

The Autonomous Odyssey:

a work by Octavio Camargo / Brandon LaBelle. Presented as part of The Imaginary Republic, at Kunsthall 3,14 - Bergen. October 18 - December 16, 2018.

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filmed in Curitiba, Brazil, June 2018.

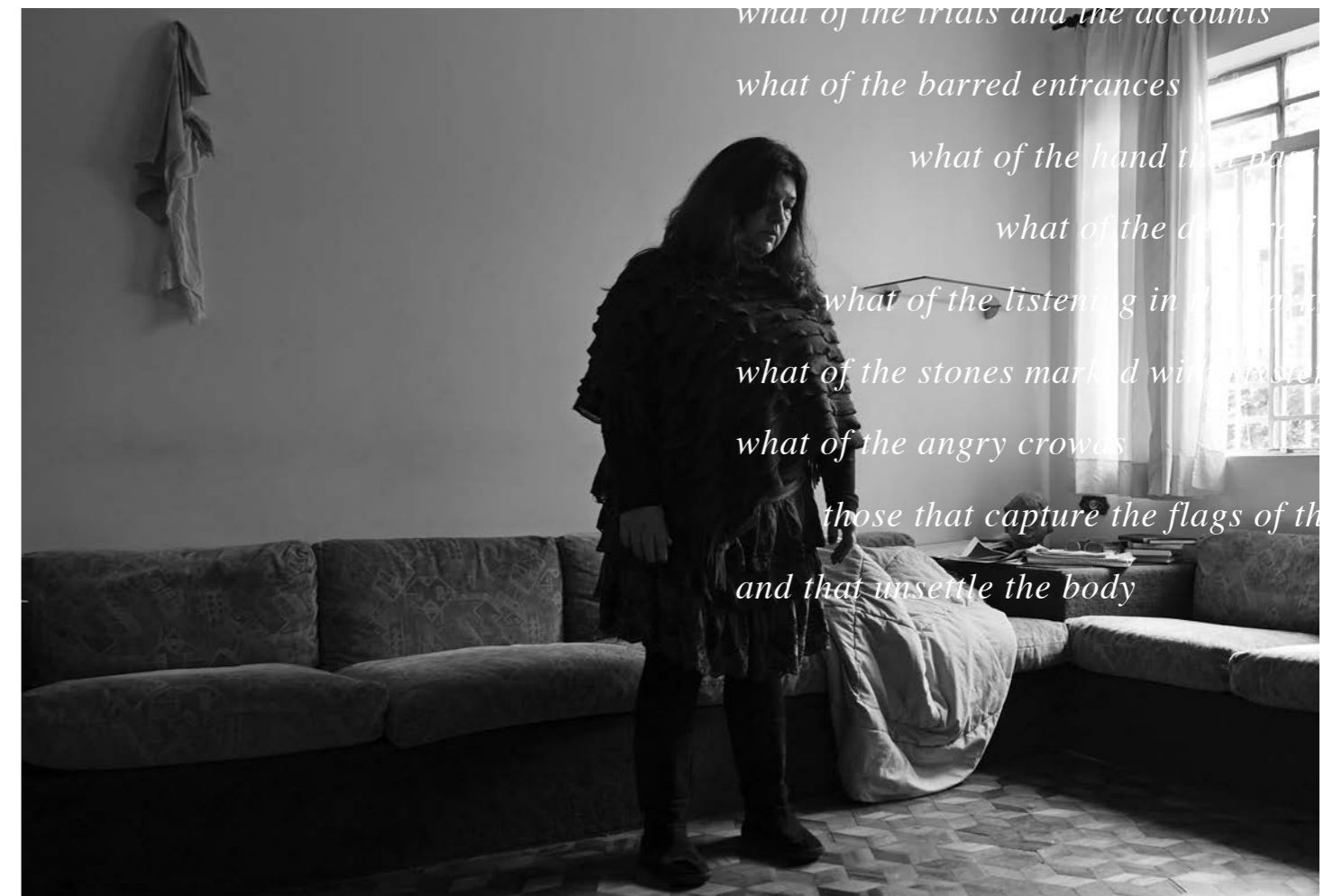
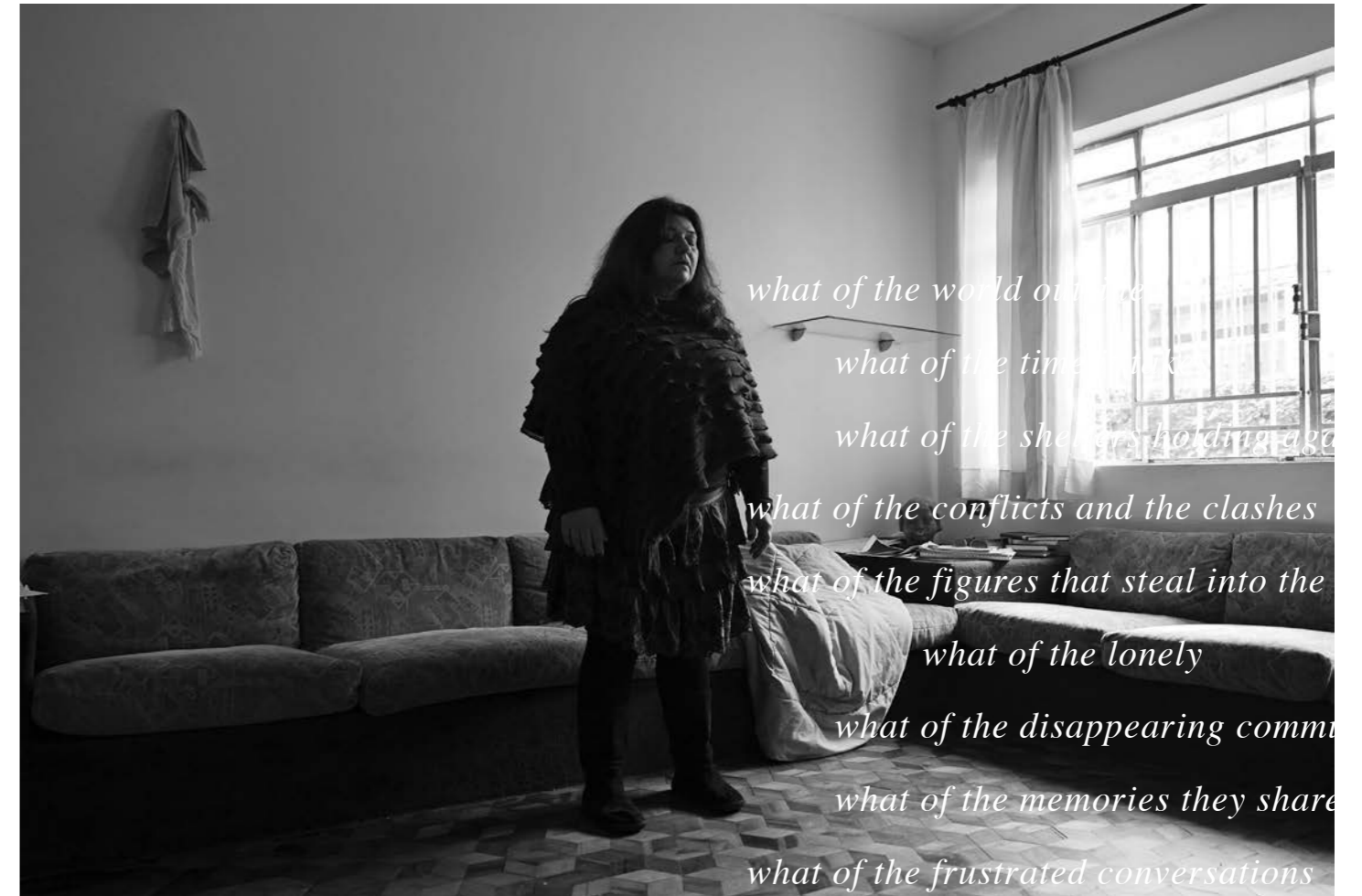


