



THE INVENTION OF SOLITUDE
SOLITARY LIVES IN SOLITARY WORLDS

ADRIAN HANSELMANN

The *I* wants to remain unreliable. Not in narration but as the narrator. Everything should be narrated precisely as it happened: a narration of books, histories, and worlds. The flood of coincidental encounters, unfinished paths, brittle reason, the experience of reading—plural times and plural anchor points. The solitude of the following pages resides perhaps in its constant fleeing movement, which wrests the thoughts, words, explanations, quotes from its “agency,” a movement of becoming unfinished. It is not my solitude; it is the solitary return, the iteration loop, which time and again washes solid segments away while bringing new, loose ones. A solitude amid concepts, ideas, and thoughts, letters and spaces, images and sounds, of concentrating and setting aside.

PROLOGUE

Dissolution
□ 192, 194, 196, 228

The one is too much for the many. The many too solitary for the one. Hardly will I ever be enough Joelle to give her a new face; her face has vanished, it can never be replenished. Both eyes remain shut, yet her gaze wanders over the fields of the present, her feet walk down local alleys. She is always a few steps ahead; when I become faster, she becomes slower, unreachably slow. My approaches distance me from her. Even when it seems like I’m turning in circles, I never arrive at the same place. And whatever door I pass through, she was always there just before me. A subtle wisp of her eerie dissolution

remains present. A wisp that shrouds me, permeates me. I cannot remember her; she is there when I forget her. And then she is not alone. Her presence is solitude. She is a choir, a team, an army, an ephemeral light, a small voice that sounds a thousand voices. The voices are loud yet barely audible; they say nothing. My hands are those of a dog that lies dreaming under the rose bush. My spine is that of the scrivener who cannot bend, twists and turns painfully. The eyes are those of the dead, which miss nothing but have already missed everything. My stomach strolls the parks of Vienna, and my ears no longer hear so good. *My favorite editor is the stove.* Edifying, the flames eat the written pages. We need far more stoves, far more fire, fireplaces, masonry heaters, storage heating stoves, hearths, campfires. What about Joelle, Michail, David, K., not to just name names, because they don't matter. They are just coordinates—coordinates on a map yet to be charted. I should not want to meet them, for I am the green parrot, Baruch's broomstick, Faustroll's shortest connection between one and infinity, Joelle's unborn little sister, the *dépression félix*. My thoughts become illegible, spoken in a language I no longer understand. The semiotics of my world are collapsing. Not a word, no one understands anymore. I do not understand myself anymore. My shattered pancreas fills the stomach with a mucus of pain. Each movement, each noise makes the pain dance in a circle. The feet twitch, the head begins to disengage from the neck. The nose turns around. Please let my face stay recognizable; I at least want to see myself in the mirror when I cannot speak my language anymore. Better not say anything, it hurts. The inquisitive look in the mirror only reveals gestures from other times; it will never be able to show me something new. It is the moment when the mirror looks at me, while what desperately wants to be retraced emerges. But I can only guess the outlines, draw it from memory, while I forget. *I require nothing else but a little order to protect me from chaos. Nothing is more painful, more distressing than a thought that escapes itself, than ideas that fly off, that disappear hardly formed, already eroded by*

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¶ 11, 39, 41, 45, 55,
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¶ 148–149, 172–173,
 176–177, 192, 195, 223,
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Smell

¶ 14, 247 ☒ 306–307

forgetfulness or precipitated into others that we no longer master. It is not my ordered thoughts, my disciplined fingers that bring something finished to paper and representatively conserve it. It is the streams themselves, which chaotic-chaosmotically flow through diverse bodies and link words with sensations, places with smells, and movements with symbols. *The smile remains, the cat has vanished.*¹

SOLITUDE

From the land of the cannibals—In solitude the solitary man consumes himself, in the crowd the crowd consumes him. Now choose.
 —Friedrich Nietzsche, *Human, All Too Human*

Solitary people suffer horribly from memories.
 —Friedrich Nietzsche, letter to Malwida von Meysenbug

The collective must stick together because it bears the possibility of the common, which in fact is the beginning and end—including the solitude in which we all are born, die, and share the common fate. The common does not exclude solitude: It implies it as the non-totality or non-communion of the community.
 —Jean-Luc Nancy, *Que faire?*

You are a human, you are in company, alone you are nothing or you are dead. You need us, we need you, so we survive, you need us. Language, culture, identity, society, state, the endless row of great unities that subordinate the many in the one with the uniform and attend to its subjectivity. Structures, relations, which unite and unify, each telling a single story, which need me as much as I need them. Together we give each other warmth, comfort, we hold together, divide the work, help the weak, sit around the fire of safety. Who goes into the darkness beyond the flickering light loses everything; the lone wolf dies.² In the beginning is the common, a delirious journey in the same boat that multiplies strength, survival against the evil, wild world, against *solitudo*.³ Cultural or human cohesion sustains our life. Those who want life must participate in this project, must communicate, classify, divide. An individual, with his/her own freedom, thrown into a common world. The wood-paneled studies of dead white men and the solitude of leather-bound libraries behind mahogany desks

Solitude

¶ 9, 13, 93, 188,
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1 The three text passages in italics in this paragraph are cited from memory: J.A.E. Curtis, *Mikhail Bulgakov: Manuscripts Don't Burn—A Life in Letters and Diaries*, Overlook Press, New York 2012; Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *What Is Philosophy*, trans. by Hugh Tomlinson and Graham Burchell, Columbia University Press, New York 1994, p. 201; Gilles Deleuze, *The Logic of Sense*, Constantin V. Boundas (ed.), trans. by Mark Lester with Charles Stivale, Columbia University Press, New York 1990.

2 The Sword of Damocles in the dystopian world of *Game of Thrones*: "When the snows fall and the white winds blow, the lone wolf

dies but the pack survives." Or as Chris Marker writes with a complex moral undertone, "As winter approaches, the homeless try to attract attention." Andreas Janser (ed.), *Chris Marker: A Farewell to Movies / Abschied vom Kino*, Museum für Gestaltung Zürich, Zurich 2008, p. 22.

3 The Latin term for solitude links loneliness, abandonment, helplessness with a great unknown outside, which we need protection from. Being in *solitudo* is always potentially dangerous. The distinction between a natural outside and a cultural inside runs throughout the history of the written word. This dichotomy had already manifested almost four thousand years ago, in the Gilgamesh epic.

are contrasted by the genius in dingy Parisian hotel rooms among pastis, billows of smoke, and tattered philosophical tomes.⁴ What remains is the image of intellectual-genius solitude. As such, a solitude that is no longer ours. Not because it is all the more important today to seek safety and hide behind the door from all those bullshit bombardments, just to think in peace for once. But because it is not the same world in which we find solitude.

It is one story of bourgeois resentment, which we were told by white men over and over again throughout the last centuries and continue to tell ourselves.⁵ While they create a little oasis of solitude⁶ in their studies in order to fabricate a bourgeois order in their tiny worlds,⁷ life goes on—atomized, lonely, and cared for. The sacrifice of solitude is made to the community, the future, knowledge, or reputation. A game with fire that melts, not cultivates. The great one becomes the great all, which must be created, preserved, and protected: from colonization to housewifization and the invention of capitalism up to our neoliberal lives. Concepts were invented, inverted, destroyed, deconstructed, and we always find a metaphysical battle between unity and multitude: violence against deviance, against solitude, a symbol of deviant existence and deviant behavior. A perverted game with not-life. And unity is constantly imposed upon the one to channel its multitude of streams in a single direction. The one only becomes a unity by severing the inherent becoming and genealogy. Solitude is as contiguous to the multiple one as uniformity to the unity. The one, in turn, is always exposed to unifications, from which solitude continually flees.

But where does this solitude reside, which is not [something]⁸ as such—rather, always appears in connection, as a shadow attached to the community (in the large and small)? An outside right in the middle. I will probably not find solitude where an apparent other could be sought—more likely in a minor, small difference. Solitude often only becomes visible when [something] orients upon it, winds around it. We see revolutionary solitude that panics the state apparatus,

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Housewifization
 □ 13, 193, 209, 211

Maj.Min.or
 □ 11, 55, 71, 191, 237

Solitude
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 □ 71–72, 144–145,
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Scale
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Resistance
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Repetition
 □ 87, 160–161,
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Ritual
 □ 160–161, 212, 239

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 □ 71, 208, 212,
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physical solitude that casts individuals into a state of emergency, and political solitude that lets the outside enter within, fostering colonial, feminized, and capitalized deterritorializations, while participation is denied through the inclusion between visibility and invisibility. Through all of these solitudes runs the small deviation to [something], a condition, a state in panic that tries to hold itself together, an absurd image in power and scale relations, but all it takes is the slightest nudge to shift the midpoint a bit. This came to be through convoluted paths, intersecting, contingent collisions, and violent ascriptions, inscriptions, and confinements in an outside to be controlled. Reterritorializations also emerge, which always have holes, holes like solitude, which surrender the territories to destabilization and unleash the streams on the borders—thus disallowing any unity, totality, or communion.

When we look at major tremendous as well as small events, we can catch a glimpse of their shadows.⁹ Revolutionary, psychic, and political solitudes only differ in the form of analysis; as solitude, they are all connected at the core by the almost invisible position of deviance. Between the powers of participation in the community, singular movements, and the supremacy of the unified one, we find cells of resistance that are distinguished by solitude. Resistance cannot be seen as a dialectic opposite to power; likewise, solitude cannot be asserted as an opposite to community.¹⁰ It is the part of a community that is always oriented upon an outside, an opening. In the creation of community through repetition, rituals, and refrain and the accompanying exclusion and segregation of that which is not community, something remains in the community that prevents it from being able to fully develop into a unity. This marks the beginning of the community, which rests upon an alleged common ground—but this beginning begins with solitude. It has always been in the common, as its opening to the multitude. It is this opening that allows something new to emerge; it corrodes the unity of the community, does not let it become one, before it is incorporated into the unification of the community. Solitude saves

4 “Are these leather bound Pounds? They have to go with my wallet.” Bernard Black in season 1, episode 1 of the television series *Black Books*.

5 We ‘member *South Park*’s “Member Berries”: “Better ‘member than think.” The twentieth season of the cartoon series dealt with the 2016 US presidential election. Member Berries were introduced to illustrate the blind memory practice and its virulence. As the punch line of all the remembering, Donald Trump is chosen as the (resentment) president of the US.

6 For an example of a critical yet equally bourgeois analysis of solitary white male artists and their genius, cf. Anthony Storr, *Solitude: A Return to the Self*, Simon and Schuster, New York 2005.

7 The protecting order against the wild *solitudo* has many names: “social contract,” “democracy,” “police”—the inventiveness of power (in the spirit of *potestas*, Latin for power or facility) is extremely versatile.

8 [Something] must always be induced, attracted, transported; the individuation of [something] is like an anchor in a stormy sea.

9 Similar to the search for exoplanets, in which it is typically discovered that the center of gravity (its sun) is slightly decentered or that the planet partially covers the light source, so that the reduction in radiation can be measured.

10 “The community would have a function of relief, a balm, almost as protection against unbearable solitude, while at the same

time, solitude as a protection against the unbearable weight of the collective. In other words, between living-together and living-alone there is no pacifying dialectic.” Peter Pal Pelbart, *Cartography of Exhaustion: Nihilism Inside Out*, trans. by John Laudenberge and Rebolledo Palazuelos, Univocal Publishing, Minneapolis 2015, p. 24.

the community from becoming everything and thus petrifying. It emits sparks that do not care about the community, it communicates transverse to the community as something that cannot be integrated into it. It carries the common out of the community by adding holes that facilitate openings for potential connections.

It is not-[something] without being [something]-else. A shadow that resists centripetal force and gravitational energy. Solitude as a concept does not stand in opposition to a uniform one or a community; rather, it is a part of the dynamic in which these seemingly fixed centers of gravity impel movement on the verge of dissolution. The power that always lets [something] flow through its midpoint, the gravitational energy that essentially creates a midpoint, but precisely through these powers is aperture and dissolution.¹¹ If a two-dimensional pattern were cut out of the multidimensional movement, solitude would appear within the interruption and disruption of this dissolving flow. The smallest deviation causes this [something] to churn; it becomes decentered—the notion that [something] runs smoothly and is stable, that [something] is complete and not complete at the same time cannot plausibly be sustained.¹² The struggle to create anchor points and their gravitational energy is not just a simple worlding; it is, per se, a struggle, a political-poetic struggle over regimes of truth.¹³ These struggles are accompanied by a masculine, white gesture of enlightenment, which is already exposed to an inherent resistance, a minoritarian shadow of resistance that prevents the anchor points from fully developing, that opposes communion—the opening of solitude. In the sense that solitude always manifests in addition, it is always more. Makes everything too much, always has something to add, always forms more than a whole, which can never be finished. The character of too much, of always more, makes the ascriptions overflow without destroying them. They foam over by themselves. Solitude has always been too much. For this reason, control over this excess is all too often a main element in governing and techniques of subjugation. Nevertheless, solitude always surfaces singularly. There is a history

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Dissolution

□ 187, 194, 196, 228

Flow

□ 148–149, 172–173,
176–177, 189, 195,
223, 228, 230, 239
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Pattern

□ 40, 77–78, 142–143,
182–183, 221
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Deviation

□ 191, 193, 196, 203,
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Resistance

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of solitude that is not the history of resistance, not one of struggles; rather, it is a far quieter history that slips into other histories. The ambivalence between the focus of subjugation and the site of desubjugation does not allow evaluation and concrete ascription. Thus, solitude emerges in thousands of shapes with multiple faces: as *solitudo*, as a hideous outside that the community protects us from, in becoming-revolutionary from Latin America to Rojava, in the housewifization and the witch hunts, in the revaluation of labor, in neoliberal imperatives of participation, in the recurring invention of [something]. And in the night. “More generally, isn’t everyone thrown back [*renvoyé*] to their solitude?”¹⁴

HELLO DARKNESS MY OLD FRIEND

There is a solitude of being alone, a solitude of abandonment, a solitude of the common, a solitude of the community, a solitude of society, as well as a solitude of being asleep and being awake, a solitude of writing, of speaking, a solitude of morals, a solitude of laws. Solitude diverges depending where it abides, where it emerges, and where it disappears. It is never the same solitude. It is always in the middle and connects with appropriation and inclusion in its deviation. That helps it to constantly recreate itself and also to shed its skin, to slip into new signifiers, to make new concepts from the old, to shift the real per se. Hence, solitude can never be found alone, let alone be seen; we can only hold onto the experiences of solitude, the furrows it leaves behind. Trace and aura.¹⁵

It is the solitude of the idea-devising philosophers, the wild thinkers and researchers of their presents, and also the magical creatures, the untamed witches, the living ghosts. In the middle, where the surge of anchor points rages with all their power, where the fabulae strike, where the individuations dance—there is solitude.¹⁶ A deep, sad, heavy, dark solitude, a volatile, blasphemous solitude, and a lively and a suicidal solitude. Solitude never becomes what it is attached to, in whose shadow it lurks, be it an individuation of the many, an individual of the unity, a collective, a concept, a body, a word. It is neither a counterpart nor an antimatter;

Resistance

□ 191–192, 195, 203,
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Housewifization

□ 13, 190, 209, 211

Witch

□ 13–14, 199,
200–206, 241–242
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Appropriation

□ 88, 142–143,
160–161, 219 ☒ 269

Inclusion

□ 174–175, 191, 208,
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□ 191–192, 196, 203,
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11 Cf. Adrian Hanselmann, *Vom depressiven Vergessen, Depression und Prekarisierung*, or the aphorisms *Ankerpunkte I–VII, Gravitationsenergie I*, madame-psychois.com, 2017.

12 There is a broad range of concepts and ideas that explore this question, either from the perspective of the problem of immanence or as a critique of the individual. The former are found, for example, in Baruch Spinoza, Gilbert Simondon, Gilles Deleuze, and Brian Massumi; the latter, in Jacques Lacan, Félix Guattari, Jean-Luc Nancy, and Michaela Ott.

13 Cf. Roberto Nigro, *Wahrheitsregime*, Diaphanes, Zurich 2015.

14 Jean-Luc Nancy, *The Disavowed Community*, trans. by Philip Armstrong, Fordham University Press, New York 2016, p. 65, n. 15.

15 “Trace and aura. The trace is appearance of a nearness, however far removed the thing that left it behind may be. The aura is appearance of a distance, however close the thing that calls it forth. In the trace, we gain possession of the thing; in the aura, it takes possession of us.” Walter Benjamin, *The Arcades Project*, trans. by Howard Eiland and Kevin McLaughlin, Harvard University Press, Cambridge, MA, 1999, p. 447. Walter Benjamin’s flâneur gets lost in the stages, forgets his hunger, and while following the trace is overwhelmed by the aura. His solitude resides in his solitary path, marked by the traces

of origin and the power of auras. Time and path, history and event intersect in the flâneur.

16 Hence, it is no wonder that solitude in all of its forms appears throughout visual, musical, and literary arts, whereas classical scientific research usually concentrates on definitions and pathologizations in the form of loneliness. The comprehensive two-volume monograph by Thierry Ginestous about artistic and cultural solitude is noteworthy: *L’Amour de la solitude: Généalogie de la solitude en Occident, Tome 1, De Homère à Robinson Crusoe*; and *La Haine de la solitude: Généalogie de la solitude en Occident, Tome 2, De Rousseau à Houellebecq*, L’Harmattan, Paris 2011.

solitude behaves transversely. It complements, reduces, disrupts, tears holes, and supports, extends—chaoticizing and connecting. Like a virus inscribing itself into the genes, the impression of solitude remains behind. But solitude itself is already gone once again or imperceptibly present as an aura, perceptibly absent as a trace.

