

political life

yve lomax

Words for a spoken performance in three parts, with coda, taking approximately 50 minutes and with which the world is nothing other than a space of immersion and the political is not a qualification added to a life that is already there.

What then is happiness? Let us try basing it on life. Now if we draw no distinction as to the kinds of life, everything that lives will be capable of happiness, and those will be effectively happy who possess that one common gift of which every living thing is by nature receptive. We could not deny it to the irrational whilst allowing it to the rational. If happiness were inherent in the bare being-alive, the common ground in which the cause of happiness could always take root would be simply life.
(Plotinus circa 253 C.E.)

I am not a customer. (Anon, circa 2000)

part 1

something is signalling me

The house of politics is on fire. Those assuming the position of decision makers haven't made a decision. Those on whose behalf the edifice has been erected are simply unable and, symptomatically, they can do nothing but grumble. The less a decision is made the more the fire burns. And the flames are getting bigger and a right proper conflagration is underway.

The house of politics is burning and the blaze is *making visible the fundamental architectural problem*. And what is to be seen is politics standing as something substantive—to be spoken of as a noun and as that taking up room and doing so standing separately; the fundamental architectural problem the blaze reveals is foundational: politics has founded itself upon and erected itself within a space, some say realm, separate from life.

This is the big lie and the great disaster of politics: to place politics on the one side and life on the other.

The fire says it all: politics is the decision-making deemed a necessity for the governing of life. Politics has decision-making at its core, but a decision—a big one, they said—couldn't be made. Smouldering. That's how it started. And then, as could be expected, the smouldering burst into flames. And the flames got bigger and bigger as the decision remained unmade.

Just before the conflagration really took hold, those occupying the space—the political entities called politicians,

along with those called administrators and advisors—fled quickly, and what was revealed with this departure was what had been there all along but hidden: there is no core from which decisions resulting in actions, words or gestures emanate.

Never has been and never will be.

The public presentation had been that they, the politicians, are there to make decisions and, of course, behind them, darting around in the shadows cast by the bright lights (*politicians: glorious and overexposed*), the administrators who not only devise and implement but also preserve and protect and who are, perhaps, the real effective power. And for this public presentation it had been perfectly okay, thought a necessity in fact, for politics to separate itself from that for which it will decide, decide on behalf of and, more often than not, in spite of.

But on this occasion a decision couldn't be made.

And the fire burns.

There had been no clandestine or insurrectional plot to set ablaze and raze to the ground. The fire had started all by itself; or, lets say, it had been the intensification of an internal tension—a decision *not* happening—that caused the combustion.

And the fire burns, the sparks fly, but the vision of a momentous disaster is not before me. In fact, the disaster happened long ago.

The disaster happened in the creation of a space just big enough for politics to separate itself. And once opened, the very same empty space would appear everywhere creating, from me to you and way beyond, separate elements and disparate things with which relations would end up being nothing but bridges, built or burnt.

From that day on, the life that, through separation politics created as *other* to it, becomes so heavily punctuated with empty spaces and distances between things that it is taken to be nothing other than a sphere of hostility.

There is a void between me and you. There is a void between us and them. Almost imperceptible, perhaps. Tiny maybe. Nonetheless, there is a space devoid of content and,

with it, you will never know when hostility is about to hit you. This is the message: be aware that what surrounds you, what faces you, is other to you.

And all too soon a void seeps into the deepest recesses of your soul. (... I'll bomb the shit out of you today and tomorrow I'll shake your hand and smile happily as I sell you my latest weapons.)

Separate elements, disparate things and empty spaces between are precisely where, in life and world, hostility finds its situation. And here comes the perversion of it all, politics will turn around and make this situation its necessity and power: politics is the necessity to organise, and decide for separate elements so as to contain, make *governable*, a sphere of hostility.

And economy will never be far away. In fact, it wouldn't be wrong to say that a house was, in the first place, an economic thing—*oikos*.

