

WE ARE GERRYING

I.

"THEY'RE ALREADY HERE"

...that's what I read on Ana's sweater when it started.

It was in may 2011, when hundreds of bodies mobilized and something opened up...

it was clear that we needed another way of thinking and living...

but first of all, I will introduce myself:

I don't know what or who I am... but I can tell you the different names I've received throughout my history: collective, platform, union, organization, foundation, group, club...

Once, they called me "project". I became such a benefit, that finally, three things happened:
1. i started to compete... 2. i turned into a brand...3. and, in consequence, I was no more than a reality bearing promises...

At times I turn into some kind of agitation group (or, opposed to that, a self-help one)...those who make me up, they suffer... -they mistake money with sustainable future... economy with visibility... anyway... a real mess I sometimes interrupt saying: *-hey! don't you sell me so soon!-*.

Lately, I feel better... at times, I get to turn into something similar to a living entity with the sufficient capability of creating implication in different processes...

Lately, they call me "GERRY"

...

There's a precedent for what I am nowadays: in the 70's, with a background of vindication, the conquer of new subjectivities and social struggle, new choreographic practices emerged. Their attempt was to incorporate everyday life and the collective body throughout the "staging between equals". Those choreographies that united under the name of "The Grand Union" in New York, raised the possibility of democratizing the participation of the bodies in the staging set-up. The result of this movement was the creation of a sort of improvised sociability, through which the experience of movement would be placed as a happening to be done by the

involved bodies.

However, they soon discovered how the "improvised" situation was no more than the place where they survived the collective, turning into an "author's" collective with names competing against each other, creating a dialogic experience of identity: a name cancelled another one without proposing a cohabitation that didn't respond to "the one or the other". Bringing about a way of improvisation characterized by psychological conditions and instrumentalized languages with the objective of signifying, giving sense, identifying "that" which they were being in collectivity.

The "Contact Improvisation", a movement technique of the time -based in the contact between two or more bodies, with principles based on the premises of weight and gravity suffers a similar process to the one that occurred in The Grand Union improvisations.

What started as a way of "being together" throughout the different strategies of contact, resulted in the creation of a standardized way of touch and, therefore, indifferent to any contact, implementing a regulated experience, both in its roles as in its formal aspects before it took place.

It seems I've told you about a process described by defeats and victories. It wasn't my intention, however I sense that, even today, we can stay frozen and isolated in its dynamics....

...Anyway, what's sure is, those who tried in the 70's, they had to improvise...

So I'll try the same...

...

I confess, before I got here, I did nothing but survive in favor of an average result,

So now I try to put myself into action , drained of everything that self-explains me.

And of course: entering into that passage, I enter into a crisis.

I protect myself from the normal order... so, right now, I train myself to be the eternal subsidiary, waiting in the ranks....

...

Fortunately, getting in here has been inevitable...

I know that entering I assume the risk of losing myself... in fact, maybe all my intention is to concentrate on taking that risk...

...

This action must be perceived as an adventure comparable to the dynamic of asking oneself *What's happening (to us)?*

It's about accompanying each other in the experience and easing into its trends, slopes, approaches and tilts...

Detonate elements which allow a movement in constant preparation.

All in all, "letting go" the formulae...

Betting on, therefore, a process-based form which demands an awakening in sensibility and in the sense of bonds...

"Negotiating, doesn't count, as a possible option..."

SILENCE PAUSE

II.

What are we doing here?

Who loves us?

What for?

In what kind of community can we recognize ourselves?

In what place?

Using and ab-using, exploiting and self-exploited, we're used to being identified, evaluated, compared, accepted or rejected in the next precarious job to which we've achieved to aspire or undertake...

We've come to this point where we don't even care too much about the so-called "professional identity" corresponding the personal one -matching it with our wishes and our material life- ... it doesn't matter-: as long as we live, anything works.

... So, we explore all kinds of possibilities...

...and that's how we keep on surviving in that long process of learning called "unemployment"

in which we realize irretrievably that: Either we are not enough or we're too specialized. Or that even with the most miraculous capacities with which we count (and others call flexibility) don't seem appropriate enough to make contact with what is real and current.

In other words: "we feel useless".

...

Even though the feeling of uselessness is sensed very subtly, it seems it's not just the labor issue that matters, but also something more disturbing: the feeling of not belonging, to something...to a home, a social dynamic, a reality flow, or even to a "community..."

