

SCRIPT Right Now!

Introduction & Welcome Remarks

(E)Organiser:

Good evening. Spring is here! And it is my great pleasure to welcome you to the first *Right Now* Symposium here at wpZimmer in Antwerp. I trust you've all had a chance to meet and greet one another, do some socialising and refresh yourselves at the bar. Um... it's really exciting that this day has finally arrived. When we decided to do this in April last year, we never would have thought that it would turn out to be such an enormous event.

As many of you will know, we had so many people register that we had to move to a larger venue, so I hope you'll find that the scope of the project meets the standard that such a space demands!

When we first came up with a really ambitious list of speakers ... we thought it was unlikely that even half of them would come... so you can imagine our surprise and *delight* when every single one of them said Yes. You can *also* imagine our panic when we wondered how we were going to pay for this... uh, but... we, uh, applied for funding and, thankfully wpZimmer came through for us in a very generous way and we're incredibly grateful for that. I would like to thank wpZimmer, and all its staff who have provided financial, intellectual and technical support without which this symposium would not have been possible.

I also, before I forget, **want to give a massive shout out to our marvelous art team**, that built the set up and did the decorations for today. And last but not least, I want to thank all of *you* for coming and for supporting the work that we do here today.

(E)Moderator:

Thank you very much.

Over the next 45 minutes we have a superb line up of panelists and speakers from not only all over the world but also a significant time period in history, to be here with us today.

'Speculate', she said, 'right now.'

But before we commence our speculations, I think it is worth bearing in mind that in order to speculate on fictional yet possible futures, utopian projections such as some of those we'll present today serve a twofold function. They promote *estrangement* with the present, yet at the same time they provoke a taste for the political desire that might lead to genuine social change.

Critique of the present can only get us so far before we run the risk of spiralling into bewilderment or retreating, demoralised into regret and nostalgia. Philosopher Isabelle Stengers reminds us that 'Nothing much grows again where illusion has been destroyed.'

However, it seems clear that utopian visions of a sugar-coated paradise, free of all conflict would surely fail to convince even the eternal optimist that their revolutionary demands are truly within reach. The critical utopias that exist in some of the writing we'll make reference to today present us with real difficulties and injustices in a manner that might allow us to envisage ourselves and our many flaws adapting such worlds. In retaining such flaws, critical utopias tend to reveal to us their own resistance to change...

... and with change in mind, I'll finish by saying that I look forward very much to hearing the thoughts and proposals of our invited guests *and* our attendees. I'll now hand over to the speakers so that our intellectual feast can begin. I hope you can consider yourselves thoroughly and completely welcomed.

(APPLAUSE) *E takes microphone out of the stand to become the very important organiser.*

Oral Presentations & Keynote Lectures

S changes slide form the back.

(E)It is my great pleasure to introduce today's first speaker: **The Woolf**. Thank you and welcome.

Hello. Thank you for having me. The title of my lecture is:

Reveling in old wounds - is that what we are doing?

“Three years is a long time to leave a letter unanswered, and your letter has been lying without an answer even longer than that. I had hoped that it would answer itself, or that other people would answer it for me. But there it is with its question still unanswered. How in your opinion are we to prevent war?”

“But one does not like to leave so remarkable a letter as yours unanswered. A letter perhaps unique in the history of human correspondence, since when before has an educated man asked a woman how in her opinion war can be prevented?”

And she answers.

. . . those three dots mark a cliff, a gulf so deeply cut between us that for three years and more I have been sitting on my side of it, wondering whether it is any use to try to speak across it.

Let us then ask someone else to speak for us: Mary Kingsley.

“I don’t know if I ever revealed to you the fact that being allowed to learn German was all the paid-for education I ever had. Two thousand pounds was spent on my brother’s, I still hope not in vain.”

It is strange what a difference a tail makes.

Mary Kingsley is not speaking for herself alone; she is speaking, still, for many of the daughters of educated men. And she is also pointing to a very important fact, a fact that must profoundly influence all that follows: the fact of Arthur’s Education Fund. [...] Ever since the thirteenth century English families have been paying money into that account. [...] The result is that though we look at the same things, we see them differently. What is that congregation of buildings there, with a semi-monastic look, with chapels and halls and green playingfields? To you it is your old school; Eton or Harrow; your old university, Oxford or Cambridge; the source of memories and of traditions innumerable. But to us, who see it through the shadow of Arthur’s Education Fund, [...] Oxford and Cambridge [...] appear [...] like petticoats with holes in them, or cold legs of mutton [...].

