

COLLECTIVE TELEPATHY 2.0 (THE INTERCONNECTED MULTITUDES THEORY)

José Luis Brea

2666: THE DISAPPEARANCE OF TELEPATHS

In 2666 there is an extraordinary passage where Roberto Bolaño tells how, when the colonizers invaded the American continent, they found that the natives possessed some kind of secret communication mechanism that let them know almost instantly about anything that happened anywhere on the continent. This information— or counterinformation, as we would say today— served them as an excellent weapon that could not be fought or neutralized. All the barbarous things the Conquistadors did were known almost instantly by the indigenous people in their towns or wherever they were. They had at their disposal an information network that was much more efficient than anything the invaders were able to come up with. No matter how hard they tried, they were incapable of locating the language they used. They never managed to find it. Gradually, they came to believe the legend that a network of telepaths existed, sacred descendents of the gods, who told each other about events --or I would say: who found out about them simultaneously-- at a speed no contemporary technology has reached yet.

The legend quickly becomes an essential part of the plot of the novel, which tells us about how one of the main characters-- Amalfitano, the unsociable philosophy professor interested in Duchamp and the mathematics of limits-- soon starts to hear thoughts in his head that come from somewhere else. He then discovers, through research that leads him to find a document from that period, that it is quite likely that he is a descendent of one of the legendary heroes to whom tradition and legend ascribe telepathic abilities.

“Only after 1700”, says the document he finds—“did the Spaniards notice messages being sent through branches. They were puzzled BY the fact that the Araucans knew about everything happening in the city of Concepción. Although they managed to find the *adkintuwe*, they were never able to translate it. They never suspected it might be telepathy.”

Further along in the story, Bolaño adds the conclusions his protagonist the philosopher draws from the document:

“Which leads to the conclusion that, 1: all the Araucans or most of them were telepaths. 2: the Araucan language was closely related to the language of Homer ... 7: on the contrary, the telepathic communication was never discovered, and if it ever stopped working, that was because the Spaniards killed all the telepaths. 8: telepathy made it possible for the Araucans of Chile [I doubt you need to be reminded of the country of Bolaño's birth] to maintain permanent contact with Chilean emigrants who were in such far-flung places as crowded India or green Germany. 9: Should one deduce, then, from all this that the author of the document, Lonko Kilapán, was a telepath? Well, yes, that's what should be deduced.”

READING AND TELEPATHY: BENJAMIN VS. DAN GRAHAM

All of Bolaño's writing – and I might even say that all writing is, or at least somehow novel writing is - is *telepathic*. What is fascinating about the episode I've mentioned is precisely that it becomes self-referential – which is certainly inevitable in a good Duchampian philosopher. The passage is actually more self-generative than self-referential, in a similar manner to Dan Graham's *Schema*: it produces what it is talking about: *telepathy in the writing*. The passage continues:

“One can also deduce (and with a bit more effort, *see*) –I emphasize what is in parentheses- other things, thought Amalfitano as he conscientiously took his pulse and observed Dieste's book hanging in the night in the backyard”.

For anyone who reads the entire passage, their thoughts are immediately full of images, ideas, and contents that actually are confirmed (or disappoint us) further on. The writing quickly becomes *telepathy* – which means one can hear (*see*, says Bolaño) even that which is *not said*, that which has not yet been spoken of. What is curious about this is that, depending on how we take it, this idea that writing is *telepathic* can seem empty, a mad whim, or on the contrary, all too obvious.

In a well-known passage, Benjamin states the belief that one could learn an unknown language if one looked at a text in that language with sufficient persistence and

concentration. That might seem to be a matter of great deductive powers but it is not; instead, it is related to the conviction he put forth in *One-Way Street*: that reading is always *hallucinogenic* (sic) and that there is no drug more capable of inducing profane enlightenment. All writing is charged with contents that require an accomplice, the *hallucinatory* exercise - what we call reading - to take place in, shall we say, our thoughts. Of course what is behind all of this is a certain theory of knowledge, which serves simultaneously as a theory of writing and a theory of reading.

Taking the passage – or even the entire novel – by Bolaño as an *allegory of reading* in the sense Paul de Man uses the term would not be an error. What Bolaño is telling us – and I might dare to say *telepathizing* – is actually *reading*, thinking of contents as the eyes run over a series of signs, of little black marks on a white background (or the ear hears a series of sounds; maybe I am also *telepathizing* a thought to you now), that *reading* is the result of a *productive* operation: one *thinks a thought* that we could say imitates, reproduces or mimics another thought that was previously produced in the other.

