

## LET'S NOT BE A RIVER. LET'S RIVER.

Now is really the time to set language loose from its burden to be logic, coherent, static, and linear and open up its possibilities to be illogic, non-linear, fluid, and caught in action.

It is more urgent than ever to make things, ideas and bodies move.

I would like to invite us all to play:

Let's not be a river. Let's river.  
Let's not be a mountain. Let's mountain.  
Let's not be a dancer. Let's dance.

I would invite us to think words as actions and have them reverberate on our skins, sink into our guts and run in our bloodstreams.

A word is now being formed between the palate and the tip of the tongue, as touch, friction perhaps. Felt. Soon heard...

Let's pay attention to this how.

Let's allow for this play to make and unmake us so that eventually we're not sure where to find ourselves.

We cancel the idea of this "I" that in our society needs to do everything by themselves and for themselves. ( Mememe, I I I ) now disappears in the horizon taken up by birds, transformed into minerals and enveloped by cosmos. Good bye. ( )

We are finally many. We are finally stars.

And, as we are playing, I hope that you want to,  
let's look at language from the hidden side of the cube.

let's cut and join, and gather differently-

let's taste a language that plays us with a backbeat,  
a foreign syntax that transforms limitations into assets-

Oh mountain, mountainously, mountaining!

We are close, but no cigar. A minor language. An entanglement of species.

We are nothing but waves in that faulty river.

As such we drop our need to bridge and consolidate. We thank language's argumentative ally "*if ...then*" for its long and loyal service, and allow for the opportunity of a "*what...if*", language's playful friend, to appear.

"*What.. if*" is a space where anything can happen.

"*What..if*" plays things out as if they are real, without necessarily being true.

*“What..if”* rivers for a while and then it mountains. *“What.. if”* peaks at the hidden side of the cube:

You see, *“what if”* builds new worlds.

It cuts a scenario open with all its different layers active and leaves it bleeding into a possible future. *“What if”* is a whateverness, a non-sense and a particular way of making sense.

What if language now is less of a retrospective?

Let’s play this out. Hesitation omitted.  
Through our whole body at once!

I would love to play writing out as a mesh of different temporalities and contradictory trails where things may leak into each other, fleet and take new forms. (me me me we we we) Would you like to join me?

Let’s sink into language as if it were a compost, where movements like absorption, dissolution and extraction drives the process, opening up for detours, gaps, glitches and frictions as possible material?

Treasure the gaps, glitches and frictions.  
Treasure the stops.  
Treasure the scribblings.

Let’s play this out. Hesitation omitted.  
Through our whole body at once!

Let’s allow ourselves to be played by a vast entangled grey zone of unpredictability.  
What if this volatility is our livingdying? Never one without the other?

What if language is now an urgency?

We are caught in the act. Our fingers way down the jar...  
Dying, undying, mountain:  
speak!

I would like to invite us all to play with formats and protocols of writing that we are familiar with as if they were action plans for a Choreography we have not yet seen, let’s write a thesis where the footnotes is a poem which is an orgie which is a dance, a catalogue which is a dream about a painting long before the exhibition exists, a documentation which is a process which is an artwork which is a question, leaking over its borders to new domains.

Let’s make the knowledge this language carries useless, dubious and let’s immediately retrieve it back into action.

Are we playing yet?

List of references in no specific order:

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