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## **Love, a way of glossa: on digging the land of the bodies and the languages**

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**ABSTRACT – Love, a way of glossa: on digging the land of the bodies and the languages –**

The act of digging, as pictured in a Paul Celan's poem, figures as the starting point to evoke the potential of love as a poetic act able to form new affects and political subjects. Such notion about love, contrary to the romantic tradition, leads to a tension between the individual borders and all that makes him a person, in the perspective of a criticism of the humanist perception and of the theological-political project of the neoliberal capital. For this provocative intent, the ideas of some authors, as Nietzsche, Deleuze, Derrida and Safatle, reverberate here. It is a kind of digging that, as the loving act itself, heads to an ethical and aesthetic exercise involving the languages and bodies' stratum as a way of making escape other potentialities swashing a policy of the inhumane.

Keywords: **Love. Language. Body. Glossolalia. Politics.**

**RÉSUMÉ – L'Amour, la façon de gloser: sur creuser les bases des corps et des langues –** À partir

de l'image de l'acte de creuser dans un poème de Paul Celan, une puissance d'amour est suscitée en tant qu'action poétique capable de créer de nouvelles affections et sujets politiques. Telle notion d'amour, opposé à la tradition romantique fait tension à la limite de l'individu et tout ce qui le caractérise comme personne. Pour cela, cette notion est insérée dans une perspective critique en relation à l'humanisme et au projet théologique-politique du capital néolibéral. Par conséquent, la pensée de quelques auteurs ici fait réverbérer, c'est le cas de Nietzsche, Deleuze, Derrida et Safatle. Cet acte de creuser, en tant qu'acte amoureux implique un exercice éthique et esthétique sur les substrats de la langue et du corps comme forme de faire fuir les autres puissances qui font clapotis une politique inhumaine.

Mots-clés: **Amour. Langue. Corps. Glossolalie. Politique.**

**RESUMO – Amor, modo de glosar: sobre escavar as terras dos corpos e das línguas –** A partir

da imagem do ato de escavar em um poema de Paul Celan, suscita-se uma potência do amor como ação poética capaz de criar novos afetos e sujeitos políticos. Tal noção de amor, avessa à tradição romântica, faz tensionar o limite do indivíduo e tudo aquilo que o caracteriza como pessoa e, por isso, insere-se numa perspectiva crítica em relação ao humanismo e ao projeto teológico-político do capital neoliberal. Para isso, o pensamento de alguns autores aqui se faz reverberar, como é o caso de Nietzsche, Deleuze, Derrida e Safatle. Esse escavar, como ato amoroso, implica num exercício ético e estético sobre os estratos da língua e do corpo como forma de fazer fugir outras potências que fazem marulhar uma política do inumano.

Palavras-chave: **Amor. Língua. Corpo. Glossolalia. Política.**

*Cosmic consciousness. You have already reflected on the cosmos, have not you? There is the sky, there is the Earth, there is the sun, and the wind blows. Where does the wind blow from? Where is that sun? Everything has a name. There is the earthling name, terrestrial man. Any single thing and it is already calculating. Better than the earthling, who knows, the cosmic man, extraterrestrial. No, no extraterrestrial, that does not exist. I have been thinking only about the cosmos, lately. Do not be earthlings forever, become extraterrestrial. I do not say that in words, but in the heart. I keep telling myself to become an extraterrestrial, not a man of the Earth. The principle of the cosmos... no, there must be something before the man arose. When? When did that start? The principle of the world, the principle of the cosmos... when I think of these principles I do not understand anything (Kazuo Ohno, 2016, p. 148).*

### Love, a way of digging

Let us talk about love one more time, let us think about it, let us regurgitate, let us try, who knows, to make elude powers that enable other worlds, so it can blossom indeed. Let us allow our bodies to be devoured by the experience of letting it cross ourselves. Nevertheless, let us forget the story we were told about love, the culture we were given about it, what in the languages were discussed about it, the feats that allegedly were executed by it, and all the stolen values that built this historical-political-spiritual human stronghold under the designation of love. Let us empty the notion of love that we inherited, all its court, its rites, its pairs, its glamour, its smell, its sex, its gender, its contracts, in short, let us empty ourselves of it a bit and increasingly. Therefore, will there still be love? Is it possible to love like that? What love are we talking about? Let us start with a comment from Vladimir Safatle (2015, p. 255) about a poem from Paul Celan, which talks about how the bond between lovers can be generated.

But, for the rings to blossom, it is necessary that language touches the impossible, that it conjugates in a way that grammar does not allow to conjugate: *ich grab mich*, I dig myself. Never the language saw similar action. I dig myself because there is land in me, the same land that buries you. And the first excavation is the language's, that needs to shift from communicating to start to dig itself, to disassemble its own rules as who deconstructs houses on the surface to find other remains from other times in the subsoil. It is only through a torsion of the language that lovers produce what they are able to.