Writing is merely the *medium* and reading is the *psi procedure* by which the ghost is embodied in our own spirit. That *ghost*, which is those scribbled marks, in the absolute materiality of its mute gestures, secretly *voices* a thought, a meaningful content exuded in the radical blind darkness of the signifier- taken purely as a scribble, as something that cannot of itself *say* anything but that one can *allow to speak*.

The question then – the matter of telepathy, that is- fundamentally has to do with two things: first, how the meaning appears *as a ghost* where it is not – or how what does not speak, *speaks* - and second, with the timeframe established in its process. In other words: in telepathy, is simultaneousness really produced, a *synchrony* of different thoughts, or perhaps a sort of *anticipation* – *in two units of comprehension, simultaneously?* But let's not get ahead of ourselves; don't *telepathize me*: let's take things step by step.

FIRST QUESTION: ON HOW WHAT DOES NOT SPEAK, SPEAKS

The first question then: telepathy is primarily to do with the question of how what does not speak, *speaks*. Or perhaps it would be better to say: about how “what-does-not-

speak" *thinks*. But in addition, of *how what speaks says something other*, something more, *than what it says*. And while we're on the subject, of how then a text never actually says entirely (all of) what it says. And therefore, of how interpretation -and criticism as its analytical epitome- is actually the only thing that makes reading, the act of thought itself, like a route comprised of the flow, of the textures, of the unconscious, of the purely material.

If we take all of that into account, we will then conclude that it is not surprising that Freud included his own interesting reflection on *telepathy* precisely at the very centre of his principle essays on which his whole theory is based: his meta-psychological essays. And there's nothing odd about it because what is founded on the *possibility* of telepathy- something, as is known, Freud eventually declared that he *believed*- is precisely the very possibility of the unconscious, of the machine that manufactures thoughts without being, as yet, a self, a constituted subject.

For Freud, indeed, *telepathy* is the result of work comparable to that of dreams, to the "dream-work": work that places thought only where there is a signifier, which places psychic life only where there is pure materiality. If we remember a dream where the telepathic effect is red-hot, we will see it. For example, the one where a father dreams that his son comes up to him and shakes him, saying, "Father, can't you see I'm burning?" Awoken by the talking ghost of his son- a telepath, without a doubt-, the father quickly realizes that, indeed, his son is burning where he lies dead in his coffin in the next room, because one of the lit candles near it has fallen onto his corpse, which was laid out for viewing.

What is interesting about the story? Of course, nothing "paranormal" or "meta-psychic", we could say. But rather the fact that in relation to a subtle perception – which needs no explanation: a rise in temperature, reflections of light from the next room...- an entire literary, narrative, interpretive "work" is built, which quickly -I would say, even before the perception that serves as its origin- gives body to knowledge which becomes crucial as it represents an "emergency" -in both senses of the word- for the subject's psychic life. Regardless of whether that "advance" constitutes, as we will see, the timeframe of the telepathic - we could say that it is close to a premonition, in a micro-instantaneousness that precedes its own *occurrence* in the time of the "historical" event

- the main thing is how a double fabric is constituted here, a double structure of memory-web.

The first places the subject in relation to the collective from which it is distinguishable-indistinguishable - the web of relations forming a fabric within which its specific being is gestated, the fabric of its "epic story", in Lacan's words. The second places the event triggering the emerging perception in relation to the web formed by its narrative, what we could call a web of mythic –or oneiric- "work" that, by relating each element of the interpretive system with the others builds a plausible unit of meaning.

Thus, it can be said that telepathy- as the latent content of the dream- is only carried out in the subsequent time of the interpretation. But as soon as that is built, although in a way that is not yet self-reflective, at the actual moment of the psychic act – the dream or telepathic impression- we can say that it is already a *thinking act, full of cognitive force*: both the dream and the telepathic impression have already been carried out (due to the dream-work or the myth) in forms of constituted language and thought.