It is strange what a difference a tail makes.

When it comes to considering this important question—how **we** are to help **you** prevent war—that education makes a difference. Some knowledge of politics, of international relations, of economics, is obviously necessary in order to understand the causes which lead to war.

The letter also asks her to sign a manifesto “to protect culture and intellectual liberty” to help prevent war.

And she answers:

“Consider, Sir, what this request of yours means. It means that the sons of educated men are asking the daughters to help them to protect culture and intellectual liberty. And why [...] is that so surprising?

Once more we must [ask] you, Sir, to look from our point of view, at Arthur’s Education Fund. Try once more, difficult though it is to twist your head in that direction, to understand what it has meant to us to keep that receptacle filled all these centuries so that [...] our brothers may be educated every year. It has meant that we have already contributed to the cause of culture and intellectual liberty more than any other class in the community. For have not the daughters of educated men paid into Arthur’s Education Fund [...] all the money that was needed to educate themselves? [...] And now, out of the blue, [...], here is your letter informing them that the whole of that [...] fabulous sum—the sum that filled Arthur’s Education Fund—has been wasted [...]. For with what other purpose were the universities of Oxford and Cambridge founded, save to protect culture and intellectual liberty?

What possible help can **we** give **you**, [...]. We, who have been shut out from the universities so repeatedly, and are only now admitted so restrictedly; we who have received no paid-for education whatsoever, or so little that we can only read our own tongue and write our own language, we who are, in fact, members not of the intelligentsia but of the ignorantsia?

One quickly forgets the history once a right is acquired, and I refuse to record the fact that this past is bygone.

Reveling in old wounds - is that what we are doing?

(S) takes microphone out of stand.

Thank you, that was really fascinating. We will now quickly move on to today’s second speaker: **The Firestone.**

The Case for Feminist Revolution The Ultimate Revolution: Demands and Speculations

In my work *The Dialectic of Sex, The Case for Feminist Revolution* which was first published in 1970 (when I was only 25, by the way), I made a case for the **complete emancipation of humanity** from the terror **tyranny and cruelty of its biology**, with a focus on the **development and use of new technologies**.

I analysed **sexual division** and produced a materialist **view on history based on sex itself**. It was my intension to **dismantle the family structure**, which I understood to be the **fundamental place from which women's oppression is perpetuated**. In order to clarify this, I drew up a list of four revolutionary demands:

(1) The freeing of women from the tyranny of reproduction by every means possible, and the diffusion of the child-rearing role to the society as a whole, men as well as women.

I recounted the way that women have paid an enormous price for the reproduction of the species; **emotionally, psychologically and materially**. I outlined **the barbarity of pregnancy and child-birth** and the ways that woman's role as mother has been further institutionalised in the favour of men. I called for continued progress of so-called 'family planning' to a point after which **reproduction will become entirely artificial. Babies will be produced by machines**, thereby freeing women from the burden of child-bearing. As well as this, **children will be raised communally in Households** consisting of groups of adults and children who have chosen to live together. No two specific parents will be assigned per child and this will allow for more natural and flexible caring relationships to be formed. All this poses a **real, intentional threat to the family unit** and its **psychology of power** as we know it, as does my second demand:

(2) The political autonomy, based on economic independence, of both women and children.

Here I insisted on a **radical change in the economic structure of society**, going far beyond the equal inclusion of women and children in the work-force, to a situation in which **technological advances will make forced labour itself no longer necessary**. I spoke of a time when arguments about who 'brings home the bacon' will have no basis: nobody will be bringing it home because nobody will be 'working'. If machines can do the necessary work better than any human being, they can therefore bring about true equality between people. This in turn will lead us towards **obliterating the class system which is based on the exploitation of labour**.

(3) The complete integration of women and children into society.

I advocated **the destruction of all institutions that actively segregate people by sex and age** - this would involve **the abolition of childhood itself**, granting children political and sexual rights equal to those of adults. No more school! I find the **ownership of**

children in the family unit and our educational systems to be **oppressive and restrictive** and propose radical alternative domestic scenarios in which **groups of people will live communally**, and **children, free from the bonds of a specific mother and father**, may choose freely the close relationships they form. As **sexual repression then becomes eradicated**, I paved the way for my fourth demand:

(4) *The sexual freedom of all women and children.*

As sexuality has thus far been **focussed on the activity of the genitals** and not understood as **a phenomenon relating to our entire being**, full sexuality has been discouraged and made taboo. The reproductive aspect of sexual activity has taken precedence above all other sexual expression. However, when there is no patriarchy to be threatened and no dependence on sex for the maintenance of the population, **people will be free to revert to their natural polymorphous sexuality**. That is to say, they will find sexual pleasure in numerous forms at different times and places.

