

A Patient('S) Perception

“Und sind wir bereit? Ja?! Dann zähle ich ab: drei, zwei, eins!”

Music blasts through the loudspeakers and an all too familiar eighties keyboard riff starts:

“Tutudududu. tudududu, tutudu, tududutdu” A longing future

unfolds. She knows what is coming. “A secret code accessible to all”. Joey Tempest is

about to sing, but first the music, will be counting down too. Here he comes. Tempest opens

his mouth and an over top rocky voice sings: *We're leaving together, but still it's farewell.*

And maybe we'll come back to earth, who can tell? I guess there is no one to blame.

We're leaving ground (leaving ground). Will things ever be the same again? In the

meantime, the nurse instructs them to move and tries to keep their spirits up. She yells over

the music: **“Und halt die Hula- Hoop-Reifen hoch! Setz sie in**

Bewegung. Genauuuu, sehr gut!”.

One after the other hula-hoop falls hopelessly on the ground or is launched in the sky in an uncontrollable way. They, humans in that particular spacetime become failing machines going mad. But the nurse never fails to keep on encouraging them, even though their bodies keep resisting her instructions. Hard drumming sounds. DUMDUMDUMDUM. It's the final countdown. The final countdown. Tutudududu. tudududu, tutudu, tududutdu. Is this where her uncomfortable research of time travelling ends or is it the just the beginning? She is worn-out by making each time explicit the implicit versions of reason. She blurbs thoughts that refuse the neoliberal theorization and valuation of art as a mode of capture for affective knowledge.

Yet, she revisits again and again. She is getting out of the way of chronological time. She lives in duration, where this is a mismatch between activity to product. We are entering a durational field that is unquantifiable. She, standing on the side, burst out in laughter. Here

they are: a bunch of diagnosed mental disorders. Depressed, traumatized, neurotic, full of anxiety, in a small gym, placed outside society in the middle of the European Central Bank city, in an institution called the Hospital of the Holy Spirit. The nurse is a fitness trainer. They hula-hoop together to Europe's Final Countdown in the name of healing and rehabilitation. She overflows with laughter. Nothing is particular funny or funny in particular. The music does not seem to care that it is on the verge of becoming an anthem of an unthinkable future. Space travel in the here and now is happening. Escapism haunted. Not captured. But traced back to leaky selves to bodies that do not end at the borders of our skins. In an undisturbed matter the poppy tune continues and they keep on failing and dropping their hoops. *Oh! We're heading for Venus (Venus) And still we stand tall. 'Cause maybe they've seen us (seen us) and welcome us all, yeah. With so many light years to go and things to be found (to be found) I'm sure that we'll all miss her so.*

Over the music, She hears a call to order to put a halt to her unstoppable laughter: "Bitte hören Sie auf mit lächeln und machen Sie genau wie die Anderen mit und weiter!" She tries to stop, but she truly cannot. Her excitabilities grow and her body shakes from laughter. The others start to laugh too. It's the final countdown. The final countdown. The final countdown. The final countdown. Oh! From the corner of her eyes, she sees that the nurse struggles to keep the corners of her mouth down. She feels how they together in similar fashion, spread their smiles over their face, as if their face fit themselves onto the smile of the space.

Yes, she thinks now while being stuck in a loop like everyone else and returning once again: with a touch of magical realism, this room that does not only smile but reclaims, manifests and invokes another way of being together. Here in this moment, we have the luxury of boundary crossing. We move between earths, underground and overground. Like the oracle of Delphi. This ineffable joy proclaims: Pythia is my name. Some will say I speak gibberish and diagnose me with all kinds of diagnoses, tell me I don't listen or obey. Others will fall into some kind of spiritual ableism; say I was chosen and project a savior kind of phantasy. I am more than human but not the other to human, as though the human category were the starting point. I resist the theoretical to act as an envelope of my practice. I refuse to attune my experiences to social scientific measures. Could we please think of the qualitative forces

of experience? I prefer not to (make sense) and favor “the care and concern demanded by that which is “coming into existence”. I am (a) patient, I slow down and create a milieu that nurtures unknowingness. I see things not in subject and object divides but perceive blue sprites dancing before taking form. My mind is an open coral transplantation room beyond the lines of my body, where fragments grow before attempting reef restoration. I smell another future already happening. Don’t you feel? It is in the air! An ungraspable atmosphere, thick with hope and worry and then suddenly it disappears. Now asking me for some epistemological proof of another world is to ask me to prove the world is magical. That is impossible. There is no proof, it starts with a willingness to just see. Immerse and do not break down the logic of enchanted. Wonder is falling in love. And we must dare to fall in love with this earth unconditional. Do you dare to take care of it blindly? I am useless and I love it.