Nevertheless, the house before me is ablaze; and, yes, *it is only in the burning house that the fundamental architectural problem becomes visible for the first time.*

The fire burns and for how long it will continue to do so I have no idea. Have I seen all that need I to see? Not so, for I hadn't realise just how caught my attention had become by those small and intermittent sparks flying out of the fire. I keep looking at these luminous flashes. I start to wait for them and become convinced they are happening quite independently of the fire. Is a strange coincidence taking place? What I can say with all confidence is that I'm rooted to the spot, facing forward and open to receiving these luminous, intermittent, flickering, presences. It is the strongest intuition I've ever had: something is signalling me.

Something is signalling me, I've become an attractor for it and it is coming as a force from the past; that is to say, as what *survives*. It is not that something has been hidden and found

emancipation and is now showing itself; rather, it is what has been there all along yet now is insisting.

Insisting: *everything is already inhabited.*

There is no void.

No empty spaces.

None whatsoever.

With no empty space or void between or surrounding, no one, no matter what they brag or boast or whatever prejudices abound, can strictly determine the edges, the contours or outlines around or frontiers between separate entities, substances or things. Everything is in touch and nothing is stopping everything from coming in contact (with everything).

Coming as a force from the past, surviving, signalling, insisting—I see it now: the landscape of this world presents neither separate elements nor juxtaposed things or spaces of mutual exclusion; for what keeps coming is a continuous topological inversion with which inside and outside are unfixed and found in the middle of each other. That's to say, immersed in each other. Inhabiting this landscape means that we don't find ourselves in something that surrounds us: what surrounds us is interior to us—*what we inhabit inhabits us*. It is nothing other than a space of immersion.

Here I am, immersed.

Here I am, rooted to the spot.

I am rooted to the spot yet inhabiting a space of immersion and, with a continuous inversion of inside and outside taking place, immediately experiencing intimacy. Intimacy: separate bodies with relations (empty spaces) between are simply not to be found.

Intimacy without relation.

I'll say it how it is: life and world are nothing other than a space of immersion. It is a space that remains inseparable from the forms and existences that it makes possible and which arise first and foremost as possibilities. And this inseparability has been there all along, *surviving*.

Thing is, we have learned to ignore it.

Space isn't a container, something in which things such as objects, creatures and even landscapes, occupy places, are put or housed (this could be politics) or, come to that, move from A to B. If there is to be talk of a container it has to be said again that container and contained are found only in the middle of each other—*what contains us is contained in us*. And it means that immersion is a reciprocal inherence.

Coming as a force from the past and making the archaic and the contemporary intimate is a reciprocal inherence with which not only cause and effect but also their respective 'befores' and 'afters' remain internal to, in the middle of and intimate with, each other.

Internal to me, in use, is a force of reciprocal inherence and this force is always going in two directions at once and, truly, no difference can be told between acting and being acted upon. The world that surrounds me inheres in me, influencing and modifying; at the same time, my being, simply by being, influences, modifies and makes the world—makes life.

The influence and making goes in both directions.

Here I am immersed. What I inhabit inhabits me and this interiority ties everything external internally to me. That is to be experiencing, apprehending and knowing from the inside; what's more, a nearness comes that knows no spatial determination. The dragonfly maybe far away yet is not distant from me: between me and the dragonfly there are no uninhabited spaces, no voids to bridge, none whatsoever.

I am still not sure if it was a coincidence or a transposition happening so fast that I simply didn't see it; nonetheless, those sparks, those small signalling flashes attracted my attention. And the attraction made me become, akin to an open flower, an attractor for a force not at all straightforward yet straightaway contracting within me to become worldly my soul.

My worldly soul, archaic and contemporary at the same time.

The disaster that happened long ago was the creation of those empty spaces seen everywhere, surrounding and demarcating things separate, making others other to each other—from pest to pestilence—and giving rise to the necessity, now imperative, for governing hostility. But a past preserved in the present is insisting: those empty spaces are a contrivance. Something conjured. A bit of trick. A deception. Done well, for sure. Convincingly. That's to say, effectively.

