

exposing yourself



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I have recently been writing a blog, *Y a plus qu'à*, which explores the lines between intimacy, ethics and politics. It exposes me to your gaze as much as to your criticism. I classify the latter among the things that do not depend on me; it's important you know that I did not wait for you to ask myself questions and to formulate my self-criticism. It's paradoxical to choose to expose myself when I have been hiding behind the collectives that I have been leading, and for which I have been writing the word 'we'. To write 'I' to criticize the narcissism and individualism of our society is at least contradictory. The fact is that there are contradictions that are hard to escape.

I'm not trying to become someone. For that, you have to like to be recognized in the street; to accept being surrounded by flatterers, those poised as opportunists yet all the while ignore themselves; to turn their allegiance at the slightest false step. One cannot go without the other. So... thanks, but no thanks. I'm aware of what is coming to us. I'm not talking about electoral deadlines that won't change anything, or at the least very little for the future of humanity. I'm afraid of fascism accompanied by identity-based withdrawal, fear of the other, sectarian drifts with a suffocating planet in the the background.

I believe that the best thing we have to oppose this is mutual aid. Yet I know that in order to practice it, we must do it collectively. And it is better to adjust our egos in order to produce a collective that is as peaceful as possible. I write to invite those who do not see the light to get out of the cave. I admit it's ambitious and surely egotistical. It's vain too, I know. I only have an obligation of means, not of result. I don't tell myself stories, I do what I can.

I write what I have learned, about what helps me to stand on my own two feet today. For a long time I played with the idea of suicide, thinking that I was not adapted to this world. Some people are riding the wave of high potentials and others are hypersensitive. I'm sensitive, not hypersensitive; that's enough to make me feel different around all these sociopaths devoid of empathy. I know where I've been and how clumsy, mean or hypocritical I can be. No more so than you, I guess. But it's because I look at myself with indulgence that I can look at you as another me tinkering away, and not condemning you for your foolishness, just as I don't condemn myself to mine.

This writing exercise is difficult. Despite the recurring doubts, I encourage myself to continue. I keep telling myself that I'm in the best position to advise myself; that if my intuition has invited me to do so I must continue; that at least I feel less alone, that it makes me happy to know that you read me, that I'm happy that you talk to me about it and that we find common topics of discussion. I know that what goes through my mind is not foreign to you. We are the same; we tinker with our lives, we learn from our wanderings, we try to do better, to value ourselves better, to stop being ashamed.

I write for those who despair about the world. If you think that what I propose is easy to say, I believe that it's always better to say it. My words are addressed to those who have the means to make the necessary changes; to do so, one must already enjoy a reasonably comfortable life. To you who feel concerned, if you have the luxury of not worrying about where you're going to sleep tonight and what you're going to eat, you have the means to stop the harmfulness of the world that is eating away at you.

You can choose to take a different perspective. To counter hate, nothing can beat love itself. To counter identity withdrawal, try opening up to others. Against evil looks, smile! And against individualism, I still affirm that nothing equals mutual aid. I sow free seeds that are easy to share; what you do with this is not up to me. That's why I assume the position of exposing myself.



“Let him who struggles with monsters take care that it does not turn him into a monster. And if you look deep into an abyss for a long time, the abyss also looks deep into you.”

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE