



#5

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The Practice of Care

To my mind, the primary obstacle to real care is the distinction between ‚work‘ and ‚care‘ in the first place. The distinction follows the bourgeois logic of exception, where oppression and domination are being normalized on the promise of partial relief - you suffer through eight to ten hour days to have some leisure time after that. You suffer through weeks and months of exploitation to have some weeks of holiday somewhere else, where you in turn become complicit in the exploitation of other people, workers at a holiday resort, possibly exploited on the heels of racial and sexual domination. You suffer through a life of loneliness and emotional mutilation on the promise of relief in a love relationship that may or may not ever materialize and mostly does so only momentarily. ‚Honeymoon phase‘ is just another name for structural exploitation and the normalization of a shitty life full of struggle and conflict. ‚Honeymoon phase‘ is emblematic for the general brokenness of the concept of love. Moreover, it demonstrates how the absence of care outside of more or less exclusive relations (friends, lovers, family) is constantly being normalized.

It shouldn't be that way. Care should not be something that happens first and foremost in closed networks. It should be a general mode of interpersonal relation. Yet factually that general mode of interpersonal relation is property. People meet one another as potential customers or as objects of consumption. We check each other out based on the various kinds of capital we can provide for one another - be it social (connections), cultural (inspiration and access), financial (money), libidinal (sex) or other.

I'm a bar fly. I live in dark places. Many of my friends are bartenders, other regulars and creatures of the night. The benefit is that here, to me, labor and leisure merge. I can work in an environment that I love. Creatures of the night, dark light, party people, loud music, dates, drugs, sex everywhere around me. I have short but genuine social interactions which hardly ever become too complicated. They simulate a life, while not substantially dragging me out of my working routine. I'm clearly exploited, sometimes a workaholic, exhausted and subject to domination.

But being a barfly is my attempt to exist on the fringes of the bourgeois logic of exception. It's fueled by lot's of luck and privilege. I'm not presenting this as a general model. But it's the space in which I can exist, the space where I seem to make sense.

Philosophy and Pain

My mother used to tell me that I am thinking too much. But I came to believe that there is no too much thinking. There is only wrong thinking. If you understand something, you do not repeat it in your mind obsessively. Nobody lays awake at night and keeps reiterating in their mind that $2+2$ is 4, or that a triangle has 180 degrees etc. What we obsess about is what we do not understand, or what we think we understand, but which does not quite add up. What does philosophy have to do with that? Many people think that philosophy was a painfully abstract process aimed at subjecting the body, disciplining it out of existence. That is wrong. Thinking is a very emotional process. Most scientists are in for the fun of it, for the joy of understanding or discovering something, driven by the lust for life - intellectual life, but also a lust for social exchange with like minded people, a community of researchers, be they professional (,the scientific community') or not (your group of friends and lovers trying to understand the trap doors of existence). Political thinking especially is sometimes driven by the pain of domination, by the desire to understand why we feel like shit. Sometimes we hope that understanding can show us how to make things better. But sometimes understanding makes things better in and of itself. The reason is that there is no real distinction between mind and body. I'm not going to write a treatise on the mind-body-problem here - centuries of philosophical research has gone into that. But what I can tell you is that there are no two things ,the mind' and ,the body' that are then linked. Rather, I'd agree with Spinoza (tentatively), who argues that joy is the physical expression of rationality and rationality is the intellectual expression of joy. Joy and rationality, to Spinoza, are ,one and the same thing', which does not mean that they are simply identical. Rather, they are different dimensions of reality (or that's how I understand this, but for more on that I'll refer you to my more technical writing).





What's important for our question right now is just this: If thinking hurts, you're doing something wrong. It's like a sport, like dancing, like yoga - it's good if you feel the stretch, but it shouldn't tip into actual pain. And just as in dancing, in sports etc., we need to learn about our limits, we need to fathom our capacities, get to know what it feels like to overdo it. But more importantly, we need to learn what it feels like to get something right, preserve that feeling and form an affective compass based on that experience. This requires training and probably teaching - philosophical teaching. That does not mean: stop thinking if it hurts. In fact, we often cannot simply stop thinking, or stop thinking about something particular. But it does mean that we might want to think about things differently, or re-adjust ourselves (physically, practically, intellectually, politically, sexually etc.) such that we can think differently, re-stage the issue, whatever it is. If this works out, we can experience empowerment, joyful understanding, even if it is understanding of why and how we are oppressed, dominated, exploited. And such empowerment is a first step towards emancipation.