This hullabaloo didn’t come out of the sky. It was giving birth and losing her vision that enabled her wholeheartedly to trace down a new kind economy of knowledge, in which the student has no illusionary choice but to remain vulnerable, soft, incomplete, open, discordant in layers. An operative problem was set into motion. She accepted her inability to say why this or why that, that sparked and further nourished her imagination. A Pythia does not know how to respond to critique wrapped in a question, it is not her game. Thus, stating that she is clueless...that is not her state of being. She is taken over by the cadences of the Earth that have no name, with whom you cannot bicker whether you or they are wrong or right. Yes, a Pythia, living in the 21st century knows that she betrays academic territorial rules of her times in seeking the creation of something else that does not align with business as usual and does not unravel living systems. She refuses to type something in your language, so you can refer to her as having communication. She rants with plants and gossips with witches, she is never going to gif you up. It is frightful though not to be wrong or right and to deal with the force of modernity. To refuse the claim that these words are a testimony of wild authenticity, but of the bewilderment of figuring it out. Pythia is not helpless. She just realizes that the answers are not in her hands. Foolish, she tries to step in the same river twice. The second time becoming aware that we should not build higher dikes but new ways of living that require discipline but not disciplinary thinking.

You see, now she holds on and enjoys her carnivalesque of what the fuck is going on ecology - of which she was always already part and will be part of again and again and again. She dances and laughs at a scene once before, in which wondered how to begin a new thought by the powers of what is acceptable. Beware a Menippean satire unfolds:

She outcried: "if I only knew how to begin, then this unacted past captured in a state of not further happening could be released with a creative act like an explosive force".

She wept: "If I only knew how to begin, I could consider the artful quality of a hula hoop flying through the air as the becoming of its own process. As such I could explore its will of art and its immediating forces and "reanimate and more fully realize the co-relational poetics-aesthetics of our scientific selves".

She sobbed: if I would only know how to begin, I could return to a pre-epistemic grasp of the world and return to then and there as a complex collectively produced boundaryless system. Sympoietic, rather than autopoietic.

A tear fell: if I only knew how to begin, I could illuminate a new region of thought as a joyful insurrection, that kills joy for the sake of better pleasures, other ways of being in the world, and ultimately new worlds. For I would know how to reshape the larger performative and practical dimensions of truth-talk that sculpt the discourses of our cosmologies and knowledge production.

She sniffed: if I only knew how to begin, I could activate in our uncognitive sense-perceptions new symbolic awareness that leads us to enter in a different way what is directly given to our senses. I could go back to how the hula-hoop as dance that Pukawiss learned by watching the movements of eagles, bears, snakes. The animals had much to teach human beings about values and relationship like loyalty, kindness, and friendship.

As if the river of tears was not overflowing, her outcry continued: if I only knew how to begin, I could account for uncountable ways in which alternative productions of subjectivity can come into being, such as laughter from a radical vulnerable place. I could move backwards

and activate joyful unforeseen times, of which I am no longer present. For I would know how to refuse conserving my memory as an existing potential within a field, but “immediate a different milieu of relation that erupts from a field in a critical state— where there is an ongoing ‘conditioning [of] the event’s emergence’.

She howled, if I only knew how to “heighten the reader’s attention and elastic perception that allow for nonlinear aesthetic, affective, and narrative tracings across a comedic topology of the flesh”. For then I could “preserve an extrinsic sign, a variable perceptible characteristic that stroke my imagination that I could set up as essential trait while disregarding the others”.

She sniffed: If I only knew how to begin than I could show how to follow symptoms as escape route from the impasses of the present. For I could “model the symptom from an unconscious that is always already there, as the precursor of an unconscious that is yet to come”.

She complained: If I only knew how to begin, I would know to cross barriers of non-sense, such that I could shut up like a telescope and enter the rabbit hole.

She wept, if I only knew how to begin, I could make my topological presence felt, all the way down. Thinking would become concrete. Virtuosity actualized.

She cried over and over again: If I only know how to begin.

But now, after going through another year of psyche-delicate implosions, in which she lost sight, intentionality, causality and consciousness, she learned to unknow that there is a beginning or an end to what she desires. Pythia does not undo blind sights to shed another light and give a better understanding of a world that does not make sense. Pythia loves blindly and lives in presence and perseverance. She whistles into the dark, finding her way intuitively

I am
spilling more than human T
Transforming shit into compost
turning blackholes into discos
I am spilling more than human T