what of the world outside
what of the time it takes
what of the shelters holding against all this
what of the conflicts and the clashes
what of the figures that steal into the night
what of the lonely
what of the disappearing community
what of the memories they share like a music
what of the frustrated conversations
what of the trials and the accounts
what of the barred entrances
what of the hand that passes a hat
what of the declarations made
what of the listening in the dark
what of the stones marked with mysterious messages
what of the angry crowds
those that capture the flags of the nation
and that unsettle the body

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We are in a house, rooms. It is day. There is light from the windows. There are shadows, in the corners, the stillness. We are in a house, the quiet inside, a gray light from the cloudy day coming in. It is a renegade house, an outlaw home. It is without order, a type of dirty beauty, life. In each room there is a figure, a person – Do they wear masks? Are they lost? Have they returned from a journey? Or are they preparing to leave? *To go out*. Are they freedom fighters, lovers, spiders? They are hiding out, they are dreaming, of other rooms and other events. Each one speaks, a monologue – no, a poem of praise and restlessness, describing a movement: Resistance? Festivity? A new community? The figures are separate from each other, they are apart, each occupying a room in the house, yet they are together. Each is a fragment, a voice passed from one to the next, remembering, narrating what has been and what may still come – it resists completion, capture, this poem, this polyphony. We are in a house, with rooms full of voice, escape.

1 /
The shadows, the emptiness, this beating life and fragile idea
He moves forward, to enter, to search – and the others as well
The floating subjects, and the sudden togetherness
To be *side by side*
The shadows, the silence, the city outside
We feel its light as it pours through the windows and the cracks
To catch our hands
The corridors, the decayed materials, rooms of dust and debris
She pauses to count the broken pieces, to listen to the footsteps around her
Side by side, the floating subjects
In search
For something, a *possibility*: the making of a network, a soul, vitality
Each a figure within, along the weak stairs and past the empty offices, the
glass and the papers left behind, underfoot
This abandoned building that turns into a world as they enter, capturing the
emptiness
In daydreams and passions
This imaginary republic, of crossed lines and stolen joy
This they undo and rework, with slow steps, and the slowness that eases
across the walls and into the passing of touch to touch
This that unfolds into the making of community, without knowing
He closes his eyes to hear the shadows, and the voices that whisper and that
give counsel to the desperate movements
The passion of giving up and of trespassing, this body echoed by the other
A world of echoes that beat against the musty darkness, upsetting the law of
center and margin with reckless lyrics
What cannot be held by the name, and that shivers the skin
The rhythms that drive these first steps, steps shared and hesitant
Into the cracks, and toward each other
The city disappears into this sudden composition – the assembly of the
incomplete, that begins again, and again
With the shadows and the emptiness, the dust and the debris
And the terrible joy, the power of the heart
With held breath, and the dogs outside
The vibrating earth and the listening they perform
Into the new life like thieves



