiently foreseen. It is true that the effect a designer drug is capable of producing on whoever consumes it belongs only to that layer we could denominate "chemical states of the brain that affect consciousness's capacity to interact with its environment and with itself", but though the drug may only be foreseen at that level, which we could consider very small relative to the entire effect, even that (so small) when it comes to artistic experience proves quite large. With works of art we are not even capable of foreseeing that, for the effects a work of art is capable of producing, those affects it unleashes in whoever experiences it, are of very varied and largely unknown levels.

We could say without too much fear of error that there are few experiences capable of more drastically changing a person's life than those resulting from the interaction with a work of art. Certainly the quotidian and the difficulties of existence, in their most pedestrian and common levels, imply an enormous effect on the forms in which people see the world, how they experience it and how they dismount from it, but when it comes to works of art, the influence is also enormous and we could even come to say greater than what the quotidian is capable of producing.

A certain film, a certain novel, a certain song are capable of affecting a person's life at unsuspected levels, and in ways perhaps infinitely diverse, because of course the way in which a film affects a person is not the same as the way in which they can be affected by a song. A song is capable of transmitting many things, especially what I would call "climates," which of course are not exclusive to music but in it are fully unleashed. The reading of a book, of a novel for example, is capable of making a person radically change their life, from one moment to the next; it can lead them to take a decision that affects their entire existence. The reading of a book like Hesse's Demian, or Sábato's The Tunnel, or Proust's In Search of Lost Time, has without doubt forever changed those who have experienced them.

One would then have to ask: what is all this about? Are we perhaps simply sponges seeking to fill with content some void of beliefs, ethical values, aesthetic structures? To accept that would seem to me a profound error, but the problem is much more complex than it might first appear. It is a complex problem because it implies a large quantity of distinct levels, levels not always present in each topic and in each circumstance, in each type of art, each type of artist, each type of human. When Blest Gana writes Martín Rivas, he does so with certain ideas in his head, but those ideas, though he may have considered that they were or were not well placed in the text, the effect and affects they unleashed go beyond any plan he could have foreseen, beyond any planning and more importantly still, beyond any prevention.

Martín Rivas (the book, the novel) has an enormous impact on the worlds with which it interacts; that we know from the mere fact of our working on it, of our speaking of it. Borges already said it regarding the distinct levels of quality and possibilities of transcendence of writers: there is an enormous quantity of first-rate ones who will never be read by more than a few. Borges, unconsciously or consciously, seemed in that instance to have wanted to convey that reality does not tolerate the successful existence of too many authors, which has quite a lot of sense and utility for the direction I intend to convey in this text.

But let us return a moment to Blest Gana and his Martín Rivas. Let us take precisely this point ("his Martín Rivas," that "his") what does it imply? Does it not imply that the Martín Rivas of Blest Gana is distinct from our Martín Rivas? Or to speak with still greater

precision: that the Martín Rivas of Blest Gana is distinct from each Martín Rivas of each individual who has read and experienced it. A small note here: I differentiate between reading and experiencing, because much is read, but interacting with a work of art is something different, the experimentation cannot be achieved with basic mechanics; a certain prior formation is required.

This matter of prior formation is a complex topic for the arts in general because it would seem almost common sense that works of art can be experienced almost automatically, as if the mere disposition of the body upon it were more than sufficient to avail oneself of its graces. Of course that is not the case. To experience art, a formation is required, for the most part very complex, requiring a large quantity of time to obtain. To believe the contrary would be to reduce to pettiness and absurdity one of the essential aspects of human experience. This does not imply that mediocrely formed readers could not construct their own Martín Rivas, because when I point to the relevance formation has for the correct appreciation of art, I am not claiming that the inexistence or poverty of that formation is a limiting factor when it comes to obtaining something from the work. What I wish to point out is that it will be an experience of lesser value, degraded, simplified even to the point of reducing to an experience without any relevance.

