

A PROMISED DAY

(on the bulb state of time)

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The longest straight road in the world is probably the Eyre Highway that crosses southern Australia. The road stretches for 146.6 km without any turn, commonly known as the ‘90 Mile Straight.’ It is a long and lonely highway—supposedly a safe road to drive. However, the isolation, remoteness and driver fatigue cause a high incidence of fatalities and accidents on this road. Imagine driving for hours without seeing an end or a turn, with no changes at all of the surroundings. Time seems to freeze there. The scenery in front of the window looks like a moving image in a loop. Twenty-four frames per second. Seven more scenes per minute. Then, one hour later, two hours after, thirteen hours have passed, and numbers on the dashboard become abstract symbols. The act of driving becomes an idle action. The temporal and spatial leave poetic traces through the topography. The journey on the road becomes a time capsule that delivers a way towards infinity.

The phenomenon of capitalistic surplus

The Mezquital Valley is located about 60 km north of Mexico City. We drove out of the city at dawn, at around 5 am. The freeway toward Hidalgo at that moment was an endless skyway. The whole world was muted. We were heading to the surrealistic landscape of Endho, where polluted waters gathered. Black water is still, quiet and peaceful. Like Roni Horn described—*Black water is violent because it is alluring and because it is water.*

Ixmiquilpan is located in northern Endho. In Náhuatl, it means *a place where the verdolagas cut like flint knives.* Between Endho and Ixmiquilpan, we came across Mixquiahuala—where we stopped for a taste of hñähñú food. The essence of the ingredients holds the passage, transformation and hollowing out of hñähñú's history of modernisation. The price of cultural loss and deprivation is qualitative change.



A field trip route that began from x to y and then to z, a while after back to y then returning to z again, was actually all the time at/around x. The relationship between time and space seems to become a pattern of fate and chance. A gamble for the future of evolution. The past is charged with tragic error.



Photo by Lucy Pawlak. March 22, 2022. Endhó, Hidalgo, México.

No one knows any longer whether the reintroduction of the bear in Pyrenees, kolkhozes, aerosols, the Green Revolution, the anti-smallpox vaccine, Star Wars, the Muslim religion, partridge hunting, the French Revolution, service industries, labour unions, cold fusion, Bolshevism, relativity, Slovak nationalism, commercial sailboats, and so on, are outmoded, up to date, futuristic, atemporal, nonexistent, or permanent.

The reconfiguration of social systems often produces a vacuum. What is a vacuum? A vacuum is often located in passages or intersections within history's tumultuous moments of modernization. Paradoxically, it is not only the interweaving of historical contexts, but also a "history-less," "timeless" site that has lost the ability to express itself: the vacuum of history and modernity.

***In the first age, we created gods (...)
In the second age we created money (...)
In the third age, money became a god (...)
In the fourth age we created deserts.***

In other words, modernity becomes the absolute after God. Whenever and wherever, it acts as a direction for manipulating the speed and efficiency of change through various heterogeneous elements in the operation of modernity. A world machine based on modernity is the offspring of the machine of modernity—a system of domination across time. *Modern psychology is desert psychology: when we lose the faculty to judge—to suffer and condemn—we begin to think that there is something wrong with us if we cannot live under the conditions of desert life. Insofar as psychology tries to ‘help’ us, it helps us to ‘adjust’ to those conditions, taking away our only hope, namely that we, who are not of the desert, even though we live in it, are able to transform it into a human world. Psychology turns everything topsy-turvy: precisely because we suffer under desert conditions we are still human and still intact; the danger lies in becoming true inhabitants of the desert and feeling at home in it.*

The contemporary pestilence

I was meant to take a regional train—about a 2 hour ride—from Venice to Monfalcone to arrive at the border village, Sela na Krasu, between Slovenia and Italy. But that day, I was told to stop by Gorizia Centrale because the connecting road had been blocked due to the recent wildfires. It was the first day of August (2022). Three weeks before my arrival, Sela na Krasu was under evacuation order as uncontrollable wildfires spread nearby. While passing through the massive expanse of burnt land on the way to Sela na Krasu, I was told that many mines of the Second World War were detonated in the forest because of the heat. During a hundred years, the violence persisted after the phenomenon of time and space displacement. Mines, bombs, missiles, nuclear weapons... turning the water violent, as well as the soil, air, temperature, atmosphere...

Temporal experiences and historical writings of certain regions have been fragmented and overlapped due to national violence, cultural shock, economic exploitation, and identity division, and thus have formed the state of “Aiôn,” that is, the bulb state of time. This does not mean a delay or regression in the vacuum region, but a perception/experience of time that is different from the ideal of the 20th century—a time under the development of internet society and global trade in the 21st century.

We cannot live outside our bodies, our friends, some sort of human cluster, and at the same time, we are bursting out of this situation. The question which poses itself then is one of the conditions which allow the acceptance of the other, the acceptance of a subjective pluralism. It is a matter not only of tolerating another group, another ethnicity, another sex, but also of a desire for dissensus, otherness, difference.

***A c c e p t i n g
otherness is a
question not so
much of right as
of desire. This
acceptance is
possible precisely
on the condition
of assuming the
multiplicity within
oneself.***

A promised day?

**A promised day
on its micro orb crawled across
light-years of quotidian
if ever
a grain of sand
each verbs in breath**

**Not a promised day
unnervingly (uncountable) quantifiers
fast-arriving from
environment
if never
too late to brake
damage beyond repair**

**A no promised day
In the
end
there is not

nothing**

**Time capsule
off the road:**

**In the untitled
age, *pray for
us, who once,
too, thought we
could fly.***

Bibliography:

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