

Review of: "I is Another"

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I always enjoy following Bazzano's excursions. There is an erotic element in his writing, a too-muchness that excites flows, breaks links, and corrodes the compactness of our established methods and mantras. The research question is crafted as the work of thinking and writing unfolds. One may ask the question in our established academic lines, codes, and hierarchies: how can sexuality and the gender experience claim their freedom from the cultural and affective assemblages and the experiential matrices of consumption and acquisition, teleology, and the passivity/activity organizing grid? Nevertheless, this again is a question of the kinds that create orders, hierarchies, codes, and ruled spaces or, worse, stultifies the unpredictability of action. So, the author does not place a question but crafts the machinery through which a problematic space appears in which a question may arrive or not to the reader.

Smuggling turns up as an original form of thinking in the text, in the Deleuzian sense, according to which to think is to create. It came as a welcome surprise in Bazzano's writing and brought aesthetic and conceptual life to my worn-out metaphors. Viruses are simple, highly ordered, and ruled organisms that may disrupt the sublimatory economy of sophisticated organismic assemblages. Any disruption may move things in the direction of inspiring and invigorating a sublimatory economy or diseasing the assemblage, draining its sublimatory spirits and ordering its affective economy to a status of higher predictability. Smuggling did not re-present or help me re-cognize the vicissitudes of sublimatory economies. It did not simply help me reflect on them; it diffracted my metaphors. It released their repressed monstrous and viral powers. It shifted, displaced, and dislocated the normativity that affects my thinking.

The author's personal narrative saved smuggling from mediational practices' pitfalls, which usually resolve the tension between the immediate and the mediated, sacrificing to "identity" the affirmative and the generative sparks of a living concept. The only reservation I can offer as a critique of this inspiring piece of writing is that at some parts of the author's personal narrative, the text reflects more the I that "craves victory over a dusty mirror" than the complex collective dynamics and the inbetweenity, the "inter" of the inter-corporeal and the inter-actional.