

Try another world

How does a period become an epoch, and how does an epoch become an aeon?
Or: How does a revolt become an uprising, and how does an uprising become a revolution?

Who moved the mirror,
the walls,
the home,
myself and the gateway to transformation from the self to the world? No reform, no technological acceleration, and no affirmation of one's own will, serves as a key here. All these agents merely erect protective shields between the realities of existence to prevent them from colliding. A gallery of a thousand levels. For this reason, the first impulse in a revolt is to destroy these shields, perhaps symbolically, but nevertheless in the greatest possible number in order to limit the space that separates us from each other and to increase the distance to what we perceive as hostile.

We can be us

It is this search for immanence in oneself and in the other that naturally leads us to consider that experiences of revolution and love are so similar that they communicate with each other. Experiences that could arise from timeless dilemmas like
yes - no,
the egg,
the chicken,
red and green.
In these cross-sections of productive ambiguity, stasis can be considered as a driving force. Until we reach exhaustion:
Egg, chicken,
egg, egg,
spoon,
kitchen table,
henhouse,
floor, on the balcony, on the head, on the face, on the side, bed, window, fireplace. Topologically unsorted, but omnipresent. Reflections, notations and sequences are the advisers here to exploit the possible and *preferring not to*, while dissonance arises between intention and outcome - walls begin to shake.

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