



DO NOT DISCARD IN THE PUBLIC SPACE / SHARE OR PUT IT BACK UP IF NOT INTERESTED / THANK YOU

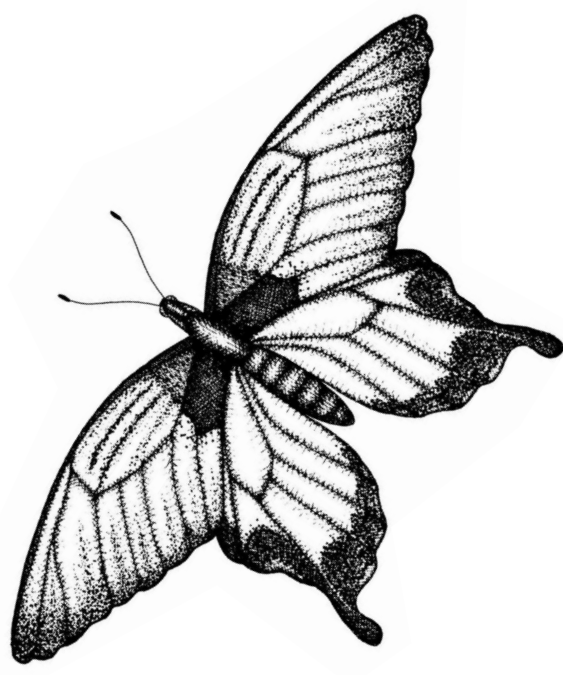
*Y'a plus qu'à* is a blog that brings together short notes, written to complete each other over time, because everything is linked.

*Y'a plus qu'à* speaks of ethics and politics, in the noble sense, on the basis of affirming that the world is upside down, and is driven by a revolutionary desire, to put it back in its place.

*Y'a plus qu'à* is a resolutely bastard and vain object, except that it thinks that these notes can bring hope to those who often play with the idea of absolute freedom. They can also enlighten lost minds.

*Y'a plus qu'à* does its part and you'll do yours, if you think it's useful to share. For the rest, it won't change the world, but the butterfly effect, and all that...

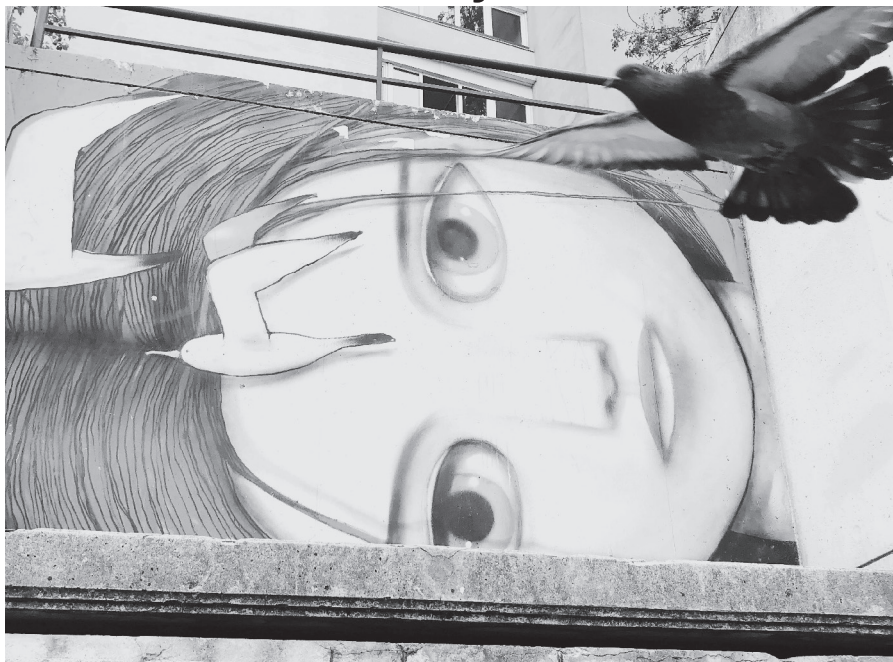
(*Palindrome*) *In gŕum ĩnus nocte ecce et consumimur ĩgni = We spin in the night, and here we are consumed by fire.*



# BUTTERFLY

**READ MORE AT: [YAPLUSQUA.ORG](http://YAPLUSQUA.ORG)**

# I see you



All Rights Reserved - Self artwork, Paris, 2021

Some of us, apparently more sensitive than others, say or think we are hypersensitive. Often misunderstood, not to say marginalized, our exacerbated sensitivities are all the more difficult to live with because we feel abnormal as we are urged by society, through our relationships and our loved ones, to grow. I thought for a long time that the problem came from me and that I was not “finished” like the others around me.

Children are endowed with great sensitivity and share an innate sense of justice that social conditioning will soon tell them to repress. In public transport, the little ones look around and try to meet our eyes, where adults act as if others do not exist. On one hand, there are serious, responsible and very reasonable grown-ups, and on the other, idealistic and sensitive grown-up children.

Luckier than others, some manage to embrace artistic careers that allow them to play as alchemists, while the vast majority must learn to stifle their sensitivity in order to be able to withstand the violence of the world. I sometimes have the impression of living in a brutal world populated by individuals who have developed the insensitivity of cinder blocks.

In order to remedy the discomfort contingent on this particular sensitivity that handicapped me a few years ago, I was evaluating these ideas: going to find refuge within a silent community; stay indulging in a form of voluntary drug addiction; find a surgeon who would agree to perform a partial lobotomy on me in order to make me conform to the social norm.

If I did not lack ideas, it is fortunate for my relatives that I encountered the philosophy whose study took me away from these ideas as crazy as they are logical (it all depends on the point of view). Ethics then led me to get involved in the struggles, which certainly allowed me to calm down a little, like the sweet lunatics you meet in the militant field.

To be sensitive is to be open and attentive to what is happening around you, it is to be subject to emotions that you feel intensely. It is having the ability to be moved by small things, to be touched by details that others do not see. It is to experience great joy for a small attention, to be moved by a smile or a benevolent look, it is simply to be able to be moved by the poetry of life.

To be sensitive is also to feel sadness in the face of a gesture, a bad word or a simple lack of attention. It is to be saddened by the indifference of the other that we see but who does not see us. It is to experience the harshness of the world and to be affected by it, to be aware that life will be a perpetual struggle for justice and that we must never stop fighting. Being sensitive has nothing to do with being fragile.

Our skin-deep sensitivity makes us present to ourselves and attentive to others. It is neither a flaw, nor a defect, nor a weakness, we are not retarded adults. There can be no oversensitivity. On the contrary, we evolve in a world ruled by a band of sociopaths cut off from their emotions who have agreed to bury the idea of justice, on the pretext of a rationality that they alone possess.

However, by barricading ourselves too much, we do nothing to help the world change and we deprive ourselves of its beauty at the same time. Worse, we participate in its brutality instead of countering it. You who read me, take care to protect your sensitivity, to use it to question others and invite them to reconnect with their emotions. This will only be possible for them when they want to hear the child in them.



***“Adults never understand anything on their own, and it is tiring, for children, to always and always have to explain them things”***

LE PETIT PRINCE