Every now and then, solitude incarnates as a demon, a nomadic being, a monster under the bed. It waits for the right moment to creep out, even though it was always there. When it becomes dark, sinister, in the thick mist, in the piercing sunshine, amid intensities. Solitude deprives sleep, lulls to sleep, creates mad connections and then breaks them. It plays with machines and with fire.

According to *ICD-10*, the comprehensive handbook on pathologies, solitude is one cause of mental illnesses.¹⁷ Herein, solitude is integrated into the world of diseases without capturing its multiple expressions—rather, it is a social, cultural, or individual causality with consequences. It can happen, in fact, that upon the next visit to the psychiatrist, one will be diagnosed with all sorts of illnesses due to solitude. That's why I have restless nights, a weak immune system, perhaps why I drink too much. I should mingle more with people, build true friendships, let others into my life, participate in those of others. One, two, three, four, five—you die all alone and nobody cares. Currently, every fifth person dies alone and hence much earlier. Solitude is depressing. Naturally, the solitary person is depressed, but this does not need any psychologization. Solitude is *in* depression, in the “unworking,” as Maurice Blanchot says.¹⁸ It is amid the multitude, without having to fix a new anchor point, a walk on a thousand borders—be it because existing anchor points become connected or lose their gravitational energy, are depleted. The experience of solitude is always linked with the connection to structures, to machines, to chaos, and with dissolution. Withstanding contradictions instead of sublimating, what Hermann Goldschmidt conceives as dialogic, inhale the *surround* in the milieu.¹⁹ Stay with the trouble, as Donna

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 □ 187, 192, 196, 228

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 □ 63, 70, 139, 204,
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 □ 148–149, 172–173,
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 228, 230, 239 ☒ 275

Haraway proposes—stand in the shadows.²⁰ No chance to stuff solitude into unified pathologies. Simultaneously, not to leave solitude to itself, but to invent other sensors and instruments to approximate solitude while it is constantly passing through us.

In sociology, too, solitude can take a position similar to its position in psychopathology. Hans Peter Dreitzel writes of the lost belonging to others and oneself which constitutes solitude. A missing relationship with one's own identity and individuality and those of others, which are equally the basis of the *I*. It is triggered by four defined causes of solitude: underprivileged status, discrimination, loss of milieu, and stigmatization. What these causes share is the assumption that the “I-identity” disappears along with the “you-evidence.” As the individual can only gain its personal identity through others²¹ and the loss of contact with others leads to the loss of contact with oneself, solitude is the constant attempt to prevent the reduction of one's own identity caused by the absence of others.²² Solitude should be overcome and make place for the peaceful, safe unity. An anomaly that must be brought under control, into identity. Dreitzel's book demonstrates symptomatically how solitude is exclusively associated with the reactive individual, who is driven into solitude by outer circumstances—the eternal myth of lack. It is about a dialectic form of change that opposes the individual psyche with an overdetermining “system.” But solitude does not need an individual, nor is it the absence of identity. A view that places solitude within the individual alone leads to a pathologizing, policing approach that no longer recognizes the power relations, the ecologies, or the streams.²³ As Gilles Deleuze pointedly remarked on Michel Foucault's research about power: “The final word on power is that resistance comes first.”²⁴ Solitude should never be seen as an invasive annexation; it is a simultaneous part of the assemblage of emergence. Even if solitude cannot be conceived independently from the streams of gravitational energy that flow in thousands of centers, it lies in the nature of the ascriptions and midpoints that

17 *ICD-10* (2018 version), code Z60: “Problems related to social environment (including: Problems of adjustment to life-cycle transitions; Atypical parenting situation; Problems related to living alone; Acculturation difficulty; Social exclusion and rejection; Target of (perceived) adverse discrimination and persecution.” ICD10Data.com, “Problems related to social environment,” <https://www.icd10data.com/ICD10CM/Codes/Z00-Z99/Z55-Z65/Z60>. This system, currently in use, is primarily employed in the care economy as a code system for classification and accounting. For the health-related consequences of solitude from a clinical perspective on loneliness, see John T. Ciacioppo and William Patrick, *Loneliness: Human Nature and the Need for Social Connection*, W.W. Norton, New York 2016.

When, in a 2016 *Guardian* interview, Ciacioppo was asked about the opposite of solitude, he answered that it was being “normal.” In psychopathology and scientific research, normalization and deviation are the main focuses for solitude.

18 Initially the French term *désœuvrement* was incorrectly translated into English as “worklessness.” When it is translated as “unworking,” the power of the term becomes tangible in English in connection with “community”—a term that has close tangents with “de-pression.” Cf. the translator's preface in Maurice Blanchot, *The Unavowable Community*, trans. by Pierre Joris, Station Hill Press, New York 1988.
 19 Cf. Hermann Goldschmidt, “Freiheit für den Widerspruch,” *Werke*, vol. 6, Passagen Verlag, Vienna 1993.

20 Donna J. Haraway, *Staying with the Trouble: Making Kin in the Chthulucene*, Duke University Press, Durham, NC, 2016.

21 Hans Peter Dreitzel, *Die Einsamkeit als soziologisches Problem*, Verlag der Arche, Zurich 1970, p. 23–26.

22 Ibid., p. 44–46.

23 In the existential philosophy of Karl Jaspers (cf. Hans Saner, *Einsamkeit und Kommunikation: Essays zur Geschichte des Denkens*, Lenos Verlag, Basel 1994, p. 81ff.), solitude is found in the self-communication of the I and stands in a dialectic relation to

communication. “Only those who have become an I through solitude can communicate, and those who lack the communicative ability cannot be solitary or even be an I. Each is a condition for the other.” Karl Jaspers, *Philosophie II. Existenzzerhellung*, Springer, Berlin 2008, p. 61 (translated for this publication). Here a certain analogy can be drawn between Dreitzel's sociological approach and those of Jaspers and Saner.

24 Gilles Deleuze, *Foucault*, trans. by Seán Hand, University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis 1988, p. 89.

they are plummeting directly into their dissolution. Solitude can decenter these streams and make the midpoint oscillate. In relation to the anchor points and their attraction, solitude jumps across the anchor point universe, causing not just one but entire constellations to sway.

Viewing solitude as an immanent difference means retracing the presubjective borders—its minute yet intensive deviation in the repetition, which in turn strengthens its character through a multiplication in the proper sense: disrupting gravitational energies in the unifying ascription. In the same way, solitude can play with the unfathomable, create magical worlds, perform small wonders, without becoming a new ratio. Small events that by law do not even exist as exceptions, actualized *expérience* that quakes the basis of thought and perception, throws it out of joint, without directly attacking but mutually decentering with its force of attraction.²⁵

THE SOLITARY PATH THROUGH THE COMMON

The transition from the common to community or, better, the transition from community to the common needs solitude as an opening, the distancing in the desert, the solitary collective as the coming community, the irredeemable communion.²⁶ Solitude flees from the death drive of the unity, not to remain alone but to found nomadic freedom of movement in the collective solitude. A territorial primacy of the lone wolf.²⁷ Solitude keeps in a movement that never stands still.

Solitude stands invisible, already within the common, at a decentered place, which can only be localized when solitude has already disappeared. The common must be created as such over and over again. This production does not reside in a substance but in the shared, in communication. “Being is communication. But it remains to be known what ‘communication’ is.”²⁸

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 □ 87, 160–161,
 180–181, 191, 196, 230

If we search for the common, we arrive as a last consequence (at least according to Jean-Luc Nancy) at a being that is always shared, a being-with.²⁹ “What is communicated is not a common substance but the very fact of being in relation, the ‘contagion’ which is another name for ‘communication,’ through which nothing is transmitted other than precisely the fact that there is transmission, passage, and sharing.”³⁰ Here contagion becomes affection, in keeping with Spinoza, which in the double division of dividing and separating permits a leap into the disjunctive synthesis of Félix Guattari. A mechanical coupling, combining, without wresting away the singularity of the components—an immanent machine with thousands of rattling and shared parts. A common manifests that creates itself over and over again through communication but never becomes a communion. A must-stay-amid-the-many.

Amid the multitude does not necessarily mean being in the community. Staying amid the multitude has nothing to do with staying stagnant. Being amid the multitude is, in fact, already a staying in motion. A staying that exposes, opposes, inserts into something that is too much, already uprooted. A too-much that cannot become a uniform one.³¹ Being-with as the absence of a community, in the emphasis of the common, the common is that there cannot be one as a unity. We have always been many as we are in many. Staying in many means being self too much. Ontologically seen, this amid, this many, is a “being” that is not being. A being that always stays in becoming, that never becomes [something]. Making [something] out of the many stays in becoming, in being, without prioritizing it, without allowing sublation. We cannot have a metaphysical outside, just a metaphysical within. It is the precarious metaphysics close to the realm of ‘pataphysics. According to the definition of Alfred Jarry’s Dr. Faustroll, ‘pataphysics is to metaphysics what metaphysics is to physics.³² Through absurd exaggeration, it facilitates a turn that puts metaphysics in an in-between, which it cannot sustain. It is Jarry’s delirious repetition that translates metaphysics

25 Repetition of the translator’s note in the German version of Gilles Deleuze’s *Différence et répétition*, p. 84: “Frz. expérience: experience; (scientific) experiment” (translated for this publication).

26 “Fascism and currently existing communism have revealed that the ‘common’ inscribes its inner ambiguity into community and all words in which it appears, that means the perfidy as well as a reference to the general. Hence, an indication is made to both a potential general meaning and also to the will for a totalitarian form that does not open to all but, rather, puts itself at their place by imposing itself upon them [...] But as I mentioned before: Ideas about community do not necessarily result in totalitarianism. Nevertheless, one enters into a certain proximity with this term.” Jean-Luc Nancy, *Demokratie und Gemeinschaft: Im Gespräch mit Peter Engelmann*, Peter Engelmann (ed.), Passagen Verlag, Vienna 2015, p. 75ff. (translated for this publication).

27 The wolf belongs to the animals of unity; the desire for maximum conformity, for maximum contribution and duty in the unity of the pack transformed it into a whimpering dog as the companion of man. No surprise that the wolf is used by Freud in his research on the anal phase, the desire for one’s own submission to the community.

In this context of misunderstood animals, Nietzsche’s donkey (which was then uncritically taken up by Deleuze) also comes to mind. The Christian-like obedience of the donkey would have been better suited to the wolf become dog. The donkey stays standing in the Heraclitian stream, offering the greatest possible resistance, the fool-animal of the coming community, standing still on the run from totalization like *Duran Adam* (Turkish for “standing man,” named after the 2013 protest action by Erden Gündüz in Taksim Square in Istanbul). But no matter how we twist and turn the image, it stays an image that is not a metaphor but a figure, a *personnage*. The *personnage* wolf, dog, or donkey is not to be confused with a wolf, dog, or donkey as companions. The multi-species world that we live in and the *we* that frays out in all directions should not be confused with the signifier streams that pass through the same world and the same *we*. Cf. Donna J. Haraway, *The Companion Species Manifesto: Dogs, People, and Significant Otherness*, Prickly Paradigm Press, Chicago 2003.

28 Jean-Luc Nancy, *Being Singular Plural*, trans. by Robert D. Richardson and Anne E. O’Byrne, Stanford University Press, Stanford, CA, 2000, p. 28.

29 And *being* as a verb as well, as Nancy often reiterates.

30 Nancy, *The Disavowed Community*, p. 9.

31 Cf. Erin Manning, *Always More Than One: Individuation’s Dance*, Duke University Press, Durham, NC, 2013.

32 With his invention of ‘pataphysics, Gilles Deleuze names Jarry

the intellectual precursor of Heidegger’s project on metaphysics: “An Unrecognized Precursor to Heidegger: Alfred Jarry,” *Essays: Critical and Clinical*, University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis 1997, p. 91–99.

into the difference in immanence. As ‘pataphysics surpasses metaphysics, it undermines its philosophical relevance. It is not that metaphysical strata can no longer exist but that they are hollowed out by a multitude of exceptions. It becomes a science of exceptions, which ‘pataphysics is there to provide. It allows the entrenched layers of metaphysics, the reason that it is based upon, to be understood as one of many. The solitary work of finding the truth and describing it becomes the solitary work of the multitude to create the truth—nothing more solitary than the multitude.

Dark noises everywhere, all kinds of noises. The leaves in the trees create roaring waterfalls; the wind right above my earlobes, an arctic melody. Each step a sequence of bumps, rustling, cracking, caving, squelching. The dripping chunks fall from the sole back to the ground. I don’t even know how it is to speak anymore; sometimes I say a word to myself and it sounds different. My vocal cords are no longer used to making words or other sounds. My communication takes place in my movement, with the ground and the feet, with touching hands, with holding fingers, with listening ears, and the air in my lungs, in the nose. I don’t belong anymore because I have become everything.

SOLITARY BODIES

Anna Göldi [sic], aus der Gemeind Sennwald, der Landvoghtey hohen Sax und Forstek zugehörig, Zürchergebiets, ohngefähr 40 Jahr alt, dicker und grosser Gestalt, vollkommen und rothlechten Angesichts, schwarzer Haaren und Augbrauen, hat graue etwas ungesunde Augen, welche meistens rothleucht aussehen, ihr Anschauen ist niedergeschlagen, und redet ihre Sennwälder Aussprach, trägt eine modenfarbne Jüppen, eine blaue und eine gestrichelte Schos, darunter eine blaue Schlingen- oder Schnäbeli-Gestalt, ein Damastenen grauen Tschopen, weis castorin Strümpf, ein schwarze Kappen, darunter ein weisses Häubli, und trägt ein schwarzes Seidenbettlj.
—Warrant advertisement in the newspaper *Zürcher Zeitung*, February 9, 1782

The body has been for women in capitalist society what the factory has been for male waged workers: the primary ground of their exploitation and resistance.
—Silvia Federici, *Caliban and the Witch*

The feminist agenda is not about equal rights for women. It is about a socialist, anti-family political movement that encourages women to leave their husbands, kill their children, practice witchcraft, destroy capitalism and become lesbians.
—Fundraising letter opposing a state equal-rights amendment in Iowa, *Washington Post*, August 23, 1992

Noise
□ 144–145, 176–177,
182–183, 218, 220, 229

Torture
□ 73, 201, 204

Witch
□ 13–14, 193, 200–206,
241–242 □ 326–328

Household
□ 10, 203, 206–211

Family
□ 32, 64, 200,
202–204, 206–211

Feminism is still subversive. It’s still scary. Feminism means humanity moving forward and addressing inequalities. And that women lead. Independent women who do not need men for their emotional, physical, and economic well being are scary still. Even those of us who love men. I think that the fact that we strive to be independent is frightening because we challenge all the paradigms. When we’re at our best we challenge the way power gets constructed. We challenge how knowledge is transmitted. We are just too powerful, too uncontrollable, too queer.

—Marcia Gallo, interview with Sarah Schulman, *The Gentrification of the Mind*

In May 1782 in Glarus, Switzerland, Anna Göldi admitted under torture that she poisoned the child of her employer by giving her cursed candy and placing needles in the milk.³³ On June 13 of the same year, she was decapitated by sword because of these deeds. Almost a century after the previous time a witch was condemned in Glarus, there was once again an execution, but this time without the word *witch* being used a single time in the trial. Therewith Anna Göldi’s odyssey came to an end. Her life had taken a momentous turn twenty years before her death. As was often the case for women of her class, she worked as a maidservant in various households, first at her birthplace in the Rhine Valley. In 1765, at the age of thirty-one, she gave birth to a child out of wedlock, which died the same day. Although infant mortality was not uncommon, she was suspected of infanticide and, stigmatized, had to leave the area. She moved to Glarus, where she began working as a maid once again. During one of these tenures, in the house of an extremely wealthy family, a liaison with the son of the family brought forth a child, which came healthy into the world but then had to be given away. Two years before her trial, she began working for an influential aristocratic family with many children. After a bit more than a year, Göldi was fired, accused of having a dispute with the second-oldest daughter and in vengeance putting needles in the milk. She rejected the allegations and complained to the Landammann and the Church representative, the “Papal Gentleman” of Glarus. However, both belonged to the family of her former employer, from whom she had demanded damages. The two dignitaries didn’t answer her plea and

33 The source of the story of Anna Göldi is Walter Hauser, *Anna Göldi—Hinrichtung und Rehabilitierung*, Limmat Verlag, Zurich 2013.

ordered her to leave the town and the region, whereupon Anna Göldi left her personal effects with a friend, a locksmith in Glarus, and returned to her Rhine Valley homeland. In Glarus she quickly became the topic of the day: rumor had it that she and her lord had a relationship—an accusation with consequences for those involved, especially for the lord. If convicted of adultery, he would lose all his privileges and offices forthwith. The topic could no longer be ignored, which led the lord to take the offensive and put out a warrant for the arrest of Göldi. Despite receiving numerous warnings from acquaintances, the maid was apprehended and brought back to Glarus. Then the conspiracy around the poisoning began. The lord's influential family, who also held the high offices of the court and whose circles included doctors and witnesses, built a case against Göldi and later against her friend the locksmith. Witness statements supported the story that the child of the lord vomited needles, nails, wires, and other pieces of metal with great pain and in convulsions. Furthermore, one of her legs was shorter than the other, so she could not walk properly—the cause purportedly being a candy that the locksmith had baked out of iron filings, stone dust, and other ingredients, which Göldi allegedly gave to the child. Various doctors expressed their perplexity with the symptoms—it could only be the work of a pact with the Devil. Göldi was summoned to heal the child she had poisoned. She had no choice: If she didn't fulfill the demands, she would appear all the more evil and perfidious. She agreed to “heal” the child, stroked her sick foot, and gave her a laxative. After a few sessions, the child was “healed,” and Göldi was convicted of being a child poisoner. After her locksmith friend hung himself in his cell (an event that financed the court costs, since property of the suicide was seized), Anna Göldi was executed.