I'm pleased to report that the demands I laid out in this work have already been put to practical application, to varying degrees of success, in worlds both fictional and real. There is an extensive output of utopian or more ambiguously *dystopian* fiction that's been written from a distinctly feminist perspective, and I think it's important to draw attention to the way in which this type of writing can problematise and complexify my ideas from a more intimate and personal perspective, in such a way that we can truly empathise with the various characters described and live through the many dimensions of their reality.

Most notable of these examples is Marge Piercy's novel *Woman on the Edge of Time*, in which the protagonist Connie, having been condemned to a period in a psychiatric asylum, finds herself able to travel telepathically to various alternative futures. She's fascinated and perplexed to find a world in which laborious work has been automated and babies are born outside of the body in aquarium-like machines (a prospect that Connie initially finds particularly troubling, as might many of us today..?). The inhabitants of *Mattapoissett* are encouraged to eat and celebrate together, yet find solace in separate living spaces too. With three parents taking responsibility for each child, and the concept of gender having been blurred by the sole use of the non-specific pro-noun 'per', the nuclear family unit is effectively eradicated. It becomes clear to Connie that many of the aspects of life in *Mattapoissett* which at first seemed radical and 'utopian' would have in fact been entirely feasible in the version of 1970s America she departed from.

Real experiments with communal living and free relationships akin to those I've proposed have of course been and continue to be attempted, though it should be acknowledged that the success of such limited trials will always be restricted by the external forces of a neo-liberal society. While waged labour prevails and 'unorthodox' ways of living that contradict patriarchal order are still stigmatised, many such attempts, unless combined with a retreat to the wilderness, seem doomed to fail.

In her extensive study '*The Problem With Work*', Kathi Weeks observed that there may in fact be a value in our *difficulty* in imagining utopia as it helps us recognise '**our affective attachments to and our ideological complicity with the status quo**'.

Even the most troubling critical utopias tend to show us their own resistance to change. For, if anything is possible, one better be very careful what one asks for.

Thanks....perhaps we have time for a couple of questions? No...? Ok, thank you very much.

(E)Thank you. We have one more speaker programmed for you today, and I will not hesitate to introduce her to you: **K. LeGuin**.

Introducing myself

I am a man. Now you may think I've made some kind of silly mistake about gender, or maybe that I'm trying to fool you, because my first name ends in a, and I own three bras, and I've been pregnant five times, and other things like that that you might have noticed, little details. But details don't matter. If we have anything to learn from politicians it's that details don't matter. I am a man, and I want you to believe and accept this as a fact, just as I did for many years.

You see, when I was growing up at the time of the Wars of the Medes and Persians and when I went to college just after the Hundred Years War and when I was bringing up my children during the Korean, Cold, and Vietnam Wars, there were no women. Women are a very recent invention. I predate the invention of women by decades. Well, if you insist on pedantic accuracy, women have been invented several times in widely varying localities, but the inventors just didn't know how to sell the product. [...] Even with a genius behind it an invention has to find its market, and it seemed like for a long time the idea of women just didn't make it to the bottom line. Models like the Austen and the Brontë were too complicated, and people just laughed at the Suffragette, and the Woolf was way too far ahead of its time.

So when I was born, there actually were only men. People were men. They all had one pronoun, his pronoun; so that's who I am. I am the generic he, as in, "If anybody needs an abortion he will have to go to another state," or "A writer knows which side his bread is buttered on." That's me, the writer, him. I am a man.

Not maybe a first-rate man. I'm perfectly willing to admit that I may be in fact a kind of second-rate or imitation man, a Pretend-a-Him. As a him, I am to a genuine male him as a microwaved fish stick is to a whole grilled Chinook salmon. I mean, after all, can I inseminate? Can I belong to the Bohemian Club? Can I run General Motors? Theoretically I can, but you know where theory gets us. Not to the top of General Motors [...] And then, I can't write my name with pee in the snow, or it would be awfully laborious if I did. I can't shoot my wife and children and some neighbors and then myself. Oh to tell you the truth I can't even drive. I never got my license. I chickened out. I take the bus. That is terrible. I admit it, I am actually a very poor imitation or substitute man. [...]