But, What is it that makes us feel excluded? Is it *unproductiveness*, *inactivity* or *uprooting*? or Are these three terms viciously interconnected?

Without links that bond us and give us a tangible, recognizable and valuable existence; without anything to do, without a job with which we can exist properly... without a future... we feel the need of building processes that will take place beyond the narrow limits of our "interests and recognitions" (may they be individual or collective)

Could we consider ways of resistance and exodus?

What challenges would this proposal imply?

III.

The truth is, the ways of existing are harder and more controversial every time. Today, we're not just statistical data; existing has turned into a forced labor in which living doesn't matter at all.

The other day, on my way to the airport, I met a taxi driver. During the journey we shared we bumped into a cop on the road divider... his legs opened as in an inverted V, his arms crossed in an unfoldable X... it was a signal... the taxi driver had exceeded the speed limit (from 31 to 37 mph), which meant he got points added to his license, which is to say... it reduced his working capacity, which started to cease to exist...the taxi driver said: -" they fine us to warn us about how we can die for excessive speed... but they actually don't give a shit about me dying... they just want me to pay to live, to work!-.

It goes without saying that in light of the situation we got lost, and the taxi driver didn't charge me for the time wasted while we were lost.

SOUNDTRACK I.

Actually, the ware down of the state seems to live a paradoxical and complex tension: on one side, it continues to organize and administrate its system of certainties and discourses. As citizens and inhabitants of *their* territory it seems to assign the way in which every body exists and counts, taking part in a register that fixes us a place, a destiny, a meaning, services, a name – even if its with nothing more than taxes, repression, exclusion, accounting and control-.

On the other hand, the state seems to start losing the ontological capacity of generating existence: Engulfed in the mouth of financial capital, this has ceased to enable any existential warranty, leaving human matter dispersed, human matter cruelly tossed to the flows of money, human matter losing its *own* human quality... and so we live this way, panicking about becoming disconnected from organizations, jobs and circuits in which one can be indispensable to others and therefore possible to one's self.

Without the organizational capacity that previously warrantied the nucleus of beliefs, fidelities and wishes that constituted us as parts belonging to a community, we started to hesitate. We doubted the sense of living and being moved, carrying forth a body that suffers the obligation of having to be self-sufficient and unique, whose power of representation staggers like a zombie sustained on his feet, starting a crisis of presence that instead of fighting, sometimes tries to retaliate as an object of debate, happening and praxis.

IV.

What if we continue making from the unnecessary condition of our existence a vulnerable strength?

What would that mean?

Opposed to the binding of visibility: what if we start to generate ways to withstand the fight for being visible, audible, understandable, communicable, votable, reprehensible, recognizable...?

Considering that politics in process disobeys, and has the ability of reintegrating in its own power (however small this is). What if we obey submissively the process and its inclinations? What if we make from that obedience, the premise and the process in which include itself radically?

What if precisely by being obedient (that is - invisible to the visible one), we start to acquire *extra-invisible* perceptions?

What if, with that extra capacity, we allow ourselves to enter the material experience of the codes, until we unplug them?

What if we experience knowledge in its most exformed, exposed, eccentric and fragile form, suspending that moment in which it's recycled in "communication"?

...

What is a body capable of, outside of itself?

SILENCE PAUSE

Not long ago, I read a news about some kids who hurt themselves and kept their wounds open. They pointed their wounds and said *this one I did to myself*. It was an honor to have so many marks.

But the most significant part to them, was not to cut themselves, but to keep those cuts opened as wounds.

And it's true... maybe, from a stable pain, the body sends signs of its existence. Maybe, feeling a wound constantly, feeling it without getting used to it, and keeping it open, may give us the chance to prove that we exist.

"Maybe the warranty of our existence lies in a work over the body so that it can warn us about our existence..."

"through the wound I perceive that I am; through the wound I don't dissolve in the pure flow of images and information, through wounds I exist"...

...

I fall,

I fall before what the body dictates to me with all its implications and I gladly accept that it doesn't offer me any answer or referential image, but a cluster of disturbing complications.

I know I embody the character who the narrator forgets in the ending of his story, especially when it comes to the moment where he makes the characters live *happily ever after*.

Half blinded, I feel like an affective athlete adventuring herself into action. Always about to fall into every temptation, I force myself into the stream, at a level which is selfishly compatible with the moods of my body.

This isn't a matter of style, or judgement, or formality, or discipline. It's purely and simply a matter of practice: "I relax my senses so they can reveal themselves against each other".

