

## Transcript

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*Untitled (Structures)*, 2024

«I get so sick of the fashion and the fascism, makes me crazy, wanna try a little smash-ism!»

It was a skanky summer. Very limestone, very quiet. Give us the Paris apartment, treasonous gazes, rental bicycle, grey sweatpants and the lesbian turn. One couldn't want anything less, or little enough. A person screams outside the building and the piano next door keeps playing the same wrong note over and over again. Interrupt here. Cause is found only in what does not work: little feet fit our structures to allow them to run the streets of actual existence. But how can they just walk around all day, idly watching us? How come these supposed princes of the 5th Republic make you darling gurl march in place ad nauseam?

Conditioned by love but never reduced to it, we take the streets stepping into a vocabulary of wants. Why don't we wanna know what we want? What is it I do not want to know about myself? What must be true is that there was a time before the law and that we are all before the law by being subject to it, turned tail in asymmetric competition for recognition. Yet, we don't know when and how, exactly, we will suffer, and this uncertainty sustains our secret disavowed hope that — maybe, just maybe — we won't suffer from the law. We maintain ourselves in an abstract, impersonal way: all people are suffering, but I am perhaps not ... Hazards flash up, reading truth backward.

The traumatic cut started this impetuous circuit of repression. What are we doing to ourselves and others by not giving up the law? Where we expect recognition we find its inverse — alienation. I know this projection of the unnamable image very well but all the same ... Je sais bien que je sais bien, mais quand même ... It's like I can't see you seeing me while you suffer, because you are precious to me. Unless, of course, there's something we want more than the life I want. Hurling itself into crisis, something brings the gaps back - all the losses we amassed. Something so intimate to us, it only manifests in the exterior. We're so desperate to avoid this truth, this external thing we are running into, attached to desire.

Light spills over the city. I've worked very hard not to know what the life we want is. Our arrangement here seems dangerously beautiful, such as neurotic explications of what should remain unspoken which one nevertheless wishes to render coherent and transparent. Even one's disavowal becomes an avowal built on the rationalization of bad faith. Even when we still desire things, here and elsewhere, joy is tainted by the all-pervasive trompe-l'œil. It cannot financialize this scene, it simply ignores or effaces us. Has enjoyment itself led us anywhere? How long can I stay conscious of each act of separation before it becomes a habit? Did you notice my failure to accept that lack causes desire?

We find ourselves in juxtaposition: an enigmatic and insistent presence and pressure in our lives. This abyss marks the break where rubrics of meaning collide. Only when you frustrate me do you become a real other to me. We don't need to give up on each other completely but of a certain idea: the true self individual is an isolated entity, a nervous fantasy, a tyrannical ego ideal. Smash the social screen: with feeling comes death. Desire already slips from the grasp of the present, turning into futures past. That's why we suppose our mortality like snakes, inextricably coiling around youth. Safety is to be recognized without returning recognition in a false equilibrium that presupposes wants have been taken into account.

I hear us speak, in soaring moments of clarity, that our struggle is about collectivity formed through association, not shared characteristics or identity. It changes us by changing our relations. To this degree, it can be my struggle. What we assume is a stake in our commons. Meandering at the core of this named desire, to organize beyond the fear of the state and corporate cowardice, our structures nevertheless continue to belie us. It is the discontinuity of the subject that makes us gather here. Inexorably drawn to you, I should not decide between cause and love, between devotion to one or the other. Our love is an absolute - as a byproduct. There's no harmony between us, and it is this recognition of the gap that makes our relationship nonantagonistic.

Sometimes, when it seems absolutely verboten to dip from doom to downtime, during renewed descents into law and race, we don't choose the struggle; it chooses us.