

So They Steal, And Then What

The frozen present is one of a proliferation of jellyfish. Let us take the axis of time—its slow spatial unfolding—and bend it. Where is the present, right now? Do not seek to find it; do not pursue it. It has been swept away by the currents of History, now frozen in place.

Erstwhile is still now; the present does not exist—it no longer exists. He was swept away by the currents of a stalled History. What was, still is; the present truly exists only in a corrupted state—it exists now only within the infinite entanglements of a past arrayed in projective bundles.

So they steal your oomph, and then what?

Welcome future generations into the old-fashioned and quondam realm of masks!

What was is still there; the present no longer exists. Flash the future with its fate to them. Unmask this illusory future and humiliate them; for if you lack bite, they will make you pay dearly and fire you. Shatter the illusion of this fabricated future.

Let us take the axis of time—its slow spatial unfolding—and bend it. Along its vertical axis, the future resembles the oral arms—equipped with stinging cells—and tentacles of a jellyfish.

It is an inverted, predatory world that does not know how to preserve the balance of an ecosystem. It does not know how for it does not want to.

So they are stealing your life from you... and then what? Go right ahead—without hesitation—and welcome future generations into the antiquated, archaic world of masks!

The patriarchy will not fall into oblivion on its own; it needs you for that.

THE PAST IS STILL THE PRESENT; THE PRESENT DOES NOT EXIST—IT NO LONGER EXISTS.

The patriarchy will not fade into oblivion on its own; it needs you for that. So, again...

Let us take the axis of time—its slow spatial unraveling—and bend it. Where is the present, here and now?

Don't try to find it, don't seek for it. It has been carried away by the currents of HISTORY brought to a standstill.

So they steal your energy—and then what? Go ahead, then, and welcome future generations without reservation into the obsolete, bygone realm of masks!

What once was is still there; the present no longer exists.

Reveal the future and its destiny to them.

Unmask the illusory future and give them a slap in the face, because if you lack oomph, they'll slap their hand on your face, then sack you. Slam the future in the offing of the fake.

Acting like a single cell at your fingertips, each screen is formed of individual jellyfish—or, more precisely, each screen is a cnidocyte. And they are all interconnected.

The future is *now*... a Medusa!