First, it is important to situate the book from Safatle, which aims at a need that we, human beings, be dispossessed and depersonalized of values linked to the *modus operandi* of the capitalist machine and its production of subjectivities, in order to engender other political affects to unheard contemporary experiences. This is a matter of touching and tensioning one's limit and everything that characterizes him or her as a person. Hence, the love presented by Celan (2015, p. 253) is "like the elemental gesture of a gross repetition", because the act of digging, in this context, is exercised in timelessness. Such notion of love would take us "From *somebody* who is still a person, about whom something can be said, to *nobody*: this one, dispossessed of predicates; this one, who asks where did you go to if there is no place to go" (Safatle, 2015, p. 254). There is an urgent and necessary individual loss here. To fight to be nobody.

However, in *Grand Hotel Abyss*, Safatle, referring to the critique to a humanist notion of the world, addresses the importance of getting rid of everything that is human, everything that constitutes the person's human figure. Because a political power is sought in the inside of the inhuman. Farewell to humanism. There are, clearly, echoes from Friedrich Nietzsche (2011), when he says in Zarathustra that the human being is something that must be overcome, as well as from Gilles Deleuze e Félix Guattari (2000, p. 49), to whom "[...] there is no love that is not an exercise of depersonalization over a body without organs to be formulated". The notion of man is a cultural invention, which is permeated by history and languages, delimiting clearly a construct that separates it from nature and animality. The man sounds like a sovereign figure, capable of designating the whole cosmos. He is in a privileged place before the whole existence. The metaphysics serves him as it serves the very notion of God.

The very idea of humanism assumes an "astute theological-political project" (Deleuze apud Safatle, 2012, p. 226), because first and foremost we are talking about a human form and a whole array of predicates which make it up; in other words, such idea of humanity is impregnated with the image of the man in order to deter the entire absolute Other that is not human. Here we are facing an extremely limited idea of alterity, mainly because such alterity also excludes other humans taxed as non-normative. However, what does love have to do with all of this? The critique of this philosophy, which implies the

inhuman as source of unusual experiences in politics, goes with the notion of romantic love and its entire tricky heritage. Whereas such notion ends up terminating values linked to possession, stimulating the so-called sovereignty of the individual, mainly of a moral individualism, which serves the plans of capitalism so much and that has been developed over the centuries as a machine of appropriation and expropriation of subjectivities. Sophisticated anthropophagy and regurgitophagy. It is important to make clear that an entire legal architecture is implicated in the idea of romantic love, whereas the possession over things and people is a contractual foundation of the loving pact. This serves overall to the capital market. Love is a great deal! See Valentine's Day, the weddings, the divorces, all sorts of wedding anniversaries, couple's therapies, the repercussion of crimes of passion, the stories we are told in the movies, in the books and all the morality permeated through the substance lovingly financed by our daily system. The romanticism would imply on the individual sovereignty and on the moral individualism, on the authenticity of the feelings and on the contractual interests, as well as on processes of material reproduction of life and capitalist consumption. The ethics of consumption. The ethics of self-entrepreneurship. Here nobody loves without appropriating or being expropriated by the symbol of the capital: the law of love! A profound confrontation in the face of this way of implementing political affects from a neoliberal logic sounds urgent, mainly when it shows the profusion of an individual neoliberalism that implements itself in an intimate sphere of the relationships. The enemy of our power acts micro-politically. It is molecular.

Anyway, the critique to humanism implies a farewell to this invented human nature, we are also nature after all. And here love can be seen as mineral, vegetal, animal and cosmic. And, in fact, are we not all of this? Even though our speeches preponderate over the facts of life, even though we are contractualists and have an immense difficulty to discontract ourselves, because this implies to operate life in a coercive and controlled way, even though we find a stone something inorganic, dead, inert, even though there are all the even thoughts, we are this dust, maybe the dust from *and to dust you will return*, but no Christian at all, because the *religare* here is of a singular, molecular and imperceptive alterity, to use the lexicon from Deleuze and to insinuate the exercise of the existence as power from Baruch Spinoza in his Ethics.

Let us be inhuman, radical principle, to get all the existential moralism off ourselves, to exercise a cruel ethics which may sound like principles of the Nietzsche's *amor fati*, to accept what comes and what goes, acting for a necessary sake, which makes to reverberate the *wu wei* from the ancient Chinese Taoism, the action for the non-action, as well as the nature we become like the action of "[...] *passive synthesis* machined by partial objects, by fluxes and by bodies, and that works as unit of production" (Deleuze apud Safatle, 2015, p. 268). Openness to the absolute Other that, in a Lacanian way, sounds as

[...] a way to say that love is not only openness to the alterity of another person, who in the end would be 'like us'. It is openness to a more radical alterity, thus openness to what, in us, dismisses ourselves from the people condition (Safatle, 2015, p. 267).