What in the reality of the psychic experience is only a charge-force that alerts us to an inconclusive perception, insufficient but an emergence nonetheless, the emergence of something of interest to the social network of the subject in terms of feelings, is constructed as a connected narrative, like a story, by an ultra-fast interpretive process which actually happens previously – in the logical reordering which the subject makes of it as an interpreting subject- even as a *prior* perception. This is *telepathy*. Let's say: knowing that one knows something that one doesn't know, hearing how something that *does not speak* tells us we know something that we do not know we know...

SECOND: THE LOGICAL TIME OF TELEPATHY AS ANTICIPATED CERTAINTY

The second key question in relation to telepathy is then: that of its own timeframe, its "logical time", a time that we will see occurs "as anticipated certainty", as advance knowledge of what one *already knows* before one knows it.

I am certain that in the title I have offered for this section, at least one of you has recognized that of a well-known Lacanian *ecrit*, which starts out with the story of a group of prisoners who are offered a chance to be granted their freedom by guessing

what colour marks them, deduced based on the observation of the one worn by the others (shall we say, by the self-deduction of the being of its own difference based on recognizing that of the others). To do so, each prisoner places a letter (of a total of five possibilities, two are white and three black) on their head in a place clearly visible to the others but that they cannot see.

What this Lacanian passage demonstrates is how the acquisition of a certainty about self-knowledge -the self-reflection in which an acquisition of identity takes place- is not limited to a precise logical equation, with a degree of absolute accuracy (in fact, although one sees two white cards, one may still be either white or black). The acquisition of certainty depends on the *ultra-fast* perception of how our image is perceived -like that of its reciprocal *otherness*- in what we perceive as the *other*.

Here a decisive double dynamic opens up, which has to do primarily with the speed of what is at stake: to actually win the proposed game-sophism, it is essential that we be the first to acquire *certainty* regarding who we are, what sign we carry, what is the quality that distinguishes us, how we know the one that we erect as our own *difference*.

The problem is that we can only solve it *in relation* to the perception of it that the other has, and to how the other acts by virtue of it –so the other can try to anticipate ours. This is how a sudden course of reciprocities opens up, which is what fosters the *tele(sympathetic)pathic* process, in the form of an establishing propagation. Thus, spontaneously, it is the form of socialization -of a collective, simultaneous, synchronized constitution- that makes this effect of self-perception possible *through the other* in which is established as a postulation, a decisive gesture, (or perhaps I should say “decisionist”), the self-assignation of this or that difference regulated –in relation to the group, to the set of others in their reciprocal movements- at the moment in which “simultaneously” the *suspension of uncertainty* comes into play.

Therefore, there is no acquisition based on logical certainty, there is no sure, well-founded knowledge – of the being that one is. Rather, there is an ultra-fast, permanently revised negotiation of the game of reciprocities, of mutuality, that is cut off solely as an effect of an exercise of affirmative will that instantaneously resynchronizes, at each moment, the economy of reciprocities of the collective itself.

To know if I am A or B I have to pay attention to how those I perceive as A's or B's see me: but to know how they see me, I have to wait to perceive how they move, how they act in relation of the perception they have of "how I, in turn, see them". By that time, quite clearly, I will already have to have moved (if not, they cannot know who they are, with a sufficient degree of certainty, and then I would no longer have any way of winning the game). In the case of winning as well as providing them with information without which they could not do it either, in some place the "logical" uncertainty should be suspended, it should turn into a *supposed knowing*, into knowledge, into thought, into what it certainly *is not*.

What is solely a process of intensive perception of *otherness* is constituted in this way and by the effect of a chain of synchronized perceptions of subtle reciprocal micro-movements, in the form and exercise of a collective *synesthesia* - in which, energetically and instantaneously, a process is developed that establishes socialized subjection (without which no affirmation of one's own private identity has a real base of certainty).

A process that is actually then of the order of desire, of the life of feelings: that has the form of a dynamic constellated by the diffuse summary of the fabric of reciprocities of self-affirmation –of will-, as a projection negotiated by mutual ghosts, by images of otherness that are accepted with no basis other than a suspicion that we quickly need to leave behind to enhance our efficiency to act. That *hastened suspension of uncertainty* is what *produces* as knowledge -or makes pass as knowledge, as thought- what is really merely a presentiment, an economy of micro-gestures interpreted in advance: to become in that ceremony a staggering exercise –fiduciary, mythical-poetic- of *recognition*, of ritual participation in the con-celebration of the arrival of an "I", only in the blurred constellation of a *we*.

