

Walk on eggshells! is an unbearable injunction. For it commands immobility. It is indeed impossible to walk on eggshells. This expected walk is rather a suspension within bodily limitations. Walking on eggshells becomes a denial of the dynamic of life. How to walk when paralyzed by the constitution of the ground itself.

As a result of the accumulation of "personal rights," in the name of a neo-moralism of the super-self-righteous, all action straying from a deathlike deplorable correctness bears its very own annihilation, a pre-existential demise. The requisite for moral purity brings forth a flattened reality, a reality without depth, an infinite straightness reminiscent of the perfectly still mirror held by Narcissus admiring himself on the surface of a glassy water, not even a tiny rifle in sight. In the last few years, censorship derailed many artists' projects (Christian Messier, Martin Bureau, and more recently, anathemas were hurled on two creations of Robert Lepage), hence, everybody is now walking on eggshells, as words are blunted into meaninglessness, insignificance and absurdity.

Political, linguistic and social correctness wishes to abolish freedom—artistic freedom, of course, which is a fundamentally existential freedom—because it relies on the active power of imagination and refuses to abide by the inanition of torpor. Freedom should be bridled for what it enables: the incursion of unlikeliness, the flourishing of cultures and their interpenetration (which some refer to as appropriation, as if culture could be built otherwise!), the natural right to mutations, the world exploration and the perpetual reinvention of humanity. We welcome the beasts and the waves they create.

Art is not a totalitarian project; it resists all totalitarianism and diktats, regardless of where they come from. We believe that art, through its beauties and errancies, its intensity and conviviality, is a space to "experiment the human experience". And accordingly, we are fond of imperfection.

Folie/Culture intends to explore the new censorship of this humanity that fears itself. Where we now must dull the edges, defuse any confrontation, condemn a priori, submerge the murky areas of the Homo sapiens into even darker abysses. We have no taste for this "reasonable" blindness. *Walk on eggshells!* is a call to irrationality, an exploration of the new straitjackets invented by social media to appreciate the taste of power. Every small institution can now arrogate the right to constrain. Unfortunately,

spaces of free speech are muzzling themselves. From this standpoint, *Walk on egg-shells!* is a ban on living for all those whose task is to shape, while groping around, the human becoming of this elusive beast. For all researchers, artists, philosophy engineers, dealing with mental health issues or not. The energy involved in undertaking the walk on eggshells is considerable enough to rule out any other possibility. Within this autophagous endeavor, the player disqualifies himself. No more creation is then possible for creators, no recovery for those ailing. Like a restraint, this forced walk crushes all possibilities of becoming-other. Everybody ends up imprisoned in immediacy, without hope of ever getting out. What a journey for those sailing through the torments of a wavering mental health.

Walk on eggshells! is a dictatorial order, a suspension of the very notion of life. Walk on eggshells! is more insidious, sinister, totalitarian. It is a summons to shatter eggshells with no possible solution, except using the utmost caution. It is the willpower, mobilized from the inside, and left with no possibility of freedom.

When absurdity swallows up common sense, it is time to deploy irony, humour and derision. Folie/Culture thereby invites artists to break sacred eggs and make the most palate-shocking of all omelettes.

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