Let us, then, get our humanity to fail. Failing as a person is to lose the ground and throw yourself into that odd abyss inhabited by new forms that unreason, unbalance and dispossess ourselves. It is the each-time-better failure from Samuel Beckett (2010)<sup>1</sup>. To fail the values that imply those borders for the coercion of life, plastic values. To set on fire. This is like to be raptured by an evil machine of the Holy Spirit, everything burns and is flawed by stranger tongues of fire. Remaining the ashes, it is underneath them that the collapsed ideal of individual rests and remains. Let us fail as people! Fear-grinder machine. This a real possibility of love, this so-called love that dispossesses and makes ourselves helpless, way for transvaluation of all the values announced by Nietzsche<sup>2</sup>.

But let us go back to the reflection on the poem from Celan, we still have something to be dug there. And digging is an exercise of self-emptying. To do empty. To act empty. And to fill in yourself in a measureless and porous surrender. You do not do it, in fact, because something exercises a power over you that unreasons yourself, it is the so-called zone of intensity<sup>3</sup> in which it is possible that something transits; this removes your identity and makes you escape from yourself. Escaped-from-yourself is an alterity more radical that opens itself, as well as the possibility of love according to Celan. The lines of flight enable the continuous variation: I experience; therefore, I am not! Free jazz. Here jazzes something that spreads and multiplies itself in all directions. It does not become something, there is only the becoming. *I dig myself* sounds like an ethical principle before life, as well as it is an ethical principle to create for yourself

a body without organs, or the exercise of the power with your affects and affections in Spinoza, or even the Nietzsche's *amor fati*, as already announced here. Minor variations of an ethics. When I dig myself like this, as a peculiar attitude of the exercise of an odd love, it is the nothingness that sprouts before me, in me, a nothingness without a person inside, without that humanity engendered over the centuries, without that coercive romanticism. It is about a nothingness whence the possible nobodies sprout for a vast depersonalized world, open to other tactics, practices, other escapes, other political affects. 'More love, please' is the land of nobody, smearing the sheets of life, freeing screams, outside, inside, sweaty hearts in Molotov cocktail, announcing fires, poetic terrorism, resistance, micropolitics.

### **Delirium of the languages**

The poem from Celan talks about a repeated action: to dig. Here love is action. There is a correspondent word for "digging" in Portuguese which is *escavar* that comes from the Latin *ex-*, out, plus *cavare*, from *cavus*, "concave, that presents an empty part, emptiness, material withdrawal"<sup>4</sup>. What is this land that is withdrawn and what is this space created? Poetics of the space. Empty space. Nothingness. Love as a movement of subtraction of something. This something has been culturally, historically and linguistically accumulated as an extensive mythology of the lovers. The myths were created and capitalized. The lands of the person, of the selves. The forged lovers in the capacity of individuals. They are forged by words, by the syntax of what is to say 'I love you', by the profusion of the meanings, of the interpretations. Nevertheless, above or under all of this, one must dig to enable the emptiness. Poetic operation on the ground, and the ground is pebbled, full of sediments, it is stratified, many minerals, bone structures, fossils. To dig is to enable emptiness. Emptiness of yourself. To remove the person we are, the person that was inserted into us, instilled and cultivated, the humanity that insists on sticking to our bones. To remove from our daily flesh the rancidity of the speeches, the determinant power of the language and its limitations. Will it be possible? If something needs to be withdrawn from such a singular digging, that is because in some level something was expropriated from us, either by a divine judgement, as Antonin Artaud<sup>5</sup> pointed, or by culture, anyway, by such an engendered rule that became omnipotent and omnipresent.

Why must the first action to love be a torsion in the language? The language is a construct that served and serves to keep us apart from nature and animals, since it allegedly synthesizes a unique capacity to ponder itself over the world. Self-consciousness. Human language. Language makes us different, separates us, ascends ourselves to the steps of the evolutionary stage, makes us the controllers of the things, gives us the possibility to name the cosmos. Such language makes us humans. This so-called language also tensions the human speech, makes us to dive in the concepts, in processes of signification, of production of meaning, semantics, speeches. An incorporeal, known as 'the sayable' by the stoics<sup>6</sup>, imbues the bodies, and permeates everything, it seems to cross everything. It is not our flesh, but it seems to be so entangled in it, as in the case of the word 'love', 'I love you', and all the proliferation that the centuries of hermeneutics dwelt on them. Twisting the language always put the human being on the spot of not being human anymore. We can use the example of the mystics, of many poets, artists, schizophrenics and all sorts of people that made a pact with the phenomenon of bordering, the border of the language, the border of themselves, the border of humanity<sup>7</sup>.

