



**Distirak#4**

**Leire Aranberri**

Distance Karaoke that cries (Distancia Karaoke que llora)

If an April morning,  
sunny and hot,           unsettles  
in does so even more    to move away from it,  
enter AZ  
eat Chinese at El león de oro  
and return, late in the afternoon  
to a city ravaged by the desperation of football.

At the end of the day, we have a few beers near the river. We've just come from Lantalde#4, a meeting organised by KINU with Andrés Duque as guest artist. We're on the quay, talking about the workshop and looking for words to define the last exercise. S. says he cried; I. says that whoever managed to do it would be banned from any social context; A. says he's very angry.

Andrés proposed an exercise where, for one hour, everything we did had to be preceded by a thought that defined it. This proposal, which divides and subordinates the parts that make up each movement, also divides the workshop in two, after a whole morning talking about unity, transcendence and universality.

After a couple of initial attempts - in which the thought either struts around ordering suicidal actions such as "fly" or hides behind a breath that has already been taken - the impossibility of the exercise dawns on me. I wonder what lie this exercise promises and if we can coexist together.

In an attempt to do so, I use the pretext of a recent reading of Spinoza's theory of parallelism. In it, the author defends a clear autonomy between "thought and

extension/body" not only denying any relation of causality between the two, but also any primacy of one over the other. He argues that everything that happens in thought happens simultaneously in the body and vice versa, without delay. The only correspondence between the two is the awareness of the other in the mode of its own. In other words, thought has an idea of what the body is and the body has a sense of what thought is<sup>1</sup>.

This theory helps me get into the task; it seems to be convincing enough for me to accept, first of all, the distance that the exercise seeks to reduce.

Many of us have our eyes open and sometimes we look at each other. There is a lot more than a metre and a half between us and it seems to me that we are in a huge room, full of distance. There is something monstrous about this exercise.

I remember the look of terror on the faces of friends who once told me about sleep paralysis, those nights when you wake up trapped in, and unresponsive to, a body still asleep. The scientific explanation for this occurrence<sup>2</sup> is based on the dissociation between the body and the brain during REM sleep. This phase of sleep is characterised by eye restlessness, rapid breathing and vivid dreams, and to protect itself from possible shocks and falls in response to these dreams, the body disconnects from the brain. Thus, if there is a rude awakening, the tired body remains deeply relaxed.

And indeed, some participants were deeply relaxed; perhaps they had discovered the lie of the exercise. Those of us who were more terrified, on the other hand, looked something like self-possessed subjects or poorly oiled robots.

Could this distance between order and execution be the same distance we take with respect to the veracity of the exercise? Could we be as much the object of the proposal as the proposal will be the object of our subordination?

Of course, in order to take a basic position with respect to an impossible proposal, there has to be some distance. As in the best *autovoyeurism*, in which one gives oneself more pleasure than one receives, or in the stickiest shame where the pair collide, distance affords the great pleasure of not being the other and in that way each one of us is two.

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<sup>1</sup> Deleuze G. (1984). *Spinoza: filosofía práctica*. (5th ed.). Tusquets editores.

<sup>2</sup> Jalal B., Ramnachandran V.S. (2017). Sleep Paralysis, "The Ghostly Bedroom Intruder" and Out-of-Body Experiences: The Role of Mirror Neurons. *Frontier*. Recuperado de <https://www.frontiersin.org/articles/10.3389/fnhum.2017.00092/full>

If that parallelism of which Spinoza speaks,  
so broad and predetermined,  
were to eventually collide with another highway,  
as parallel as our own,  
we would be marked with the stamp of our own direction,  
which, as double as it is  
is hard