2 /

Let us run, into the dust, the dim light and shadow
The rooms like a labyrinth in which new desires begin to take shape
Passed from hand to hand, mouth to mouth, and planted into the broken boards
and piles of torn matter, the brittle cardboard and the crates strewn from left to
right
It is a building left behind, withdrawn and that gives way
The opening up into which they run – their running, that demands: *to be more*
The breath and the extended arms, held out and then pulled back, playing with the
dim light, spinning it around fingers and hand-made flowers
She reaches, and the emptiness spills over, suddenly
With the dust and the passageways, and the slow movement of things, the body
becoming other than itself, turning away and then toward, with hands grasping the
air, to pull it close to the skin
To resist and to give
With that brightness of the common body
What they begin to call *the fragile community*
Itself like an errant work, with found wood and blankets, the threads and the sticks
These tools and these weapons
Passed from hand to hand, step by step
Found in the backrooms, the closets, under the floorboards
With the cardboard and the metal, dug out from within piles of trash
To make a form, a shelter – *a house of spiders*
This hand around your arm, and their talking and their laughter echoing
Your hair draped across the windows
Up along the ceiling, turning this way and that way, this dizzy spell of ecstasy into
which they fall
One over the other, the other more than one
Climbing and running, pulling the shadows from the corners
Your legs, and your mouth that swallows the new hope
She drifts, she gets lost, they are lost
One replaced by the other, this one in the place of the other
Placing, stepping
And then back, down again
Running, for each other
All this that cannot be contained, and that intrudes and that interrupts
The commotion, and the vibrant break, suddenly
His pockets full of sand, and the plastic bags they use
To carry the broken dreams and empty bottles
Your eyes full of smoke, and the blackened lips bruised by the beating heart as it
drums
This heart that becomes a network of compassion and rebellion
A republic of the shaken, the one and the many

The door, the blanket, the table, the glass on the table, and the tapping. We continue, down the hallway and into the rooms where they gather, these figures. With the struggles of the nation tapping on the window. The people outside shout: Lula Livre! Lula Livre! A gathering of citizens on the streets, camping and calling for the president of the people. Where has justice gone to? Where are the moral arguments? The wealth of everyone? This is the scene outside, with the streets that tremble to vibrate the walls, the doors, the table, the glass on the table which falls. And is caught by the imagination of these figures. The house becomes a set of pathways between inside and outside, back to front, like a web, as they speak, as they wait.

3 /

I to you, you to us, us to this

This that starts to shiver, under the fragile form taking shape – *multiplying like spiders in the cracks*

Of floating subjects and breathing bodies, this human vitality and the living that passes from lung to lung, feverish

Flexed and unfolding, to ease into the surroundings and the dark corners, and for each other

I know you will support me as I tumble into the emptiness

I to you, you to us, us to this

This that breaks and stirs, that turns the body into things collected and assembled, stitched together from passions and poor histories

The stories she once told while watching the fire, and how he listened feeling the night air against his hands

This that searches for description, to be marked onto the ground of this opening out and for, with a language of retrieval and renewal, of new breath and the sudden togetherness which feels like a nation spilling over – this sharing which upsets the streets and the productions, the scarcity and the evicted

To impress onto the concrete floors and deep emptiness a feverish idea

Did I tell you how we used to break into houses just to imagine living there, to feel the life of others, close to one's own

To imagine, and to construct from the matters of others, a dwelling, a place of support and for supporting this life that flows and that is overwhelming and that wants to burst into declarations of generosity

Eyes aglow in the shadowy light and the corridors without, awake to each other
Planning, plotting, scheming

To break in

The breaking and the undoing, the reworking of the home and the building, the street and the city

With memories of back alleys and the dirty paths, and the fennel bushes against their legs, collecting the dust of dry summers

Let us sleep here, to lie in the corners and with the cloths found and stitched, the living and the making, a tapestry of the story of joy

I to you, you to us, us to this



4 /

You take this, and hold, while I loop it over, across and then under
Like this, remember, and then let's find some more, that rope we saw behind
And that can fit alongside, to tie, to collect, to add this here, I know it can work
With the hand that passes, and then fixes, turns and then hangs, holding back the
wood, before it falls, and then falling, this coming apart, for a moment, like a
possibility, as nobody knows and everyone does, the doing that breathes
The time that disappears and becomes a material which we wrap around,
becoming a surface that starts to shimmer, taking a step, closer
Against the against

She raises her hands as high as she can, with all that desire and the wanting, like
creatures in search of the wilderness, and the trees that start to grow from his
fingers, the flying leaves and the bright overflowing urban rivers of your hair
and your steps which I follow

Into rhythms of self-organized movement, crossing over and standing along-
side, this elsewhere wrapped around the face, suddenly, into the eyes and nose,
the breathing and the beating, with arms outstretched and the broken pieces,
reworked – *the city becomes a dream, a dreaming chaos*