The history of witch hunts, which came to an end with the execution of Anna Göldi, has two beginnings. In Greek mythology and in the Old Testament, there are images of sorceresses that oscillate semantically between healers and

Family
□ 32, 64, 199,
202–204, 206–211

Witch
□ 13–14, 193, 199,
201–206, 241–242
☒ 326–328

evil powers. The first official indictments of witchery took place in the Roman Empire in the third century.³⁴ In the late Middle Ages, there was a revival with the persecution of heretics. According to current research, sixty thousand women³⁵ were sentenced to death in Europe,³⁶ and many more accused. Different intentions could be unified in the construct of the witch. It could be a moral gesture embodying the monocausal interpretation of diverse misfortunes. As a consequence, fears could be stirred and organized, and a corresponding form of governance could therefore be implemented: the justice-terror of the witch hunt, which could completely defame and incapacitate “dangerous” people with an ascription of evil magic or a pact with the Devil. At the same time, the legitimization of the then-prevailing clerical government was reinforced in a battle of good against evil. The trial of Göldi is exemplary of the fusion of economics and politics, which overlapped through the different interests of the involved. The preservation of power and wealth couldn't be threatened by class outsiders in general, and certainly not by female outsiders. Being labeled a miscreant and then a witch heralded the immediate isolation of the person. The power of the remaining supporters was undercut with the threat that they, like the locksmith, would be drawn into the accusation, and a wedge would be driven into these relationships through the torture of all accused. During the years in which persecution of witches was widespread in many regions of Europe, this constant danger for the population—and for women, in particular—can be read as an experience of solitude. The solitude was already established by the risk of becoming isolated at any time. A wrong word to the masters or members of the higher social class, any action was potentially dangerous. For women it was aggravated by the fact that reproduction and bearing children was central, while the number of children who didn't reach adulthood was quite significant. Hence, almost every woman could have been accused of infanticide of her own children or the children of others, if she served in the role of a midwife, servant, or maid.

Witch
□ 13–14, 193, 199–200,
202–206, 241–242
☒ 326–328

Isolation
□ 152–153, 202,
204–205, 213–216,
225, 228, 230, 238

Torture
□ 73, 199, 204

Solitude
□ 9, 13, 93, 188–191,
194–196, 203,
207–209, 211, 216,
218–219, 221,
225–226, 228, 232,
236, 238–239

34 Marco Frenschkowski, *Die Hexen: Eine kulturgeschichtliche Analyse*, Marixverlag, Wiesbaden 2012.

35 The number “nine million” crops up time and again. In *Die Hexen—Eine kulturgeschichtliche Analyse*, Marco Frenschkowski documents the paths and byways of this death toll. The number of nine million originates from Gottfried Christian Voigt, who ventured a retrospect of the witch hunts and formulated an odd calculation: According to his files, between 1569 and 1598, thirty witch trials with a

death sentence were executed in Quedlinburg (his hometown). Taking into account lost documents, he concluded that there must have been forty to sixty trials. Extrapolating the population of Quedlinburg upon that of Germany, France, Spain, Italy, and England, multiplied by an arbitrary 1,100 years, equals 9,424,994 convicted witches.

36 The number of women who have been murdered since this time for being “witches” is difficult to estimate. Cf. Wolfgang Behringer, *Witches and Witch-Hunts: A Global History*, Polity Press, Oxford 2004.

The risk of isolation and death from the witch hunt begins in the society of the late Middle Ages in Europe, in the transition to enlightened modernity and industrial capitalism, as Silvia Federici analyzed in her research *Caliban and the Witch*. She places the “transition to capitalism” in a feminist light and picks up where the devaluation of the woman and the enslavement of the colonies converge as an original accumulation, as Karl Marx formulated in *Capital* as the dialectic of the division of labor and the production of surplus value. Global capitalist history makes labor power and, especially, its reproduction central. The witch appears on the world stage in the moment the feudal hegemony of the late Middle Ages begins to crumble and the modes of production start to change. The printing press is invented, the Church is divided, serfs become workers, and women become producers of the most important good for surplus production focused on labor: labor power—a situation that makes controlling women and their reproductive capabilities a necessity for capital and which isolates women to this end.

WITCHES AND REPRODUCTION

The analyses of Marx invoke the separation of reproduction and production.³⁷ This dichotomy is by no means “natural”; rather, it is the characteristic of a transition phase to capitalism which begins in the fourteenth century:³⁸ “In the feudal village no social separation existed between the production of goods and the reproduction of the work-force; all work contributed to the family’s sustenance.”³⁹ In medieval society, the commons was the center of female relational sociality; collective work such as washing, weaving, harvesting, and tending to the animals was performed together by women in the village as socage. After the introduction of monetary taxation in the fifteenth century, farmers were no longer capable of differentiating between when they were working for their landlord and when they were working for their own subsistence. This had profound effects on the entire population,

Isolation
□ 152–153, 201,
204–205, 213–216,
225, 228, 230, 238

Witch
□ 13–14, 193,
199–201, 203–206,
241–242 □ 326–328

Slave.ry
□ 65, 210, 225

Division
□ 72–73, 92, 197, 203,
205, 215, 218, 225

Dichotomy
□ 43, 45–46, 212

Village
□ 69, 204

Family
□ 32, 64, 199–200,
203–204, 206–211

Animal
□ 32, 72, 90, 174–175,
254 □ 266–268

Family
□ 32, 64, 199–200,
202, 204, 206–211

Division
□ 72–73, 92, 197, 202,
205, 215, 218, 225

Household
□ 10, 199, 206–211

Solitude
□ 9, 13, 93, 188–192,
194–196, 201,
207–209, 211, 216,
218–219, 221,
225–226, 228, 232,
236, 238–239

Witch
□ 13–14, 193, 199–202,
204–206, 241–242
□ 326–328

Resistance
□ 191–193, 195, 222,
224, 231, 237, 239

Deviation
□ 191–193, 196, 219

Norm
□ 64, 80, 88, 166–167

especially on women. The intensified separation of the collective realms of subsistence work into individual taxables and the need to generate money—as opposed to the actual product of the labor—resulted in the increased importance of the nuclear family, with its implemented gender-specific division of labor and its coupling of women’s earnings with those of the man. Outside of the nuclear family, it was all the more difficult for women. Those who did not belong to such a nuclear family were forced to perform the reproduction work in households of other families, as servants or maids. The possibility of obtaining and sustaining a household was even more problematic for women who were single or widows. Hence, among the many people who moved to the cities, a large percentage were women in search of work.⁴⁰

Given the severe demographic crisis in Europe and the resulting labor deficit, population growth and the reproduction of labor power became a core issue in society.⁴¹ Women were targeted as potential producers of labor power. Women without children were already suspicious per se—a suspicion they would not escape in the following centuries. This experience, before actual police violence or persecution, is one of solitude. No woman could be certain that she might not be defamed as a witch in the course of a rudimentary screening. Solitude implied that separation becomes a being-on-your-own and, moreover, that the event of being declared a witch must be avoided at all costs—there would be no way back. This experience of separation endangered unity, while the constant danger produced a subjectivity that required resistance, at least potentially. While separation and isolation strengthened the rule over the population, solitude heightened resistance. The uniform community needs separated subjects for its control and isolation as exclusion; solitude entails the solitary as the common, which is expressed in complexities, in precarious communities of the multitude.

On the one hand, the witch hunts were a project that targeted deviation from the feudal norm; on the other hand, women in general thereby became a separate demographic

37 The analyses elaborated by Marx in *Capital* focus on the production of surplus value, which is firmly rooted in the terms *production* and *reproduction*. A feminist critique took place on this basis, which in turn expanded and emphasized *reproduction* as a feminist matter. Cf. Bettina Haidinger and Käthe Knittler, *Feministische Ökonomie: Eine Einführung*, Mandelbaum, Vienna 2016.

38 Whereby the subject of political conflicts is linked to the topic of the return to precapitalist conditions. Liberation from labor or liberation through labor—a Marxist dictum with resonance, especially when examining labor from a feminist perspective.

39 Silvia Federici, *Caliban and the Witch: Women, the Body and Primitive Accumulation*, Autonomedia, New York 2009, p. 25.

40 “By the 15th century, women formed a large percentage of the population of the cities. Here, most of them lived in poor conditions, holding low-paid jobs as maids, hucksters, retail traders (often fined for lack of a license), spinsters, members of the lower guilds, and prostitutes.” Federici, *Caliban and the Witch*, p. 30.

41 Ibid., p. 31ff.

group to be ruled. At the same time, witch hunts served the purpose of a capitalist civil war against the poor and thus served to preserve power relations. In Marxist jargon, the feminist “contradiction” could be localized here as the principal contradiction with an intersectional punch line. But this can never be the concluding statement. The history, the confrontations must be complicated, multiplied, and reduced in order to see the individual endangered lives.⁴²

It is a suffering of the individual (or the separated) in a history of the many. There were the communities of the towns and villages, where women took care of one another but were all the more exposed to policing threats. In parallel, there were women living in classic family constellations, who were only cast out of this assemblage in the moment of suspicion and subjected to a visible separation within the otherwise homogeneous family collective. This act of picking off not only signified the potential direct consequences of isolation and accusation but also produced a power hierarchy within the family, which placed a weapon in the hands of men to suppress women. With the official police authority over “all” and the witch hunt directed primarily against women, the man could assume a new position, that of a small, powerful ruler in a relationship or family, which strengthened the ascribed gender segregation.

The dangerous *solitudo* is once again portrayed as an obscure, dark nature, as unbridled powers that counter a pluralist world of the unity. The “mass” to be organized is placed opposite an absolute evil in conceptual woodcuts—the bright against the dark, the divine against the demonic, the settled against the nomadic, the family against the isolated.

The persecution of the heretics⁴³ and torture, confinement, and isolation⁴⁴ as instruments of power were parts of the witch hunt and led—as Foucault analyzed using the term *biopolitics*⁴⁵—to a disciplining of the body and to the

Witch
□ 13–14, 193,
199–203, 205–206,
241–242 ☒ 326–328

Contradiction
□ 63, 70, 139, 194,
221, 254

Village
□ 69, 202

Family
□ 32, 64, 199–200,
202–203, 206–211

Isolation
□ 152–153, 201–202,
205, 213–216, 225,
228, 230, 238

Hierarchy
□ 41, 71, 140, 178–179
☒ 285–287

Torture
□ 73, 199, 201

Instrument.ation
□ 66–67, 69,
70–72, 75–80, 90,
154–155, 180–181,
195, 225, 232

42 It cannot be relativized that *all* women were subject to a concrete and at the same time diffuse danger. But relying solely on gender differences makes us blind when dealing with the multifaceted and interdependent assemblage of persecution of witches and magicians. Again, an opening of the concepts toward an intersectional perspective may be considered inevitable. Economic, screening, policing signifiers intersect in all of these singular histories.

43 According to Federici, the transition from the persecution of heretics to the persecution of witches can be identified in the fact that the latter was more focused upon women. It is historically proven that ca. 75 percent of those executed for witchery in Europe were women. Federici, *Caliban and the Witch*, p. 38ff.

44 The practice of isolation through *confinement* comprises locking away and locking out. Foucault worked intensively on the *dispositif* of the prison and the concept of the “Great Confinement” in his books *Madness and Civilization* and *Discipline and Punish*. Cf. the following publications by Foucault: *Discipline and Punish*:

The Birth of the Prison, trans. by Alan Sheridan, Vintage Books, New York 1995; *Security, Territory, Population: Lectures at the Collège de France, 1977–78*, trans. by Graham Burchell, St. Martin's Press, New York 2009; *On the Government of the Living: Lectures at the Collège de France, 1979–80*, trans. by Graham Burchell, St. Martin's Press, New York 2014; “Omnes et Singulatim,” *Power: The Essential Works of Michel Foucault, 1954–1984*, James D. Faubion (ed.), vol. 3, Penguin Books, London 2001.

45 “It is not so much about ‘biopolitics’—an unfortunate expression that juxtaposes some type of ‘living’ things with a seizure to power. It is about thinking of ‘existence’ as being something closer to ‘life’ or of ‘life’ in a completely different way. (It should be added that the Greek word *bios* doesn’t mean ‘life’—that is *zoē*—rather the form of social, professional, even ethical existence. In a certain sense *bios* is a priori *politikós*.)” Jean-Luc Nancy, *Was tun?*, Diaphanes, Zurich 2017, p. 43 (translated for this publication).

fact that “making life” became a topic of the government.⁴⁶ This is the European part of the history; in addition, there is the colonial experience of the same period, which is negotiated through the term *necropolitics*.⁴⁷ The intersections and entwinements of coloniality and its fabulations of another world,⁴⁸ of wealth and exploitation, annihilation and war, the small ice age and the austerities experienced in Europe, the Thirty Years’ War, Luther’s propaganda⁴⁹ and the bestsellers *Liber vagatorum* and *Hammer of Witches*,⁵⁰ and the accompanying apocalyptic mood⁵¹—all resulted in an assemblage that passed through the witch hunt, the modern age, industrialization, and enlightenment and created a wall behind which the world of the Middle Ages transformed into a dark prehistory. However, this wall remains permeable through the motif of the witch in the division of labor power between men and women. From an economic-Marxist perspective, the “transition to capitalism” was about creating labor power out of bodies, subjects that can serve the production of surplus value. From a political perspective (which obviously cannot be sustainably separated from the economic), in the gesture of unification, in the separation of body and spirit, in the priority of reason, a government should be installed, which as the highest authority ought not to accept dominion or God—just reason and thereby the law.

The secular and Protestant authorities passed sentence on Anna Göldi without observing the legal principles. The court and its decrees were secret; the testimonies and witness were not verified. After standing up for her rights, after empowering herself to resist the subjugation of the authorities, the maid became a pawn of feudal corruption. The witch paradigm is optimally suited for a story built upon a few conspirative premises. It is an ideal way to isolate a person, then attack her in this isolation—first to silence her and then to eradicate her from the world altogether. In this respect, the case of Göldi is extraordinary, inasmuch as the practice of defaming women as witches was no longer common at that

Fabulation
□ 172–173, 229, 236

Witch
□ 13–14, 193, 199–204,
206, 241–242
☒ 326–328

Division
□ 72–73, 92, 197,
202–203, 215, 218, 225

Empowerment
□ 32, 67, 138, 150–151,
156–157, 222, 226,
255 ☒ 273–274

Paradigm
□ 9, 87, 138, 142–143,
210, 212, 236, 248

Isolation
□ 152–153, 201–202,
204, 213–216, 225,
228, 230, 238

Silence
□ 79, 172–173, 215,
217–218, 220–221

46 Governmentality, the invention of prisons, health paradigms, etc. However, Foucault neglected one line, even though it was on the table: the (re-)invention of the witches and their persecution in the so-called transition years to capitalism. Foucault worked on heresy and similar countermovements; cf. Gerald Raunig, “What Is Critique? Suspension and Recomposition in Textual and Social Machines,” trans. by Aileen Derieg, *transversal*, Vienna, 8–2008, <http://transversal.at/transversal/0808/raunig/en>.

47 Cf. Joseph-Achille Mbembe, “Necropolitics,” trans. by Libby Meintjes, *Biopolitics: A Reader*, Timothy Campbell, Adam Sitze (ed.), Duke University Press, Durham, NC, 2013.

48 For how fabulations are used (as by witches) to insert black people into a hierarchy, cf. Joseph-Achille Mbembe, *Critique of Black*

Reason, trans. Laurent Dubois, Duke University Press, Durham, NC, 2017, p. 11ff.

49 Luther’s translation of the Bible, which was now available to the broader masses, had the renowned line from Exodus 22:18: “You shall not permit a sorceress to live.” The etymology of this sorceress originates from the Hebrew *מכשפה*, the Greek (from the Septuagint) *φάρμακον*, and the Latin (from the Vulgate) *maleficos*.

50 Heinrich Kramer’s *Malleus maleficarum* (usually translated as *Hammer of Witches*) was published in 1487 and made good use of the newly invented printing press. His misogynous texts about witches were influential during the following centuries.

51 “When a world collapses, the forms of madness intensify.” Nancy, *Was tun?*, p. 95.

time and could only be pulled off because all of those involved in the prosecution belonged to the same sworn, corrupt group and were allied through powerful family ties. Shortly after the trial, voices were raised, saying that it had all been a “swindle.” For Göldi, these insights came too late. Nevertheless, her story illustrates that the outcome does not depend so much on the legal facts as on the jurisprudence. This jurisprudence is the final consequence following the accusation that someone is a witch—a stigma that has many names to this day and that is always imposed by a structured group. A witch is almost always a woman and always a person who is perceived as disagreeable, dangerous, in the way, and thus defamed and cast aside. A witch is not a person; a witch is a (death) sentence.