What eventually turns into an *elucidated form of thought* thus originates as a purely abstract affective tension -the projection of a desiring form whose final goal is the recognition of the being who makes it-; what eventually turns into a statute of differential affirmation of a particularity of experience -in the *life of a subject*- is no more than the propagation of a whirlwind of ghosts in a social body, in the environment of a

relational landscape of reciprocities -before which an anticipatory tension is made, which necessarily is synchronized innumerably, with a speed of refreshing itself that is impossible to record, to perceive, to enumerate. With the same speed as continuous, (a)historical, absolute time -to which a timeless, eternal balcony, extended to all places, suddenly appears to us.

THE PRODUCTION OF THE PSYCHIC: THE SETTING FOR PSYCHO-POLITICS

I would like to turn away from the question of the “telepathic” for a moment to approach more clearly the question that I feel is always really behind my reflections. As I see it, what is at stake is nothing other than indeed a reflection as to how the processes for creating subjectivities are developed, how a subject, “what is *subjected*”, I'd say, *is produced* and *is placed* under a set of specific circumstances. Conditions that, in any case, can be fully recognized by a radically materialist analysis, without hesitation – today when a certain *bio-politics* seems ready to flirt with the return to essentialist *animism*, under “neuromantic” biologicistic parameters, all of them camouflaged under the strengths of the new neurophysiology.

I for one would be in favour of affirming rather the character that is primordially political –I would even say doubly political, we will soon see why- under which the dynamics that establish the formations of subjectivity are formalized. We could say, following Foucault in *The Hermeneutics of the Subject*¹, that that production of the subject is the leading channel for the new *art of governing*, the new way that the political spreads its potential. But also, at the same time, in this production work lies the beginning of any possible line of resistance or deviation, “if one accepts that there is no other place for support, at the beginning and the end, of resistance to political power than the one found in the relationship one has *with oneself*” –here I quote Foucault explicitly.

In other words: producing the “I”, the *self*, the *subject* that has a name is very probably the fundamental strategy by which today -maybe we could have said *always*; but, yes, let's say *today*- power operates, the movement by which power establishes its *empire*. The beginning of all relations of domination are actually formatted here, in this *sponsored constitution* of the processes of subjection: in the set of operations by which *human life* is constituted as the “life of a self”, of a subject, of a “subjected one”, I would also say.

In fact, that is the task par excellence that the capital machine has taken on *today*, to base its logic of power on: the task of generating *ways of life*, how they come into being, under which we *come to be* that "self", that "I", that we would say "we are". Or to say it in Judith Butler's anti-essentialist way, "we are for now" - like when she says "I am not a woman; I am a woman for now". She herself would have highlighted, quite rightly, how in the exercise of *government-ality* today, power creates lives "controlling differences, socially producing and organizing images and desires, investing certain features with power, cutting back certain feelings, establishing hierarchies and separations, even constructing mechanisms by which certain groups are stripped of humanity"² –those who are thus reduced to what Agamben has called "bare life".

The paradox begins when we realize that that is the same setting, the same theatre of operations –that has to do with redistributing differences, reorganizing feelings and intensities, modulating desires and work in collective imaginations- in which any kind of critical or subversive work would have to be carried out (this is at least the point of view of bio-politics). For that reason then the formula making the *care of oneself* -the *souci de soi* proposed by Foucault- the basis for any possible politics of *resistance* will have to overcome a serious initial difficulty: it will have to go through the question of a possible serious contradiction.

Which actually consists not only of the fact that the territory in which power as well as our possibilities of resisting it operate is one and the same, and that what is disputed seems to be also in fact the same object: precisely the *self*, that *we ourselves* that is trapped -produced- in the administration of power but also in our practices of emancipating ourselves from it.

If not, and in an even more disturbing way, we may have a more than well-founded doubt as to whether any of those *practices of resistance* or *escape* –those that we represent to ourselves in well-meaning fashion as practices of resistance or escape- are no more than yet another plan, another twist, prefigured by the segregation of how things are imagined- in this case, how resistance is imagined, which leads the people hunting down tendencies to seduce us with slogans like "your rules", "be yourself", and so on- which fit well into the constitution of the process establishing subjectivities in the

context of the new *economies of experience* that contemporary capitalism uses as an identifying capitalism, as a mega-factory of subjectivities.

