

The seated

A big pile of shells from emptied, examined sunflower seeds is rapidly growing next to her plate. Emptiness does not always mean failure — having unused capacity is itself a demonstration of wealth. I found myself with an impulse to collect all of them, to shove the shells down my purse to cache and cover the gifted envelope I was carefully carrying with me. At that point, the image of the place was still beautiful, the sounds of them cracking in Ms. Li's mouth — with nothing and no one yet dealing with its future. “Most people seem to be in the middle of something they somehow ended up in...some worry that any opening is also an opening for power that’s always on the prowl for its next victim.”* The seated is the witness around which the other turns, while developing every degree of tiredness.**

Red Core / Silicon Heart has been making a major strategic push towards a “low-altitude economy”. According to the Party: “It’s still more like booking a commercial flight in the early days of aviation than ordering an Uber from your house.”

Portability, that was it — the “characteristic towns” were no destinations to fix value in place, but the node that made value mobile, and that was perfect. “I am , because you are !”. Through the window of my seat, I could spot half of the pink neon sign glowing next to the entrance of one of her real estates, veiled in illusory collectivity by the same dark blue glass. Only what is empty is a place for innovation. Cracking open a bottle of liquor worth €200, a sweet taste — the possibility of moving between possibilities without bothering to exhaust them. It was in that moment, when wealth appeared as inability, I was sure that if I was able to understand the totality of it, in that moment right there, that would be it — there would be nothing left I would need to achieve.

While I wait for my ride, hoping to again feel the same brown BMW accelerating, its incorporation, I walk up to the roof of the hotel. There it is again, the miniature, prototype airplane, sitting on a white table, in what looks like an office or meeting room but is only a corridor, high above the city, maybe what could look like floor number 15. With a tall vertical tail, no visible cockpit or windows, the name of the company tattooed. I always liked refrains: images that already exist — generic, excessive, badly resolved, promotional, provisional, strangely familiar images. This was most certainly no object, only a small physical manifestation of the omnipresent, already rendered in place by me. This was love, for the abundance of having all, to be able to choose nothing. I put on slippers to go out and shoes to stay in. When I speak, when I say, “it’s daytime,” she responds, “it’s possible...”.** Here there is no tired who goes to sleep, and no exhausted who presses on towards nothing — only the seated, preserving all of it.

Maria Lindeblad

* *The Hundreds*, Lauren Berlant and Kathleen Stewart, 2019

** *The Exhausted*, Gilles Deleuze, 1992