“A tormenting thought: as of a certain point, history was no longer real. Without noticing it, all mankind suddenly left reality; everything happening since then was supposedly not true, but we supposedly didn’t notice. Our task would now be to find that point, and as long as we didn’t have it, we would be forced to abide in our present destruction.” — Elias Canetti, quoted by Jean Baudrillard, re-quoted in the beautiful dissertation At the Heart and Earth by Jan van Boeckel. So OK, 30 years after JB and 60 after EC, hyperreality is hitting us at full speed. But now we understand: the terror of the waves that flow over our cities and our imaginations are numbing us, and making us believe it is better to listen to the stories of a fearful madman than to try to solve the unsolvable. Well. If you feel lost, go out and dig a hole in the pavement, climb a tree or a fence, and touch the feather of a bird or feel the presence of time in the spot you are in. And read Jan’s book. Don’t read Baudrillard, lest you will cry all night at its precise predictions. Move on, build your place, roll in the mud and taste the bitterness of the tarmac, and be here. As long as you are here, encompassing all the infinity of time and the infinite depths of matter, suspended with your full expanded body, there is enough reason to go on. Cry, but don’t despair. Happy Friday to all out there!

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