Deleuze and Guattari talked about the necessity of non-significant ruptures to create a body without organs for oneself. A movement of disarticulation of the body in accord with freer aspects of the language production. The outside of language. This would be the work of the writer, because "Writing has nothing to do with meaning, but with surveying, mapping, even if it is in a region that is still coming" (Deleuze; Guattari, 2000, p. 13), which also denotes an operation on the earth, the territory of the language, in this case, from its tensor: the speech. To engender another language inside the language. Intrusion. To be a foreigner of yourself, since "[...] just as the new language is not exterior to language, neither the asyntactic limit is exterior to language: It is the Outsider of the language, it is not out of it" (Deleuze, 2004, p. 128), this demands a poetic act. A literary act. And Celan enables a "literary way in a form of *happening by dispossession*" (Safatle, 2015, p. 255).

The torsion of the language, or the Outsider of language announced by Deleuze, assumes a torsion of thought, which certainly would imply a torsion of the bodies that make world through desire. Because to twist the language would imply to twist the world, to twist the given, implicit, incarnated logic. To twist what concatenates and resizes which we call reality, which represents



itself as something apparently ineluctable. Because, first, it is about a powerful poetic exercise, and such exercise makes the intellection, the bodies, the way we address the world delirate, as, first, it is about being a foreigner in one's own cultural territory. To escape inside the context of language is to escape to the outside of this. We are still implicated. All poetic movements flirt with this property of disaggregation and unreasonament of the speech as tensor of language, this is a glossolalic potential by excellence. This can be a literary exercise as it should be an exercise of the desire in a wider sense. There is no individual here, because what swashes, swooshed, will swash a collective is waived, that is why it is an action of dispossession and depersonalization.

In the work *A Thousand Plateaus – Capitalism and Schizophrenia*, Deleuze and Guattari insisted on the power of this language that swashes a collectivity, the social implied in the 'incorporeal transformations' suffered regarding language which concerns to the bodies though, since they are transformed. When they say every language is a reported speech, a free reported speech overall, it is because language is not personalized, it is not servitude to the individual, neither decal of the self. Actually, it makes escape unconscious secretions, masses of shapeless voices, strange heterogeneities. To access such reported speech, impersonal, it would be like a "faculty that is in truth mediumistic, glossolalic, or xenoglossic" (Deleuze; Guattari, 2002, p. 25).

One digs until being nobody anymore, thus "[...] we flourish being nothing, having the courage of taking the being to the limit of the purely undetermined" (Safatle, 2015, p. 260), so this would be the necessary and urgent love for our age, a contemporary love able to touch the impossible. A whole contemporary philosophy that spoke about the so-called 'twist in language' or its outside, and for the most part treated it as a form of expression, a literary form. The poetic act would be this aesthetic act that points to an ethic possibility. A machination of the desire in a becoming-literary. 'I love you' needs a violent, gross intervention in which love does not pass by the sieve of interpretation, by the river of significations, by the sense formatted by the language, it has to experiment, this is the tension. The gunman Riobaldo, narrator and central character of Guimarães Rosa's *Grande Sertão: Veredas* [The Devil to Pay in the Backlands], is dragged by something that intermixtures him with Diadorim, there is no gender here, there is a creative pulse, a singular initiation, a pact. Riobaldo becomes a political power, a circuit of affects that puts him in the

position of experimenting a necessary confrontation with the world, with life. It is an entrenched and entangled war in the deviations and escapes of language. The most secret recondites of the backlands are the most secret recondites of the self, which are the most delirious power of language. In Guimarães Rosa (2006), literature is delirium. To become *Urutum Branco* (white rattlesnake) is a movement of depersonalization of Riobaldo, thus “[...] it is at the highest point of this depersonalization that someone can be named, receives his or her family name or first name, acquires the most intense discernibility in the instantaneous apprehension of the multiplicities belonging to him or her, and to which he or she belongs” (Deleuze; Guattari, 2000, p. 49). This name was given in wedding with the undifferentiated, with the absolute Other, to dig the language to meet the devil. Pact.

The speech as tensor of the language enables certain death of the individual. Thus, the speech is the territory in which the politics of the possessions constitutes the ‘I(s)’, the people, thus ‘I’, ‘my’, ‘I can’, ‘I want’ are indices that love to possess, psychology of the being, theology of the individual. Everything that makes us in the quality of human person is permeated by the omnipresence of the speech in its relation with the limits of the language. To be nobody is a courageous political step, thus love as an exercise of a divisive power of what linguistically possesses us.