The disaster was the deception, the big lie that convinced and with which hostility found its situation. But it wouldn't help to name dates or name names, for the deception happened not once nor twice but over and over again.

Thing is, the lie took hold.

And what misery, devastation and destruction comes again and again and again as the deception of void after void after void continuously perfects itself and, with hostility's situation ripened and naturalised, the world, for all the love in it and of it, is designated violent.

part 2

in spite of

In a world that believes empty spaces to be between everything so much of living and being gets stuck on the offensive. Indeed, with hostility here finding its situation, the question that creeps in and seeps deep is: who or what is the enemy?

The question may never be said out loud and very often turn tacitly as the 'enemy' is found in the most unlikely places and the response in the most unlikely of things (not a missile in sight). Yes: so much of being and living gets stuck on the offensive and, worse still, doesn't even know it. But that which sets itself up in a separate realm and calls itself politics knows the question only too well as does much of what speaks, prophesizes and organises (the word militates would not be out of place here) in the name and service of (a) God or Prophet.

Who is the enemy and will knowing this help us come together?

Is the hostility towards those who are hostile towards you?

And here comes the escalation and it takes place on the basis of a lie that's taken hold and which introduced emptiness into your soul, your worldly soul ... *you sally forth against this and against that but it will always be against a form of emptiness.*

She is not alone in crying out: what are we fighting for? She knows as they know that this will never be known by remaining on the offensive, going left or going right, for better or for worse, good or bad.

Here I am speaking of a lie that's taken hold—a deception, something contrived, conjured, even smoke and mirrors. Perhaps, however, the truth of what really is happening is a failure of memory. And then not so much a failure more of a learning to forget, an inculcation to ignore. To ignore what's been there all along, which is that there are no empty spaces.

I am, you are and so too the mountains and the clouds, immersed in a world that spreads through us, and no matter the fuss, bluster or sheer hatred, no one can strictly determine the edges, outline or contours of separate substances, entities or things. What never stops signalling, what *survives* in spite of, is the inseparability of a space of immersion and reciprocal inherence.

With heavy heart or desperate hope, it may be asked if knowing the 'enemy' will bring us together, but truth be told we are, in simply *being*, immersed in a world and life in which everything is always already intimate and without relation.

In spite of, immersion is cosmic fact.

What we call the world isn't a space that contains everything. Rather, the world is a force. And it is a force that is never omnidirectional.

Every thing, every object, every body is a place for every other thing, object or body, and this is a reciprocal inherence rather than the configuration of a 'something and its environment'. Or put it this way: a plant, a single plant, by the road-side, in the garden, tiny and high up in the mountain or deep in the tropical jungle, is an environment for the world. Or this way: *each of us is the gathering and crossing point of quantities of affects, lineages ... of material flows that exceed us.*

It is the world spread through you and you spread through the world. It is immersion, world as forces of influence.

Perhaps it has become ingrained to think that to be doing something, to be something—an 'ought' or 'must' is never very far away—is to seize a portion of the world and consciously change it, rearrange it or reconstruct it. From this action there may come the fabrication of an object (quite beautiful some

say) or the institution of a new regime (reinforced concrete/prefabricated houses/intense farming ...). But a world away from this action and consciousness, yet exceedingly near, is the world of immersion. And this world is nothing other than forces of reciprocal influence where to act is to be acted upon. Through simply *being*, you have and each every plant, animal, bird has *fashioned the cosmos*.

A fire burns, presenting me with a fundamental architectural problem but another fire burns, burns-burns-burns ...

Here I am, immersed.

Internal to me and in use are forces of inherence; it is the world within me and not what starts where my skin stops.

... And a fire rages in a place I've never set foot in.

This place, this fire, is not distant from me, for there is a nearness that knows no spatial determination—this place inheres in me with every breath I take. It is a site for the world. That's to say, a place that is spread through in as much as it spreads through; both ways and intensely so. This place is nothing other than a reciprocal influence: roots, rain, sun, trunks and leaves, all shapes and sizes, high and low.

It is an intensity and it is immense.