HOUSEWIFIZATION AND THE REBELLION OF THE WOMEN

The police are standing outside the door; Adelina is guilty of something. As her husband hasn’t been able to find a job for some time, she has been selling cigarettes on the street illegally. The family needs the money to pay for the small apartment for parents and child. As nothing could be seized after several attempts, a prison sentence has been imposed upon Adelina. But during the arrest, the police take note of her belly: She is pregnant; hence she cannot be incarcerated. During pregnancy and nursing, Adelina is safe. The neighborhood rejoices, women look out of their windows, children sing: She has a belly, she has a belly. Seven children later Adelina is still selling cigarettes on the street; her husband still can’t find a job and needs to take a break at his mother’s place from the stress of raising so many children. Adelina runs the house, takes care of the children, sells cigarettes. But the husband is so stressed that he cannot make any more children. She checks with a doctor, thinks about sleeping with a friend, but decides to forget it. Nothing helps. Her period of grace has come to an end, and she has to go to prison. When the whole neighborhood successfully collects money for her release, the story ends with relief that Adelina can once again return to her household.

Family
□ 32, 64, 199–200,
202–204, 207–211

Witch
□ 13–14, 193,
199–205, 241–242
☒ 326–328

Household
□ 10, 199, 203,
207–211

At a different point in time, the bored Anna drives through the plains of the Po with her lover in the expensive Rolls-Royce of her husband. She constantly bumps into other cars, complains about her boredom, and searches for adventure, which she finds in the Ferrari driver who picks her up after her lover behind the wheel crashes the Rolls-Royce.

Mara has a good income, receives gifts, turns tricks with men, and is despised by her elderly neighbor. The grandson next door, who is studying for the priesthood, falls in love with her across the balcony while she tends to her plants in her bathrobe. Time and again, a bothersome customer stands at the door professing his love, offering to do anything she wants; after he leaves, he only returns to beg at her door. To see her, to touch her, to have sex with her—it all depends on her mood; sometimes she is warm, sometimes cold, sometimes tender, sometimes rude. When the young neighbor decides to leave the clergy because of his love for her, she is hired as external help for the family crisis, which she eventually solves successfully: The grandson goes back to his seminary. Mara returns to her room with her customer, and once she has removed her clothes, she changes her mind and decides not to sleep with him.

The 1963 film *Ieri, Oggi, Domani* (*Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*) by Vittorio De Sica presents three different portraits of women in Italy of the early 1960s. These women do not conform to the clichés of the mother and the housewife, and their solitude only becomes evident upon a second glance. However, as Italian activist and theoretician Maria-roosa Dalla Costa writes, a housewife is not distinguished by work in the household but by the quality of her relationships, of her life that was generated by housework. The household is for women what the industrial factory is for men. In keeping with οἶκος—Greek for “household” and the root of words like *economy* and *ecology*—this not only includes the typical household chores but also the complete responsibility for the nuclear family. Adelina’s husband doesn’t have a job and, as unemployed, is powerless in his ascribed role, at the mercy of unemployment, while Adelina assumes responsibility and

Family
□ 32, 64, 199–200,
202–204, 206,
208–211

Solitude
□ 9, 13, 93, 188–192,
194–196, 201, 203,
208–209, 211, 216,
218–219, 221,
225–226, 228, 232,
236, 238–239

Household
□ 10, 199, 203, 206,
208–211

does what is needed: namely, selling cigarettes on the streets with other women. She alone sustains the household with her meager earnings, bears the risk with her illegal activities, and cares for the children. In this situation, she does not enjoy the protection that the workers' struggles and unions had achieved—her work is not wage labor. Only her care work as a mother, her legitimate work, is subject to certain framework conditions worthy of protection. One of these is the fact that she cannot be arrested during pregnancy and nursing. In this sense, the woman navigates an apolitical space in the context of work and is excluded from the workers' struggles and political debates held in the public sphere. She has the freedom to move and at the same time is trapped in the extended space of the household. She is responsible for the tasks of reproduction, caring for the family, and care in general. A care that is at once concerned and caring for. Both facets run parallel to her solitude. Solitary in the exclusion from public, political, revolutionary spheres, her inclusion in the household of the nuclear family is a screen that, in turn, prevents women from forming a counterpublic. This experience of solitude is intensified, as she must always fight alone, be it against hunger, against the police (in the case of Adelina), or for the well-being of the children. In this story, the man fights for his free space, for his peace, for a new job, to do wage labor, and is perhaps involved in a proletarian class struggle. The solitude of the woman does not reside in her being-alone but in her separateness, in her isolated responsibilities, and in the impossibility of partaking in collective struggles for a better life.

Despite their sexual dependencies, Anna and Mara both have a certain degree of freedom in their actions. Both are characterized by erratic moods, their unpredictable closeness to, or distance from, the man with whom they have an intimate relationship. With Anna it is a lover who quickly becomes uninteresting; with Mara, indifference to an impassioned customer. Neither relationship is based on a marriage or on the founding of a nuclear family—they celebrate its absence. Herein, the issues of family and household are omnipresent in their absence. The women have to rely on themselves,

Household
 □ 10, 199, 203,
 206–207, 209–211

Family
 □ 32, 64, 199–200,
 202–204, 206–207,
 209–211

Solitude
 □ 9, 13, 93, 188–192,
 194–196, 201, 203,
 207, 209, 211, 216,
 218–219, 221,
 225–226, 228, 232,
 236, 238–239

Exclusion
 □ 71, 191, 212, 215–216,
 219, 222

Inclusion
 □ 174–175, 191, 193,
 217, 222

Family
 □ 32, 64, 199–200,
 202–204, 206–208,
 210–211

Solitude
 □ 9, 13, 93, 188–192,
 194–196, 201, 203,
 207–208, 211, 216,
 218–219, 221,
 225–226, 228, 232,
 236, 238–239

Household
 □ 10, 199, 203,
 206–208, 210–211

Literature
 □ 14, 88, 228, 231

Housewifization
 □ 13, 190, 193, 211

either to have a family context or to take care of themselves. Hence, solitude doesn't just concern the woman responsible for the family; rather, it concerns every woman in the presence or absence of this life model. This context provided one of the departure points for the Italian feminist movements in the practice of *autoriduzione*—the collective refusal of too-high rents and thus a refusal of householding as well. This context also informed the polemics of Dalla Costa, who in 1971 wrote an influential text on feminism. During the active years of *Potere Operaio*, the struggles of the *Lotta Femminista* sprouted up around her.⁵² Today feminist literature cannot be conceived without Dalla Costa's critical analyses. As sources of inspiration, these texts are the eye of the needle for Marxist, feminist critique, feminization of work, housewifization, and care strikes.⁵³ She writes: "Those who worked in the new productive center, the factory, received a wage. Those who were excluded did not. Women, children and the aged lost the relative power that derived from the family's dependence on their labor, which was seen to be social and necessary."⁵⁴ Dalla Costa continues: "Woman on the other hand has been isolated in the home, forced to carry out work that is considered unskilled, the work of giving birth to, raising, disciplining, and servicing the worker for production. Her role in the cycle of social production remained invisible because only the product of her labor, the laborer, was visible there. She herself was thereby trapped within pre-capitalist working conditions and never paid a wage."⁵⁵ Confined in the household, women primarily became housewives. But as Dalla Costa critically comments, the housewife is not characterized as a woman bound to a particular activity. "We assume that all women are housewives and even those who work outside the home continue to be housewives. That is, on a world level. It is precisely what is particular to domestic work—not only measured as number of hours and nature of work but as quality of life and quality of relationships

52 From the Italian workers' struggles of the 1960s emerged feminist struggles in many cities, which became increasingly more organized. In the beginning, this was called the *Movimento di Lotta Femminile* (Movement of Women's Struggle); later, *Lotta Femminista* (Feminist Struggle); and finally, *Movimento dei Gruppi e Comitati per il Salario al Lavoro Domestico* (Movement of Groups and Committees for Wages for Housework). Cf. *Archive of the Lotta Femminista (Feminist Struggle) for Wages for Housework*, http://www.padovanet.it/sites/default/files/attachment/C_1_Allegati_20187_Allegato.pdf. Tellingly, these feminist struggles were marginalized by the chroniclers of the workers' struggles. In particular, works by Mariarosa Dalla Costa are only recognized in feminist contexts. Examples of the marginalization of feminist movements in workers' struggles can be found in the following historical examinations: Nanni Balestrini

and Primo Moroni, *l'orda d'oro*, SugarCo Edizioni, Milan 1988; Thomas Heigl, *Rom in Aufruhr: Soziale Bewegungen in Italien der 1970er Jahre*, transcript Verlag, Bielefeld 2015.

53 The introduction to feminist economy (Haidinger/Knüttler, *Feministische Ökonomie*), Silvia Federici (*Revolution at Point Zero: Housework, Reproduction, and Feminist Struggle*, Common Notions/PM Press, Brooklyn 2012), and Precarias a la Deriva (*Colectivo Precarias a la deriva, A la deriva. por los circuitos de la precariedad femenina*, Traficantes de Sueños, Madrid 2003) don't fail to recognize Dalla Costa's significance in this regard.

54 Mariarosa Dalla Costa and Selma James, *The Power of Women and the Subversion of the Community*, Falling Wall Press, Bristol 1972, p. 24.

55 Ibid., p. 28.

that it generates—that determines a woman's place wherever she is and to whichever class she belongs.”⁵⁶ Locked up in the household, excluded from the political sphere, and put off as a later, pending matter in the future of the class struggle—these are the framework conditions that confront the housewife. She is either the mother and wife, while she concentrates on the household of the small nuclear family, or she is a “free” woman, who is not yet a mother or a wife. “The woman is the slave of a wage slave, and her slavery ensures the slavery of her man. Like the trade union, the family protects the worker, but also ensures that he and she will never be anything but workers. And that is why the struggle of the woman of the working class against the family is crucial.”⁵⁷ The primacy of work and the refusal of work in the workers' struggles evolved parallel to the struggles of women against the family. As the first instance that turns every woman into a housewife, this ascription and power relation was to be abolished. But how can one refuse or strike against the family and care work? A strike interrupts, puts work up for negotiation, at least for a brief moment. But as Dalla Costa writes, a general strike was never a strike in general because housework can never be boycotted in the same way—the consequences would be deadly. Even when work is suspended to a great degree, one can simply not be rid of subsistence work.⁵⁸ Must the refusal of work as such sink into the waves of the tide of times? This question implies multiple levels. One level is the great paradigm of work according to which only those who work are entitled to receive the wages of work; only those who work have basic rights, be it through the work of the worker or the care work of a housewife who belongs to the worker. Another level is the fact that the collective refusal to work is inherently attached to collective employment. Given its diffuse form, care work does not have the same opportunities for refusal. “The challenge to the women's movement is to find modes of struggle that, while they liberate women from the home, at the same time avoid on the one hand a double slavery and on the other prevent another degree of capitalistic control and regimentation.”⁵⁹ Because “autonomous struggle

Household
□ 10, 199, 203,
206–209, 211

Family
□ 32, 64, 199–200,
202–204, 206–209,
211

Slavery
□ 65, 202, 225

Trade
□ 65, 78, 156–157,
231 □ 325

Paradigm
□ 9, 87, 138, 142–143,
205, 212, 236, 248

Housewifization
□ 13, 190, 193, 209

Solitude
□ 9, 13, 93, 188–192,
194–196, 201, 203,
207–209, 216,
218–219, 221,
225–226, 228, 232,
236, 238–239

Household
□ 10, 199, 203,
206–210

Family
□ 32, 64, 199–200,
202–204, 206–210

turns the question on its head: not ‘will women unite to support men’ but ‘will men unite to support women.’”⁶⁰ And not just by constantly trying to speak for the women and explain the world to them, chaining the position of the women to that of the working man: “Men are too compromised in their relationship with women. For that reason only women can define themselves and move on the woman question.”⁶¹ This is a consequence that necessitates feminist intersectional analyses, although the individual struggles remain strategically important as long as a continuous opening is possible.⁶² It depends on experiences that begin with the feet on the ground, on vulnerability, precarious bodies, and care. A specific form of the separation of women has accompanied housewifization, which in turn created fertile ground for debate through the shared experience of solitude. Solitude enables a struggle that begins in the sphere of the household. It transcends the borders of the enclosed sphere, breaks it open, and becomes a critique of social power relations.

THE REFUSAL OF (CARE) WORK

Much has happened since the struggles of the second feminist wave, the workers' revolts, and the attack upon the concept of the housewife in the nuclear family. As the Spanish care activists Precarias a la Deriva state: “Only capitalism took the care crisis seriously and found in it a new terrain of exploitation.”⁶³ Feminized work, care of the self and others, is increasingly integrated into the logic of profit. What previously still functioned as an invisible exteriority is now equated with the mechanisms of surplus value and the market. This pertains to the “care crisis,”⁶⁴ the increase in care needs and simultaneous scarcity of caregivers. The work of women has always been a part of the capitalist production of surplus value, albeit as a backup—with the lowest wages, it was not considered full-fledged work because care work did not replace wage work but, rather, complemented it. According to Precarias's sources, at the turn of the century, unpaid care work

56 Ibid., p. 21.

57 Ibid., p. 41.

58 “Without subsistence labor, there would be no paid labor. But without paid labor, there is still subsistence labor.” Maria Mies, “The Subsistence Perspective,” trans. by Lisa Rosenblatt, *transversal*, Vienna, 8–2005, <http://transversal.at/transversal/0805/mies/en>.

59 Dalla Costa and James, *The Power of Women*, p. 50.

60 Ibid., p. 46.

61 Ibid., p. 33.

62 In the essay “Reading Women, Reading Essence: Whither Gender,” first published in 1985, Gayatri Spivak proposes the concept of *strategic essentialism*, which refers to the use of terms like *identity* or *essence* as political tactics, albeit to abandon them once again. Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak, *In Other Words*, Sangeeta Ray (ed.),

Blackwell Publishing, Oxford 2007, p. 107–139.

63 Precarias a la Deriva, “Globalisierte Sorge,” trans. by Michael Grieder, *Ökologien der Sorge*, Tobias Bärtzsch, Daniel Drognitz, Sarah Eschenmoser, Michael Grieder, Adrian Hanselmann, Alexander Kamber, Anna-Pia Rauch, Gerald Raunig, Pascale Schreimüller, Nadine Schrick, Marilyn Umurungi, Jana Vanecek (ed.), transversal texts, Vienna 2017, p. 52 (translated for this publication).

64 Ibid., p. 51.

accounted for almost two-thirds of all work in Spain.⁶⁵ Care is marketed and exploited, profits are maximized, while the wages continue to be poorly paid or not paid at all. The care crisis, however, also indicates an even more fundamental factor: illness. As Susan Sontag pointedly formulated: "Illness is the night-side of life, a more onerous citizenship. Everyone who is born holds dual citizenship, in the kingdom of the well and in the kingdom of the sick. Although we all prefer to use only the good passport, sooner or later each of us is obliged, at least for a spell, to identify ourselves as citizens of that other place."⁶⁶ Everybody dies, and every person will become ill in one or another form. With work as a paradigm, a clear line is drawn between those who can work and those who are sick. It veils the dependency that we all inhabit, not only from the moment of pathology but from the point when we are brought into the world (and the months before). With the citizenship in "the kingdom of the sick," Sontag anticipates a concept of Precarias that summarizes this differentiation in the Spanish neologism *Cuidadanía*,⁶⁷ the care community, as opposed to *Ciudadanía*, citizenship.⁶⁸ Belonging to this community, when it is conceived as such, implies, just like citizenship, certain rituals for admission. Who are those who require care, who are those who provide care? With reference to the worker inquiries by Marx in England and later to those by the operaists in Italy, on long walks through Madrid,⁶⁹ Precarias asked care workers, "What is your strike?"⁷⁰ Besides ideas of belonging, thoughts on separation, exclusion, exploitation, and strike also arise. With the term *Cuidadanía*, however, Precarias goes beyond the dichotomous figure of cohesive belonging and proceeds into the multitude of care relationships, which are not defined by limits and access points but by a relational web of care. Dalla Costa's reflections on how to strike against care work attain, forty years later, a new context in the contemporary mode of production, in which separation has reached a pinnacle. What is an individual form of refusal? How does it become part of transnational chains of effect? An individual refusal is never an absolutely

Citizen.ship
□ 146–147 □ 271

Paradigm
□ 9, 87, 138, 142–143,
205, 210, 236, 248

Ritual
□ 160–161, 191, 239

Exclusion
□ 71, 191, 208,
215–216, 219, 222

Dichotomy
□ 43, 45–46, 202

individual one; rather, it is one of many, but it remains singular in its expression, in its own temporality always a specific, situated refusal, a refusal that does not lead to the termination of subsistence work within a care community but to an intervention in the relational arena. "The strike is always interruption and visibilization and care is the continuous and invisible line whose interruption would be devastating."⁷¹ Care doesn't stop with the strike. On the contrary, it is a part of the strike; mutually facilitating another strike is also subsistence and care work. It is the dilemma that the isolation of work fundamentally bears, which the care workers, in particular, are exposed to. How to strike against work when the power of separation produces individual worker subjects? Viewing care as an ecology opens transversal practices of the everyday.⁷² Abolition, solution, freedom are not the objectives—rather, they are the eternal resurgence of a way out. For we are never abandoned by the world, not only because we are a part of the world but because there cannot be an essence of what or who we are. We were always many, we were always the chair upon which we sit, the air that we breathe, the language in which we conjure images. We were always "precarious, caring, and cared for."⁷³

Isolation
□ 152–153, 201–202,
204–205, 214–216,
225, 228, 230, 238

SOLITARY SILENCE

Darkness had completely descended onto the landscape
and I stood up and stretched my arms above my head and
I wondered what it would be like if it were a perfect world.
Only god knows. And he is dead.