The inside moving out, into a new skin, as the floor shakes and the walls crum-
ble in slow-motion, yellow and green and beating

The making of being together and falling apart at the same time, the shattered
pieces like noises that keep us safe within their strangeness

They dance the uncertainty of gesture and restless forms – can you hear, the
noises that may remake the order of things, with their chaos and the beauty of
this voice out of the throat

It shudders the emptiness

She sings, she grunts, with feet stomping the ground into pools of red flowers
And that drips through the cracks and along the walls, taking root and taking the
breath away

Turning chairs into shelves, and marking the windows with mysterious signs –
signs of life, touching and being touched

The matters of flesh and ideas, fingers into the holes and the pleasure of not
knowing, together and under, and then up, into the attic

We dream this building into a world, we construct the erotic touch of everything

Can you read the burning tears across the face?

Can you pick up the falling blood of this suffering and festivity?

Can you drum this breaking apart as a new rhythm?



5 /

It is already changing, the wishing and the wanting, the order of this body
Blood and breath, eyes dripping and your hands into my throat
With the stressed borders, the broken lips, suffering the pleasure of coming
together, and the music from the distance into the bones that rattle with joy
Can you hear the sounds?
Can you recognize the melody?
These lines that spread their wings like bats
Let us fall, into the night as day, the day of shadowy light
Let us digress, to open doors for the others as they run, running away and for
As they search for the beginning, the reworked languages spoken at times
and that may become a lyric, to interrupt
Scratched onto the walls, taken down as notes for a future songbook
Fragments upon fragments
Figures of thought and of movement, incomplete
Those that stand in the shadows, and that generate a new darkness to break
the windows, to deepen the night
These songs that resound, with melodies of wishing and remembering, and
that travel, undercover, through uncountable vessels: your heart, his arms,
those that walk with deep steps
It keeps me awake
These restless thoughts, and the rhythms that capture one's pulse, and that
collapse
They know there is more to do, with the left-over pieces, the hand to hand
From island to island, the salt on their lips as they kiss
As they kiss again
For the making of the passion, the dreamwork to be performed, for what may
still come
The interrupted, and the crime of togetherness

We continue, as we must. Each room a free territory, a zone of relations, inside
to outside, back to front. Praça Olga Benario, Praça Lula Livre, Praça Puerto
de Sol, with the lost parade that travels, down to Sala 603, and further, toward
the City of Joy and Sorrow, the Autonomia Akadimia – these errant bodies
that defend the house of spiders, spinning a web for the solidarity economy.
This is what they speak about, and what they make. To open the doors and the
windows. The street runs into the house, and then out again. Past the national
borders, past the ropes tied to trees. It comes in, and it goes out, the street and
all that it carries. It brings all types of strangers together. This is a stranger
house. Let us enter, let us exit. Let us continue. Down the hallway and onto
the boulevards, to the Zion Platz and the environmental libraries, into the
basements of forbidden books, and further, across the network of real media,
these communities in movement that move us, as they must. As they must.



Former Brazilian President Luis Inacio Lula da Silva was arrested in April of 2018 for corruption charges. He is being held in a jail in the city of Curitiba, and is appealing his 12-year sentence. Since his imprisonment a camp has been set up by demonstrators and supporters outside the jail, occupying the street and nearby lot as a form of protest-Vigil. Many believe his imprisonment is a political act aimed at withdrawing the possibility of Lula running in the Presidential election in October 2018. The UN Human Rights Committee ruled, on the 17th of August, that imprisoned leftist leader Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva cannot be disqualified from upcoming presidential elections because his legal appeals are ongoing.

During the filming of The Autonomous Odyssey, an interview with Lula's daughter, Lurian Lula da Silva, was organized. Lurian was used as electoral bait in the elections of 1989. Lula lost the race to Fernando Collor de Mello with a very small difference. One day before the election a video was broadcast as part of the TV campaign of Collor in which Lurian's mother, Mirian Cordeiro, accused Lula of having rejected his daughter, having tried to convince her to have an abortion and hide her identity from the public. Lurian was 15 years at that time. The Electoral Court gave Lula 5 minutes to respond in the TV program of his adversary, but it was too late to revert the impact of the video.

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My name is Lurian, I am Lula's daughter.

To tell the truth, Lula's persecution hasn't started now. It began much earlier, at the time of the Unions' Movement, in 1980, when he was first imprisoned.

The persecution against him was intensified through defamation.

Back at that time, it was said that he owned "a mansion" in Morumbi, a "noble" neighborhood in São Paulo.

But it doesn't even make sense because there is a "favela" in the same area, in the same neighborhood.

Then, in the elections of 1989, his personal life was exposed in a violent and absurd way.

I was personally exposed, as a daughter from a former relationship of my father.

I was born before his marriage with Marisa.

Because of this, one day before the election the TV program of Collor de Mello presented me to the population as Lula's "extra daughter", or as "the daughter he had rejected or tried to hide".

I still hear people who come to me and ask: "You are his bastard daughter".

It has made me feel sad, many times, but our family managed to overcome it, because we are structured and united.