What it comes down to, I guess, is that I am just not manly. Like Ernest Hemingway was manly. The beard and the guns and the wives and the little short sentences. I do try. I have this sort of beardoid thing that keeps trying to grow, nine or ten hairs on my chin, sometimes even more; but what do I do with the hairs? I tweak them out. Would a man do that? Men don't tweak. Men shave. [...] I tweak. [...] And I don't have a gun and I don't have even one wife and my sentences tend to go on and on and on, with all this syntax in them.

Ernest Hemingway would have died rather than have syntax. Or semicolons. I use a whole lot of half-assed semicolons; there was one of them just now; that was a semicolon after “semicolons,” and another one after “now.”

And another thing. Ernest Hemingway would have died rather than get old. And he did. He shot himself. A short sentence. Anything rather than a long sentence, a life sentence. Death sentences are short and very, very manly. Life sentences aren't. They go on and on, all full of syntax and qualifying clauses and confusing references and getting old. And that brings up the real proof of what a mess I have made of being a man: I am not even young. Just about the time they finally started inventing women, I started getting old. And I went right on doing it. Shamelessly. I have allowed myself to get old and haven't done one single thing about it, with a gun or anything.

[...]

I keep thinking there must have been something that a real man could have done about it. Something short of guns, but more effective than Oil of Olay. But I failed. I did nothing. I absolutely failed to stay young. And then I look back on all my strenuous efforts, because I really did try, I tried hard to be a man, to be a good man, and I see how I failed at that. I am at best a bad man. An imitation phony second-rate him with a ten-hair beard and semicolons. And I wonder what was the use. [...] If I'm no good at pretending to be a man and no good at being young, I might just as well start pretending that I am an old woman. I am not sure that anybody has invented old women yet; but it might be worth trying.

(E)Thank you to all three of you for these remarkable lectures. Now let us take a small break to change the set up and get ready for the second part of the Right Now conference: the panel presentations.

Set up for panel presentations - music

Panel Presentations

Individual Panel Presentations

(S)M: Thank you all for staying with us. We had some fascinating keynote lectures, and will elaborate on that now as we gather for the panel discussion followed by a short Q&A. Time allowing we will tie things up with some concluding remarks. So I'll start by introducing the panel, most of whom you have seen before in the keynote lectures. *Look at panel. Welcome.*

In the next 20 minutes or so, they will offer you some voices from the past, the present and the future, not necessarily in that order and not necessarily fixed in a time, without kicking up a self-referential fuss, they promised. They will present to you a series of claims that they've been asked to prepare. Over to the panel then.

Sit down

Part 1: List of serious claims

S(M): You want to make the first claim? **SLIDE**

(E)Yes, a situation can become interesting, worthy of making people think, able to stimulate a taste for thinking, if it has been produced by a concrete learning process, in which the difficulties, the hesitations, the choices and errors are as much part of the narrative as the successes and conclusions arrived at.

Pause

Turn head and look at the claim on the powerpoint. E reads last part of the sentence again.

(S)M: Okay, well that is a good claim to start with. Let's hear someone else. *All raise hands.*

(S)Yes. **SLIDE**

(E)'It is not yours. 'Nothing is yours. It is to use. It is to share. If you will not share it you cannot use it.'

(S)M: Yes, a very good claim indeed. Anyone who would like to give a response to that?
S raises hand

(E)M: Yes, you?

(S)Well, I was in the bar around the corner, that one that's painted green. Well, I wasn't in it as I was smoking a cigarette outside.

This woman comes up to me like: "hey what the fuck". Very aggressive, and you know I'm a peaceful person. So I just ask her if she wants a cigarette or anything. **SLIDE** She's like: "what no. Those cigarettes aren't yours to smoke, give them back."

What?

“That pack you’re holding,” she shouts, “it is mine! Didn’t you just take that from the table?” But you know, I didn’t remember that at all. I thought I took it out of my rucksack. In the meantime, she starts searching me, touching me everywhere, boobs, lips, hair, legs, as if those would be the natural places to hide my cigarettes. She finds them in my pocket, and without saying a word she takes them, lights one, turns around and leaves. Blowing strings of light gray sky. That was very beautiful. And then I realized this one had stolen my cigarettes, or didn’t she? So I ran after her. It was dark, but I recognized her. A blue jacket with a strange dye in her hair. My turn. Give me back my cigarettes, I said, give them back. “They’re mine,” she said.