We must not fall into the defeatism we might recognize in that overwhelming fantasy -which reminds me of the sequel to MATRIX, when the architect explains that *the illusion of resistance has been manufactured* to ensure the total confinement and reclusion of the subjects in the heart of the *model of experience generated* developed through programmes that manage the psychic reality the inhabitants of the matrix feel as their lives, even as resistant or emancipated lives-

I say: we must not fall into the defeatism we might recognize in that overwhelming fantasy, and we could at least say something like it would be in the exercise of its work of government-ality that *it*, that power *produces* us, but it does so in such a way that at some point that factory allows us the commitment and will -or at least an extremely strong desire, perhaps- to escape from its pressure by some *escape route*, although only to return at some other point, under some other economy, to the same management, the same task: that of producing ourselves, to end up manufacturing ourselves as subjects of existence, as an *instance of life*- except that now, perhaps, in another way, *under a different regime*.

From a Deleuzian point of view, we would not have to call here on any “second” substance –but rather admit that it is the extension of *life as immanence* that procures both that tension of resistance, of subversion, of a shift, an excess, and breaking down of the structure in which it is trapped and subjected, as the factory prior to -perhaps- that same despotic, subjugating structure. We could even argue –looking at the fantasy of reclusion and its rather tedious story of salvations- that if it happens that way, under that despotic conformation, it is precisely in order to make possible and well-founded the occurrence of our existence told precisely as being permanently adrift, nomadic, that breaks down and de-territorializes all boundaries –and primarily any modelling, and crystallizing in an established structure.

Thus, and if we allow ourselves to be carried away by one of these extreme fantasies, we must admit that confronting bio-power should –under this perspective, which is that of bio-politics- should avoid returning to any classic model of bipolar confrontations, dichotomies which are more or less Manichaeian in their analytical-critical

simplifications, to accept that in regard to modalities establishing ways of life and formations of subjectivity, everything is, primarily, purely an intensive matter: fundamentally, a matter of speed, of regimes, of experimentation, of intensification...

BIO OR PSYCHO-POLITICAL EXPERIMENTATION

Experimentation, then. Movements that are unexpected, anomalous, excessive, subtle, intensive, affective, stylistic – Foucault is most convincing in formulating his politics of the *self* when he enumerates among them the *practices of style*-, movements that because of all that de-territorialize or at least displace the models that institutionalize the current ways of life for any existing being, to keep it subjected to an increasingly precarious, devalued existence, to an impoverished and alienated life of the spirit, to the indignity of feeling *the lack of a life of one's own*.

It would not be easy to enumerate –and even without trying to be exhaustive- the series of these possible movements -experimentation. Among other things, something tells us it is better to be silent, to stay away from those *cool hunters* who so quickly would turn their escape lines into (new) tackle for capture, in operations of institutionalization. Some of those present would surely wish to point to the fertile association of some practices of social activism with others of artistic communication as a privileged territory for their development, and I for one would agree that it probably so. But, at least for now, I would rather be cautious and keep silent...

And instead of enumerating or proposing some examples of those kinds of practices of resistance that I particularly value, what I would like is to suggest something about how I understand they should move in relation to a very specific axis: that of the formation, I would say, of the *formations of subjectivity*. Not so much then in relation to the production of life in general, but rather quite specifically in relation to the *production of psychic life*, the production of *modes of experience* through which each life feels and imagines itself, perceiving itself as a *lived life*.

I will say -and with this I will end this long digression- that they will always be trapped in the dominant model of administration by power –associated to the contemporary form of capital- inasmuch as they move up and down along a sole axis of resolutions: that of *organic formations*, the one that below leads to the institution of the self, toward the

privatization of its individuated form, and perhaps above toward the notion of the state, of an organized social body -let's say the nation, now that the universalist fantasy of a cosmopolitan and pacified humanity on the horizon of happy homologation achieved under the tutelage of the project of lights -that is, as a utopian result of the progress of knowledge and the speculative and ethical uses of reason -has finally been abandoned as a fantasy used for ulterior motives or sterile.

Therefore: the experimental production of *inorganic* formats of subjection will be where we will be able to find or raise escape lines from what has been laid out in organic models, where those experimental practices are able to lead us, on a micro-scale, toward the untamed explosion of the pure becoming that configure each life, toward the recognition of a complex of multiplicities -of intensive singularity- which, boiling beneath its ominous figure -refuse to be reduced to the figure of the individual-I, of the self.

