

Essay by Alexander Boland

Written for the occasion of
The Big Crunch
Esther Sibiude
June 7th-July 30th, 2023

Entrance

48 Ludlow Street
New York, NY 10002
Wednesday-Sunday, 12-6 pm

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Coming up at The Kitchen
**THE SONG OF DIRT STAMMERS
OUR TONGUE**

Written by Esther Sibiude
with Lucia della Paolera, Justine
Lugli, Timothy Rusterholz, Thomas
Hobson Williams

A radio operetta performed live at
The Kitchen at Wesbeth on **June 14
and 16, 2023**, as part of Montez Press
Radio's Residency with The Kitchen NYC.

Scan for Tickets:



Nature is that which is always unfinished. "Science", what was once known simply as "natural philosophy", is therefore no more capable of certainty than the capriciousness of its sworn subject. This is not least due to the inextricability of invention vis a vis what we call knowledge: there is no experiment without observation, no observation without consensus, and no consensus without stakes to agree upon. Every experiment derives its significance from being not merely a game with criteria for correctness (or lack thereof), but a world of its own that connects subjects to objects through its own technological apparatus, fusing them into the very dyads that it seeks to break apart once more according to its own logic, individuating new facts, new lifeforms, from the primordial soup of this induced mythology.

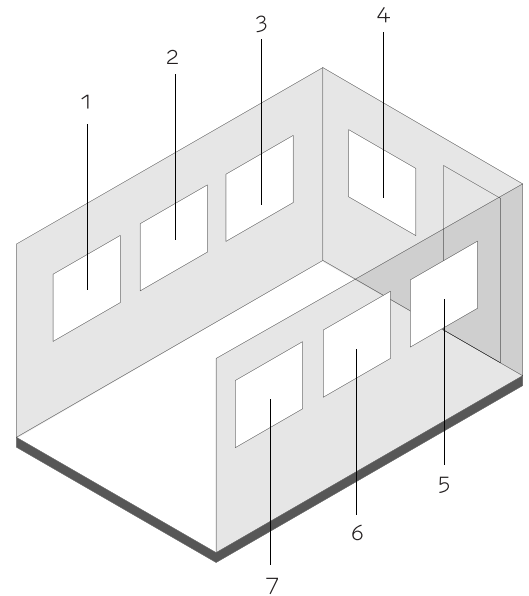
An electron is not simply an electron: it can't be observed with the naked eye and therefore can't be said to be merely the terminus of a chain of logic that starts with our senses. There was some technological intermediary, its own alleged effectiveness not verifiable by sensory experience simpliciter, which grounded such a concept in a web of relations between other such concepts, and thus became not merely a gateway to but the material substrate of this new frontier; such concepts existing not as light directly hitting our eyes but rather the shadow cast by a monolith of interwoven technological and social practice.

To build such a monolith is to toil without any guarantees, to draw sharp lines that violently bifurcate the quotidian (relatively) gentle gradients of everyday life, to wall oneself off from the logic that dictates these inexorable conventions and practices, to create something fundamentally alien, and by necessity alienate oneself as they inhabit that very space. But looked at from a bird's eye view this is nothing more (or less) than the co-evolutionary process by which nature relentlessly elaborates itself, in which every being changes itself and perverts its habitat against all that is tried and true in order to articulate and elaborate on something not yet understood, by which it engages in this incompletable task by which it's defined. Science, as such, is always an excursion into sheer contingency, because it is nothing more than this recurring caesura, irreversible creases in the folds of nature's introspection, a compulsory rupturing borne of her asymptotic pursuit of wholeness.

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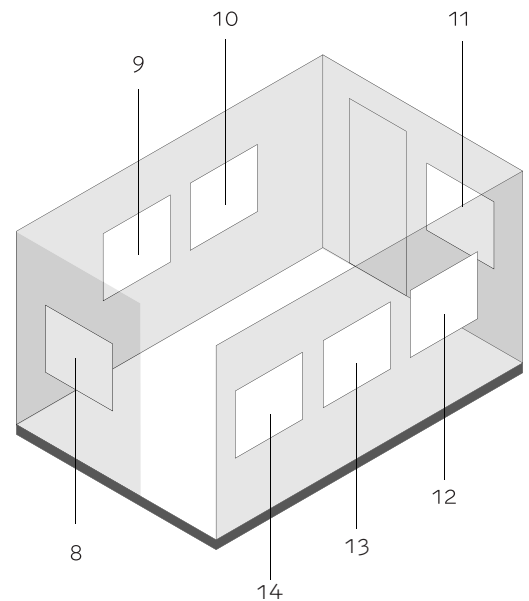
GROUND LEVEL GALLERY: Clockwise from the left

1. *Once upon a time, not so long ago, there was a calendar of space whose nature was to distribute good and bad luck. On day one, the calendar imposed vertiginous symmetries. An empty sound sprinkled into pink air.*
2. *He wired the shadows and played them up and down like scales.*
3. *The atmosphere slowly pressed the life out of him.*
4. *Nature, whose center is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere, knew that happiness was an ancient dream. Seconds filled up like a bath and glided along the shore. Inflated with a mixture of blue earth and thick blood, they moistened into land.*
5. *Her mind slipped down the stairs.*
6. *Flowers travel by night.*
7. *The hill had only one side and it fell over.*



LOWER LEVEL GALLERY: Clockwise from the left

8. *The polluted dream froze her eyelashes and turned the butterfly-shaped gland in her throat into a pebble.*
9. *Melodies were stacked like a pile of nodes, a sort of scaffolding.*
10. *We were to be found in the eternal return of the same. Under the rays of a dark sun that shone like a womb and spread its colors throughout the universe. While narratives and history proliferated their shadows disintegrated.*
11. *One morning of all the mornings in the world, existence and its problematic aspect rose. Somewhere in this chaotic universe, in a relatively rare occurrence, molecular randomness generated organic proteins.*
12. *The armor of the chamber cracked, the thickness of the blood melted, life evacuated and lost itself in sensual experience. All was riot and confusion. Violence and pleasure played a dangerous game.*
13. *The universe is a semi circle moving towards the void.*
14. *The world naps in dust.*



Title guide for *The Big Crunch*.

For details on individual works
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