Some call it jungle (tropical), others rainforest (tropical), *selva, floresta, ka'a* or simply home, home of the world, the Garden of Eden, some say, Mother. And added to all of this, names and words not yet heard, never to be heard again, long forgotten, and worst of all, eradicated, choked to death, brutally got rid of.

This place of reciprocal influence of what is near and what is far yet always close is a condition of possibility for the forms of life that can be there and, at the same time, can be here—yes, with my every breath it inheres in me. I'm not afraid to say it: the jungle-forest inhabits me.

For sure, I can't be counted in the count of those peoples living there in the midst, immersed and knowing the very smell of it and knowing full well that what they inhabit inhabits them. And hostility comes cutting through this inhabitation, like the sharpest of blades chopping down, destroying. And don't forget the burning.

A fire rages in the jungle, the Garden of Eden; it is not the first, and there is no innocence to it. Each flame licking the ground or soaring up to the highest tree, and each of the myriad sparks flying, testify to a blatant forgetfulness, the flagrant ignoring of a cosmic fact: there are no empty spaces, everything is inhabited and inseparable, the world is an immersive force. But even those who ignore or forget and perhaps have become addicted to hostility have within them, inhabiting each breath, *in spite of*, that intensity called jungle.

From the intensity of the hot jungle to the woodland just up the road, along with the tall forests and the tiny appearance clinging to the mountainside, plants are internal to the atmosphere we inhabit. And it is leaves, the thousand and one of them, that in their very being gives us air.

The air that I inhabit and inhabits me.

I'll say it how it is: each plant and every leaf shows that there is truly no difference between acting and being acted upon and thus shows us what it means to have a worldly soul. Each plant and every leaf: *Under the sun or under the clouds, mixing with water and wind, their life is an endless cosmic contemplation, one that does not distinguish between objects and substance ...*

A plant is immediately *living* contemplation and what simply is as not is any distinction between being—*life*—and contemplation. With the all plants in the garden, all the weeds in the cracks of the pavement, all the tall trees in the immense forest, contemplation and life are inextricable from each other.

And so too are contemplator and contemplated.

Put it like this: *contemplation and its object constitute a living being, a Life ...*

Plants do nothing to hide their openness to a world in

which intimacy without relation brings everything in contact. It is explicit: that which a plant is in touch with and touched by in its in openness (under the sun or clouds and mixing with the water and wind) is its contemplation.

The plant is contemplation.

Physis generates through contemplation. It is nothing new.

The contemplated affects the plant in as much as the plant's contemplation affects it. There is knowing in this contemplation, but there isn't knowing brought to a 'consciousness' that is above all else and turns knowing into knowledge, something to be possessed and owned.

Contemplation without consciousness, some say that.

Others: contemplation without knowledge.

Either way, contemplation is profoundly unauthorised.

And what is immediately in the middle of contemplation, what it holds dear and, again and again, testifies to the existence of, is a mode called *affectability*. And this mode of existence is precisely what undoes the idea that separate bodies with spaces between can be found. Without doing anything, affectability wrecks the story (the conjured and insidious lie) that once gave politics, along with hostility and hatred, its justification. Thing is, this affectability has been ignored and forgotten.

But, in spite of, affectability is a mode of existence—a capacity—that *brings* on the world's intimacy, the nearness that knows no spatial determination, no empty spaces, no bridging or linking relations. There is no recourse to a seat of authority or consciousness or knowledge, yet there is something we call intelligibility and imagination.

Contemplations are nothing less than this.

No matter which name, proper or not, or that I fly with translucent wings, that you sing your heart out each morning, pitter patter or stay rooted to the spot, we *live* contemplations. There is no 'will' at work here and we are not at all subjects—in contemplation the

subject is lost without losing anything—but there is a luminosity that is nothing other than the affectability that rhythms and forms here and perfectly well without a responsible author or conscious creator. You are that luminosity.

Why is so much time given to *not* seeing this?