[...] it is the invention of an unheard circuit of affects, which generates alliances in the middle of dispossessions and the violence of the depersonalization. Circuit of affects because love is a circulation that produces relations that have its own time, a time that will not be counted between instant and duration (Safatle, 2015, p. 255).

It is not about what I love, it is not about ‘my’ love or anybody’s love, it is about a cosmic convulsion, shared, becoming-love, thus it is a collective that crosses us, and such a collectivity is of a frantic multiplicity, it is legion, tourbillon, the so-called radical alterity, inhuman, an indiscernible zone, “[...] a syntax in becoming, a creation of syntax that makes the foreign language in the language, an unbalanced grammar” (Deleuze, 2004, p. 127). The time of the lovers in that ineluctable digging, exercise of the powers, to revolve the soil of bizarre and shiny worms, the territories, the fleshs, the bodies, the bloods, the bones, where the worms transit of an atemporality that is immeasurable. The

worms also dig in the poem from Celan. Here there is no historical time. There is an ethical-aesthetic-political con-tempo-rary proliferating itself.

The speech and the language are so intrinsically linked to the notion of humanity that to make a pact with the devil is like to lose yourself in a dangerous endless abyss. Let us remember the example of the letter from Lord Chandos to Francis Bacon, in which Hugo von Hofmannsthal (2008) touches just on the limits of the speech and its tension with the language. The linguistic disaggregation of which Chandos suffers is a *tête-à-tête* with madness, an approach of the wild nature and the loss of all the comfort that humanity relegates us. A despairing helplessness, such an emptiness that consumes everything that predicates and identifies it.

Resuming the necessity of the torsion of the language, Deleuze called such poetic operation of making the language stutter. To stutter in the proper language, making a movement of continuous variation on its strata. It is about a minor use<sup>8</sup>. To minor the language is to make it escape. The writers “make it slide in a sorcery line and they do not stop unbalancing it” (Deleuze, 2004, p. 124). Here, to Deleuze, language is not confused with speech, thus it is about “an affective language, intensive and no more an affection of that who speaks” (Deleuze, 2004, p. 122). To set into motion, to enable the becoming, thus one never stops to experiment, so the writer “makes the stuttering affects of the language, not an affection of the speech” (Deleuze, 2004, p. 125). At the same time in which the French philosopher speaks of the possibility of not confusing the stuttering of the language with the speech, he points the various sound possibilities from this poetic operation, “last sonorous block, in a unique blow in the limit of the scream” (Deleuze, 2004, p. 125). The breath-words from Artaud<sup>9</sup>. The stutter as poetic power insinuates a corporal materiality, it seems to incite a voice. Deviating syntax forcing copulas with the limits of the language. Love invading other strata. Let us talk about it next.

### **Because to dig the language is to make escape the bodies and voices**

Is it possible to move forward the reflection of digging towards love in an endless stuttering of the language, making out of a poetic act the establishment of other political contexts and affects through a literary operation? And the aesthetics of the living bodies in performance? The torsion of the language as a poetic literary act implies limits to an *aisthesis*. Although such act, as incorpo-

real power, enables the transformation of the bodies. After all, the speech and the powers of the language imply political bodies, which are sonorous bodies, sounds, voices, materialities, corporeities, the sensible, and they flirt with a more porous notion of expanded voice, that implies to think the vocality from affects and affections of this proper body, from the limits of the language and from the thought powers. What is the body able to do in the poetic act in performance? Spinoza's statement, even in the 16<sup>th</sup> century, very timely by the way, seems to point the flame towards a so-called poetics: "The fact is that nobody determined, until now, what the body can [...]" (Spinoza, 2013, p. 167), thus the body is immeasurably bigger than the knowledge we have about it. There is a lot to dig up. And, starting with this poetics of the sensible, what is the voice able to do as poetic act that makes the language destabilize? 'I love you' is an assertion. At the same time, even if the language and its processes of construction and apprehension of the senses and meanings, the so-called incorporeal sayable, permeate the world, the thing, anyway the bodies, it must be asked if the interference of such affects would not imply in other political bodies in poetic action. Action as sensorial manifestations, as power that instigates the senses. The body is there as zone of intensities, it shares of the same substance of the thought in the processes of intellection; this is the teaching from Spinoza. The body is the greatest foreigner of the aesthetics, it is the one who vocalizes, who writes, thus it writes from the substance that it is, by the exercise of the powers. The body itself a diggable, a depersonalizable, a deposable. The poetic act requires new bodies on continuous becomings of experimentation indeed.