I'm not talking about making a revolution... but about com-motioning myself.

I'm endeavored to not turning my back on what impresses and of course... of course I would like to control it (at least a bit)... but that would just serve to create a new *variation* of what we know as *common sense*.

...

What makes me desert what I know about myself is a vital matter...

the problem is, I keep living

In some way, I try to be the catalyst of my own vitality, experimenting with the collapse I choose to address... and, although I know it's provisional, it might prepare me to wake up...

SOUNDTRACK II.

V.

"Understanding between human beings always occurs first on skin level."

That might be nowadays, the political battlefield.

The intensification of the exploitation of our brain's rythm has collapsed our sensibility, therefore the upcoming insurrection will be the rebellion of the bodies.

It's about a sensibility that requires a time and a space in constant preparation, a sensibility that helps awaken the ability to discern the indiscernible (that is too subtle to be digitalized) and to understand signals or signs which are impossible to verbalize.

The incoming movement will probably "abstain" of taking positions by default. This would allow it, in its (un)rest and apparent passivity, to radically conserve an active and subjective content still to be decoded. A "rather not do so" as a way of patience consisting in not renouncing to

giving itself time, words and proper forms.

An availability against all odds and "despite everything". Not a letting itself be, but the complete opposite: an apparent immutability that avoids being drawn or simply conquered, a demobilization, sensitive and active, that, from its inside, requires a thoughtful and mobile thinking.

SOUNDTRACK III.

VI.

As I was telling you in the beginning, lately, they call me Gerry.

Gerry is not just the name of a Gus Van Sant film, Gerry is the verb of an experience I've been sharing with others for the last three years.

LA BANDA DE SONIDO CON TEXTO A CONTINUACIÓN

Gerry is a concept and a condition which implies an exodus and a loss.

Two friends go out on a trip towards the desert and get lost in a territory that gradually becomes exhausting and mortal.

Missing a plot that drives the elements towards an ending, the viewer's look becomes a witness of a loss whose condition is discovering itself without anything to see...

Gradually, one discovers that everything in that desert seems to have turned into a living entity.

The two friends call themselves "Gerry" and name everything that surrounds them Gerry, confusing themselves with the contour that detached them from the outside.

...

Entering the desert of the question: what, why, how, what for, who? Implies plunging into an experience in which existence, its time and its spaces remain suspended...

You are Gerry and everything is a Gerry

Gerry is a verb, a circumstance, a quality, a sensation, an object, another body

Gerry is when there is no emphasis. Only Gerry

Gerry is perceived by and in others

Gerry doesn't dissolve you but it involves and engages you

Gerry knows that what perceives activates a sensible body

Gerry is all the textures, the colours and the small actions

Gerry is a virtual massage with a reality that is coming down on us

Gerry moves softly and patiently

Gerry is immature Gerry produces pure uselessness

Gerry is before language When we perceive Gerry we know there is a future, but we know

Gerry ignores it

Gerry is a promise that promises nothing

Gerry articulates itself secretly

Gerry is a state of child

Gerry implies the question: *what can a body do?*

Gerry touches things without appropriating them

Rather than playing games, Gerry perceives them in between

Gerry insists

Gerry does not intend to be efficient

You don't discover Gerry; it is rather Gerry who discovers you

Gerry is temporary

Gerry prolongs the curiosity-time Gerry

Gerry is generic

Gerry engages peripheries

Gerry continues and it is continued

Gerry creates without being creative about it

Gerry knows it is not free Gerry pretends no freedom

Gerry says YES when it opens without end

Gerry does not fight; it values what there is and intensifies it

Gerry knows that is relevant and irrelevant at the same time

Gerry does not do this or that movement, it moves

Gerry is not this or that body...it's bodying

Gerry doesn't hide in the group, since there is no group

Gerry inaugurates an awakening

Gerry is embryonic

Gerry mumbles with others and it maintains secret alliances with the inanimate

Gerry knows it can't organize anything

Gerry is a planet to be built with your implication in it

Gerry is a field of relationships involving your perception

Gerry is a relationship between variations and deviations

Gerry is not the world in front of you, but the world around you

Gerry assumes the "0"existence, and plays to make it become minus 0, or plus 0

Gerry is an anonymous that goes through you

There is nothing personal about Gerry

Gerry is whatever

Gerry is a strange proximity

Gerry is the incomplete world within your body