Emancipation and Matter

Emancipation is always emancipation of matter and not material emancipation of otherwise disembodied minds or consciousnesses. Conceptually speaking: the primary oppression is the subjection of matter to soul, mind or spirit. This oppression is mirrored in its multiple inflections (black/white, male/female, cis/trans etc.). In each case, the allegedly corporeal, passive, inferior part is subsumed to authority and control of the spiritual, active, superior part (in fact, the former is often omitted, re-invented as a deferred, broken version of the latter). The distinction 'matter/mind' or, 'body/spirit' is a necessary condition for oppression as we know it. It is indispensable for pitting any other oppressive binary (such as black/white, male/female, cis/trans) against each other. Thus, nothing is going to move without the radical embrace of the weakened, material embodiments of matter. Writing, extension, the body, desire etc. are therefore sites of radical resistance - but only so as to dissolve the opposition altogether (which is opposed to gender-, race-, matter-blindness on the one hand and to a new kind of domination on the other hand). How do we do that?

What is matter?

Let's look at this word: SEX. In order to read that word, you need to focus on only a part of what you actually see, namely the marked aspects of the letters. You ignore, as it were, the spaces in between the letters. Also in ,X' for example, you do not look at the large white space around the black line. You focus on the lines instead. There is thus a constitutive absence that is vital to the reading of the letter ,X' in the first place. Analogously, when we read a word, we don't actually look at all the letters - we grasp the outline of the word and synthesize the rest in our minds. That is why we can understand what is meant by SXExX even though it's misspelled. We conceptualize the world in this way: We go by a certain sanctioned ignorance, a certain exclusion that enables us to see what would otherwise drown in unstructured indeterminacy. We never see the whole picture, but only those parts put on stage by whatever is rendered out of the picture. That ignored part, however, is not passive. It actually *does the work* by way of receding, by way of letting itself slip into the background and leaving the stage to something else. It *matters* in that it actively provides space for other things to signify. Yet on a surface level, the ignored part *doesn't matter* because on the face of it, it is not visible, it disappears, it seems as though it was not important. This double mechanism of working behind the scenes while being rendered invisible is what I call ,matter'. It re-appears whenever you shift your view: If you focus on the space around the letter ,X', you render something else invisible. Yet this is not merely an empirical effect. It works conceptually as well: Although you can understand the set of natural numbers, which is infinite, you cannot grasp the whole set at once, including all its individual numbers. This, however, has nothing to do with the capacity of your senses, as it occurs through a mental operation only. It is a genuinely intellectual materiality in the sense just specified.





Social Matter(s)

Society works just like that: The working classes are those which leave the stage to others, those operating unseen processes in the background. They *matter* (they do the work) but they *don't matter* (they remain invisible). Sex work is a case in point: Sex workers provide inevitable care, but by virtue of social norms, their work is meant not to be seen to the point that the bourgeois mainstream would like them to disappear from the streets, into the dark or into illegalized and unsafe backdoor brothels without protection by the law or other social measures. In fact, the designation of a 'sex worker' is itself a phenomenon of this kind. For in fact, the vast majority of humans is doing sex work of some kind - they provide intimate care and physical pleasure to one another. Yet it is called 'sex work' only if it happens in a context of (mostly) financial exchange, thereby rendering unpaid sexual labor invisible. We can thus see a double omission in the concept of 'sex work': On the one hand, the illegalization and discrimination of actual sex workers omits necessary care work that enables the physical and psychological maintenance of certain parts of society. On the other hand, the reduction of 'sexual labor' to a monetized service renders non-financialized sexual labor invisible (labor which is not paid in cash).