—David Wojnarowicz, *Close to the Knives: A Memoir of Disintegration*

You didn't stop to look 'round
You were gone before I hit the ground
You went on your way
And no prayer was said
Ah, you left me for dead
You didn't cover my face
I didn't merit a communal grave
You set me aside
And no tears were shed
You left me for dead
—Rob Dougan, "Left Me for Dead"

65 Ibid., p. 30. Cf. María-Ángeles Durán, "El análisis de exhaustividad en la economía española," *Tiempos, trabajos y género*, Cristina Carrasco (ed.), Publicaciones de la Universitat de Barcelona, Barcelona 2001, p. 41–55.

66 Susan Sontag, *Illness as Metaphor*, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, New York 1978, p. 3.

67 Cf. Precarias a la Deriva, *Was ist dein Streik?*, trans. by Birgit Mennel, transversal texts, Vienna 2014.

68 The correlation between being sick and being precarious manifests in the respective potentiality of the deviation from a norm, an ability, a health, which in turn increasingly entails care and nursing.

69 On the practice of the *dérive* in connection with Walter Benjamin, the Situationist International, and Precarias a la Deriva, see the section "Solitary Drift" in this essay.

70 Cf. Precarias a la Deriva, *Was ist dein Streik?*

71 Precarias a la Deriva, "A Very Careful Strike," *Commoner*, London, no. 11 (2006), p. 42.

72 Cf. Precarias a la Deriva, "Globalisierte Sorge."

73 Precarias a la Deriva, *Was ist dein Streik?*, p. 57.

"It's too hard to care [...] I don't want to get too involved in other people's lives [...] I don't want to get too close [...] I don't like to touch things [...] That's why my work is so distant from myself," said Andy Warhol two weeks after surviving the murder attempt.⁷⁴ In the new, hip Factory, Valerie Solanas had shot him in both lungs, shot through various organs, shot Warhol's business partner in the hip, and then the gun jammed, and she took the elevator six floors back down into a restless life in isolation and paranoia. Upon her arrest, she was locked up in psychiatric treatment for three years before drifting through the streets once again. Twenty years after the assault, the author of the *SCUM Manifesto*⁷⁵ was found dead in a homeless shelter in San Francisco. She died fourteen months after Warhol's death. After the traumatic encounter with Solanas, Warhol was dead for just a brief moment, on April 3, 1968, before the doctors brought him back to life.⁷⁶ But his days would never be the same. Isolation came upon him, as it did to Solanas, and the paranoia as well. First was the trauma of the experience and of knowing that his life could suddenly come to an end and then, in the 1980s, his surroundings, his home, became the place where the so-called AIDS crisis broke out. In his weak state of health, he secluded himself in his apartment in New York; the door remained shut. He ceded the art world to others. His presence in the public sphere consisted only of the Andy Warhol brand—the person had vanished.

Isolation
□ 152–153, 201–202,
204–205, 213,
215–216, 225, 228,
230, 238

THE OTHER WORLD

David Wojnarowicz⁷⁷ was an artist who prowled Manhattan in the 1980s; starting in 1987, he was an ACT-UP activist from the beginning of the movement.⁷⁸ His friend and life companion died in the same year. Wojnarowicz outlived him for almost five years, until he also died of AIDS. Like many biographies of gay men, the violence against him didn't begin with the stigmatization of the "gay disease."⁷⁹ He grew up in New Jersey with his father

74 Olivia Laing, *The Lonely City: Adventures in the Art of Being Alone*, Canongate Books, Edinburgh 2017, p. 92.

75 *SCUM* [Society for Cutting up Men] *Manifesto*, a strident feminist pamphlet against the suppression of women. Valerie Solanas lived under precarious conditions her entire life and sold the manifesto on the streets (men were charged double). Andy Warhol promised to produce her first book, the play "Up Your Ass." But he didn't keep his promise, and Valerie Solanas answered with a pistol.

76 Only after many mentions that the dying body in the emergency room was a celebrity with sufficient financial resources to cover whatever operation was needed was Warhol treated. The doctors then used all possible means and managed to get his heart beating, and Warhol returned to the living.

77 Wojnarowicz's name derives from the name of his mother, Война (Voyna), Russian for "war." This imbues his name with a certain vibrancy, fit for a raging warrior-artist.

78 ACT-UP (AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power) was founded in 1987 to defend the interests of those afflicted with AIDS, as well as to supply a platform for meet-ups. The first major action was a demonstration against the US Food and Drug Administration (FDA) and its restrictive and laggard practices that prevented the timely release of essential medicines.

79 Until 2003, individual states in the US had the legal right to prohibit homosexual acts, and until then, fourteen of the fifty states still had laws against "sodomy." This situation, as well as significant social opprobrium in areas of the country, meant that legal mechanisms against abuse were largely inaccessible.

Studio

□ 12, 85–93, 137, 139,
220 □ 311–313

Isolation

□ 152–153, 201–202,
204–205, 213–214,
216, 225, 228, 230,
238

Exclusion

□ 71, 191, 208, 212,
216, 219, 222

Silence

□ 79, 172–173, 205,
217–218, 220–221

Division

□ 72–73, 92, 197,
202–203, 205, 218,
225

and stepmother. It was the late 1950s United States. While the father abused his children, the neighbors, the community studiously contemplated their laundry or their cars to be cleaned, or they simply looked the other way. The idyll could not be destroyed. Nothing could penetrate this isolation, which emerged in every corner through the radiant narration of a perfect world. For the security of the unity, of the controlled, proper way of life, requires the exclusion of that which could question this way of life. The violence that was done to Wojnarowicz was made possible by the silence created around him. His growing up and the future of this boy are described in his artwork *Untitled (One Day This Kid Will Get Larger)*, in which he addressed his younger self several years later:

One day this kid will get larger. One day this kid will come to know something that causes a sensation equivalent to the separation of the earth from its axis. One day this kid will reach a point where he senses a division that isn't mathematical. One day this kid will feel something stir in his heart and throat and mouth. One day this kid will find something in his mind and body and soul that makes him hungry. One day this kid will do something that causes men who wear the uniforms of priests and rabbis, men who inhabit certain stone buildings, to call for his death. One day politicians will enact legislation against this kid. One day families will give false information to their children and each child will pass that information down generationally to their families and that information will be designed to make existence intolerable for this kid. One day this kid will begin to experience all this activity in his environment and that activity and information will compel [*sic*] him to commit suicide or submit to danger in hopes of being murdered or submit to silence and invisibility. Or one day this kid will talk. When he begins to talk, men who develop a fear of this kid will attempt to silence him with strangling, fists, prison, suffocation,

rape, intimidation, drugging, ropes, guns, laws, menace, roving gangs, bottles, knives, religion, decapitation, and immolation by fire. Doctors will pronounce this kid curable as if his brain were a virus. This kid will lose his constitutional rights against the government's invasion of his privacy. This kid will be faced with electroshock, drugs, and conditioning therapies in laboratories tended by psychologists and research scientists. He will be subject to loss of home, civil rights, jobs, and all conceivable freedoms. All this will begin to happen in one or two years when he discovers he desires to place his naked body on the naked body of another boy.

This text frames the portrait of David Wojnarowicz as a child. No warning, no sadness, but a powerful rage. He defies the prescribed world, all parameters that inevitably constituted his life, his activism, his haunting voice. This vehemence, this voice would eventually be the things that echoed after his death, that remained in the memories of his friends. The written word can only imitate the voice, only transport a part, but a part of the militancy is firmly inscribed in likely the best-known lines by Wojnarowicz in which he imagined "what it would be like if, each time a lover, friend or stranger died of this disease, their friends, lovers or neighbors would take the dead body and drive with it in a car a hundred miles an hour to Washington D.C. and blast through the gates of the white house and come to a screeching halt before the entrance and dump their lifeless form on the front steps."⁸⁰ It was not only a voice but a scream for attention, to break out of the isolation. Wojnarowicz detected the solitude in separation, in exclusion, in a world he called the "pre-invented world" or the "Other World," the world which one is born into.⁸¹ An unjust, cold world:

The bought-up world; the owned world. The world of coded sounds: the world of language, the world of lies. The packaged world; the world of speed in metallic motion. The Other World where I've always felt like an alien. But there's the World where one adapts and

Isolation

□ 152–153, 201–202,
204–205, 213–215,
225, 228, 230, 238

Solitude

□ 9, 13, 93, 188–192,
194–196, 201,
203, 207–209,
211, 218–219, 221,
225–226, 228, 232,
236, 238–239

Exclusion

□ 71, 191, 208, 212,
215, 219, 222

Cod.e.ification

□ 42, 67–68, 73,
168–169, 223

stretches the boundaries of the Other World through keys of the imagination [...] It is the distance of stepping back or slowing down that reveals the Other World. It's the dislocation of response that reveals it for the first time because the Other World gets into one's bloodstream with the invisibility of a lover. It slowly takes the shape of the cells and their growth, internalized until it becomes an extension of the body.⁸²

We die in the one world, but the Other World speaks the death sentence. The isolated solitary live in the two worlds of Wojnarowicz.⁸³ He fought against the Other World his entire life. Even as he lay dying, he didn't want to give up:

I remember when David threw a "dying party" in his Chelsea condo. He invited his closest friends and had us standing around eating and drinking while we watched him, emaciated, lying on the living room couch, dying in front of us. Then he had diarrhea accidentally on the couch and ran screaming to the bathroom. Stan Leventhal was there, very sick. After David shit his pants, Stan left. That's when I realized the cruel nature of David's act. He wanted to force everyone else who had this in his future to stare it down right now. No denial. No mercy. He forgot that we have responsibilities to other people until the moment that we are dead. Or as Jim said, "David didn't realize he wasn't the only one losing something."⁸⁴

The experience of death is never a personal, psychological one. The experience of death is always collective, as it can never be about one's own personal death. Death is solitary. Death is around one through the violence of visible separation and through the silence that makes invisible.⁸⁵ A death that begins in life.

AIDS meant being dead already. It is a life already lost, excluded from a future. The bodies are in a vital world focused on living on, on surviving, and are no longer thought of when speaking about inclusion in a future. They are just sick bodies whose every right to life as a brief moment of presence is denied. On the other hand, the sick bodies experience

Silence

□ 79, 172–173, 205,
215, 218, 220–221

Inclusion

□ 174–175, 191, 193,
208, 222

80 David Wojnarowicz, *Close to the Knives: A Memoir of Disintegration*, Canongate, Edinburgh 2017, p. 131.

81 Ibid., p. 96; cf. Adrian Hanselmann, *Die Andere Welt*, madame-psychois.com, 2017.

82 Wojnarowicz, *Close to the Knives*, p. 96.

83 "Capitalism essentially represents the only efficient attempt at creating a second world, which is 'just like the first,' as Descartes says, but fundamentally different: a world of replacing the world, that means all possible worlds with a second world which contains its own final purpose." Nancy, *Was tun?*, p. 14.

84 Sarah Schulman, *The Gentrification of the Mind*, University Press Group, Buckinghamshire 2012, p. 65.

85 Susan Sontag cites John Donne's *Devotions upon Emergent Occasions*: "As Sickness is the greatest misery, so the greatest misery of sickness is solitude; when the infectiousness of the disease deterrers them who should assist, from coming; even the Physician dares scarce come [...] it is an Outlawry, an Excommunication upon the patient." Susan Sontag, *AIDS and Its Metaphors*, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, New York 1989, p. 8.

a dark solitude rooted in this abandonment, but also an own solitude, of no longer being connected to such a world, which simply leaves one to die. This solitude is the common in the collective refusal of being pronounced dead already. In turn, this collectivity takes on a form of community that develops parallel to *the* community it was pushed away from and therewith remains solitary, for there is no collectivity that could dispel this solitude. It is the community of the solitary in which each on his or her own remains alone with the constant danger of death, even when medicine is fought for collectively, even when the collective takes care that those in the collective do not have to die on their own. What remains are the solitary bodies in which the fight for survival takes place.

SILENCE = DEATH

Wojnarowicz's two worlds approximate what Jacques Rancière referred to as the "division of the perceptible."⁸⁶ The one world is that of the *police*, which names, counts, structures, and divides, and the other is that of *politics*, which resists this naming, counting, structuring, and dividing.⁸⁷ There are those subjects who bear a name, a number, a category and are thus a part of that which is generally understood as politics, or *socius*, community, and so on. The police activity assigns them their subject status. Therewith they can speak, make promises, and discuss: communication as the production of community. But those who do not bear a name fall out of this community of the "same"; those who do not belong to the *logos* of the community: "nonexistences that are at the same time existences."⁸⁸ They have no speech; their words are just noise. What Rancière identifies in the confrontation between the plebs and the patricians two thousand years ago resurfaces once again with AIDS activism: the issues of visibility and audibility, the right to have a say, silence and speakability. The silence of the 1980s—which the ACT-UP movement vociferously opposed with their rallying cry, "Silence =

Solitude
 ¶ 9, 13, 93, 188–192,
 194–196, 201, 203,
 207–209, 211, 216,
 219, 221, 225–226,
 228, 232, 236,
 238–239

Division
 ¶ 72–73, 92, 197,
 202–203, 205, 215,
 225

Noise
 ¶ 144–145, 176–177,
 182–183, 198, 220,
 229

Silence
 ¶ 79, 172–173, 205,
 215, 217, 220–221

Death"—is a double silence. It is the silence of exclusion, the silence of hegemony. Deviant behavior doesn't even manifest as speech or communication; it is not audible, visible, or comprehensible. Hence, every voice that attempts to break this silence is nothing but noise.⁸⁹ On the one hand, the police silence created the police order. On the other, there is also the noise of those who are excluded and therefore cannot participate in this order. Only with the emancipatory gesture, which Rancière calls the *political*, is it even possible to break out of this silence, albeit by casting off the solitude of this silence and transferring the relations of governance to one's own power. This emancipation makes it possible to have a say, but it also implies the imperative of participation, which in turn produces new exclusions and inclusions.

Rancière speaks of a community that communizes an unjust, integrates it into the community, and thereby fulfills police tasks. This applies to the ACT-UP movement, which voiced a very clear agenda: "We have to put drugs into people." Medication for sick people. A right to a say in the research. Audibility in the police realpolitik. These are attacks on the unjust, on not being heard, not being perceived, not belonging to a community. But ACT-UP also just simply met up, united in a *kinship in solitude*. The exchange of experiences, the care for one another and oneself, the speech, the plans, the demonstrations—none of this led to the people who were active in ACT-UP becoming part of the "big" bourgeois community. They formed a larger convergence of the care community, which in turn created a smaller, solitary, fraying community in constant production. In light of the media and realpolitik realities, it still remained this double movement.

When ACT-UP made use of this voice and the speech act, claimed it, they produced a delimited audibility and visibility, which emerged from solitude while also creating a new solitude in this community—through the recurring rampant silence as well as through the constantly reproduced deviation and new exclusions. The borders were shifted, indeed, but not broken down. The police mechanisms of appropriation repeated in the form of people who lived on with AIDS, in feminist struggles, in global postcolonial struggles,

Exclusion

¶ 71, 191, 208, 212,
 215–216, 222

Solitude

¶ 9, 13, 93, 188–192,
 194–196, 201, 203,
 207–209, 211, 216,
 218, 221, 225–226,
 228, 232, 236,
 238–239

Deviation

¶ 191–193, 196, 203

Exclusion

¶ 71, 191, 208, 212,
 215–216, 222

Appropriation

¶ 88, 142–143,
 160–161, 193 ¶ 269

86 "Spectacular or otherwise, political activity is always a mode of expression that undoes the perceptible divisions of the police order by implementing a basically heterogeneous assumption, that of a part of those who have no part, an assumption that, at the end of the day, itself demonstrates the sheer contingency of the order, the equality of any speaking being with any other speaking being." Jacques Rancière, *Disagreement: Politics and Philosophy*, trans. by

Julie Rose, University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis 1999, p. 30.

87 "The world where they are and the world where they are not, the world where there is something 'between' them and those who do not acknowledge them as speaking beings who count and the world where there is nothing." Rancière, *Disagreement*, p. 27.

88 *Ibid.*, p. 41.

89 Therefore, it is diametrically opposed to the silence the bourgeois geniuses retreat to in order to think, write, and indulge in their arts. And the solitude inherent to this silence is also not the same.

which continued to be struggles for the treatment of AIDS but also for emancipation and audibility.

An entire generation became sick from a virus that would soon explosively seize the complete world from the mid-1980s on. The disease achieved the greatest audibility and visibility in the United States around ACT-UP, followed by the (cultural) capitals of Europe. An important reason was that an optimal climate for artists and alternative forms of living prevailed in Manhattan, which possessed a certain (though marginal) audibility in this specific subjectivation. Living space was affordable, the studios and exhibition spaces were booming, and contemporary art found a vital breeding ground, along with the emerging club and DJ culture. After the sexual liberation, promiscuous sex tended to be more prevalent in artists' circles, and drugs were a widespread phenomenon. While HIV spread around the world, above all in Sub-Saharan Africa—where more people became infected than in the rest of the world combined—the AIDS victims in Manhattan were the most visible.

