

# Myself with me, on an island

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I can no longer tell whether it's day or night. That's what happens when one is alone and sleeps badly. It's what happens when one has run away from everything, including himself, and doesn't know where he is. At least metaphysically speaking, because physically I know I'm...on an island.

When I finished writing the sales report for *Videorecreant*, the supposedly collective creation project that I'd thrown myself into, I had no choice but to run away. I ran away from so many written lies. I promised myself that I would not do this, that there would be no regrets with the benefit of hindsight, no wise reflections, no looking for excuses to justify made-to-measure morals, that I wouldn't make myself face a blank page again, that I wouldn't lie to myself to satisfy my ego, that I wouldn't put results before process...lies.

It's lucky that I don't have Internet here, nor books that will let me decorate this text with pretty foot notes. Paradoxically, the only thing I've found here is...a pen and paper. And what good is it? What kind of a fool would start reflecting on his current existence and his memories, while having to, among other things,...survive? Because life on an island can be very tedious...or very exciting. Being on my own, I can manage to laugh at the things that happen around me. When a tree falls, I remember that famous rhetorical question, «If a tree falls in the forest and nobody is there to hear it...does it make a sound as it falls?» And what do I care, I think to myself. If I'm on my own, what's the good of hearing it? Of course at other times I'm

grateful to know that nobody is going to come nearby. I can walk naked wherever I want, I can scream, I can throw stones... this really is freedom!

The present moment seems to have become a relative thing. Specially because there is nothing I have to do. I only have one, if imperative, responsibility, which is to find food and shelter. I've often thought about building a hut. There's certainly enough wood, but given that I've always preferred renting (it's exciting to not know what the future holds!) and that it would probably, I've worked out, take over a year to make: I don't want to make it. I don't want to mortgage so much time of my life on an island that I don't even know how long I'll be staying on. I suppose it would be different if there were more people here. But imagine what that would mean...organisation! No way...the more I think about, I'm sparing myself all those discussions about what material to use for the roof, or whether it's better to build the house near the sea or in the interior of the island. I'm better off continuing as I am.

Although I haven't been here for too long, it's been long enough to have noticed certain things. In general terms, I don't miss my previous life. Before I would spend all day obsessed, thinking that I had to tell stories. My ability to imagine, re-tell and move stories from one place to another could reach unhealthy levels. I was a magnificent story teller. Here I don't have that need. I don't want to transmit anything. I only want time to pass. And I'm glad. I don't have to syndi-

cate content, read 43 different blogs, join 23 e-mail lists, find a new laptop because mine broke, ring the landlord once a month, buy fruit three times a week...although I wouldn't mind doing that here. Except here I don't have to bargain with my old fruiterer, Nicolas. Now I just have to walk around, be patient, and get to the beach before the few little animals that follow me to the fruits that are strewn on the beach.

On the other hand, I've realised something vital. It may seem stupid, but...I'm a finite being! Yes, you see, before, apart from the nonsense about the global connected age, I used to feel that between the 150 euros I'd spend on my mobile each month and the 30 emails I'd receive each day...I was infinite! Nothing could stop me, I was a tin opener of communication, the boyfriend of a monalisa in overdrive, a true biogeopolitical interconnecting agent at the service of social change and the counter-media, asystemic and imneoinmatrix revolution.

After seeing myself immersed, in reality, in the re-editing of a strange fiction, with a 2-month beard, thinking that if Tom Hanks could make a fire when cast away, it wouldn't be difficult for me to do, it's sad to finally verify not only that I would have been incapable of doing it (even with a lighter?), but that I'd also end up without the necessary patience, kicking the sand only to find, seconds later, while my body fell to the ground like a dead weight, that I had hit a rock hidden beneath the sand, and that my foot had just become proof and witness of my absurd and solitary existence, or, in other words: yes, I'm no longer infinite.

I would have liked an electrician, but unfortunately I wouldn't have had the 90 euros to pay him cash in hand. My foot recovered quickly, but the ills that were imprinted on my mind were of a different kind. I couldn't stop thinking that perhaps

I was mistaken. How I would have loved a doctor, a physiotherapist or my buddy the nurse. Or even better, my old private supermarket for self-medication addicts: the chemist. Because in reality...I was starting to notice something was missing...

At first I didn't really now what it was. Could it be creating? When I left, the latest trend was to theorise about the possibilities offered by new (old?) technologies for networked creation, to share knowledge, to free culture...etc. Not too long ago, to avoid losing my mind, I created what I called: "conference day". I brought together the only two animals that I had a close relationship with, an iguana and a turtle, I sat them in front of me, and so as not to lose my memory, and perhaps my sanity, I would give monographic presentations about a particular subject: the greatest success was the day I talked to them about *creative commons*. The iguana seemed excited until a few flies appeared near it - I even thought that its interest had something to do with the desire to free some distribution rights on the metamorphosis of its skin (though of course it would have problems with the iguana's union, which had set out a rule that went something like *The iguanas' colour change belongs solely and exclusively to the Iguana species*)-. And the turtle...this time it took over one minute to leave! I don't know, at the end of my presentation, by which time only the flies were left - I think -, I proposed an apocalyptic theory that said that if a human being does not live long enough to experience social change, perhaps companies are only entertaining us, and communications technologies are nothing more than excuses to keep us fascinated by so much supposed change and so much supposed creation...

No, it wasn't creation that I was missing. I suppose that when one spends too much time on one's own...little by little he forgets everything. Because essentially the life that I

led within society was active enough for my *Self* to be constructed through that of Others. I remember reading, before I ran away, that there is a current of thought called *Dialogism* that talks about the basic fact of human-to-human existence. That was mine! I even came to think of designing a t-shirt with the phrase (how postmodern of me!). And now, after wearing the same clothes for about 9 months...I shit on Descartes. I think therefore I am? No, my friend, I don't exist here.

I don't exist because basically I can't exist for myself. Isn't that what humans do, even those who live in society? Think of themselves? That's too reductionist, one of the few friends I still remember would have said. It's not a good enough argument to stop me making the decision I had been considering. When one doesn't know what he is missing, when one doesn't find meaning in the meaning of his life, when he doesn't remember what it is to share something...it's better to disappear. No euphemisms: to throw myself off the highest rock in this dreadful island. Pity about the iguana and the turtle.

While I climbed the mountain, I talked myself through my final video clip. I saw myself dying before my time, I would fall slowly, I'd finally remember whether I ran away because of *Videoenrecreat*, or whether it was simply that when I arrived at the island I was already dead, there would be optimised images (720x576 pixels) of everybody who had been my friend, I would remember each moment that I lived with them, this time I wouldn't forget anybody because it would be unfair to leave someone out here, I would finally know what a leap into the void feels like, I would discover why I never managed to fall in love and why I was such a promiscuous being, I would realise how stupid it is to spend time thinking about the differences between collective creation and individual creation, when adaptation

is the real problem in the screenwriting process, I would know whether my work had any meaning and dignified me, whether I should continue living in Seville or move to Barcelona, whether I could have played tennis on a clay court, whether my grandmother would have been proud of me...I was going to know it all. The infinite and the finite. *The End, Good Bye, Au Revoir...*

Just a moment, I can hear something...maybe it's a boat!!!

No, it was just another tree falling.

Maybe I shouldn't jump.

I don't believe in fate, but I believe in chance. If that tree fell and I heard it...maybe hearing it has no importance in itself. But if I tell somebody that at the moment at which I had forgotten who I was, the moment when I was simply listing what I had been and preparing to stop being, I heard a tree that I had already heard before, and that it made me think...could that mean something?

I think so.



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