Adulthood

Growing up is often confused with being middle class - a steady job, a steady income, a solid home, a family, a dog etc. That is why queer people tend to feel caught up in an eternal loop of adolescence. But adulthood is not about owning property. It's about autonomy, independence. It is emancipation from exploitative forms of dependence into agency, empathy and hospitality. And emancipation, as just pointed out, is always emancipation of matter. Yet capitalism systematically suggests growing up to be marked by property in order to distract us from the actual goal: independence. Under capitalism, everything is spelled out in terms of property. Autonomy can therefore only be read as ownership of stuff. Yet property relations are dependence relations - the money has to come from somewhere, and for most of us, it comes from wage labor and other relations of exploitations and control.

As long as ,growing up‘ is understood to mean ,acquiring this or that kind of property‘, we will never reach adulthood. More concretely, the 20th century identified mobility with growing up. It literally understood autonomy as automobility. It turned access to physical mobility into the paradigmatic image of adulthood - the car, the motorbike. To the present day, autonomy is often understood to mean ,owning the means of moving yourself‘, as the ability to travel, to drive around or to move in digital spaces. That is why the Berlin wall was cooked up into the ultimate sign of a backwards, infantile, non-autonomous state: It blocked physical mobility. Likewise, the 20th century depicted upward social mobility as the ultimate goal that is to be aspired to: get rich or die trying. The 21st century adds digital mobility: free access to smart devices, the right to ,free‘ communication on social media is now treated as an identifier of a Western adult person, whether that means freedom *to* hate speech or freedom *from* hate speech. Yet all three are ideological distortions that sell dependence on wage labor and state institutions as autonomy. Real autonomy, however, can only be achieved in a social order that understands our fundamental *interdependence* and vulnerability to each other as an incentive to generalized care. Care is key. It has three general aspects: agency, empathy and hospitality. The combination of these three, I call ,autonomy‘. Only if we take care of each other in a non-commodified way, we can reach true autonomy and thus grow up together (generate agency, become able to act and make a difference) by way of growing into each other (be hospitable and empathic to one another). We need to become independent from specific people, things and institutions. We need to provide a social fabric that allows us to rely on everybody around us for the things that we cannot achieve by ourselves (which is mostly everything) - for both emotional needs (empathy) and all other needs (hospitality). Only then will we be able to act and make a difference *together* (agency). And only then can we be collectively autonomous. TL;DR: Capitalism is infantilization. Let’s grow up together.



WHAT DOESN'T MAKE THE CUT// LOST MATTER

by Luce deLire & Ruin Klarity

[Conversations with you at a bar
in Neullkon...]

I'm curious, when you're looking
at these moments in time and you see
these gaps and you see
these erasings, these lost cuts. Do you
read into those? Do you create
your own narratives and storylines about what
maybe happened to those, and do you have your own beliefs
that go around what happened to those based
on earlier on personal experience?

The Galli. Trans characters. Roman cultures.

History told through time, is
constantly erasing the voices that are.

I feel that it's so personal, yeah.

I mean - it's becoming.

You don't know what happened to this person,

but I know I gotta tell you

she shows up and and

she basically tries to argue that

she actually became herself

castrated her own text she's trying to sell.

She says, „look, this is all history.“

You know it wasn't.

Written, you know, it's handed

down

[She picks up sound really well and I realize

she can change the setting or move.]

You know I stopped. I stopped scripting.

I know what I am. I'm still just trying to cover ground.

This chatter, the structure, exact wording and the puns,

these things are improvised. My impression is

there's washing, washing through.

If you seek connexion and understanding, even if it's
a misunderstanding, it's something that is attempted
to feel like a connexion. I related to you in a vocal sense
of incomprehension with the visual novelty. Power of:
yeah. Be incomprehensible. Or like:
That which can't be thought. Or like:
That which doesn't show up. Or like:
the thing I didn't say.

We're washing, washing through. Actually,
in that passage there's a piece missing in the text.

There's an actual part missing in the actual past.

In the actual published literature.

In the manuscript. Actually,
the oldest copy that we have is like

1000 years ago

in that text

and and

in this only big stamped copy

Some people argue:

grammatically, you can see a part
of the text was lost.

still washing, just washing through.

The fact that that physical text is missing, but the point comes across
regardless.

A reference to a train of thought that actually was built and then a way
of looking that actually was seen.

