

If i were in Madrid right now, I would be reading these notes on the twenty minutes assigned to my conference, previously called "Affects in cyborg articulations", as part of the [Metabody Conference 2013](#). But I am not.

Even though El País titled the Metabody project as "[New Digital Paradigms](#)", my suggestion of streaming my speech or sending an audio file to be played there was not welcome (is not hearing a body sense neglected by the monopoly of visual culture?). So I decided to send you the notes and publish them in Spanish at my [blog](#) (it is a blogspot, sorry for this... Katherine Hayles made a wonderful conference on how it is that we live in such contradictory terms the 27th on this same event)

in Spanish, they say that the fox is cunning not only because of being a fox, but specially because of being old... maybe they are the same ones that say that the early bird catches the worm

#1. the regretful fox

I am called "zorra suprema" ("supreme fox") which in Spanish means "supreme bitch", being "fox" a synonym for slut. But it has been quite a long time that I do not feel comfortable with my nickname.

To be a successful fox/bitch, being cunning is much more important than being proud or ambitious. The fox survival depends on its ability to play dumb. (Note: have a look at [alzheimer/wheniwasatrotskystmole.txt](#))

It is not worthy to have altruist attacks and believe oneself to be the Bitch Hood of the woods: the fox is the one that gathers the farm animals

to its den through a lot of tricks, taking advantage of their credulity and their ignorance of the territory.

On the fables, the fox/witch is sly, while the hen is silly. That is why the fox does not feel any compassion: the fox does not cry or hesitates when hunting the hen, it is very busy running away.

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#2. the fox empathies with the hen and it nearly ends at the wolf den

I say to whoever wants to listen that the worst of deep crisis is the langour of enthusiasm. Terrified at this perspective, I took a high risk attending to an event like metabody without balancing efforts, investments, exhaustion, refunds or profits. It sounds very financial, but I am talking from a deep crisis situation.

It is difficult not to feel enthusiast with an advisory board with such names as Haraway, Annie Sprinkle & Beth Stevens, Luciana Parisi, Karen Badad, Sandy Stone, and so on...

I played the part of the one who can bring everything off (note: re-read stopitnow/whatfeministssay.odt), and bet on metabody project trusting on past alliances. But, in less than five days, I lost a whole month rent, a friend and the illusion that brought me to Madrid.

I am coming back to Barcelona with a fluid retention that makes my eyes difficult to open, an oral herpes, back pain and painful contractures. Is my body a metabody?

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#3. the symbiosis between the non-domesticated.

Since I left my academic work at big institutions, I have been taking part in projects worried by horizontal participation; transparency of budgets; free and open source technologies; and the affective caring of bodies and relationships.

These worries are the detonator of daily assembly spaces where to meet each other and discuss any conflict or suggestion; open participation channels to propose ideas, actions, discussions and collaborations; online publication of budgets; common places to meet and gather apart from the conferences; shared and carefully prepared meals; tools for collective communication...

Sometimes, the event or project run fluidly and you come back home satisfactory transformed. Some other times, specially when hundreds of people gathered along several days, there are some big stones on the river... arguments, disputes, nerves or discomfort are at the same time difficulties and challenges. Because what finally remains is a strong satisfaction of meeting new worlds, another technologies, unexpected projects and people with whom you feel a great affinity.

I come from these encounters with new friendships, powerful entanglements and political alliances. Maybe these encounters are not more than an illusion of creating things in real time, but here I remember what my Galician granny said: "I don't believe in witches, honey, but they surely exist".

I am talking about self-managed meetings such as summerlabs, hackmeetings, and workshops at social centers and squats; but also about projects managed by dance centers, independent presses, international art and media festivals, feminist associations and art collectives.

On the train back to Barcelona, four days before

my previous schedule and one day before my conference, I feel like the one who, having lived all her life by the sea, plans her summer holidays at the dessert. No mistake should be repeated twice, but I went to the Sahara twelve years ago at the summertime driven by the same spirit as I went to Madrid four days ago: it will not be so hot in the dessert, it will not be so hot, it won't...

As I inhabit the nano-world of resignification, I pretend permanent resignification in the global village...Debug, debug, debug...

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#4. meta- /

1 denoting a change of position or condition: *metamorphosis* | *metathesis*.

2 denoting position behind, after, or beyond: *metacarpus*.

3 denoting something of a higher or second-order kind: *metalanguage* | *metonym*.