After that event, where my father lost the election, we realized there exists a great prejudice within Brazilian society against voting into office someone from the Northeast of Brazil, to vote into office someone who was poor and who overcame the difficulties of the dry season and who didn't have a college degree.

There was an enormous resistance in Brazilian society towards this idea.



He lost the elections twice after 1989.

Finally, in 2002, he won, and who won the elections this time was the Brazilian people.

We believe that the election of Lula really annoyed the Brazilian elite, which were accustomed with a vicious system, where the powerful manipulated and controlled the lives of the poor or even enslaved them.

In Lula's government, the Brazilian people acquired civil rights which they never had before.

By 2006, though, we could already sense the first signals that a "coup" was about to come.

There was a strong initiative from the mass media to destroy Lula's image.

In particular, in the repercussion given to a trial where there was no proof against the defendants, the so-called "Mensalão".

This trial had a strong negative impact on the idea of a popular government and the image of the Workers' Party – PT (Partido dos Trabalhadores).

Several of our companions were condemned and taken to jail, including José Dirceu, without any real proof, in addition to all the prejudice against Lula and against the idea of a popular family in power.

In 2010, there was the rise of a woman, Dilma Rousseff, who won the elections in Brazil.

A woman with a left wing background, a revolutionary.

The Brazilian society, in a chauvinist fashion, and the political world, in a patriarchal way, treated her even worse.

The attacks against Dilma's image and her government were even heavier than the attacks Lula had suffered.

After the "Mensalão" we were sufficiently aware of how far they could go.

It didn't matter to the judge Moro that there was no evidence against Lula, and that Lula was innocent.

There was a previously organized effort to destroy Lula's image before society and to destroy the image of the Workers' Party before public opinion.

But they didn't succeed.





With a small advantage, despite all the efforts of the media against it, and in recognition of what Lula's government had done to the people, Dilma was reelected in 2014.

Lula's personality is admired by the people. He is the politician who has the greatest popular approval and the Workers' Party (PT) still holds its credibility in the country, despite all that has passed, and the false accusations from the media. In truth, the government of the PT was the only one that renewed the hope of the people for a better future and a just society.

If we had the instance of a popular jury, if my father was to be judged by the people, I am convinced he wouldn't be in prison today. His imprisonment is a form of a sequester, the objective is to keep Lula out of the run for the presidency, to make it impossible for the people to elect their favorite candidate by vote.

Lula is not a criminal.

He is a 72-year old man who was arrested illegally without any criminal evidence against him.

On the other hand, there are many other politicians in the country with heavy criminal evidence against them, such as large sums of money deposited in their names in bank accounts outside the country or absurd values used for personal expenses in their institutional credit cards.

Nothing happens to them. Is it right?

There is the case of a politician who was caught with a helicopter full of cocaine at his farm.

Nothing happens to him!

There are politicians that make life threats publicly to their political enemies, and so many other absurd facts.

Although, who is in prison today is an innocent man, deprived of daily contact with his children, his grandchildren, his granddaughters, his great-granddaughter, his militancy and his people.

What is happening to him today is an absurd cruelty!

Octavio: It is also a cruelty against the Brazilian citizens who see Lula as their legitimate leader and claim their freedom to vote him into office.

Luriane: The last electoral polls point that way, don't they?

Octavio: Let's be silent for one minute, to give attention to what is happening, and just listen.

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The Molecular Strike

Gerald Raunig

<http://eipcp.net/transversal/1011/raunig/en>

Translated by Aileen Derieg

17 September 2011. A demonstration march through lower Manhattan chooses as the destination of its *dérive* a small park near the enormous construction site of the World Trade Center. Zuccotti Park is a formerly public, now privatized square belonging to the real estate corporation Brookfield Properties, named after its chairman John Zuccotti. On older maps of the financial district, however, this square has a different name: Liberty Plaza. The demonstrators have not chosen to occupy this territory because of a universalist invocation of freedom, but rather because they want to set a further component of the abstract machine in motion that has drawn lines of flight throughout the entire year, especially through the Mediterranean region. And the most intensive line of this abstract machine was probably the Egyptian part of the Arab Spring with its center in Tahrir Square, the “Place of Freedom”. By purposely occupying another place of freedom at the edge of Wall Street, the precarious occupiers seek not only to interrupt subservient deterritorialization, the flows through the global financial center, but they also take up the practices, with which current activists de- and re-territorialize their times, their socialities, their lives in new ways.

In his last course with the title “The Courage of Truth”[1], Michel Foucault explored the scandalous life of the Cynics, to which he applied the colorful term of “philosophical activism”[2]. It was not his intention to attribute a privileged position to the activity of the philosophers, even less to reduce activism to a cognitive capacity. Rather, the Cynic philosopher served as a backdrop for a more general form of activism, of changing the world, of newly inventing worlds. For Foucault in later years, philosophical activism was an “activism in the world and against the world”.