E raises hand and starts speaking.

SLIDE

(E)We need some time to think and imagine and all that. Think we must!

SLIDE

(S)We must think!

Continues swiftly, she did not want to be paused.

(E)And Arthur’s education was not merely in book-learning; games educated his body; friends broadened his outlook and enriched his mind. In the holidays he travelled; acquired a taste for art; a knowledge of foreign politics; and then, before he could earn his own living, his father gave him an allowance upon which it was possible for him to live while he learnt the profession which now entitles him to add the letters K.C. - whatever that means - to his name. **SLIDE** All this came out of Arthur’s Education Fund.

(S)M: Yes, we heard that one before. Anything else? You?

SLIDE

Dry

(E)Jacqui in accounts has confirmed that although the shooting crew are generally working Sunday-Thursday for the rest of Block 3, the daily lunch allowance will not be affected and we can continue to claim for lunches Monday-Friday.

E raises hand.

(S)M: You? Yes go ahead.

SLIDE

(E)One of our finest methods of organised forgetting is called discovery.

Both turn heads and look at the claim on the powerpoint.

Pause

Part 2: the wish for utopia and hatred (of men, but not all) ANGER

(S)We in this room, here and now, are inhabiting utopia. **SLIDE** This future exists, we just need to claim it. The great danger may be not that we want too much but that we do not want enough.

SLIDE

(E)Claiming the future is an emancipatory moment.

(S)M: Yes. Someone else perhaps? You?

(E)M: You?

(S)M: Me?

(S)Okay, this is a long one, but it is not very difficult, so bear with me.

He claimed that the [...] influence which women have over men always had been, and always ought to be, an indirect influence.

SLIDE

Man liked to think he was doing his job himself when, in fact, he was just doing what the woman wanted, [and] the wise woman always let him think [that] he was running the show when he was not. **Any** woman who chose to take an interest in politics had an immensely greater power without the vote than with it, because she could influence many male voters. His feeling was that it was not right to bring women down to the level of men. He looked up to women, and wanted to continue to do so. He desired that the age of chivalry should not pass, because every man who had a woman to care about him, liked to shine in her eyes.

And so on.

Make vomit sounds all.

SLIDE

If that is the real nature of our influence, and we all recognize the description, it is either beyond our reach, for many of us are plain, poor and old; or it is beneath our contempt, for many of us would prefer to simply call ourselves prostitutes and to take our stand openly under the lamps of Piccadilly Circus **SLIDE** to make our own money.

No pause/faster!

(E): I love you.

(S): And I love you.

SLIDE

(E): They say it is love. We say it is unwaged work.

They call it frigidity. We call it absenteeism.

Every miscarriage is a work accident.

More smiles? More money. Nothing will be so powerful in destroying the healing virtues of a smile.

Neuroses, suicides, desexualisation: occupational diseases of the housewife.

(E)M: Okay. We haven't heard anything from you yet.

(S)There is nothing doing and doing nothing for the rotten middle class; if they truly prefer property and accumulated dead labor to life, let them become it, become our property
SLIDE #eattherich.

S raises hand again.

(S)Middle-aged women are leading the anti-Trump resistance. My people. We shall overcome. **SLIDE** #persisterhood

Part 3: Science, eccentric, explanatory, specialist

(E)M: Yes.

(S)M: Yes.

E moves around

(E): Your birthday in São Paulo two years ago was one of the best nights ever. **SLIDE**
Happy birthday mi querida. I send my love!

SLIDE

(S): Ayn Rand, Rand Paul and Paul Ryan walk into a bar. The bartender serves them poisoned alcohol because there are no regulations. They die.

(S)M: *E raises hand.* Yes. **SLIDE**

E's rant

(E)Taking power presupposes that someone or something has power. How to reclaim power is doubtless a better question.

(S)M: Yes.

SLIDE

(E)All struggles that are not specifically women's struggles are coded as male.

(S)M: Yes.

SLIDE

(E)Nobody can do anything, very much, really, alone. Both *look up at the audience. Small break.*

(E)M: Yes. *S raises hand. E points at S*

SLIDE

(S) And [I] had to explain my laughter by pointing at the Manx cat, who did look a little absurd, poor beast, without a tail, in the middle of the lawn. Was he really born so, or had he lost his tail in an accident? The tailless cat is rarer than one thinks. It is a queer animal, quaint rather than beautiful. (E+S)It is strange what a difference a tail makes [...].