Likewise, at the other end of the axis, we will find increasingly insistent -and effective, I'd say- attempts to structure, from the point of view of bio-political practices, inorganic formations of collective subjugation -like the community in Agamben or in another way in Bauman, like the notion of the multitude in Negri-Hardt- that operate like abstract machines, like devices, projected from the aspiration of making them resistant to the reduction the organicist conformation will always aim to carry out, the crystallization that as a result of the cathexis on an intensive field that determines the homologizing imposition of a sole despotic signifier projected as identity as a repetition of the same imposed on the collective of differences stripped under its imposition of their untamed, wild deployment of strength.

All the notions that political practice has tried to structure around an organicity in the formations of subjectivity have been prone to the same defect: they aim to make something crystallize in identity, something that is rather pure anomic tension of reciprocities, of a life of mutuality, of coalition, to which, in order to presuppose that it is capable of *purpose-oriented action*, it is not necessary to hand it over to the entrenchment its organic, organized constitution supposes, whether in the deception of the individual-I, or in that indecency they call nations. As Nietzsche wrote, *there is no self, there is no state, there is no species: there are only highs and lows of intensities*. It is solely a matter, I would say, of releasing their power.

COALITION 2.0: THE INTERCONNECTED MULTITUDES THEORY

Let us return now to our reflection about the telepathic, about the form of thought and how the subjectivities are produced that take place in it, as a potential tension of a coalition that is inorganic, reticulate, and "Uni-minded" (it could sound like a joke, but those who are familiar with Kirby's comics know what I mean). The form that the figure of (not)knowing we have been describing takes lacks recursivity: there is no going back. Nothing of what happens in that (not)knowing was prior to it, a priori, or transcendent. Nothing of what is produced there was already there, but rather happens, *it is placed* there, it is pure becoming. Something that is placed as an interpretation or a thought from the instant prior coming from the possible (entropic) future of the system (from both the system of matter and the system of reading), from a *topoi* that was surely (if we wished to guess what) its spontaneous line of fall - of distension, shall we say.

Thus, a double compression movement –that charge equation by which the game is attracted like an abstract, irresolvable sophism and immediate distension like a fulfilled form of (no)response determines the functional logic of this operation. Systole and diastole, compression and distension, inhalation and exhalation, something captures the differential game constellation of the parts as a centripetal magnetism of its molar cloud, stops once again, and instantaneously, lets it distend, propagating itself in a loose dispersion toward its infinite escape lines.

Coalition is the name of the momentary centripetal equation, the vectoral moment of a force of mutuality that depends on being placed in *the same place*- in the same plane of consistence, as immanence- an itinerant multiplicity of differences, of highs and lows of intensity, the electrified moment of a tension of intertwined potentials. Coalition, or we could say *multitudinous moment*, the tension of an a-numerical group that is embodied instantly in the form of a constellated, composed movement, as if directed by unanimous will. But it would be a serious error to take this emerged and self-establishing collectivity as anything except that mere *moment of force*, the provisory virtual body -a body without organs, an abstract machine- of a functional (and trembling) unity of action and (no)consciousness, a machine of flashing movement that takes place, almost instantaneously, between the lines of time.

And it would be a serious error because nothing in it is stabilized, nothing takes on a symbolic body, nothing is crystallized in the form of a fulfilled closed identity, in the closure of a name of its own. No: this is not the setting of some fixable collective identity, it is not the name of a transcendent autonomous Subject of History that is recursive, anchored to some bio-territoriality –it has nothing to do with nations, ethnic groups, classes, of a unit of destiny in history, nothing to do with any of that. No: here there is only the moment of spinning, an economy of feelings measured by an inapprehensible intensive-time, the complement of a pure aerial drawing that gathers and disperses in tenths of a second an indeclinable multiplicity of conjugated autonomous movements, of converging trajectories at the instant of magnetic negotiation, of intersecting lifelines that are, at each moment and simultaneously, lines of meeting and lines of escape.

