

"Il n'est point d'homme s'il ne s'oppose"

"There's no man where there's no struggle"

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, *Citadelle*, ch. XXIX.

I slowly end out rereading all of Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. And out such a reading rises a loud cry: "Stop it!" (to remain polite). I am fed up to the back teeth with talks on absolute and universal.

Though, i deeply love St-Ex. And he of course is right in all he says: man needs a sense to his life and actions. Man longs for universal. I recall this little story of Middle-Ages: a passing by asks three masons what they are doing. The first answers "I am earning money", the second one "I am cutting stone", and the third one "I am building a cathedral". This little story shows that one can be blind to sense of things and seeing nothing further than what he gets from them ("earning money"), or that one can see a sense in the things themselves ("cutting stone"), and eventually that one can be aware of his role in a big "universal" construction ("building a cathedral"). We could illustrate the same thing with the example of food: one can eat in order to live, one could also enjoy gastronomy, and love eating for itself, and eventually, one can see in eating a communion with the universe, such as the water of the well in chapter XXV of "The little prince". Thus examples are thousands: in anything, we can either see nothing but ourselves, or see a sense in things themselves, or integrate the thing in a universe.

Of course. As said, St-Ex is right, and i love reading him. But.

But there's a "but": the pursuit of universal is a cul-de-sac, it drives nowhere. Where is life? Where is humour? Where is beauty? Where is love? All this is too static. It is now time to wipe out all these absolutes from our idea of humanity.

Life is a fight. Of course. It is essential to stand up, and standing up is struggling against gravity. But standing is not enough! There's no point staying upright as a statue. The *homo erectus* was only one stage on evolution! What man needs is not standing, it is dancing.

Life is a struggle against entropy, against gravity (in both meanings of "attraction" and "seriousness"), against all running towards worse, against things turning to dust, to grey, against lost of desire, against everything sadly becoming daily, too daily. Of course, i love Sartre and Camus, and their tight fists. Of course, the first stage of life is standing, and walking slowly by oneself. And falling, and standing up again.

But this is not life, it is learning life: it is not a goal, it is a mean, a first step. The goal is not to stand and stare to an absolute, it is to move and make the movement beautiful. Only aesthetics can be opposed to the idol of "universal" truth. There's no good in life but beauty. There's no absolute but aesthetics.

Learning to dance is exploring the dynamic against the static. It is learning ever-falling and never lying onto the ground. It is turning sad "happiness", which is a "state" of mind, into "enthusiasm", what is a lust. It is pursuing life instead of expecting for destiny, it is seeking instead of waiting, it is loving before being loved, it is ever-giving without expecting receiving. Dancing life is making it a firework instead of a painting.

Dancing life also means preferring madness to being reasonable. It is living with passion and folly. It means not always keeping backups, as a dancer sometimes gives up contact with the ground for a jump.

Life is not beautiful in itself: life is what we make it. Life is beautiful when we do it such, when we dance it.

Have great fun and live with madness and enthusiasm!

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