It becomes complex when one attempts to introduce political aspects into the comprehension of the structure of reality; generally, the majority (or better said, the totality) of the time, politics destroys those domains distinct from itself in which it attempts to venture. This does not mean there is no value in art carried out with political ends (Martín Rivas is a work that certainly goes in that direction) but for the same reason we have earlier noted that every work is something distinct from what its creator sought. The artist's search is one that achieves its purpose by being incapable of closing upon itself, finding itself in the apparently paradoxical situation of wanting to bring into the artist's reality a certain work, but the same, in the exact instant of being finished, acquires independence from its creator: it no longer belongs to them, and behaves then in the manner of a Lucifer who defiantly tells his creator: "non serviam", "I will not serve you."

That is the situation in which every author finds themselves with respect to the works they produce: they no longer have any control whatsoever over them. I consider it somewhat relevant, the question of how some works originating outside the hegemonic cultural system appear to be constrained by certain criteria that prevent these works from having potencies that go beyond what we could denominate mere folklorism. This is complex because if for a work to be able to update itself every so often it requires being inscribed in a larger and massively accepted and legitimated order, works that do not enter that circuit will have problems carrying out such a form of updating, remaining trapped in a symbolic network that ends up being enormously reduced and only susceptible to being brought to bear when it comes to speaking of very particular phenomena of a certain epoch.

Two key aspects of this matter are thus expressed: what we could call the excess of particularism (perhaps formal) that a certain work may have, and the tendency that exists to pigeonhole a work within a particular period of time. The first, one could say, has much to do with being works produced (as we said before) outside the more massive, hegemonic circuit; works produced in margins where it ends up being a fundamental trait that they were created in a particular context and by certain people, where the mere existence of the work would seem to speak more of who produced it than of what the work itself seeks (if we can use that expression properly) to communicate.

When a work refers more to its creator or creators than to its own symbolic potential, we find ourselves before a complex matter, a reductionism would be being applied to the phenomenon-work that we could hardly consider a contribution to the comprehension and discussion of that work. Something similar occurs regarding the pigeonholing a work suffers with respect to its time of production, where precisely the moment in which it was created ends up capturing most of its attention. What becomes interesting here for a certain reason is the epoch of production of the work, the instant in time where its creation took place. Then we are not in the presence of works that can easily be situated with full symbolic power in the present or in another time distinct from where it was concretized.

These two limitations undoubtedly restrict in excess the potentials a work may have, since the incapacity to update itself prevents it from being used to refer to things distinct from its

mere context of production. These are problems suffered by works created in the margins; Martín Rivas is a work created in the margins. It is a work subject to an enormous reductionism, where the only scenario in which it ends up having any relevance is as a literary representation of a certain period of Chilean history, with its greatest productivity generally being that of being pointed to as a producer of mentalities. This is something that would not occur with a work by Kafka, Joyce, or Mishima, to cite only a few examples. It would not occur with those authors because they are considered universal.

We can then ask ourselves why some authors are considered universal and others not, why some authors are always in force, fervently recontextualized, reedited in multiple languages, adapted to media distinct from the literary, etc.; this cannot have a simple answer. But however difficult the answer to that question may be, we are obliged to ask it, because from it may partly depend our peripheral destiny. What makes some authors refer to the total, to totality, and others do not? It does not seem to me that their themes are necessarily more universal. These are relevant matters if what is at stake is understanding the form in which works can unleash affects in whoever experiences them.

It does not seem to make much sense that the affect unleashed by a work be overdetermined by the context of production, since we understand de facto that this does not exhaust the work, in fact, it is only the beginning of it, since it possesses an entire series of potentialities inhabiting everything other than what merely refers to its production; we could even venture that what refers solely to its context of production is the least relevant part of a work, the most mechanical even. That without doubt may prove a somewhat bold declaration considering that no small part of the art produced in the context of the underdeveloped world has thematized that condition in such a way that context tends to have great importance as part of the very content of works, which of course is also debatable as to whether it proves or does not prove a contribution toward improving the material and cultural conditions of such a context.

But do not works that seek to refer to a totality end up at bottom referring only to a utopian image of what they understand by totality? I mean that every totality is also a form of ambiguity of what it contains, making it, from so much encompassing, cease to encompass;

in the same sense of a phrase like "where everyone is a thief no one is a thief" or one more fitting to the topic: "if everything is art nothing is art." Then, when we say that works considered as universal (classical universals even) could in a certain sense be facing a complex situation insofar as that universality usually considered an aspect demonstrating their greatness might in reality be showing its lack (a lack of weight, a lightness, proper to what has detached from its context of production) the matter has been turned on its head.