For sure, any bright light cast here would be blinding, but I'm convinced that to see this living contemplation is not unlike the vision called for in seeing those little flashing, flickering, sparking luminous presences that signalled me in the midst of a fire revealing a fundamental architectural problem. I'm pretty sure of it: the vision called to see those small flashing images is *theoria*.

The ancients knew *theoria* as a conception of theory that sees theory not as knowledge, not as plucking and packaging up an object of knowledge, but, rather, as intimate, in contact, in touch with, *touching*—nothing less than immersed.

Theoria: the ancients called it Vision and it would become Contemplation. And if we take *theoria* to heart and let it be *now*, what we are given is a mode of vision that lets contemplation see itself, bare witness to itself and, what's more, be in touch with itself. It's something like a living mirror. No knowledge is to be had and no almighty revelation comes to blow your mind, but no one is there instructing you, over and over again, to ignore the cosmic fact of your immersion.

Theoria is internal to contemplation.

To stop moving theoretically is a sure way of being caught off guard ... of losing the ability to apprehend life as it's lived where we are.

From the tiniest to the tallest, plants are continuously in touch with themselves: they are nothing but exposures of the contemplations that constitute their living being and worldly soul.

What plants have to show us is *living* theory.

But this exposure is on fire in the Garden of Eden. Yes, I can't forget the fire that testifies to a blatant, flagrant and hostile forgetting of the cosmic fact that the world—*life*—is an immersive force.

part 3

needing nothing to be added

It's got to be said that what matters with contemplation and affectability is intimacy: the intimacy that each brings as a force irreducible to objects and substances; the intimacy that each has with each other; and, what's more, that such intimacy is precisely what makes nothing of world and life separable.

What characterises immersion is intimacy.

The great disaster of politics is that of placing itself as though separate and, yes, separable from this intimacy.

Politics is ... a practice that is founded upon the separation of otherwise inseparable functions.

Here again comes the creation of that space-just-big-enough for politics to separate itself; however, because of that separation, politics has had to continually build relations with what it has separated itself from yet for which it decides.

Another way to say it: that politics constitutes itself through the creation of that space-just-big-enough means it becomes *constitutively representative*.

Or this way: the empty space and the disastrous illusion conjured by politics positioning and situating itself results in relations, links and representations having to be continually reformulated—and the more convincing the illusion, the more the need.

Again and again.

Politics on the one side and life on the other and in between a void—a space sufficiently devoid of content. And it wouldn't be wrong to say that all those edifications of politics, all those buildings with their aisles, corridors, semi-circles or ovals, along

with their materials fancy or plain, hide the fact (this is the trick) that politics is founded upon that which is devoid of content.

Yet the fact that is really hidden is that there is no void whatsoever.

The intuition I had was right. Something was signalling me and calling for my—but I don't own it—vision. And it continues to do so. And now with each flash, flicker, small luminous presence, I'm aware of being touched lightly, and this isn't the touching of two separate elements communicating; it is, rather, the touch of a demand.

The demand comes as a force from the past and that's really to say: it is the *unforgettable*.

Here it is: the demand is for a non-relation, an intimacy, between politics and life. No void or empty space; rather, an inseparability—call it: *political life*. You won't find a life qualified 'political' where some are included and others—women, slaves, you name it—are excluded; for a political life is a life that never possesses a form or modality as a quality or qualification added to it: it is a life never found bare and there without form or mode.

Nothing here resembles a consciousness that does not know how to *conceptualise forms without first distinguishing them from itself*. For life is nothing but its forms and what makes these forms a political life is not only that life is inseparable from itself but also that each form traverses—*lives*—its form with all its being.

And that means unauthorised.

Physis—life, world as force—generates through contemplation: a plant contemplates through contracting within it the forces, or say elements, of which it is formed ... light, carbon, minerals, water ... and in this living contemplation it *fills itself with colours and odours*. The plant unashamedly shows itself living its form with all its being, and this is its luminosity.

A butterfly lives its colours with all its being and these colours are not attributes, properties or qualities. These colours—bright, mute, speckled or sparkling—are a form of life. And this form is the living contemplation and affectability called ‘butterfly’ inhabiting, constituting, and filling itself with its colourful self.