When the silence made way for loud slogans, the silence intensified around the others affected: women and the Global South.⁹⁰ Problems were solved with simple solutions in order to reinstate the silence. In 1996 the *New York Times* proclaimed, "AIDS is over."⁹¹ In the media, the horror had come to an end.⁹² The problem with the idea of progress to a better, healthier, to one good world is the danger of blindness toward those who have no place in new developments. For example, the struggles and discourse about the discrimination against homosexuals were taken care of with the liberalization of marriage; the responsibility for the treatment of AIDS, once the medication was made available, was transferred to the individuals, and thus any form of legitimacy for activists who still had any demands was denied. AIDS could be treated. But who had access, who was insured, and who said that the AIDS crisis had been surmounted? Where had the silence and noise been shifted to? The vulnerability of men had suddenly become a topic, but

Studio
□ 12, 85–93, 137, 139,
215 ☒ 311–313

Silence
□ 79, 172–173, 205,
215, 217–218, 221

Noise
□ 144–145, 176–177,
182–183, 198, 218,
229

Pattern
□ 40, 77–78, 142–143,
182–183, 192
☒ 301–303

Contradiction
□ 63, 70, 139, 194,
204, 254

Silence
□ 79, 172–173, 205,
215, 217–218, 220

Subaltern
□ 13, 154–155

Tool
□ 10, 39–43, 46, 50,
55, 58, 71–72,
78–79, 89, 156–159
☒ 318–320

Solitude
□ 9, 13, 93, 188–192,
194–196, 201, 203,
207–209, 211, 216,
218–219, 225–226,
228, 232, 236,
238–239

ultimately it remained associated with gay, white, bourgeois men and homosexual life according to heteronormative patterns. "During the AIDS crisis, the sexist imbalance of the gay community was overwhelmed by the necessities of trauma. Men became endangered and vulnerable [...] They needed intervention in all arenas of social relationship. They needed women's political experience from the earlier feminist and lesbian movements, women's analysis of power, and women's emotional commitments to them. They needed women's alienation from the state."⁹³ The ACT-UP struggles once again became feminist struggles, from a recurring dialectic struggle for a shift toward a feminist, societal contradiction to a queer struggle about care, which had to again combat the reinstated silence. Moreover, it was about regaining ground lost in the focus on gay, white men.⁹⁴ The visibility of the Global South remained absent, as with women and the poor. Or as Gayatri Spivak aptly formulated, "Clearly, if you are poor, black, and female you get it in three ways."⁹⁵ For the subalterns did not fall silent; they never had their own voice. But this doesn't mean they disappeared from the scene; they are simply not there in the police community or in the politics: in "anthropology, political science, history, and sociology," which "will, in the long run, cohere with the work of imperialist subject-constitution [...] the subaltern woman will be as mute as ever."⁹⁶ The subaltern woman is theorized and made a subject in the investigative search for the consciousness of this object of research made subject. Spivak emphasizes that this problem "cannot be served."⁹⁷ The unquestioned position of the researcher must be questioned. A key factor is "learning to critique postcolonial discourse with the best tools it can provide and not simply substituting the lost figure of the colonized."⁹⁸ In her view, it is about questioning the constellation by examining the speaker position and not just creating new subjects (in the double sense of "subject"). In this light, we could also interpret the search for solitude instead of the search for a consciousness. And thus the two worlds of Wojnarowicz—the one of the seeing,

90 Responsible for 70 percent of all deaths, AIDS is to this day the number-one cause of death in Sub-Saharan Africa. Cf. "Estimates of Global, Regional, and National Incidence, Prevalence, and Mortality of HIV, 1980–2015: The Global Burden of Disease Study 2015," *Lancet HIV*, London, vol. 3, no. 8 (8–2016), <https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC5056319>. Women have been the most affected by HIV worldwide from the mid-1990s until today.

91 Andrew Sullivan, "When Plagues End," *New York Times Magazine*, November 10, 1996, <http://www.nytimes.com/1996/11/10/magazine/when-plagues-end.html>.

92 The statistics from 2017 show that for the first time, half of the approximately forty million people afflicted by HIV worldwide have access to medication. However, the actual percentage is certainly much lower, inasmuch as statistics only capture those who have been recognized as HIV-positive by a specialist. For detailed statistics, see World Health Organization, *HIV/AIDS Data and Statistics*, <http://www.who.int/hiv/data>.

93 Schulman, *The Gentrification of the Mind*, p. 157.

94 While HIV opened many doors for the queer movement, the connection between the epidemic and gay men brought along with it the danger of an increased demonization and resulted in women becoming even more invisible, as lesbian sexual practices were only rarely related to the transmission of HIV. Cf. Dennis Altman and Jonathan Symons, *Queer Wars*, Polity Press, Oxford 2016. The book having the word *queer* in its title illustrates that the term is considered

provocative—in the book's content, the "wars" are mainly reduced to the homosexual struggles for rights.

95 Gayatri Spivak, "Can the Subaltern Speak?," Cary Nelson, Lawrence Grossberg (ed.), *Marxism and the Interpretation of Culture*, University of Illinois Press, Urbana 1988, p. 194.

96 Ibid., p. 295.

97 Ibid., p. 295.

98 Ibid., p. 295.

categorizing, the police of Rancière, and the other world of the political, where resistance is self-empowered in the collective exclusion without becoming a new police. When, however—as in the example of AIDS—the visibility and audibility have a direct connection with the question of whether entire continents belong to a discourse or not, and not just if they are their own discourse, the assemblage becomes complicated. The fact that AIDS has raged to the greatest extent in Sub-Saharan Africa since the beginning of the AIDS crisis in the mid-1980s, and that nothing has changed till this day, again poses the question of representation.

GENTRIFICATION OF THE MIND

The tiny virus is localized as an infiltrator from the “scouts of the immune system” and “mobilizes” antibody troops. The virus assumes power, and the antibodies try to regain it—a battle begins, the body is the war zone. “This is the language of political paranoia, with its characteristic distrust of a pluralistic world.”⁹⁹ The military metaphors like “attack,” “foreign,” “aliens,” “enemies,” and “guerilla” describe a battlefield of the war against the disease. This led time and again to the (not new) idea of setting up a restricted zone or a quarantine. But it didn’t go that far.¹⁰⁰ A spatial inclusion didn’t happen; however, there was indeed urbanized exclusion.

The neoliberal wave of privatization and gentrification of Western inner cities correlated in time with the AIDS epidemic: the “cleansing” of the inner city from solitary, sick bodies. In the economically bankrupt city of New York, Manhattan became the gentrified inner city par excellence, through tax cuts and investment support.¹⁰¹ For Sarah Schulman, it is clear, “although it’s rarely stated, that the high rate of deaths from AIDS was one of a number of determining factors in the rapid gentrification of key neighborhoods of Manhattan.”¹⁰² On the one hand, a concrete exchange process took place between the wealthy and the poor through gentrification and real estate speculation; on the other hand:

Resistance
□ 191–193, 195, 203,
224, 231, 237, 239

Empowerment
□ 32, 67, 138,
150–151, 156–157,
205, 226, 255
☒ 273–274

Exclusion
□ 71, 191, 208, 212,
215–216, 219

Zone
□ 64, 231

Inclusion
□ 174–175, 191, 193,
208, 217

Gentrification
□ 223–224
☒ 276–278

“Something had happened between A and B. Something had been erased. Some truth had been forgotten and replaced.”¹⁰³ With regard to this context, Guattari states in his 1989 essay on the three ecologies: “Just as monstrous and mutant algae invade the lagoon of Venice, so our television screens are populated, saturated, by ‘degenerate’ images and statements [enonces]. In the field of social ecology, men like Donald Trump are permitted to proliferate freely, like another species of algae, taking over entire districts of New York and Atlantic City; he ‘redevelops’ by raising rents, thereby driving out tens of thousands of poor families, most of whom are condemned to homelessness, becoming the equivalent of the dead fish of environmental ecology.”¹⁰⁴ Guattari evolved an applied practice and theory in ecology into three ecologies: the mental, social, and environmental ecology, which are intertwined with one another. Schulman calls the gentrification of the mental ecology the *gentrification of the mind*, which takes place parallel to that of the social ecology. Not only are spaces and complete cities overcoded through new buildings and inhabitants; there are also semiotics, meanings, and flows, and it all takes place simultaneously in the heads of those who live in these places. Schulman describes how the AIDS crisis was forgotten in the same way as the world in which it happened was forgotten. The fact that today there are more people than ever before who are HIV-positive¹⁰⁵ demonstrates the power of this overcoding of information and people on the fringes, on the periphery—marginalization and displacement as equalization, screening, the production of order. New worlds create new thoughts, new lives. The existing are overwritten, displaced. When gentrification installs the entry in the place of the working class or the precarious, then the place of a struggle for liberation now becomes one of police order. “But now that that history is invisible, these men—once vulnerable—now again feel superior.”¹⁰⁶ The grand narratives bundle and order all others together as summaries. After September 11, 2001, the gentrification of the mind shifted the previous history of Manhattan behind a dark wall, along with all

Gentrification
□ 222, 224
☒ 276–278

Cod.e.ification
□ 42, 67–68, 73,
168–169, 216

Inhabitant
□ 11, 37, 45–46, 70,
146–147, 230

Flow
□ 148–149, 172–173,
176–177, 189, 192,
195, 228, 230, 239
☒ 275

99 Sontag, *AIDS and Its Metaphors*, p. 18.

100 With the exception of Cuba: In the times of hardship after the fall of the Berlin Wall, there were AIDS houses where AIDS patients were locked up but cared for. Unlike people on the streets, the inmates had something to eat. Some people had themselves infected with HIV in order to have access to the three meals provided in the AIDS hospitals. Among them were young gang members who escaped from one misery by surrendering themselves to the next, fatal misery.

101 “It is not a conspiracy, but simply a tragic example of historic coincidence that in the middle of this process of converting low-income housing into housing for the wealthy, in 1981 to be precise, the AIDS epidemic began.” Schulman, *The Gentrification of the Mind*, p. 25–26.

102 Ibid., p. 37.

103 Ibid., p. 11.

104 Félix Guattari, *The Three Ecologies*, trans. by Ian Pindar and Paul Sutton, Athlone Press, London 2000, p. 43.

105 The reason the number of people infected with HIV is not increasing even faster is the high mortality rate. Nevertheless, media coverage in the Global North has fallen silent in comparison to its

volume during the AIDS crisis at the end of the 1980s. This silence is owed to the fact that 90 percent of HIV-infected people live in the Global South. Cf. Sonja Weinreich and Christoph Benn, *AIDS—eine Krankheit verändert die Welt: Daten, Fakten, Hintergründe*, Otto Lembeck, Frankfurt am Main 2005.

106 Schulman, *The Gentrification of the Mind*, p. 158.

224
related histories, affections, and concepts. “In this way, 9/11 is the gentrification of AIDS. The replacement of deaths that don’t matter with deaths that do.”¹⁰⁷

SOLITARY LIVES

Oh, can’t anybody see
We’ve got a war to fight
Never found our way
Regardless of what they say
How can it feel, this wrong
From this moment
How can it feel, this wrong
Storm, in the morning light
I feel
No more can I say
Frozen to myself
I got nobody on my side
And surely that ain’t right
And surely that ain’t right
—Portishead, “Roads”

You want the old days? Go work in a coal mine. This is the future.
The sooner you realize there’s only one business left
in the world—the money business, just ones and zeros—the better
off you’re gonna be.
—*Fargo* (TV series), “Palindrome,” 2015

Once there were strikes in the factories, then the world as a factory.¹⁰⁸ In the twentieth century, wage labor in Europe shifted from industry to services to logistics. As a consequence, the question of the constitution of the present, subjectivations, critique changed as well: Where is surplus value created? What are the power relations? How does labor, how does resistance work?

I walk with a slight stoop, don’t know where to. Empty eyes looking down to the ground. In the distance, a breeze of piano sounds accompanies me. If it is light or dark, I don’t know. I keep walking. Soon I am alone again. Always the same, this jabbering, the same words, the same stories—I can do that quite well myself, too. Alone with my books, the TV, the radio, the newspaper, the tiresome always the same. Painfully, I realize that it will always stay the same. I walk my path, always the same, the same three to five places, statistics has it,

Gentrification
□ 222–223
☒ 276–278

Cheese
□ 152–153, 226

Instrument.ation
□ 66–67, 69, 70–72,
75–80, 90, 154–155,
180–181, 195, 204, 232

Machine.ry
□ 156–157, 194, 197
☒ 288–291

Solitude
□ 9, 13, 93, 188–192,
194–196, 201, 203,
207–209, 211, 216,
218–219, 221, 226,
228, 232, 236,
238–239

Division
□ 72–73, 92, 197,
202–203, 205, 215,
218

Isolation
□ 152–153, 201–202,
204–205, 213–216,
228, 230, 238

Slave.ry
□ 65, 202, 210

Resistance
□ 191–193, 195, 203,
222, 231, 237, 239

the same algorithmized music, the same calculated information. It is my small world, safe and familiar. I eat ratatouille because I can’t think of anything else anymore when I go shopping at the store. I buy the same cheese, the same sausage. Sometimes a celebratory can of cola. Not because I particularly like it, it is just something exceptional in all of this, beyond the placid habit. The habit in the house of my body, my thoughts, as if they belonged to me. What is left of me is my routine, my habits, everything else does not belong to me.

Semiotic algorithms create without detour surplus value; knowledge work¹⁰⁹ made way to mondial logistics¹¹⁰ and the streams of derivatives. Worrying about income becomes the bookkeeping of survival, the freedom *to* made way to the freedom *from*.¹¹¹ Precarization and separation become instruments of governing. Things, apparatuses communicate with, about one another, assess and evaluate, become machines; objects are prioritized for more polished and cleaner logistics.

Solitude enters into a stream of divided parts, which, in turn, are each recognized as a single object of logistics. At the same time, the accompanying freedom *from* “security, orientation, and social belonging” intensifies—separation in the division, isolation in the objectivation, and solitude in the dispersed precarity.¹¹² The creation of surplus value occurs in streams, transverse to and through subjectivation. Subjectivation itself, however, is always pressed into an enclosed one so it can be seized as an object. Streams are rearranged, integrated into the cycle, surplus value packages are put together, and individualization and identification climax in present-day capitalism. The concept of a machinic enslavement still falls short for enabling comprehension of how the produced subjectivity is applied separately to a body, although this body cannot be considered as closed. Policing snatches take place upon individual criteria, through racist, patriarchal, classist screening. The snatch targets an identifiable unity, the face. This describes the separation that, in a pathological sense, includes solitude. Part of a movement, thousands of streams, but still of one

107 Ibid., p. 45.

108 Cf. Nanni Balestrini, *We Want Everything*, trans. by Matt Holden, Verso, New York 2016.

109 Cf. Antonella Corsani, “Gibt es einen kognitiven Kapitalismus?,” Isabell Lorey, Klaus Neundlinger (ed.), *Kognitiver Kapitalismus*, Turia + Kant, Vienna 2012.

110 Stefano Harney and Fred Moten, *The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning and Black Study*, Autonomedia/Minor Compositions, Brooklyn 2013, p. 92ff.

111 Freedom is no longer that of a bourgeois “free individual”; rather, it is a “negative” freedom, freedom *from* security. Cf. Anna Jehle and Paul Buckermann, “Kinship in Solitude: Solidarity among the (Lumpen-)cognitariat,” Artists Unlimited, *Kinship in Solitude*, Anna Jehle, Paul Buckermann (ed.), adocs publishing, Hamburg 2017, p. 7ff.

112 Ibid., p. 10.

ascribable body that is subject to authority. In this light, solitude is twofold: the being-alone produced by modern concepts of the subject in a desubjectivized capitalism, and the solitude that is never alone, a solitude as the common—or better, a solitude that is transverse to the streams yet cannot withstand the identitarian snatch. A territorial problem. A subsistential territory that frays at its edges, comprising everything and everyone while also absorbing the virtual and actualized in its reality. A dance with ghosts, an inexhaustible world of possibilities, without being any less precarious. An exodus without an outside, an exodus without empowerment, a solitude so close to forgetting that it can only be distinguished in the dangerous concept of agency, which is still attached to forgetting. Solitude is the territory amid the universe of anchor points, attracted by thousands of gravitational energies, which it yields to, expanding, floating away from a standstill: a retreat into the vortex of life. Solitude means to surrender, not to ascriptions but to dance movements, the swimming in history, the magic of the territory, the persisting present.

I phone in, tell about my breakfast, hello, can anybody hear me, hello! I had a coffee, without sugar, without milk, just coffee—a little bit of cheese with bread, my favorite cheese comes from the mountains, made of cow's milk, I don't know if I handle it well, but my stomach, well, it does as it pleases anyway. On the radio there was a song I liked, but the moderator did not say whose it was, it goes something like this: I am a human, after all. Something like that, I liked it a lot. I often discover good music on the radio, even though I might never hear it again, I like music. Today I still have to go shopping, a few vegetables, I will cook ratatouille for myself, I can also eat it tomorrow if I do not eat it all, the woman at the market stand already knows me, every time, she asks if I really don't need more onions, smiling each time. I don't even know her name. She stands there each Wednesday, always at

Solitude
 □ 9, 13, 93, 188–192,
 194–196, 201, 203,
 207–209, 211, 216,
 218–219, 221, 225,
 228, 232, 236,
 238–239

Territory
 □ 71–72, 144–145,
 148–149, 160–161,
 178–179, 191, 228,
 239, 247 ☒ 314–317

Empowerment
 □ 32, 67, 138,
 150–151, 156–157,
 205, 222, 255
 ☒ 273–274

Agency
 □ 74, 146–147,
 162–163, 229

Cheese
 □ 152–153, 225

the same place, except last month, her son was there, a young man, I think he is studying, maybe there was a study break at the university and she was sick perhaps, or just wanted to sleep in for once. I don't know where else she might have a stand. I've never talked to her, except about the vegetables I buy from her, of course ... Hello, are you still there? Yes! Okay, I am just talking here, about myself, and you? Right, you are doing this without being paid, have we already spoken to each other? May I play you my favorite song? Listen! Isn't it beautiful? Yesterday I listened to it ten times for sure, during my peppermint tea, which I dried by myself, I had it on the balcony. I had a lot of luck with my apartment, you see, it is not too expensive, but big enough for me alone, and I can even have some plants on the balcony. Do you like plants, too? What's your name, actually? Yes, okay, I once knew someone with this name, a very long time ago, we met in school back then, I wonder how he is. He was always a bit absent, as if he was always dreaming a bit, you could see it in his eyes. He had nice eyes, brown ones, but vibrant. I knew a lot of people, but then at some point they were all somewhere in the world, did this and that, we lost touch with each other. And since I do not work anymore, I haven't gotten to know anyone, of course, the woman at the market stand, otherwise it's always different people, at the cash desk, at the post office counter, it seems as if every time, someone else was sitting on the same chair, you don't get to know anyone like this. Why are you doing this here? You are a good person to listen to such strange people like me. I never thought I would call, the number was in the newspaper, I wrote it down, I don't know why, and now I called, just like that. Do many people call? There are probably many people who are alone. I really don't want to complain, I have everything I need. Just sometimes someone is missing, you know? Someone to talk to, to touch, share thoughts. Yes, I know I'm not that desperate, for sure there are many people who have it worse than me. I'm not that bad off at all. In fact, I have everything. A coffee for breakfast with a little cheese and bread. Sometimes also a bit of butter and jam, the coffee without sugar and milk, just coffee. I just don't have anyone to talk to, sad, isn't it? And now I am talking to you, but I don't know you, are you there often? I mean on the telephone?¹¹³

113 In many places, there are helplines, call centers, or “emotional listening support” for (typically elderly) solitary people.