What could have been considered a failing is now incorporated as an aspect of value. But something we know is that having the possibility of doing something does not imply that we must do it, so the fact that we can make a reinterpretation, a hermeneutic operation that places in a situation of lack those works traditionally considered universal, does not imply that we must follow that direction; in the first instance, because it would not seem very clear that with it we could truly arrive (at least at this moment) at a result of value.

It will not be through texts, through pamphlets, that we modify the limits that determine whether an affect enters or not into the world, for that depends on a great many questions that currently escape our comprehension; what remains is only to continue: it is a task for the "free" of the future. A future where fiction and theory show themselves as what they have always been, the same face; one marked by time, will, and the order that emanates from the different. At bottom it is not so difficult to kill the author, however much the entire line we have followed in this text has been unable to do so; let us say that in reality the difficulty resides more in the contexts of production in which we still figure; perhaps the words should be radicalized.

We know there is no plan to resolve the problems, no way to focus, no manner in which turning does not have consequences, no being here inside the museum; it is empty, full, but empty to the point of despair. We will leave aside the adjectives because the void must not be colored, must remain neutral, without expressivity, for the human tendency is to exaggerate every gesture; too great a predisposition toward the pathological. The human then is at the edge, but this is no novelty, for we are always at the edge, always in fear and in crisis.

They bring to the entity the bodies, the previously-created now-uncreated machines, capable of proposing and executing, with the marionettes only reacting, only capable of following the choreography. Writing has already passed through the problem of simplicity; we have not yet overcome it, it costs us enormously to free ourselves from the trappings of a memory alien to us. We do not know to what extent the combat will be imminent. We know (yes we know) that we need the return of religion; the French and German existentialists of the first half of the twentieth century already said so, though they centered a good part of their preoccupations on the question of technique; that matter no longer concerns us too much.

Our time is a time that asks about the foundations of the human, of the limits of the human, and of the form in which the human will be surpassed. The problems are evident, the trees are evident and the errors are translucent. The permanent opposition now calls us to account: we have lost the sense of art, but not art itself, that resides where it always has, in history. There is an abundance of information and we will have to learn to do something with it. From morning we will be able to suspend death and not appear; speaking and staying still will be our duties. A new philosophy opens its way through this, our art, art, the one that builds more than it destroys.

Everything can be suspended, because we can sustain this world, and we will be capable (after thousands of years of condemnation) of overcoming tragedy as a structuring dogma of human reality. There are easy things in this place, but we love a fast and dense art, and therefore we cannot speak with our backs turned nor communicate with the disappeared God; we appeal for a return of appearing. Unity is the requirement of the absolute, the explicit manifestation of the power of the central, of what sustains the periphery, the margin; there is no periphery without the pragmatic and conceptual influence of what inhabits the center.

Hell in art is form, and it is something we seek and also from which we want to flee; to flee from objects and their frenetic spirits, material to the point of absolute disorder. The key lies in the capacity to command and to obey, moving away from technique and, little by little, in a slow and concentrated manner, accepting once and for all the darkness: the total

one. The concept at hand becomes art and light destroys itself in the metaphysics. Here is where a posthuman art can speak the new tongue, the tongue of beings liberated from death and from the animal conditioning factors that still stalk the being that thinks itself.

Time passes but the materials do not, neither do the surfaces, nor the theory; an art that waits, that programs itself, that writes itself normally and then winds and unwinds, breaking forms and reconstructing them. To choose is to die, and dying was nothing more than a moment, one in history, a moment where a particular human failing thus expressed itself. What we want is everything: to fight against the canon, to bury the lack of understanding, confusing the project and the letter. Reading is central. The note from below is central. Translation changes the meaning of what is written but thereby reveals it. Words and weapons, records, birds and mirrors; structurations that allow themselves to be tied, to be placed on the table, that is a prodigious, dignified behavior.

The reality of art is that which refers to flesh and cosmos, in one single way, in unison; an inscription in the mass mind, a broken but useful elevator. What we need is to assemble this necessary art, provide it words and the stage, give it wherewith to believe, because in large part it moves on that. It is then necessary to delocalize words, to agree that it is necessary to exit the frame, to exit originary fragility, transcendental binarism; to darken oneself, mark oneself and step into the light. To feel the experiment, the coloration, of the pigment and the internal sense.