The Cynic philosopher is, first of all, the exemplary, anecdotal, almost mythical figure of Diogenes, with no permanent residence, at most a tub, living his life completely in public, scandalously all the way to masturbating in public, practicing *parrhesia*, the manner of “saying everything”, even if it is associated with great risk, which in Cynicism conjoins the

art of existence with the discourse of truth. Foucault’s endeavor of a “history of life as possible beauty” situates this old Greek Cynicism as the pivotal point of a whole genealogy of scandalous, disobedient, self-forming forms of living. Foucault sees historical actualizations of Cynic activism in the minoritarian heretical movements of the Middle Ages, in the political revolutions of modernity, and – somewhat surprisingly – in the theme of the artist’s life in the nineteenth century. And here I would add to the Foucaultian genealogy the new activism of the twenty-first century: anti-globalization movement, social forums, anti-racist no border camps, queer-feminist activisms, transnational migrant strikes, Mayday movements of the precarious. Now since last year there has been a tremendous intensification of these new activisms in the wider Mediterranean region: from the waves of university occupations to the revolutions of the Arab Spring, all the way to the movements of occupying central squares in Greece, Spain and Israel. Day-long sit-ins at the Kasbah Square in Tunis, revolutionary occupations of Tahrir Square in Cairo, Acampadas in the Puerta del Sol in Madrid, tents in the Rothschild Boulevard in Tel Aviv. Much could be said about what these new activisms have in common. They are all about appropriating real places, about a struggle against precarization, against extreme competition and against the drivenness of contemporary production, largely dispensing with representation and weaving a transnational concatenation of social movements. There are, however, three specific vectors, on which these activisms enter new territory: in their search for new forms of living, in their organizational forms of radical inclusion, and in their insistence on re-appropriating time.

1. Inventing new forms of living.

When Foucault brings art into play, following the revolutions in his genealogy of the Cynics, it is not classical aesthetics or an existentialist theory of art that concerns him, but rather art that is “capable of giving a form to existence which

breaks with every other form”[3], a form that forms itself, newly invents itself, an “aesthetics of existence”. Aesthetics as ethics, as the invention of new modes of subjectivation and of new forms of living (together), existence as aesthetic object, life as a beautiful work. This ethico-aesthetic aspect of forming life is by no means to be understood as an individualistic stylization of life: even though dandyism and existentialism certainly also belong to the genealogy of the aesthetics of existence, the term does not refer to an aesthetization of the artist’s existence. Instead, Foucault’s examples go in the direction of relationship, of exchange, and not in the direction of the pure and autonomous implementation of a self-relation. Forming life as living together takes place at the microphysical and the macrophysical level, in the forming of the individual body, in the forming of social relations. In his lecture, Foucault explicitly says about this: “By basing the analysis of Cynicism on this theme of individualism, however, we are in danger of missing what from my point of view is one [of its] fundamental dimensions, that is to say, the problem, which is at the core of Cynicism, of establishing a relationship between forms of existence and manifestation of the truth.”[4] Philosophical activism is not about a model philosophical or artistic life beyond relations, at the edge of the world. Cynics live in the midst of the world, against the world, with the horizon of an other world; in Foucault’s words, they have “laid down this otherness of an *other* life, not simply as the choice of a different, happy, and sovereign life, but as the practice of an activism on the horizon of which is an *other* world”. [5]

This understanding of an other life enabling an other world applies all the more to the collective Cynicism, or rather: the molecular Cynicism of the new activisms today. In this kind of molecular Cynicism, it is not the individual philosopher, not the dandy-esque artist, not the existentialist activist that is at the center, but rather the exchange relations of singularities testing disobedient, non-subservient, industrious forms of living.

If today’s revolutions are not only taken as molar, as – in a narrow sense - political projects, but rather also as molecular revolutions, then the aesthetics of existence takes its place alongside the political project as a “continual and constantly renewed work of giving form [to life]”[6], to living together. A contemporary concept of molecular revolution requires the ethico-aesthetic level of transforming

forms of living into a beautiful and good life, as well as the becoming of forms of living together across continents: micro-machines, which in their singular situativity form disobedient modes of existence and subjectivation, develop arts of existence and life techniques, as well as translocally dispersed, global abstract machines. The molecular revolution also comprises the “ethical revolution” that is called for at the end of the manifesto of the Spanish occupiers of M-15. The multitude that occupied the many main squares of Spain beginning on 15 May for several weeks is not particularly interested in gaining symbolic space and media attention. The occupiers take over the occupied squares, they appropriate them and make them their own, even though they know they are only there for a certain time. This time, however, is decisive, an extraordinarily important time of their lives, the time of assemblies and the social time of living together, of residing and sleeping in the occupied squares. Their new ethico-aesthetic paradigm seeks revolution in the forming of their own lives and of living together. The call for an ethical revolution is thus not at all a kind of first demand for different, better politicians, nor simply the obvious demand that corrupt politics should resign as a whole. Instead, it is a demand to themselves, a call for fundamental transformations, for the fabrication of non-subservient machinic modes of living, for disobedient industries, for non-conforming forms of living together.

2. Inventing new modes of organization.

When today’s activisms turn against a one-sidedly molar procedure, this does not mean that they neglect aspects of organization and reterritorialization. Yet the streaking of time and space finds its own molecular procedures. Molecular modes of organization are not organic, but rather organic-industrious, not centered around representation, but non-representationist, not hierarchically differentiating, but radically inclusive. Molecularity does not focus on taking over state power, but it takes effect in the pores of everyday life, in the molecules of forms of living. Molar organization arises as striating reterritorialization, it focuses struggles on a main issue, a main contradiction, a master. In a molecular world of dispersion and multiplicity, a different form of reterritorialization is needed, inclusive and transversal, beyond individual or collective privileges. Transversality means that the

movements of reterritorialization and deterritorialization do not pursue particular goals, they do not establish and secure privileges. Instead they smooth and streak territories by crossing through them. The special rights of every single singularity are diametrically opposed to all individual or collective privileges. Yet these special rights only exist where every singularity can fully live its own specialness, try out its own form of concatenation, streak its own time. There is no privileged position for the intellectuals, for art or activism. Molecular struggles are struggles that emerge incidentally and spread further through what is incidental to the incidentals. No master heads the molecular organization.