E gives up. SLIDE

(E)M: It feels like we're peddling hard just to stay in the same place

S tries again in other microphone

(S)What would people do in this utopia?

SLIDE

(E)I think there will not be a problem. If we truly had abolished all unpleasant work, people would have the time and the energy to develop healthy interests of their own.

Look at claim on pp

Part 4: Common struggle, you cannot do it alone. Positive and floating.

(S) Like Luciente and Hawk in my novel, feminists have been clear that 'It isn't bad to want to help, to want to work, to seize history... but to want to do it alone is less good. **SLIDE** To hand history to someone like a cake you baked' is not a good plan (Piercy pp.188-189 – in Haraway pp. 20).

(E)M: Do you want to react to that?

(S)Yes. Euhm. **SLIDE + move to E with microphone.**

The sciences are collective expressions and cannot be remade individually.

Sympoiesis is a simple word; it means "making with." Nothing makes itself; nothing is really autopoietic or self-organizing. [...] *Sympoiesis* is a word proper to complex, dynamic, responsive, situated, historical systems. It is a word for worlding-with, in company.

E: worlding

E takes microphone, or S gives it to her. She stands up.

(E)I love living almost as well as I love writing. It was tough trying to keep writing while bringing up three kids, but my husband was totally in it with me, and so it worked out fine. **SLIDE** One person cannot do two fulltime jobs, but two persons can do three fulltime jobs — if they honestly share the work. The idea that you need an ivory tower to write in, that if you have babies you can't have books, that artists are somehow exempt from the dirty work of life — rubbish (E+S).

SLIDE

(S) There is no such thing as a single-issue struggle because we do not live single-issue lives. It's true.

Part 5: surprised, weird, annoyed, starting to tell people what to do until angry: do something!!!

(E)Truth is fiction and fiction is truth. Science is fiction and fiction is science is truth. And yet science pretends to know facts and yet fiction pretends to have none. **SLIDE** It is all made up by a human! Everything is fictional.

SLIDE

(S)Speculative fiction is the means to claim the future. How can we move from an impossible but all too present reality, to a possible but all too absent elsewhere? As monsters, can we demonstrate another order of signification?

We want that utopian fiction to come live, not as some far-fetched forthcoming ideal, but here and now, starting at this very Right Now. Yes! We, of our time. We individually may fail to struggle in our own life and time. We may fail to struggle together in our own life and time . [...] We must fight to come to exist, to be the future that happens. **Last SLIDE :) That's is why we are reaching out to you.**

(S + E) Right right right right right right now.

E breaths and says peacefully.

(E)There is no such thing as a last word.

E gets up and walks to the front. S stays.

(E)M: Right, okay. We have heard enough from this side. And I'm wondering if anyone in the audience has some ideas on things that were lost and should be reclaimed. Perhaps it will be useful to make a list? *S open list.*

We will be making live notes, and the information gathered will be processed. Is there anything you feel has been taken away from you that we could reclaim? Maybe one of you has written something down during the session?

Write down with drawing pad? Or just type.

What about a building, society, schooling, daycare, housing, spatiality, locality, food, gardening, traveling, basic needs, health care, working hours, public space, private space, transport, music, education, fiction as truth, reclaiming the theater space?...

Water is supposedly ours. And perhaps the public swimmingpool. The street, the library. Fire taps! Or are they owned by the firebrigade and do we just use them when in need. The Internet, oceans.

All the big stories, storytelling. Is ours that what we pay taxes for or would you call that public?

Air, but it is dirty. Feelings, often unwanted or unnecessary.

My youth has been taken away from me, and I could reclaim it if society would allow me to still be young.

Space. We should claim our space back.

UNPREDICTABLE VOID

(E)Thank you for contributing to the list of claims or things we should reclaim. We will now wrap things up with some closing remarks by one of the organisers? *Points at S, S stands up and walks to pp.*

Yes.

There's something about speculation, or fabulation. Fabulation. It holds so many possible truths, and so little faith we have in it. Strange, I truly believe all of it. All of it really, as I have no other option. There is nothing else for me there, that is, if I truly want a different past present future. The critters and the people,[...] attached to ongoing pasts, bring each other forward in thick presents and still possible futures; they stay with the trouble in speculative fabulation.

Concluding remarks/network and wrap-up

Thank you. I'll think we will leave it at that. All of our speakers will join us at the bar, so there will be plenty of time to ask more questions and network. Thank you for coming, again, and have a good night. And don't forget: "I willed it thus so shall I will it."