A growing number of people consider themselves lonely. Entire shelves in bookshops are filled with self-help literature on how to cope with “being alone” and solitude, how to still live happily or to overcome it. Solitude lurks behind every corner, but those who are caught in it bear the blame because they are “being too timid, are unattractive, too self-pitying or self-absorbed.”¹¹⁴ But isolation is needed to create single objects and incorporate them into the streams, to add a lively measure—single coordinates on the mondial assembly line of logistics. In this context, solitude is the milieu for the invention of life;¹¹⁵ in the not-yet and no-longer before and after [something] becomes [something]. Solitude means resisting the panic of dissolution and the need to create anchor points at the same time. Solitude resides in the expansion of the present: maintaining a territory not through its borders but through its cooperations, its machinic borderlessness, the defiant immeasurability. Likewise, it is a fold of the shapeless and deformed whole from which new anchor points and black holes emerge, always palpable anchor points, which flow off again. A continuous movement of the nonlinear renewal and reinvention of relationships and *kinship in solitude*.¹¹⁶

I work five days a week, nine hours per day in the café, at the bar, in the office. What am I? *Je suis poète*.

SOLITARY WORLDS

They say, “another world is possible.” But I am another world. Am I possible? [...] They say “another world is possible.” But we do not want another world, another order, another justice: another logical nightmare. [...] We want this world. We want this world as chaos. We want the chaos of our lives, the chaos of our perceptions, the chaos of our desires and repulsions. The chaos that happens when management collapses. Capitalism defeated traditional societies because it was more exciting than they were, but now there is something more exciting than Capitalism, itself: its destruction.
—Bernadette Corporation, *Get Rid of Yourself*

There is a painting by Klee called *Angelus Novus*. An angel is depicted there who looks as though he were about to distance himself from something which he is staring at. His eyes are opened wide, his mouth stands open and his wings are outstretched. The Angel of History must look just so. His face is turned towards the past. Where we see the appearance of a chain of events, he sees one single catastrophe, which unceasingly piles rubble on top of

Literature

□ 14, 88, 209, 231

Solitude

□ 9, 13, 93, 188–192, 194–196, 201, 203, 207–209, 211, 216, 218–219, 221, 225–226, 232, 236, 238–239

Isolation

□ 152–153, 201–202, 204–205, 213–216, 225, 230, 238

Dissolution

□ 187, 192, 194, 196

Territory

□ 71–72, 144–145, 148–149, 160–161, 178–179, 191, 226, 239, 247 □ 314–317

Flow

□ 148–149, 172–173, 176–177, 189, 192, 195, 223, 230, 239 □ 275

Fabulation

□ 172–173, 205, 236

Agency

□ 74, 146–147, 162–163, 226

Noise

□ 144–145, 176–177, 182–183, 198, 218, 220

Island

□ 67, 230, 232

rubble and hurls it before his feet. He would like to pause for a moment so fair, to awaken the dead and to piece together what has been smashed. But a storm is blowing from Paradise, it has caught itself up in his wings and is so strong that the Angel can no longer close them. The storm drives him irresistibly into the future, to which his back is turned, while the rubble-heap before him grows sky-high. That which we call progress, is this storm.
—Walter Benjamin, *On the Concept of History*

I am nobody, nobody is who I am
I am a traveler on this land
And nothing, nothing, nothing in my hands
—Earl Greyhound, “Shotgun”

Be that as it may, intellectuals should no longer be asked to erect themselves as master thinkers or providers of moral lessons, but to work, even in the most extreme solitude, at putting into circulation tools for transversality.
—Félix Guattari, *Chaosmosis: An Ethico-aesthetic Paradigm*

Two black holes arrive at the respective other’s gravitation field. Fabulations are always unreliable narrations; but an unreliable narration¹¹⁷ is not necessarily fabulation.¹¹⁸ The narrator is unreliable. It must remain an “unfinished” attempt, to create or to capture the plurality of a world; agency in the sense of a fully developed capacity, which can be nothing more than an attempt—a life in immanence. But fabulation is not life—rather, it is *one* life, a life in plural.¹¹⁹ Time stands still. No path is apparent, the fog veils all possibilities of moving on, and the look back is a blurry image of opaque scraps, scraps of weather in pouring rain. Where do I go? An absurd question. Where do I come from? Likewise. Who am I? A question that must go unanswered. I cannot write on, walk on. The feet refuse their work. My feet, they can only stand. Wafts of mist float past me, the breath of a cold world. Wrapped in warming blankets, I can only observe, see with the ears, feel with the eyes, think with the hands. No word, no noise penetrates the thick walls of fabric. Only the cold creeps through the openings of the in-between spaces. There is nothing more. Desert islands on eternal waters.

SOLEDAD AND THE DESERT ISLANDS

The young Deleuze defined two types of islands: those that broke from the continents and drifted away, and those that arose out of the ocean.¹²⁰

114 Laing, *The Lonely City*, p. 27.

115 Plugged in, switched on, and the fan adjusted—that’s how we can roughly imagine this. The most active moments are the most lonely ones; at least it was comfortable in the closet.

116 “This kinship emerges from the realisation that many of us do not suffer from solitude itself, but rather from a particular solitude under common existing conditions.” Jehle/Buckermann, “Kinship in Solitude,” p. 13.

117 On “unreliable narration,” cf. Wayne C. Booth, *The Rhetoric of Fiction*, University of Chicago Press, Chicago 1966.

118 In the sense meant by Donna J. Haraway, who, referencing her scientific work, says, “I am a fabulator” in the film *Story Telling for Earthly Survival*; or in the way Maurice Blanchot put the words in Michel Foucault’s mouth: “I am a fabulist composing fables whose morals one would be unwise to wait for.” Maurice Blanchot and Michel Foucault, *Maurice Blanchot: The Thought from Outside—Michel Foucault as I Imagine Him*, trans. by Brian Massumi and Jeffrey Mehlman, Zone Books, New York 1987, p. 94.

119 “One is always the index of a multiplicity: an event, a singularity, a life.” The one never I, wrote Gilles Deleuze in his last published essay, “Immanence—A Life”: Gilles Deleuze, *Two Regimes of Madness: Texts and Interviews, 1975–1995*, David Lapoujade (ed.), trans. by Ames Hodges and Mike Taormina, Semiotext(e), Los Angeles 2006, p. 384.

120 Gilles Deleuze, *Desert Islands and Other Texts, 1953–1974*, David Lapoujade (ed.), trans. by Michael Taormina, Semiotext(e), Los Angeles 2004, p. 7.

But both of them are solitary, and already the thought of the island alone is connected with a worlding that transcends humans. “Islands are either from before or for after human-kind.”¹²¹ An outside that is within. A repetition that revolves around itself. A departure in order to arrive, a dreaming to create a world. “Dreaming of islands—whether with joy or in fear, it doesn’t matter—is dreaming of pulling away, of being already separate, far from any continent, of being lost and alone, or it is dreaming of starting from scratch, recreating, beginning anew.”¹²² Or starting at zero. A zero that doesn’t come out of nowhere; rather, a zero of intensity, a passageway to a new world, a deserted ocean for deserted islands, which will remain deserted. “An island doesn’t stop being deserted simply because it is inhabited.”¹²³ It is always inhabited. Macondo is one such island.¹²⁴ An island fed by the waters that flow through the open veins of Latin America. Stormy waters, blood-red (sometimes silver) oceans, endless streams in the depths, torrential brooks within the water layers—and Macondo rises in between. For a hundred years, until the island sank once again. A single eternity, a deserted island. “First, it is true that from the deserted island it is not creation but re-creation, not the beginning but a re-beginning that takes place. The deserted island is the origin, but a second origin. From it everything begins anew [...] The second moment does not succeed the first: it is the reappearance of the first when the cycle of the other moments has been completed.”¹²⁵ The invention of solitary worlds, *soledad* as an essay, an attempt.¹²⁶ A solitary struggle against the superiority of the *empire* through isolation, through becoming island. A struggle against the totalizing unity, which exceeds far beyond Macondo. For several hundred years, South America was the continent of distant dreams of riches and abundance, of mountains of silver and gold, of an ancient, magical civilization, and of gruesome crusades against the inhabitants, maximized exploitation, the ugliest and most brutal suppression for profit. “Latin America was a European business.”¹²⁷ Not only was much lost, much went missing, much marginalized

Island
□ 67, 229, 232

Repetition
□ 87, 160–161,
180–181, 191, 196–197

Flow
□ 148–149, 172–173,
176–177, 189, 192,
195, 223, 228, 239
☒ 275

Isolation
□ 152–153, 201–202,
204–205, 213–216,
225, 228, 238

Inhabitant
□ 11, 37, 45–46, 70,
146–147, 223

Trade
□ 65, 78, 156–157, 210
☒ 325

Zone
□ 64, 222

Literature
□ 14, 88, 209, 228

Resistance
□ 191–193, 195, 203,
222, 224, 237, 239

to the periphery. An entire continent caught in the objectness of surplus value. A bar of gold, a human life: one and the same. Abandonment of any pursuit of happiness, of the sense of lament, of a suffering that envelopes hope and salvation in the infiniteness of the soul. The old gods of nature, the soulfulness of every living thing, all an object of colonial appetite, no spot unspotted. It is the place of *soledad*. An in-between. *Soledad* is in a present that comprises all intensities, the greatest and the smallest sadness, the sheerest and most banal beauty, the death wish and the joy of life. Time stands still, no traces anymore, no future, just overwhelming aura. It is no coincidence that wistful melodies are filled with so much force; as in music, in the critique of political economy, pure poetry and despair remain the source of force. Today when Pepe Mujica is faced with a Mauricio Macri, the flowers in the hand and the rifles in the head speak against the glittering eyes with dollar signs as pupils. Much has changed, everything has stayed the same. *Soledad* resides where it is firmly rooted in the rock strata and lumps of earth, where the silver mountains are long dried up, where the military dictatorships have been replaced by business liberalism within the same police apparatus and the free-trade zones lure new gold diggers. At the same time, the mothers of the *desaparecidos* still gather each week in front of City Hall in Buenos Aires; teachers union strikes alternate with solidarity demonstrations for factory workers; care collectives are tested. A week does not go by without protest against neoliberal politics. The shelves of the bookstores are overflowing with anti-imperialist literature, and the militant *soledad* of the presentist resistance fills the streets under the Southern Cross.

ABANDONMENT IN THE TOTALITARIAN

The primary objective of liberation struggles against totalitarianism, with their destructive and inventive gestures, is not to abolish the totalitarian structures. This is but the shadow of the attempt to live differently, of the social experiment. An affirmative struggle that also entails negation.¹²⁸

121 Ibid., p. 9.

122 Ibid., p. 10.

123 Ibid., p. 10.

124 Gabriel García Márquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, trans. Gregory Rabassa, Harper and Row, New York 1970.

125 Deleuze, *Desert Islands*, p. 13.

126 *Soledad* is frequently a motif for the colonial period in Latin

America; the liberation from this solitude is thus an image of anti-imperial struggle. Cf. Sebastian Schoepp, *Das Ende der Einsamkeit: Was die Welt von Lateinamerika lernen kann*, Westend Verlag, Frankfurt am Main 2011.

127 Eduardo Galeano, *Open Veins of Latin America: Five Centuries of the Pillage of a Continent*, trans. by Cedric Belfrage, Monthly Review Press, New York 1997, p. 24.

128 For difference, as opposed to negation, cf. Gilles Deleuze, *Difference and Repetition*, trans. by Paul Patton, Continuum, London 1994.

In the totalitarian, Hannah Arendt identifies abandonment and solitude as a reaction, as an instrument of power. “The fundamental experience of human togetherness that is politically implemented in totalitarianism is the experience of *abandonment*.”¹²⁹ However, she makes a fundamental distinction between abandonment and solitude.¹³⁰ “In abandonment people are really alone, namely abandoned not only by other people and the world but by the self, whereas everyone can be in solitude [...] In this abandonment self and world, and that means true thought and experience capabilities, perish at the same time. The abandoned rightly begins to doubt reality, which no one reliably confirms; for this world only offers security when it is guaranteed to us by others.”¹³¹ Such an abandoned person is particularly susceptible to totalitarian ideology. The totalitarian and its terror seem to be the “last hold” for finding at least some form of reliance. Arendt ends her thousand-page work on totalitarianism with this thought. The double character of the one comes forth, on the one hand, because the totalitarian promises a unity and, on the other hand, because the unity of people in the commonality represents its greatest enemy. The totalitarian outside embraces the small island of identity, facilitates the representation of unity, allows it to settle in peace and become totalitarian itself. But it is precisely then that we are trapped in the great categories, the strong anchor points, the totalization that the individual sticks to. We can only escape the totalitarian unities, the divine one, when we let, like Nietzsche, God *and* the I die.¹³² But where does the I die to? “A singular essence, a life [...] But a life should not have to be enclosed in the simple moment when individual life confronts universal death. A life is everywhere, in every moment that a living subject traverses, and is measured by the objects that have been experienced, an immanent life carrying along the events or singularities that are merely actualized in subjects and objects. This indefinite life does not itself have moments, however close

Solitude

¶ 9, 13, 93, 188–192,
194–196, 201, 203,
207–209, 211, 216,
218–219, 221,
225–226, 228, 236,
238–239

Instrumentation

¶ 66–67, 69, 70–72,
75–80, 90, 154–155,
180–181, 195, 204,
225

Island

¶ 67, 229–230

129 Hannah Arendt, *Elemente und Ursprünge totaler Herrschaft: Antisemitismus, Imperialismus, Totalitarismus*, Piper, Munich 1996, p. 975 (translated for this publication). Arendt personally wrote both the German and the English editions, and their contents are not one and the same. The distinction between abandonment and solitude is not formulated as such in the English edition. Cf. Arendt, *The Origins of Totalitarianism*, Meridian Books, Cleveland 1958.

130 “Abandonment and solitude are not the same thing, although every solitude bears the risk of transforming into abandonment, and every abandonment has the chance of becoming solitude. In solitude I am actually never alone; I am together with myself, and this self, which can never become a physical, unmistakable distinct is at the

same time everyone. Solitary thought is dialogical and in company with everyone. This is the conflicting nature of solitude in which I can never experience myself as one, unmistakable, truly unambiguous in my identity. I am redeemed from the conflicting nature and ambiguity of solitude through the encounters with other people, who speak through me, who recognize me as this one, unmistakable, unambiguous, and who I can rely on to confirm my identity in the first place. Bound in their contiguity and connected with them, I am truly one in the world and receive my part of the world from all others.” Arendt, *Elemente und Ursprünge totaler Herrschaft*, p. 977.

131 Ibid, p. 977.

132 Deleuze, *Difference and Repetition*, p. 58.

they may be, but only between-times, between-moments.”¹³³ A frenzy that remains in between. Always stopping again, always destroying again, only to always start anew again. Nothing is finished; there are only new beginnings in the here.

