

Useless and Irrelevant (2019)

<https://www.eukariot.com/issue-3-useless-and-irrelevant.html>

It is not untrue that the bourgeois order operates on the principle “that which appears is good and that which is good appears”. I think we should become beyond bad. I think we should disappear. Slowly let ourselves sink under the reflective surface from which the imperial spectacle throws back at us its seductive, policing gaze. No longer having to be shipwrecks carried by the waves of discourse, awaiting rescuers; no longer having to be either pirate, or merchant, or missionary or pleasure ships, or military cruisers patrolling the frontiers; no longer having the duty to engage in battleship games with the loyalists and their guards; freed from all that, we could move weightlessly and silently through the dark waters and, patiently, push translucent filaments towards our newly invented environments, or transform into yet unseen protean corals and monstrous deep sea life. Maybe our submerged worlds will be fantasised about by sailors while they frantically maneuver their armored boats. Maybe we will just enter the flowing dream of the drowned. Anything is better than this desperate paddling through which we try to keep ourselves on the surface. The global homeostat dreams of creating a perfectly smooth surface, a sphere of controlled flows, networks, pleasures and desires, perpetually looping. Let us watch from the cool depths as its apparatuses frenziedly work at it; let the loyalist citizens create ripples in this world they have so much hope for and let them be maimed by the governors they so ardently care about. Reaching the surface would be dangerous and alluring for us and must be done carefully, to gulp down a cruise ship maybe, to hunt, to pillage, to spy, to have some fun at their expense. But monsters must be timid about showing themselves.

Perhaps, in these times of the injunction to display everything, you know you’re doing something interesting when you need to keep it a secret. Perhaps, in these times when one’s “being” is defined through their usefulness and relevance, the only escape from such appalling forms of “being” is to fall off the maps of usefulness and relevance. And perhaps the biggest fear of the spectacle’s artistic directors and homeostat’s engineers is that people will lose interest and leave the projection room, stumble through the foyer, march out of the theatre building and, blinded by the sun only for a few moments, wander away towards somewhere else entirely. They want to make everyone passionate about participating, even if we participate as film critics, even if we participate as punks that tag and slice the chairs, mock, heckle and throw popcorn at the screen. As long as we’re in there, glued to our seats, to our screens, to our scripts, to our treats.

But let us not hide like the child that hopes their hideaway will eventually be found by the panicked parents, who will then cleanse their lost and found treasure with the happy tears of recognition; let us sink underground like the criminal, like the pervert, like the monster, like the barbarian, with the hope that they will forget about us and never look for us ever again.

And if we find that there is nothing for us to do in our inframundo? If all our practices made sense only within the field of vision of the spectacle? If we only made sense as contestants in the show of light and magic? Were our quests but the phallic tantrums of an unhappy participant that loves their red plush chair? I don’t know ... almost yes ... not quite ... but maybe a challenge to become unseen and unusable can tease out of us some telling reactions, some uncertain answers ... or help us start pushing out fragile filaments towards unthinkable ecstasies...
COMING SOON, Spring (or early Summer?) 2019 !