This is the setting of a figure in ephemeral change, negotiated instant by instant in the course of a possible action –which is executed, which *takes place*. In constant construction, nothing here is given papers confirming stability, territory, passport, or an act of government or parliament. Instead, at the most, papers granted subsequently, by common law, the power of joining together and sharing life. We are here in the setting in which the city is understood as a pure fractal constellation of feelings, of potentials for action. It does not matter that it has no body of its own, no specific materiality –or territoriality: there are no borders or biology, but rather the pure negotiated transivity of respective movements, a relational space that is underway, a mere public-sphere, a place for mute dialogues spread by propagation, by the pure contagion of feelings, in that economy of anticipation of the recognition of the other that flows constantly, never still, like an instantaneous pulse and always falling, always in transit between its movements of compression and distension, Eros and death.

The citizenship granted here does not ask for or give names: it flows liquidly in the tension of contagion of a dynamic of the feelings propagated (there where they procure growth, mutual strength). All of that which runs through the bodies and hurls them beyond themselves to flip them into the power of one without organs, tensional, that no-body (or the body of the *socius*) where the powers of action of all of those who comprise it multiply exponentially, with the force of every node in their intersections

with all the others. No: this is not the cold statistics of that rude remark they call a *state of opinion*. If anything, at least, it is a historical effervescence, an Eleusian fire of the passions of life, of a better life, of a nobler, higher life. We could say perhaps a *state of passion*, a fluidics of feelings that move at the speed of a sole implacable equation: that of desire in its reciprocal compositions, in its innumerable routes through the citizenry, constantly negotiated. No, there is no *collective intellection* here, but rather shared affection, collective *tele-pathy*.

REVOLUTION AND TELEPATHY: THE POLITICAL UNCONSCIOUS

And the question then, might be: what kind of knowing does this constitute, which is the fruit- we said- of a pure collective *telepathy*- of a state that is merely an epidemic coalition of affective states, propagation and distant flow of empathies –in the setting of a *body without organs*, a pure plane of abstract immanence- not logical, formalized thought, a self-reflecting formulation.

I would say it is a structurally negative thought, a thought about exactly what there *is not* in each time –a thought induced precisely by *what there is not*. Telepathy –as an expression of the collective imagination, of a kind of uni-mind conformed as the sum of an uncountable number of small micro-forces- is always a thought of that order, a thought constituted on the other side of the insufficiency with which our desire -an infra-thin desire, which never gives up, nonetheless- expresses its absolute inconformity with the world we have, with the diminished way of life that is handed to us as life -supplanted by the impoverished vileness that, in every effective construction of the world, founders in *the false*.

An abstract machine, what speaks in this form of *affect-thought* is then the unfulfilled longing of something other, of authentic life, the uncontained passion of magnificence, of plenitude –that runs through all the moments of history like a red thread, to find in them the vicinity of the same revolutionary impulse. What speaks in this form of *affect-thought* is the same equation of reciprocity that institutes as a *system of citizenship* the body without organs of an uncountable multiplicity, that *imitatio affecti* that Spinoza imagined as a radical political utopia: the city as a swarm of spirit formed by incorruptible men.

This knowing-(not)knowing is then the flag and machine of war before it is actually thought, before it is constituted knowing. It is *cupiditas*, inflamed passion before it is a formulated object or place. It is the opposite of constituted knowing, it is the form in which what has no place of its own, no legitimate voice, speaks: something that then perhaps we could call *the political unconscious* of each time, to recognize it in ours.

It is, finally, the nebulous typing and grammar of reciprocity, a fire of desire of the absolute which takes no other form than that of a moving, fleeting flight, expressed in an indecisive succession of floating formations -of the collective imagination. Which says nothing but perhaps the demand for a higher, truer life: the refusal to settle for anything less.

It is perhaps the outbreak and power of a tension of thought synergized in the complicity of the many, there where their multiplicity postulates an inexorably unclosed management –and therefore, always open to deviations, to its deviations. It is perhaps the product of an *intensive memory* which is nothing less than the equation of the interaction of *the others with their others* than the inverted memory of a longing for the future which has always, and as the consciousness of fatal incompleteness, beats as *political drive and power* in the silence of what, in every time, speaks with the voice of an unbeaten ghost. It is perhaps that *spectre* that from the distance of time still to come, asks us forcefully about a beloved destiny, with the vocation of deserving a name that is yet, that we still, are certainly very far from having the right to bear. Simply, that of *humanity*.

¹ And Francesco Giorgi and Robert Rodríguez remind us of that in the introduction to their collection of *Ensayos sobre biopolítica* (*Essays about bio-politics*).

² Idem.