

Your car's artificial eye has detected a traffic light that's in the back of a truck delivering traffic lights to a city, and so you're being told to stop, which gets you killed. The light is an eye, too, but one that is only expressive, not reactive. In a staring contest, it accidentally wins, and every car on the highway screeches into a pileup behind it. The rendering error was no one's fault, but the people who noticed it all had the same reaction: they wished that they hadn't. In the 16th century, someone could ask a subordinate to hold a candle, to give them light by which to work. It's where that phrase comes from, about lesser things. For example, the sequel can't hold a candle to the original, meaning it isn't fit to be the original's servant. Ideally, the before and the after should be equals, not working in service of one another, in other words. The candle's flame is its eye, an expression of light more than a light source, in this century. Its luminescence is so unfixed, the camera's lens can't focus, and so it wins the staring contest between them, something about the future not holding a candle to the tricky, dull past, represented by a candle, which was brought here not that long ago, and you've been working here for fifteen years.

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Nobody's Home

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