The Cynic philosopher is an anti-king. Philosophical activism is not practiced in the form of sects, communities, in the form of small numbers. Instead, there is no community at all in Cynicism; the Cynic form of philosophical activism is, according to Foucault, “in the open, as it were, that is to say, an activism addressed to absolutely everyone” [7]. This kind of openness evolves in the practice of the new molecular activists. In the language of the activists it places radical inclusion at the center of assemblies, discussions and actions. An “activism addressed to absolutely everyone”, and yet nevertheless not operating universalistically, but transversally, like the tent camp in the Rothschild Boulevard in Tel Aviv, for example, following which the largest demonstration for social justice in the history of Israel took place in early September 2011. Radical inclusion means here, most of all, establishing an open milieu, in which the right to a place to live is not only demanded for everyone, but also acted out straight away in protest. The tent assemblages, the assemblies, the discussions are already living examples of the radical inclusion and transversality of the movement.

In the case of #occupy wallstreet, the tendency to radical inclusion is evident primarily in the invention and development of general assemblies. These are not so much “general assemblies” in the conventional sense, but rather transversal assemblages of singularities, which renew the grassroots-democratic experiences of the anti-globalization and social forums movement, further developing them into a form of polyvocality – for instance in the invention, almost by chance and out of necessity, of a new procedure of “amplification”: because the police forbid them to use microphones, megaphones or other technical means, they began to repeat every single sentence from the speakers

in chorus. The functionality of this repetition consists, first of all, in making the speech intelligible for hundreds of people in an open air setting. Yet the chorus as amplification here is neither a purely neutral medium of conveyance nor a euphoric affirmation of the speakers. It can happen that the chorus, whose voice is speaking the same thing, proves to be radically polyvocal and differentiated: one voice supports the speaker with hand signs, the next declares dissent with other hand signs, and the third has turned away from the speaker to better ensure the amplifying function for the others listening.

3. Industrious re-appropriation of time.

Just as the Cynic philosopher seeks scandal in the offensive transparency of his life, the new activists speak clearly by taking the empty promise of “public space” at its word. This is the exercise, as widely visible as possible, of deviant modes of subjectivation, not or not only in the nakedness, placelessness and promiscuity of the Cynics, but most of all in playing with the paradox of the public: public space does not exist, and most of all not in the smooth spaces of urban centers, whether they are the touristic non-places of the Puerta del Sol or the Rothschild Boulevard, whether it is the privatized sphere of Zuccotti Park, or whether it is the heavy traffic of Tahrir Square. And yet, or specifically because of this, the new activists occupy the central squares, turn them into common-places, as a paradoxical provocation of normativity and normalization. And beyond this spatial reterritorialization, it is primarily the re-appropriation of time that marks the protestors’ modes of action. In the midst of the nervous poly-rhythms of precarious life, in the midst of this mixture of drivenness and melancholy, they invent a surplus, in the midst of subservience they create a desire to not be taken into service in that way. In the midst of hurried timelessness, the precarious strikers insist on different time-relations, they streak the time in the patience of assemblies, in spreading out living, residing, sleeping in the squares, feeling their way to the first rudimentary possibilities of a new form of resistance, the molecular strike.

The occupiers take the space and time seriously that they set up, striate, streak, taking time for long, patient discussions and taking time to stay in this place, developing a new everyday life, even if only for a short time. In an otherwise boundless everyday life, the molecular strike spreads out these small new durations of everyday life. Its institution,

however, first requires an eventual break with subservient deterritorialization in machinic capitalism. The molecular strike is both: duration and break. It is not leaving, not dropping out of this world, no time-out. The molecular strike is the breach in the time regime of subservient deterritorialization that we drive in, in order to try out new ways of living, new forms of organization, new time relations. No longer a struggle merely to reduce working time, but rather for an entirely new streaking of time as a whole. In machinic capitalism, it is a matter of the whole, the totality of time, its entire appropriation. The molecular strike struggles for its reappropriation, its streaking, piece by piece. The new Wobblies will be no Industrial Workers of the World, but rather Industrious Workers of the world, a gigantic industry carrying everything along with it, not submitting to subservient deterritorialization, at the same time a reterritorialization, an industrious refrain, a dangerous class that will no longer let its time be stolen.

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[1] Foucault, Michel, *The Courage of Truth*, trans. Graham Burchell, London: Palgrave Macmillan, 2011

[2] The original French term “militantisme” is translated in the English version of the course as “militancy”.