Paint, colour red almost orange, still tacky on a canvas, scratched into or smoothed and partially removed by fingernails or fingertips is a form of life—an author responsible for, a sovereign subject or proprietor of, a creative operation has lost itself without losing anything and constituting itself within this form and living it with all its being.

Some put it like this: life gives form to whatever and whomever *refuses to live beside themselves ... they become* a form of life *in the full sense of the term*.

A form of life arises as a potentiality of the being of immersion and, with nothing left behind or distinguishable from it or needing to be added to it, lives itself *fully*. This fullness doesn’t make an entity let alone an identity, but it does affirm a political life.

And it’s got to be said this form of life—and the affectability that it is—is irreducible to a substance, a necessity, an essence, a biological vocation (to be, at least for some, a race, a sex, a species or perfect specimen) and add to this juridical-social identities (author, parent, occupation, gender ...); but this isn’t to say that forms are not present in the inclinations, attractions and affectability that are occurring amid these identities but which so often, far too often, are ignored, not seen and learned not to be seen by them.

I’ve got to say it again: a political life is without anything needed to be added to it. Some say this is the *great health of forms of life*. Others, the *full enjoyment of worldly life*. And I’ll say, it is having no void or empty space surrounding you or seeping into the deepest recesses of your soul. It is you inhabiting the colourful self that is inhabiting you.

Enjoyment, living well: happiness—that’s the word. And it is nothing other than ethical.

Immersed in a world that spreads inseparability and nearness, and no matter if called bird, plant, animal, human, insect or earth, all are capable of one and the same thing, which is happiness.

It is political life and it is utterly unrestricted.

A subject or something like a consciousness (something like the consciousness that is the prestige of western culture) looses itself in constituting itself in living a form of life with all its being. And it is there that you are *enough*. Nothing is needed to 'complete' you. No matter the act or gesture, political life never makes an authored work; rather than works, forms.

The happiness of political life shows itself; it is luminous and it is communicable. Not a glorious emission. Something minor to that. Yet indefatigably signalling not to be ignored, not not to be seen.

The blaze of the house of politics on fire has died down and become almost extinguished. What remains of that burnt out architectural problem appears to be devoid of content. But it is not actually true, for what can be seen, and has been there all along, is the unglorious luminosity of forms of life.

It is nothing short of a theoretical vision.

And with this contemplation there does come something like a living mirror, for living contemplation (I am this) has nothing stopping it contemplating itself, bearing witness to itself and coming into contact with and experiencing the living and the being of forms.

Rather than works, forms.

A form of life—a living contemplation—is filling itself with what it contemplates and it wouldn't be at all wrong to say that this form *is filled with itself in filling itself with what it contemplates*. It is here that something like the experience of a 'self' (not to be confused with a subject) becomes possible, and there is enjoyment and happiness with it. *It is as if the flowers smell themselves in smelling what composes them ...*

This is a political life with which no void or empty space surrounds you. Trouble is, we have learned not to see this, to ignore it or forget it.

And nowhere more blatantly so than with hostility sharpening itself, in the name of—you name it—‘economic life’, money, profit, a competitive market that wants to ‘freely’ subordinate everything to it.

And sharpening itself to cut through, cut down and to burn, burn-burn-burn, that Garden of Eden and so much more besides.

Living contemplation, a form of life, inhabits what inhabits it. With this reciprocal inherence a form is filling itself in being filled with forces not at all straightforward yet straightaway contracting and there within constituting a habit and a worldly soul. The habit constituted does not belong to a subject who puts it to work; rather, it is the intimate potentiality that is *in use* with the inclinations and leanings that (habitually) form *this* form and its mode of being. And inseparable from this habit is a worldly soul that preserves the nearness of everything and the sheer potentiality of everything—never underestimate it

The flowers lean toward those colours and odours that lean toward them.

The flowers *lean toward what leans their way*.

The flowers smell the habit.

