

Dreaming of the present as seen from the future

As time goes by imagine all the things that will end before we ever even get to see them.

In a distant Zone exploring all the things that will remain long after we've gone; when there's nothing else, no separations, no boundaries, no horizons, no reason. Nevertheless, the Zone is full of information and codes that are still accessible but rendered unreadable, leaving the world as building material for new desires.

Most likely what will remain of us will be all the discarded bits and nameless fragments. Disembodied organs that will never again find their original counterpieces and be restored to their initial form. In the Zone the air is laced with longtime dead loops and neons resonating with an echo of a distant memory which sluggishly find their way back to life, thriving in conditions of doubt. A paradox projection, a teasing understanding in temporal dissonance.

Holding on to knowing still that life will persist. Cicadas will sing their songs atop empty car batteries. Slugs will crawl through buried servers. Pigeons will routinely pick up sticks and needles found in their environments and continue to build their nests. Are they building a home or a grave? Terrible and wonderful, an entanglement of ordinary death and eerie determination.

As they say, the wrong done well can make the useless right.

Rubbles and fragments of forgotten matter cling to life, each stone needing the other stone, each cell needing the other cell, transgressing, mingling and interlocking. No cartesian categories please. The more you'd try to force them apart, the deeper they'll fold into each other creating a silent conspiracy of actors thrown together by the antithesis of fate.

From past lives they remember a state of plasmic union, imbued with an impossibility to distinguish human from nonhuman forces. There is an infinite number of possibilities for things to shift at every strike, at every thought, at every gasp. Stable? That's for horses. The flux of raw material colliding with itself.

In eternal cycles every stone can become a home, and every home an abyss.

Watching the live stream, it's hard to imagine tomorrow will be different. Only what's in your heart remains.

And of course it reminds me of an alien planet. And of course it reminds me of us.

Today I offer you tomorrow.

Elin Gonzalez