From this possibility of love in Celan, one cannot love without a corporal disaggregation. Without a poetics of the body in its apprehension and production of senses. Furthermore, the aesthetics territory is proficuous for this set of dispossession and depersonalization practices. The language permeates the nerves, the bones, the blood, and this implies a bigger integrity from the one who exercises the act of creation. To dig, moreover, must be a perennial practice of the artist, loving movement, which enables the emptiness and all the rings of creation. To dig until reaching the odd marrow of the bones, of the stones, grease that had been lost from time, a grease to anoint the bodies of the lovers and creators, to grease all the senses that imply the aesthetic experience. Thus, the artist digs helplessly, he just moves forward when that daily little I is

increasingly lost. The artist would be a natural lover. Porous to life. Vector of urgent political bodies. Avatar of inhuman. What language should he speak? What should be transited through his voice? How should he write? What to let pass among the molecules of his body? An irrepressible wave tends to take him in a neuralgic imperceptible becoming.

Let something rumor, piercing him, may a collectivity, a multiplicity exercise over him. Glossolalia<sup>10</sup>. Moreover, the origin of the term *glossa*, from which the word glossa and the verb to gloss derive, refer initially to the written context. However, its unreasoner power contaminated the territory of the enunciations, voices, multiple bodies, enabling this so-called torsion of the language to be a whole torsion of the self. The affirmation of the cruelty in Artaud. The river of the speech that swashes the language, melted bodies in pure molecularity, micropolitics of ossuaries, sanguine-linguistic distortion. Therefore, the voice and the dimension of the body, flux *aisthesis*, are proficuous grounds to make this love pointed by Celan happen.

It is important to think how glossolalia makes something of inhuman pass in its set of practices. There is no humanism in glossolalia, it dispossesses the person from his or her attributes of cohesive thinker of the real, interpreter of the world, conditioner of the world, it dispossesses the person from the organizer fundamental element of the speech and the language, it throws the person to a vaster nature than the circles created and determined by humanity. It is like learning how to walk, to talk, but as an exercise of the self entirely renovated, to jump in the abyss of experience, allowing oneself to vocalize an incomprehensible and tinkling language. Let us remember Artaud's experience who, after suffering many electroshock sessions, had the mind, the brain and his linguistic, human and affective supports transformed into mush. No longer did he know how to draw, write, nor concatenate the thoughts. In this context, he used the unreasoner experience to exercise other powers of making world, the dispossession of the plastic forms in the drawings, the dispossession of the grammar in his writing and the dispossession of the speech in his voice. What kind of production of desire is spread and done when your mind turns into mush? It was in this time, admitted to the Rodez, by the end of the 1930s until 1945, that his production gained a perplexedly rampant tonus. Artaud was a dismeasurer of the language boundaries. He blurred everything. He turned into blur. And the blur in his voice, from a linguistic torsion, was glos-

solalia, machined in the desire of corrupting the language from itself, to make it a foreigner in escape, radiating other political affects.

Certainly, we do not need to experience such an extreme limit to exercise such powers, because we have such a liberty available that requires another kind of surrender, necessarily intense and impetuous, whose violence, in a singular way, can hurt moral, personalist, humanist, capitalist principles often engrained in our praxis. Such violence sounds like an amoral principle. To lose half of the self. Such measurelessness makes escape that recondite nature that the skin lets in, lets out, regulating in diabolical prudence. The art of the doses from Deleuze and Guattari. The glossolalia could be, then, an unreasoner power of the experience. Syncope, line of flight, to leave the precision of the sulcus, *delirium*. Love and glossa. If we accept the fact that love as a poetic act of literature presupposes a torsion in the linguistic sulcus, and that *glossa* is a term that is related to language, speech, voice and thought, should not we ask ourselves in which language love speaks? Is there possible language for such love? Would the voice of the impossible have resonances with its amoral principles? What is the possible body for such love? Would one poetic act be enough, so love could happen among us? Will it be? The *aisthesis*, in a broader sense, in the quality of unheard meeting of all the senses and perceptions that permeate us in artistic power, would not it be a vector of the experiences of such love? Especially because this poetic literary act is not this incorporeal that permeates all the bodies? How would it be to dig these bodies towards the blossom of the rings? How to say 'I love you' in such torsion of the language? How to lovingly move in such torsion of the bodies? I experience, therefore no *logos*! At least not absolutely *logos*.

If “[...] love is the space of the measurelessness, because it is the construction of the bonds through which we do not measure, through what we spend in an expenditure without utility, through what reminds us that ‘pleasure is what serves for nothing’” (Safatle, 2015, p. 265), that is because this inutility of the pleasure is something that serves to the poetic act, in a true disservice to the institutions, affecting the moralities, thus pleasure is. It is pleasure itself. It serves, overall, to a shameless, senseless love. In the context of this love, the lovers please themselves and moan in strange language, vocal measurelessness, becoming-glossolalic, thus it is about a simple wanting to say, with nothing to say (Certeau, 2013), a measurelessness of the speech tensioning the body of the

language, lurking and converging to the liqueur-bodies of the lovers. Pure affirmation. The 'yes' from Nietzsche<sup>11</sup>. To dig the lands of the voice, the lands of the bodies, the lands of the language and of the speech, to dig all the stratum given, because to dig is to invigorate with emptiness all the diggable immensity, gross act, raw material, alchemies, madness, creation. Until the limit of the pleasure in waste, that is pure measurelessness. Let us all please! Let us all gloss! Let us all glossa!

