

Mutant positions

Here. Now.

What can a body do? And what kind of body? A sensing body, a geometric body, a political body, a body of work, a conceptual body. A falling body. What can a hundred bodies do? What can a thousand? What can unruly, ungraspable, slippery bodies do? Here there are more bodies than you can count. Now there are those you see and those you don't.

Here. Now.

Two imperative markers without a verb. Deictics whose long, bony fingers point at you, telling you what to do, where and how. Enter, come closer. Empty your mind. Focus on the present. Listen to the voice. Repeat to yourself: Here. Now. Give yourself orders. Obey them. Throw yourself to the floor. Twist. Arch your spine until it cracks. Lose your balance. Stretch your arms until you touch the walls. Inhale and feel your lungs as balloons. Inhale so much you might want them to burst. This is the present. A brief interval. Blink and it will be gone. An eternity. A delirious machine that, over life itself, chooses your attention. A stripped-down discourse.

Here. Now.

You are in an aseptic, small-scale room. You are surrounded by other bodies and surfaces of full, saturated color. An anthropomorphic sheen covers every image, every volume. Forms vibrate. The indexical marks create a triangle of tension: two paintings and a phrase. Apparently opposed, they are inseparable components of the same figure unfolding simultaneously. The rise and fall of the idol. It may be an individual, an ideological movement, a State. A fantasy. In the moment of emergence, the figure of the leader flares up. The head. The vanguard. It announces. Proclaims. Gathers. Mobilizes. It materializes into a monument, as if that shift toward acquiring a body made of noble, durable, upright materials could still sustain the promise of the eternal. In reality, it is a curse. The object turns it into a tomb. It strips away the vigor that once anointed it, condemning it to oblivion. For it to mutate, the idol must be brought down. And so, again, once more. Until it is no longer necessary.

Here. Now.

The times in which narration and narrators occupied the place that held the fabric of the world together—giving meaning to living and dying—are nothing more than the half-remembered residue of a restless dream. The story has become a mass of fragments. Experience is now camouflaged on the surface. Artificial light forces it to glimmer like an accessory, an ornament. A screen.

Here. Now.

It is an instant. Random and sudden, mutation has nothing to do with will. It cannot be planned. It happens. Between the shedding of surfaces and the exoskeletons of signs, the trembling of bodies conjures revolt. Wobbling is a revolutionary stance. Contortion, a call to action. Here. Now.

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