

Flood the world, as fast as you can.

Our lives are surrounded by unremarkable ruins.

When we are drowning there are two locations: the shoreline or the abyss.

(Seemingly before this binary there is sometimes a false third option of the sinking wreckage or flotsam. A high number of people consider this as distinct from the abyss.)

~~To choose to live or to die is an easier choice than choosing between utopia and dystopia.~~

Now that time runs backwards (*events bleed into us from the future rather than slay us from the past*) people have started scoping out the horizon for potential shorelines. Reading currents and eddies in a search for potential salvation. Which direction to flounder?

I come from an island that has consistently managed to export and import its utopian projects, much to the chagrin and suffering of the planet's peoples and non-peoples. Via resource extraction, technological monopoly, geographical prejudice and missionary zeal these botched ideals and methodologies are directly responsible for the accelerated dystopian fate the globe is facing.

(I'm talking about climate change here obviously.)

God, genitalia, the Titanic, capital. We still cannot digest these excesses. These non-logical quirks do not boil down to rationality. Hunting for reason with machete-like assurance, murder occurs, on a vast scale.

But all is not lost; here are my directions toward the island known as Utopia:

1. Flood the world, as fast as you can.

(water-flood, ice-flood, sand-flood, vacuum-flood)

2. Sit atop the final summit, and bring armaments

(paramountain, universals, brothers, colombia)

3. Populate the surrounding terrain with the wreckages of earlier utopias

(r.m.s titanics, r.m.s californias, etc)

4. Attack these follies from your precipice

(slowly, decisively and without exception)

5. Watch and savour as the wreckages plunge into fresh darkness. The abyssal plain is not one of plenitude. The scant desert of the ocean floor is lecherous for structure and you have just gifted it an entire population of twisted steel, twisted idealism and twisted anthropocentrism. Unknowable homes for unspoken generations of unwritten never-to-be-categorised cultures have been birthed. Casting offerings into the nowhere-gloom we can hope to trigger societies beyond our sensory access. Herein we glimpse the shoreline of Utopia.