We are talking about a threshold experience, an anomaly that is processed as an abyssal phenomenon, something that is going around and deepening the limits. To dig like this assumes an abandonment, the affect of the helplessness discussed by Safatle, as a means of inciting new political affects. The face, the family, the culture, the tolerance, the meanings are lost because it is about a human resilience. To dig like this is something schizo. To bring the anomalous to the voice, to the body, because to twist the language reverberates the sensible. To bring to oneself and to the praxis this glossa, to bring it closer to the hot pulp of the creation and to lose oneself in its nature that expropriates us of ourselves, thus "The anomalous is neither an individual nor a species; it has only affects, it has neither familiar nor subjectified feelings, nor specific or significant characteristics. Human tenderness is as foreign to it as human classifications" (Deleuze; Guattari, 2005, p. 27). Are we still talking about love? Is that it, a witchlike language unreasoning its signs and its rhetoric? Can the bodies love this way, permeated by this overflowing, disowner, depersonalizer incorporeal? To dig this much, to all directions, a multiplicity? To love like this, corrupting the speech, imploding the language, giving passage to diabolical and unknown languages, practicing bodies for a performance without individuals, bonding the limits of the creation, disturbing the borders, raising a limitrophy, loosening the egos, succumbing the I(s), stunting the meaning until it is lost in the human notion. Escape in stampede of a legion of bodies holding voices. To be legion.

### ***Experimentum in love minor***

We are talking about the inhuman, the possibilities of contemporary love, glossolalia, powers, political affects, aesthetics, art, dispossession, about the odd act of digging the language, the bodies, the strata; we are, in a certain way, still speaking. Some poetic trickles, but the speech is here, here is the lan-

guage, here is the rhetoric, the scholia, the scholia of the scholia, the whole set of margins, here are the bodies that write too, that read. Is there a person here? Is there poetic act? Is it possible this so-called literary act here? An insinuator act of pacts and overflowings? Is it underway? These questions sound like something desiring to dig, looking forward to being excavation, thus this is a prolific territory for the naturalization of the people, for the edification of the I(s), for the practical habit of making oneself a person, for the possession of the concepts, for the exercise of naming, after all, everything here gains a name. This is a territory where the hermeneutics transit, place with a well-known history. The order of discourse, well-pointed by Foucault (2016)<sup>12</sup>. However, diggable place, place of pacts, territory for escapes, of strangeable borders. Does a xenoglossy fit here? Place for powerful schizophrenias? Is it possible to love here? Can we make from this instance a loving power? To promote other political affects in the act of writing? To use a word full of stories and disturbances, stored in speeches and languages barrels, as artists, should we subjectilize this territory<sup>13</sup>? Subjectile. Like the verbal-gestures from Artaud, subjectilizing the French language, subjectilizing himself, to probe, to carve, to scratch, to tune, to sew, to unsew, to tatter, to stitch and to dig, this other verb of love. To provide ourselves with such verbs for our affective politics of making love blossom.

And why not to make from the word love a subjectile, to make the syntax of the romantic love a subjectile. To make love go mad. Specially because to make something a subjectile is to twist and to violate its language and to tension its limits. Let us violate this territory. Let us all, please, in a human liturgy. Thus, our bodies are involved. Where could we go to if we start to dig? Might we make the rings blossom into the fingers?

To dig, to dig, to dig, to dig, to dig, to dig, resignedly to dig, to dig, to dig, to dig, to dig. Ritornello. Eternal return. Repetition. Difference. Let us touch the unheard rain, because all the water needs a brave grain to flourish, because blood needs an odd mud to run cruel, this is about the daybreak, this is a matter of life and death, to dig to blossom the eye of the sun, waterhole, let us allow the rain oddly fall, naked, fall rain!, let us drink this, washing us beyond ourselves, it gains strength, flocking birds burning wings in a sidereal love, fireball, dragonfly and lamp, addiction of the poets, wasting the sobriety of the light in the small work of accepting the necessary and rare, wasting this