4 Chemistry denoting substitution at two carbon atoms separated by one other in a benzene ring, e.g., in 1,3 positions: *metadichlorobenzene*.

ORIGIN from Greek **meta** ‘*with, across, after.*’

From the 24th to the 31st July the Metabody Starting Event is being held in Medialab Prado, organized by [Universidad Autónoma de Madrid](#) & [Reverso](#).

I presented a conference at a call for papers, and my speech was planned for July 29th, but the organization sent several emails (some of them with open addresses) inviting all participants to take part at the whole event.

I took this invitation as an open call for collaboration in some aspects of the project. I forgot the #1 rule of “never give anything from granted”, and planned an 8-day stay in Madrid at my own expenses.

To my astonishment, the first day I bumped into a

meeting between co-organizers and associative partners about budget issues in which attendants have little to say; several presentations from the organizer towards a common theoretical framework (was it Haraway who advised us against "the ironic dream of a common language"?); a set of organizers and associative conferences separated from the rest of the conferences selected at the call for papers, in a way that partners and organizers left Madrid before the rest of the conferences started, so local and foreign people did not have the chance to listen to each other; contradictory information to the selected projects about the estimate budget assigned to each one of them; accommodation at a nearby hotel for partners and organizers (I believe that at their own expenses) and only for two of the seven other developers of the selected projects; difficulties to find a place where to discuss possible conflicts or ideas openly and freely... the webpage statements talk against "the homogenization of globalization" but it was very difficult to build an assembly space where everybody could talk and be listened to... reverso announced the "generation of conditions for a social ecology" but there where no time/space available to meet each other... Debug debug debug

People were asked to introduced themselves the very first morning of the event, so the ones who arrived later did not have the chance to say who they were and why they where there. In the evenings, what someone funnily called "the Black Block" went to nearby bars to have beers while the rest of participants left to some other places. Fortunately, there are always people who know how to resignify quickly and get ready to live the event. Some people who are as sly as a fox, or as smart as a bitch. But I have said before I do not feel comfortable with my nickname.

I could not help but asking the organizer about these issues, which I blamed on tiredness, management mistakes and an overwhelming responsibility, but I was shocked when he looked himself irritated and offended, accusing me of being a "victimist" and of trying to pass as a "super-revolutionary".

At that moment, I completely forgot my nickname and acted as a Mr. Hyde version of a hen: enraged and silly at the same time.

I eventually run out of money and, as I did not find any way to get part in Metabody these days or did not feel able to create the opportunity to meet the other attendants, I decided to go back to Barcelona.

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#5: my ketabody

from Greek *ketan*, alteración de *ketaton*, from French ***acétique***, from Latin ***acetum*** 'vinegar.'

I get home. It smells like pine trees. There is a fire somewhere near. Summertime in La Floresta.

I go to the green garden, take a cherry tomato, it tastes delicious. I get myself a beer and, forgetting everything about herpes, back pain and rents, I sit at my white-trash garden to work on my actual project, which we will start developing at [Artropocode](#), "a cohabitation space to generate DIY/DIWO projects", planned by the [Arco Atlántico](#) network as a part of the [Summer of Labs](#).

These kind of projects, with tremendously lower budgets, open up strong political, affective and creative possibilities. Hackers meet transfeminists meet neighbors meet ecologists meet

performers. Fruitful entanglements. Art, culture, political action, DIY technologies, gender, bodies, shared situated knowledges, biohacking, education, nomadism, permaculture... and a lot more tags without prefixes or the yearning of a common language.

I finish my first beer. Some teenagers yield at the park as in a mating dance. I put my earphones on. [cll007_daax!_freeUrCode!](#)

Far away from my friends who remain in Madrid, I look back at my mistakes and glitches, and I make a big effort not to feel guilty for throwing my Incredible Hulk towards them... those bitches with an unbeatable fox spirit with whom I share beds, round tables, yearning, efforts, disappointments, caring, arguments, knowledge, interest... love, I mean.

And I propose a toast to those who fight for doing what they can with the available tools, in if there are no tools, they do not hesitate on making them up, without loosing the only values that are worth for: time, bodies, know-how, illusions, caring... I am talking about politics.

I would have loved meeting all of you, attendants, co-organizers and partners, in a more touching and caring experience. It was delightful to hear all the conferences, but I miss a time for debate and entanglements.

Thank you very much for reading these notes. Any comments will be welcomed.

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