And worldly souls smell the burning. An inhabitation is on fire, there is nothing innocent to it and the world knows this. And this is the world that is a force traversing all that comes to be. In this world, forms are not contents that fill up some absolute container; rather, it can’t be said enough, forms are potentialities of the *being* of immersion.

Even when a form is experiencing the auto-satisfaction of smelling itself it never stops smelling its immersion, never stops not being a work, never stops being unauthorised, never stops affirming the affectability and reciprocal

inherence that never stops engendering an inseparability with which never comes anything like sovereignty (of whatever) or anything like a relationship of command-obedience or anything like politics as authorising that or anything like politics as ruling to decide that.

A miracle.

A *political miracle* some might say.

But, in fact, no miracle at all; rather, a demand that has been there for longer than I can imagine and in the hands of no one. And it is a demand for a political life—that fullness, that inseparability, that enjoyment, that happiness—to be unforgettable.

To be unforgettable when an inculcation to ignore it, to not see or feel it, to even lie about it, becomes routine, and especially so when the forest burns-burns-burns.

Each form is an engendering and never a system of production with its ‘materials’ that are its ‘resources’. With a political life there is no programme of works and nothing like yielding to be productive. Nonetheless, there is a question and it is not that rotten question of how to justify hostility to hostility. For me it is the real political question: it is the song and figuration of every form that is both the potential and existence of the life and world of immersion, and it is that of figuring out how to keep on engendering forms and with that a political life.

A political life.

It is unforgettable and that is, perhaps after all, a miracle.

coda

No matter the hubris that would claim so, human life isn't a form of life that preeminently stands above all others. Human life is inextricably immersed with myriad forms of life and to the extent that sometimes it is even hard to say *human* life. Yet there is no denying that a phenomenon called Man came about; he would posit a centre and, placing himself there, give himself the entitlement to ravage everything since everything belonged to him. And this Man would become a spectral being. It would haunt what is called human and not only its exploits but also as *being there* beyond all versions and giving measure to what is deemed the superior and the inferior, the finest and the worst.

How tired the world has become of this human and its spectre.

Enough.

The cry is heard in the silence of the drilling having stopped, the planes not flying, the roads empty of fast cars and 'the vibrations of the daily trudge' become hush.

How tired of humanity we are.

In the silence, again: *enough.*

No form of life or mode of being can ever stand separately as above all others. All forms of life are immersed in a world where life is nothing other than its possibilities. And the same configuration can be found if I say, *the world has no existence outside of its expressions*. But of this world I cannot say where it begins or where it ends, and the same goes for life. However, I can say that you are that *expression*.

For sure, forms of life can meet dead-ends and know catastrophe, but what never stops coming are possibilities that are remarkably unauthorised. Each possibility of life (world) has nothing preceding it and to which it refers for identity and definition or, come to that, haunts it as the purest of possibilities.

Life isn't the same no matter the shape or size. Always arising as a being of potential, life is said in many ways—this is what life can be. Some put it like this: *life ... is always already homonymically shared in a plurality of forms.*

The prevailing silence makes this mode of sharing palpable; the atmosphere is thick with it and, believe me, no spectre haunts it.

Here I am, immersed.

in use

The Life of Plants by Emanuele Coccia.

Survival of the Fireflies by Georges Didi-Huberman.

To Our Friends and Now by The Invisible Committee.

The Use of Bodies by Giorgio Agamben.

‘Happiness’ and ‘Nature, Contemplation, and the One’ in *The Enneads* by Plotinus.

Conclusion to *What is Philosophy?* by Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari.

Introduction to Civil War by Tiqqun.

Nearness, Speaking Out Loud 1 by Yve Lomax.

and

a few ideas from the films of Danièle Huillet and Jean-Marie Straube,
and a painting by Teresita Dennis

Yve Lomax is a visual artist, editor and writer. Her recent publications include: *Nearness*, (Yellow Papers, Copy Press, 2019); *Figure, calling* (Copy Press, 2018); *Pure Means* (Paraclete, 2013); *Passionate Being: Language, Singularity and Perseverance* (I. B. Tauris, 2010).

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