nocturne thing, primordial clay, schizo mud of demiurges, minor act, moribund act of digging, digging, to create an emptiness that escapes from us... this makes a buzz in the world, something swashes through the streets, concerns the transit, feeds what escapes to be free, a thinker heart spreads itself around, to spread this dance, this exercises a dignified violence over the lives... militancy and stars because politics is to derive about love, to diverge in experience, to dig the deepest out of our beauties, this solemnity is poetic, blood, bone and cruelty, may Artaud be with us... touch, this was conceived, emerald board laid in dew, tinted in freak, matured under the starlight, convulsed in desires, cared in the mist of the dreams, (de)script, it is destined, without time inside, without history, given to sacrifice, initiated in orders and circles, for long time... touch with no fear because this will take you with the lifespan, river, let the time waste itself with this, margins, let it be... touch this with the pulp of your life, you close the eyes and this vibrates, you are far and this is close, you die and this remains, you live and this goes on, you are alone and this is near, you go mad and this gives you lucidity... what dig the concepts until they lose the act of conceptualizing?, until they take the bodies and live out there performing in broad skin light, what digs this immense land until the act of digging is this pure senseless and meaningless repetition?, resignation of the lovers... an abelard comet stains heloisely a cosmic route, he lost his name, she lost her name, conjugating an unnamed verb that drags dispossessed juliets, broken romeos, the art of breaking people, the art of glossing in languages, in political-spiritual militancy... the comet is crossing, it drags utopias, heterotopias, its garments of angelical baroque, abyssal devil, pinching, touching the fuck it, sidereal tango, marginal, nagual, it sings our peace, our lives, our deaths, its tail smells absinth and gunpowder embroidered in calico colorful eyes off cuts in hand written 'I am nobody', what do I care about the entire humanity?, standart, it is just a way of using love... to use in a strange, loving, political and wonderful way... fireworks, *aprêludes*, curtain rises, the castaways without hope...

Let us ritornello to the epigraph from Kazuo Ohno, about an extraterrestrial principle, about us becoming this cosmic thing, defective of understanding, incomprehensible, aggravating the sensible. This principle is not said in words, it is a matter of heart. The standard of such love could be something like this, written in a tissue of the universe, sidereal skin, galactic rumor,

(des)introverted from earth, hieroglyph of a linguistic experience with no name, sprouted from an excavation of our own debris, haunting timeless secrets. This porous standard is full of our dead and livings, it is proliferated of becomings, a legion inhabits it, a piece of unreasoned blood, there is a multiplicity there, animals and minerals in performance, a diabolic collective, lovers of the irregularities, of the singularities, of the delirium, tinkling and swashing so many voices, deleuzes, nietzsches, derridas, rosas, safatles, spinozas, ohnos, so many voices, to dig the language and all the earth that makes us, the black and abyssal matter that we are must be dug, ethics, aesthetics and politics, imperceptibly love.

### Notes

- <sup>1</sup> *No matter. Try again. Fail again. Fail better in Nohow.*
- <sup>2</sup> The idea of transvaluation is developed by Nietzsche in almost all his works, gaining more density and even more intensity in the period following 1882 to 1888.
- <sup>3</sup> Deleuze and Guattari permeate in a singular way this text and, sometimes, terms like continuous variation, Body without Organs, phenomenon of bordering, ritornello, among others, overall the work *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*, that make direct reference to them. For stylistic option, we have opted, whenever possible, for avoiding the notes to allow a more fluid reading. The consulted works are included in the list of references.
- <sup>4</sup> Available in: <<http://origemdapalavra.com.br/site/palavras/escavar/>>. Accessed: Jan 9 2017.
- <sup>5</sup> *Pour en finir avec le jugement de dieu*, radio play from Artaud (2004).
- <sup>6</sup> See *The theory of the incorporeals in the old stoicism* from Brehier (2012).
- <sup>7</sup> To explore a little bit more the idea from Deleuze and Guattari around the phenomenon of bordering, I evoke Jacques Derrida (2002) and his other logic of the limit, addressed in his book *The animal that therefore I am*, when he refers “[...] to the experience properly transgressal, if not transgressive, of a *limitrophy* [...] what is next to the limits but also is what feeds it, feeds itself, keeps itself, creates itself and educates itself, cultivates itself in the margins of the border”.
- <sup>8</sup> The concept of minority, very recurrent in the works from Deleuze and Guattari, was addressed in a more direct way in *Kafka toward a minor literature* (2002).

- <sup>9</sup> Topic also addressed by Derrida in *Writing and Difference* (2009).
- <sup>10</sup> An approach of the concept was developed in the master's thesis *difference voice glossolalia artaud performance* (Almeida, 2015).
- <sup>11</sup> The affirmation is an ethical exercise in the work of Nietzsche and was elegantly addressed by Deleuze in his book about the German philosopher.
- <sup>12</sup> Inaugural lecture in the Collège de France pronounced in December 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1970.
- <sup>13</sup> The concept of subjectile was addressed by Derrida (1998) in *To Make the Subjectile go mad*, from the production of Artaud's notebooks in the asylum context.

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