And so when you look at these things that are like
pulled out, actually, missed or maybe edited, or maybe
whatever - didn't make the cut. They said it doesn't show
up, it didn't make the cut. It cuts anyway, in the process of cutting that...

... it's like everything that doesn't show up is there in its' background.

You cut things I noted

You don't actually read into these gaps, and the reason is....

In order to read the word, you have to see some things and

you have to unsee some things that are left

Just left.

220428 KLARITY CLINIC
by Luce deLire

~ SETTINGS ~

a tape recorder inside
a conversation unfolded
(like a table)

~ CUT ~

this is a far cry
for a ceZRFszsbgh

~ CUT ~

dystopia
privacy

~ CUT ~

it is worth asking
because it's not

~ CUT ~

fixed meanings.
plastic flowers

~ CUT ~

the funeral.
kqEJnjkeycy

~ CUT ~


please leave him
(but nobody ever does)

~ CUT ~

late capitalism
reuse qBEBfXCxFyF

~ THE END ~





KLARITY CLINIC CUTS
The Ritual (7th-12th April 2022)
*evoke a sense of incomprehension
and visual novelty*
by Diet Clinic & Ruin Klarity

CLINIC CUT

*anachronistic mascot for late capitalism
do i contradict myself?
the reuse of leftovers
and fragments
of paper
can support spotlight it's
short-term
the leftovers, the artist turns disposable*

~
*services, click-tracking
and eavesdropping
smart,
dystopia seems twee,
even quaint,
someone was listening to you,
but only you.*

*come with me in privacy
walk the talk.
spiralling inflation is pushing back.
weight gravity and chance
arrange the objects.*

~
*the industry wants to maintain.
algorithm favouring carousels.
you being good requires a great looking glass version
of our own.*

~
*evoke a sense
of incomprehension
and visual novelty*

KLARITY CUT

*please reality salted corpse
this is a sewing exercise
cleansing destructive energy and shared insights from
examples of social fabrication.*

*it is worth asking: how?
because it's not just in footing empty dreams.
triggering sensations that destabilise our fixed meanings.
they do so by blurring the boundaries between the use of plastic flowers
for rituals.*

*friend, plastic flowers get lost.
social networks at a 2nd glance shows Facebook & Insta & housing
organisations.*

*i would like you to feel economic changes react...
head of securitised products
plastic flowers largely appropriated from the funeral.
allowances for carbon emissions.*

*a room reveals a tape recorder inside a log, a conversation unfolded on
political
accountability.
youth nor age but their wholesale transformation into high quality,
workmanship
and the right balance.*

*before to make a mark in the news:
immersed in dimmed lights, colours and objects oscillate the symptom.
it hopes to upset, this is a far cry.
please leave him with some of his influence, but nobody ever does.
how?*

fluid oral culture; fluid myths



Tunnel 5, Sharing: The Practice

A play written by @judy_ladivina and @ruin_klarity

The Anonymity of Sound by @elro_i

There is no illusion on these pages. There is only dirt and water and breath. The other side pain, is being seen. Being seen is the transformation. The shadows gift is; it knows a truth.

WHERE?

Tunnel 5

WHY?

Pain

THE INVITATION

To practice

THE PRACTICE

The apology

THE DESTINATION

5

Prologue

Tunnels are entered with and without choice.
There is too much pain in the world to always remember we are human.
But whenever the water is hot you have a second to think. take care with the interruptions from the world.





NEW FEARS is a gallery for dance, performance and transdisciplinarity representing Berlin-based and international artists. For each episode NEW FEARS invites two artists for a residency in Berlin, which leads to a public event. The process is accompanied by a writer whose output together with a documentation manifests in a publication.

NEW FEARS #5 took place in two parts. For the first part FRZNTÉ was invited, who invited Apex Anima, Alexander Schaef and Kalil Bat. For the second part Ruin Klarity was invited who collaborated with diet_clinic, judy_ladivina and elro_i. Invited writer was Luce deLire (www.geta-philosopher.com) and documentation photographs by Julian Weber. More information: www.newfears.net

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**NEU
START
KULTUR**



Die Beauftragte der Bundesregierung
für Kultur und Medien