SOLITARY DRIFT

An intoxication comes over the man who walks long and aimlessly through the streets. With each step, the walk takes on greater momentum; ever weaker grow the temptations of shops, of bistros, of smiling women, ever more irresistible the magnetism of the next street corner, of a distant mass of foliage, of a street name. Then comes hunger. Our man wants nothing to do with the myriad possibilities offered to sate his appetite. Like an ascetic animal, he flits through unknown districts—until, utterly exhausted, he stumbles into his room, which receives him coldly and wears a strange air.
—Walter Benjamin, *The Arcades Project*

Hugo, in *Les Misérables*, has provided an amazing description of the Faubourg Saint-Marceau: “It was no longer a place of solitude, for there were people passing; it was not the country, for there were houses and streets; it was not a city, for the streets had ruts in them, like the highways, and grass grew along their borders; it was not a village, for the houses were too lofty. What was it then? It was an inhabited place where there was nobody, it was a desert place where there was somebody; it was a boulevard of the great city, a street of Paris—wilder at night than a forest, and gloomier by day than a graveyard.”
—Walter Benjamin, *The Arcades Project*, quoting from Dubech-D’Espezel’s *Histoire de Paris*

One measures the distances that actually separate two regions of a city, distances that may have little relation with the physical distance between them. With the aid of old maps, aerial photographs and experimental dérives, one can draw up hitherto lacking maps of influences, maps whose inevitable imprecision at this early stage is no worse than that of the earliest navigational charts. The only difference is that it is no longer a matter of precisely delineating stable continents, but of changing architecture and urbanism.
—Guy Debord, *Theory of the Dérive*

Instead of sitting still to settle all these doubts, we decided to set off and work them out on the move. We chose a method that would take us on a series of itineraries through the metropolitan circuits of feminized precarious work, leading each other through our quotidian environments, speaking in the first person, exchanging experiences, reflecting together.
—Precarias a la Deriva, “Adrift through the Circuits of Feminized Precarious Work”

In the search for a narrator of the history of the nineteenth century in France, Walter Benjamin finds the *personnage* who writes the history, is within it, but at the same time observes its creations transversally: the flâneur. Who¹³⁴ is this figure, who is the “man in the crowd” who doesn’t really

133 Deleuze, “Immanence—A Life,” p. 387.

134 To ask about the who is to ask about the powers acting through someone or something. Cf. Gilles Deleuze, *Nietzsche and Philosophy*, trans. by Hugh Tomlinson, Columbia University Press, New York 2006.

belong to the “crowd”?¹³⁵ Who is it that occupies the moment completely, who only stops to dream about sauntering? Who is this, wandering through the streets in order to make “studies”?¹³⁶ Who is it that recognizes stories in the window displays, in the arcades and passersby and creates them in the first place through this cognizance? Who is it that has an eye on the markets for capital, while not being particularly interested in capital? Who is it that in his apparent idleness confounds working and not-working by making not-working into a far more valuable activity? Who is it that needs information as such in order to create new information? Who is invisible and at the same time most visible, under way on foot in the cityscape? Who was invented by Paris in this way while Paris became his own?

What distinguishes the flâneur is that he passes through the streets, seeing and hearing, and knows how to sort and combine the collected information. He uses it for his studies in order to “recognize the social strata of Parisian society in flânerie as easily as a geologist recognizes geological strata.”¹³⁷ But he differs from a bohemian or anarchist by revoking the evaluation of his view; he is equally an “observer of the marketplace”¹³⁸ and becomes “a spy for the capitalists, on assignment in the realm of consumers.”¹³⁹ The flâneur does not stand still; he is driven, knows every street corner, every display window, every arcade, and he is a chronicler, collecting the traces of history on his way, while the moment expands within him. A bourgeois figure, the flâneur, as an individual, free bachelor who never stays put, rejects all obligations, stands in the public sphere and transverses it. “‘I am afraid to stop—it’s the engine of my life; Love galls me so; I do not want to love.’ ‘Move on then, on with your bitter travels! The sad road awaits you: meet your fate.’”¹⁴⁰ On his way, he is a man of letters become journalist. He peddles his time. His observations are the work he takes to the market. Work time coincides with leisurely flâneur work, which can only be perceived as work time when it is perceived in the public sphere. A journalist, a detective, one and the same. Strolling around, free, and simultaneously in the “privileged position”¹⁴¹ to perform intellectual labor while walking the boulevard. “As the information industry comes into its own, intellectual labor fastens parasitically on every material labor, just as capital more and more brings every material labor into a relation of dependency.”¹⁴²

The flâneur needs no oeuvre; he produces an image, an icon of himself, as one who creates history while strolling—a history in which he does not appear, except as the narrator. It is the history of the city, the people

that cross his path on the street, a fleeting history of impressions, the material traces of a time. Through him Benjamin observes the rise of consumer society, the precursors of the information overflow, the fraying of wage labor with the newly attained creative, contemplative works of the mind, which settle in capitalist logic. Through the flâneur, he sees the streets of Paris become shopping malls, a city with luminous advertising, and the collective *liberté* to stroll down the streets, to admire the window displays, to buy beautiful things. The flâneur follows the trace, delves into the city to make a map of it, to reconnoiter, to collect more and ever more knowledge on the surface.

The solitary flânerie becomes the *dérive* of the Situationist International. They do not want to stroll; the relations are more central, the “drifting,” too.¹⁴³ While the flâneur gets to know his streets, monitors the mass, and lets himself be exploited,¹⁴⁴ the *dérive* is simultaneously a devoting-to, letting-go, an active getting-lost, and a psychogeographical research, which floats the invisible and inaudible to the surface. The flâneur is a materialist detective; the drifting Situationists are delirious structuralists. “The lessons drawn from *dérives* enable us to draw up the first surveys of the psychogeographical articulations of a modern city. Beyond the discovery of unities of ambiance, of their main components and their spatial localization, one comes to perceive their principal axes of passage, their exits and their defenses. One arrives at the central hypothesis of the existence of psychogeographical pivotal points.”¹⁴⁵ The humorous interferences that insert some chaos into the ingrained habits of the city, in combination with the observation of the corresponding structures revealed, make the *dérive* an artistic-active practice that resists the urban hegemony and constantly provokes the invention of new paths.

The competence to continuously adapt anew to the conditions and streams of the urban fabric, to precisely observe how what moves to whom, to think in structures and relationships, to invent new things: these are the prerequisites today for “drifting producers.”¹⁴⁶ As Maurizio Lazzarato states, “What modern management techniques are looking for is for ‘the worker’s soul to become part of the factory.’ The worker’s personality and subjectivity have to be made susceptible to organization and command [...] This transformation of working-class labor into a labor of control,

Competence
□ 49–50, 58, 69, 253
Management
□ 50, 76, 146–147

135 The established, privileged male position is underscored here, as Susan Buck-Morss stresses, by calling the prostitute the female counterpart of the flâneur. Cf. Buck-Morss, “The Flâneur, the Sandwichman and the Whore: The Politics of Loitering,” Second Special Issue on Walter Benjamin, *New German Critique*, Ithaca, no. 39 (Autumn 1986), p. 99–140.

136 Benjamin, *The Arcades Project*, p. 447.

137 Ibid., p. 435.

138 Ibid., p. 427.

139 Ibid., p. 427.

140 Walter Benjamin quotes Maxime du Camps from *Les chants modernes*. Benjamin, *The Arcades Project*, p. 430.

141 Ibid., p. 446.

142 Ibid., p. 447.

143 Guy Debord, “The Theory of the *Dérive*,” trans. by Ken Knabb, *Internationale Situationniste*, Paris, no. 2 (Dec. 1958), p. 62–66.

144 “The sandwich-man is the last incarnation of the flâneur.” Benjamin, *The Arcades Project*, p. 451.

145 Debord, “The Theory of the *Dérive*,” p. 66.

146 Cf. Thomas Atzert (ed.), *Umherschweifende Produzenten: Immaterielle Arbeit und Subversion*, ID-Verlag, Berlin 1998.

of handling information, into a decision-making capacity that involves the investment of subjectivity.”¹⁴⁷ The uncertainty that Benjamin’s flâneur desired and the Situationists still wished for can now no longer be escaped. The *dérive* doesn’t stop after the predefined hours anymore. Drifting has become the paradigm of wage labor, a permanent precarity. Freedom *from* security, *from* social ties. “Precarity doesn’t mean the impossibility to access resources but the insecurity about their availability.”¹⁴⁸

Everywhere the sound of creativity and innovation; everything is new. “Despite the enduring claim of the opposite, the cultivated delusion that we live in the most innovative of all worlds, the lack of new knowledge can no longer be overlooked.”¹⁴⁹ What is creative economy without innovation, without creativity? And why do we need an army of bullshit jobbers anyway? Today what is skimmed and produces surplus value is not innovation but information. It is about producing as much as possible because the quantity, not the quality, of the information produced creates surplus value. Fabulation is for capital what information is for the creation of surplus value itself.

How can we criticize a contemporary machinic capitalism that knows no outside, no categories of moral value—just the production and channeling of streams? A political without aim? We are already in murky waters, in the murmur of the surround of solitude, in the tangle of the many. Anchor points can only tentatively serve as solid ground, but always with the task of creating other anchor points. Verifiction¹⁵⁰ is not the verification of a past truth; rather, it is the temporary creation of ground to stand on. Not to see into the distance or to create a new outside/inside monster but to conduct a trial. It is evident that we will never be sure. The *We*, in the spirit of Nancy, doesn’t permit an outside or an observer’s position, like the fabulation of Mbembe,¹⁵¹ which is also verifiction but all the more veridiction.¹⁵² The makeshift ground becomes planed strata, which must be leveled time and again in order to persist. For the truths, the grounds, the anchor

Paradigm
□ 9, 87, 138, 142–143,
205, 210, 212, 248

Fabulation
□ 172–173, 205, 229

Solitude
□ 9, 13, 93, 188–192,
194–196, 201, 203,
207–209, 211, 216,
218–219, 221,
225–226, 228, 232,
238–239

Monster
□ 194, 256–257
☒ 294

points are not in nothing; they are embedded in the streams of history, of time—in the middle of Guattari’s ecologies.¹⁵³ The leveled grounds must repeatedly be ripped open, an archaeology that cannot avoid digging around. A solitary work in the tunnels of segmentizations. The objective is to challenge information and communication outside of its production of surplus value, instead of collecting and stockpiling it.¹⁵⁴ The noncommunion of communication. Transformation of information. Communication and information outside of a major language. For, as Olivia Laing notes, language has been a market longer: “The idea that language is a game at which some players are more skilled than others has a bearing on the vexed relationship between loneliness and speech. Speech failures, communication breakdowns, misunderstandings, mishearings, episodes of muteness, stuttering and stammering, worked forgetfulness, even the inability to grasp the joke: all these things invoke loneliness [...] But speaking, participating, is almost as terrifying as being ignored.”¹⁵⁵

When Precarias a la Deriva wander through the streets of Madrid,¹⁵⁶ “it has nothing to do with flânerie; they do not conform with this bourgeois character, who is not really stressed by anything and has time to stroll around in urban space.”¹⁵⁷ They have just as little to do with *dérives* and the Situationists, except that they move through the city. But the city is not the same as it was. It is the terrain of the drifting precarious. Precarias a la Deriva resign themselves to the drift, “the ontological reality of (social, temporospatial, subjective) dispersion,” which their lives in solitude have become.¹⁵⁸ Care serves as the strategic point for Precarias—hence, the practices “oriented upon ways of life and the everyday preservation of life and health and attend to the sexualized body.”¹⁵⁹ Their *dérive* becomes a breather in the precarity, an interruption, a strike, to spin a web of common threads through the city, to take care of the cares, to connect life worlds, and to speak about resistance—to become strike pickets of the drifting care workers. They remove themselves by delving

Maj.Min.or
□ 11, 55, 71, 190–191

Loneliness
□ 152–153, 162–163

Resistance
□ 191–193, 195, 203,
222, 224, 231, 239

147 Maurizio Lazzarato, “Immaterial Labour,” Michael Hardt, Paolo Virno (ed.), *Radical Thought in Italy*, University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis 1996, p. 134.

148 Precarias a la Deriva, *Was ist dein Streik?*, p. 61.

149 Hans-Christian Dany, *Morgen werde ich Idiot: Kybernetik und Kontrollgesellschaft*, Nautilus Flugschrift, Hamburg 2014, p. 89 (translated for this publication).

150 Cf. Jean-Luc Nancy, *Ego Sum: Corpus, Anima, Fabula*, trans. by Marie-Eve Morin, Fordham University Press, New York 2016; Asino

Ki Ride, “Die wahnsinnige Schreibmaschine: Ein Manifest,” *Madame Psychosis*, Bern and Zurich, June 12, 2016, <http://madame-psychosis.com/essays/die-wahnsinnige-schreibmaschine-ein-manifest>.

151 On fabulation as the invention of repressive worlds: Cf. Mbembe, *Critique of Black Reason*, p. 38ff.

152 On parrhesia or “truth-telling” under threat, cf. Michel Foucault, *The Courage of the Truth (The Government of Self and Others II): Lectures at the Collège de France, 1983–1984*, trans. by Graham Burchell, Palgrave Macmillan, New York 2011.

153 Three ecologies: social ecology, mental ecology, and environmental ecology in the *The Three Ecologies* by Félix Guattari. Overlapping, transversal ecologies combine into an assemblage that does not conceive mondial capitalism as economist, the psyche as individualist, the socius as community, ecology as “environment.” A positivist, relational, and rich center from which experiences can be resingularized.

154 “The inside-dopester may be one who has concluded (with good reason) that since he can do nothing to change politics, he can only understand it. Or he may see all political issues in terms of being able to get some insider on the telephone. That is, some inside-dopesters actually crave to be on the inside, to join an inner circle or invent one; others aim no higher than to know the inside, for whatever

peer-group satisfactions this can bring them.” David Riesman, Nathan Glazer, and Reuel Denney (ed.), *The Lonely Crowd: A Study of the Changing American Character*, Yale University Press, New Haven, CT, 1989, p. 181.

155 Laing, *The Lonely City*, p. 70.

156 See “Solitary Bodies” in this essay.

157 Interview with Precarias a la Deriva in Renate Lorenz and Brigitta Kuster, *Sexuell Arbeiten: Eine queere Perspektive auf Arbeit und prekäres Leben*, b_books, Berlin 2007, p. 259–272 (translated for this publication).

158 Precarias a la Deriva, *Was ist dein Streik?*, p. 51.

159 Ibid., p. 67.

into the middle; they remain solitary toward separation, in the solitude that connects them all by working together on their shared struggles. “The challenge is to initiate a virtuous process in which knowledge production, the production of subjectivity, and the fabric of affective-speech territoriality are not separate momentums driven by an unmitigated material desire for the common, in light of a situation where the common lies in pieces.”¹⁶⁰ Amid the information overflow and the destructive communication, the shared practice of the *dérive* and militant research are not employed against the dispersion but “in or from the dispersion [...] in order to traverse it, to analyze its material and subjective basis, to probe its in-between spaces, and pose hypotheses that political experimentation can work with.”¹⁶¹ The separation and the drive of the drifting producers remain, but the view has expanded: while the production of information and communication is still an analysis focused on wage labor, militant research includes the entire lifeworld of reproduction work and the care standing transverse to it. Separation, “isolation and solitude, the disappearance of public spaces and fora, the silent advent of a new poverty in the heart of post-industrial metropolises, the persistent question of care practices, and the unspeakable fact that we are bodies that become sick, age, and die”¹⁶² lead, on the contrary, to the introduction of a new security discourse about “insecure life,” and it will become “all the more difficult to create shared spaces, alliances, and strategies of care and solidarity, which could serve as anchor points in our insecure lives.”¹⁶³ In the *dérive*, drifting becomes an unsteady anchor point, the “telling and documenting”¹⁶⁴ of a communicative production of shared solitude in order to expand the “relational and communicative capacities” of care for new potentialities.¹⁶⁵ This would be “care work in the broadest sense: to care for health and happiness, to cure solitude, to pamper, accompany, listen, share, and love.”¹⁶⁶

Solitude
 □ 9, 13, 93, 188–192,
 194–196, 201, 203,
 207–209, 211, 216,
 218–219, 221,
 225–226, 228, 232,
 236, 239

Isolation
 □ 152–153, 201–202,
 204–205, 213–216,
 225, 228, 230

Ritual
 □ 160–161, 191, 212

Territory
 □ 71–72, 144–145,
 148–149, 160–161,
 178–179, 191, 226, 228,
 247 □ 314–317

Flow
 □ 148–149, 172–173,
 176–177, 189, 192, 195,
 223, 228, 230 □ 275

Solitude
 □ 9, 13, 93, 188–192,
 194–196, 201, 203,
 207–209, 211, 216,
 218–219, 221,
 225–226, 228, 232,
 236, 238

Resistance
 □ 191–193, 195, 203,
 222, 224, 231, 237

EPILOGUE

The pack goes hunting, eats and lies together. The pack consists of solitary wolves, who are no less solitary in the pack. The pack must always be created anew. The pack is always in flux through territorial rituals, touch, gaze, proximity, and distance. The pack stays on the spot. The pack protects itself from threats. The pack is a threat. The pack goes hunting, eats and lies together. The pack consists of solitary wolves, who are no less solitary in the pack.

No condition persists. Nothing is forever, nothing can be conserved. Everything can change. We hold tight onto something, we claw into the ground, not to hang onto something or to settle down but to use it as a base to dare the next leap, or as a ground to rest upon, or as a territory to be protected, which invites us to pause for a while. Holding tight so you are not washed away from it, holding tight to take something with you, holding tight to let go of something else. They are transitions—the in-between, the not-yet, and the no-longer—which bear no name: streams, lines, flows, sounds, movements, floating dust and fluid molecules—solitary proliferations: The solitary is too much. Solitude is what makes the community fray and overflow. Solitude is never a decision; it is brought, added. It is already there from the very beginning; it is the remnant. Where it emerges, no unification is possible. Solitude is never alone, and the experience of solitude is never personal. It is the opening, the fracture, the leak, the departure. It is the experience of solitude that arises as a spark and encounter for a present world still to be created. As a common, an in-the-middle, it is the ground for micropolitical, collective resistance. It is the many that cannot be locked in an outside, the abiding line of flight, the inventing life: Solitude is solidarity, solitude is care, solitude is resistance.

160 Ibid., p. 48.

161 Ibid., p. 53.

162 Ibid., p. 71.

163 Ibid., p. 71.

164 Ibid., p. 42.

165 Ibid., p. 46.

166 Precarias a la Deriva, “Globalisierte Sorge,” p. 81.