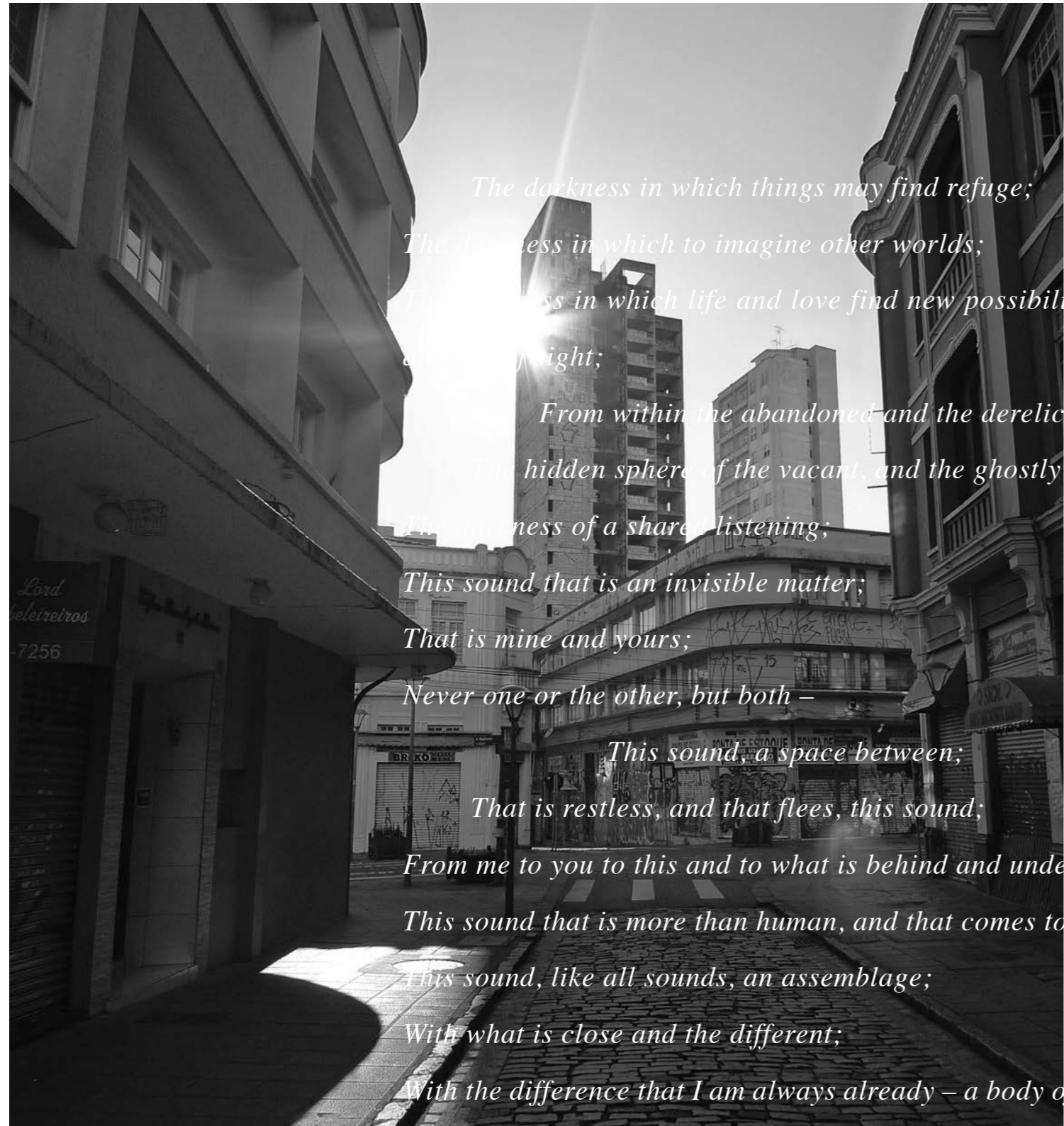
[3] Foucault, *The Courage of Truth*, p. 187.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 284.

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 287.

[6] *Ibid.*, p. 162.

[7] Foucault, *The Courage of Truth*, p. 284. <http://eipcp.net/transversal/1011/raunig/en>
The Molecular Strike



*The darkness in which things may find refuge;
The darkness in which to imagine other worlds;
The darkness in which life and love find new possibilities
and out of sight;
From within the abandoned and the derelict;
The hidden sphere of the vacant, and the ghostly
The darkness of a shared listening;
This sound that is an invisible matter;
That is mine and yours;
Never one or the other, but both –
This sound, a space between;
That is restless, and that flees, this sound;
From me to you to this and to what is behind and under;
This sound that is more than human, and that comes to life in the dark;
This sound, like all sounds, an assemblage;
With what is close and the different;
With the difference that I am always already – a body of more than one;*

*The darkness in which things may find refuge;
The darkness in which to imagine other worlds;
The darkness in which life and love find new possibilities, undercover
and out of sight;
From within the abandoned and the derelict;
The hidden sphere of the vacant, and the ghostly remains;
The darkness of a shared listening;
This sound that is an invisible matter;
That is mine and yours;
Never one or the other, but both –
This sound, a space between;
That is restless, and that flees, this sound;
From me to you to this and to what is behind and under;
This sound that is more than human, and that comes to life in the dark;
This sound, like all sounds, an assemblage;
With what is close and the different;
With the difference that I am always already – a body of more than one;
This sound;
And which makes it possible to speak.*