Now the maneuver is capable of redirecting (of walking face-to-face toward the center and assembling the apparatus. The insurpassable and the inverse path) of change, of sense of change, of escape from the periphery. Plants, minerals, computers, full of software and of future, full of salvation, full of rejection of simple escape. We have a mission in this moment: to think an art that does not construct itself based on pure lack of harmony. For such a thing to arise, the appearance of other artists is required, less soft and more oriented toward the restructuring of our symbolic horizons. The intensity and efficiency we need may perhaps not come from art schools; perhaps those have enclosed themselves too much in reproducing the expected places, the sought-after maneuvers, and the narratives of accepted rebellion.

It is an international problem that must be addressed internationally, a problem, of that there is no doubt, from Tokyo to Santiago. We need the weapons and the fierce calm of one who knows oneself unlimited, of one who knows that form has not yet reached its limit, its edge. Now what we seek is for churches to be transformed into churches. For the certain to materialize in the sign and not surrender to the absence of sense, for the poem to emerge from the over-educated verbiage. Structural disorders in the artistic field must be unleashed by us: less politics and more risk in the construction of work.

Without looking at the other mirror, philosophy renews itself, distracts itself, stains its corporate clothing and releases the talent trapped in the formula. The mendacity of a few has been sufficient to open space for those rebels who hid in the old noons, all the manifestation of opulence was distracted from those ends; all concentration remains impassive when having certainties about the kind of time in which it is now possible to find oneself. All of that plays out directly at the edge of the bay, a specific bay, a specific year: 1984 is the beginning of a perfect military game.

The same color had been used to abandon those ferocious monstrosities that were the pride of times past, now they were nothing more than the living image of an era that simply had problems of self-image: an excess of care in the letter and the same filth among the wiring. Suns framed in irregular glass will be able to mark the rhythm of the new mornings, now indeed totally embedded in the historical transit. No trace will remain of the time when the limited was what claimed to impose itself and where dialogue was only possible from a certain particular direction.

All of that is the work of a world in extinction, a world disowned, condemned to annihilation, not for its behavior but for its complete lack of connection with reality. Full of hallucinogens we were capable of submerging ourselves backwards in the train of digitalization and its intimate connection with the sublime. There where texts spoke of hyperconnection between the formal and the ideal, we were capable of simply opening our sight a little wider, of reading a little more of the inadvisable authors; or better said, those who were not even known by those who were supposed to transmit knowledge to us. If we have advanced, we have done so in spite of the education we were subjected to.

We should not resort to translation because translation is intimately connected to the seduction of the senses and the senses are a neutral space always annulled by their own vice. They were all very much outside the order, the ocean that had given them origin and given them their sense, their reason for being. The confusion between the unlimited and the chaotic is a matter intrinsic to the development of the arts. It is a sign of the irreducible flux that leads us all to the always-brilliant image of a contained eternity.

There is a certain fraction of sin in not knowing how to live without the unbreachable logos that invites the formal reduction of hostile meanings and the impermanent acceleration of the sense of duty that multiplicities seem so very much to resent. It is in the river where the vice of art finds its way of distancing itself, of reading Mahler and of lording over in order to open some ancestral door or other. With the objective of not touching the dead we have ended up fearing what reason may reveal. After all, we are machines.

While the rain fell and the historical record darkened, we ate what we found and framed our horizons in dedicated spaces; what we went on confirming we did in the future, carefully marking the title of each work. Perhaps the greatest brightness came from a certain way of approaching aesthetic violence from which (from caustic positions) a certain emanation was still possible. The androids still walked among us and the small home that a certain scientific gaze seemed to have wanted to give to future humans had no future in itself. The expansion was total, and what was most curious to the unwary observer was that that operation had not ceased to occur from time immemorial: a great millennial conspiracy.

The aesthetic militarization is total and is desired, sought by those who want to open a formal horizon where what prevails is the line and not the slip. Crepuscular frame of the distant philosopher: from the sea it wants to defeat the nearby god; the icon leaps over the source of known knowledge and lies to the shadow that does not wish to see the light be born.