

I am on a plane. A guy in front of me is fidgeting frantically, which is causing his seat to bash into my knees at regular intervals. But despite my free and therefore random seat allocation, I cannot complain about my 09F window placement. The whole 'concept' of this text was that I write it entirely in transit, that is to say, in the schizophrenic frenzy of aerial sublimity amidst the deeply unpleasant incarceration within one of Ryanair's blue-and-yellow junk carts. This was at least my sly pitch to get Luigi to cover my flights— However! It is equally an exercise in self-experimentation: investigating how materially given realities shape the unfolding (or the folding) of events.

FLOOR PATH MARKINGS WILL ILLUMINATE IN DARKNESS AND GUIDE YOU TO THE NEAREST EXIT IN AN EMERGENCY.

For eight months in 1783, the Icelandic Laki volcano covered Europe in minuscule particles, causing crop failure and famine, which ultimately was the tipping point that led up to the French Revolution. Of course, it wasn't just the fog, but a whole bunch of factors that fell into place, culminating in this epochal event. Good old dialectics! Marxists love this kind of historical narration. And what's not to love? It has suspense, drama, narrative arc. It's like asking: What if Juliet's letter had just reached Romeo in time? If Martin Luther King's shooter missed? If Trump's hadn't! Milliseconds and millimetres defining the trajectory of the historical continuum. Elon Musk has another idea about how history works: 'The most entertaining outcome is the most likely one.' This sure seems true for my own life. I sometimes applaud the gods for their sense of humour, their comical timing, and attuned finesse for plotlines. Bravissimo to the screenwriters!

PLEASE NOTE, THE NEAREST EXIT MAY BE BEHIND YOU.

But back to the volcano. What if we extrapolate from the eruption as an event to a way of thinking about how external pressures bring form into being? The interplay of material condition and reaction—the clouds, the air, as subtle shape-shifting agents that tip power relations—relates to the works of Jonida and Jakob, as they, too, depart from a pre-existing 'other' to find form, or rather approximate an always malleable formation through seriality.

The negative that nestles itself around (in German: *anschliefen*) a prop-cast, into which the pre-fabricated bleach-white T-shirts are jammed and bound by transparent tape, is a chain of prosthetic procedures: Tape and T-shirt, each on their own formless, are bound by tension and cohesion.

Jakob's paintings are fake landscapes not meant to depict real space, but exercises in sampling a scene, a world in which action can happen. They are copies of works by Jacob van Ruisdael but remind me of Harun Farocki's Parallel I-IV works that explore video game world-building. The clouds that never hold still long enough to copy them are modeled on trees, therefore are pure apparitions that lend a sense of movement. Currently, the clouds are below me. I look down on them.

Movies! Cinema! The creation of illusion, the suspension of disbelief

SCRATCHCARDS! SCRATCHCARDS!

In the air, this idea that earthly life plays out on something like a movie set, a video-game illusory world, is appealing to me. An interface without body. The idea that our little lives are shuffled around by spontaneous hostilities such as volcanoes and air traffic. Only that the historical image arrives less in a flash, rather as a slow, slumpy scroll, a push notification hardly discernible from endless virtual noise, as we watch the world rearranging itself while processing words from a liquid crystal display.

I'm with Walther in thinking about the course of things not as a linear dialectical causality, one blockage leading to another resolution, but as a figuration of a then in the light of a now—which, this is where people start calling his view of history 'messianic', gathers all of the past, future, and present on a single grand-scale time-space continuum, within which we live our petty little lives in ignorant bliss. Nostalgia, hindsight, determination, intent—all futile in the face of the NOW! My favourite Jewish joke: 'You want to make God laugh?—Tell him your plans.'

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