ESCAPE

First there was the Law. It established a field of prohibitions, enabling the management of illegalities. After the Regulation was extended occupying the interstices where the Law did not reach, and in order to control space and time. But it has been, above all, the duality ritual / routine which has organized the meaning of our life. Routine is a formal procedure in which we enter and whose meaning has been expropriated from us. Ritual is also a formal procedure in which we enter, although in this case the meaning is ours. Or so it seems. Having a coffee in the early morning can be a ritual. Or shopping. The rituals we invent to get away from an oppressive everyday life are infinite and even difficult to define. But we all know what is routine and the specific routines in which we are immersed are very similar. The ritual appears as a moment of freedom from routine. We get away from routine towards the ritual that, despite the repetition, suggests exceptionality.

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Regarding the Law imposed, the Regulation that normalizes because it excludes, the duality ritual / routine works apparently as a fuzzy logic which can not be redirected to a binary code. Because of this, the duality ritual / routine gives us autonomy. In other words, it gives us the feeling that we have autonomy. Unfortunately, we know we don't. In relation to it, there is not the unexpected. For that reason we can say that it is through the routine and ritual that we are introduced "freely" in the global mobilization. It is this duality that shapes us. It shapes us, not as a life to be lived, but as a management of life in all its precariousness. Living is not being able

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to rest, because if we stop being this mobilized life (with a good resume, projects ...) we sink into social death. That's why we miss an Outside in which to rest, and to rest is above all to disconnect from the mobilization which we are subjected to. More precisely, to disconnect from the mobilization that, deep down, we ourselves feed. We try to escape when we can. And the escape with which we all dream is the same: a distant beach. This is the ultimate representation of our paradise. Tearing out from time a moment of eternity in order to believe in something. Look at the horizon. What happens is that the horizon has long since disappeared. The beach bathed by a turquoise blue sea, has proven to be a television studio. We are at war. Inside the life we live the only existing horizon is that offered by a planned obsolescence.

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