

Breathe the Machine: a fiction for an existing present

The FaaS were future-oriented. Every day, they contemplated the question: what kind of ancestor will you be?

The FaaS began by experimenting with small downloads: taking in, breathing out. Breathing now, tuning sound. One day, they tipped to the other side and their hearts and spleens broke open. Their fear of being left out or behind drained away, as they understood something else about borders and the energies that create and maintain them. In their first morph, they became an Apple snail. Oh! they exclaimed. This is possible too.

Their conceiving mind quit avoiding their body; their body, they realized, had already FaaD.

The FaaS could exist for days or weeks as scary snakes, Brazilian peppers, wild boars, Cuban tree frogs, endangered turtles, and several variety of sea birds. Sometimes, they became their anxious mothers or rigid fathers. A burning fire. A hurricane, opening the energy between worlds. They learned about the relationship between form and feelings, between the duration of the morph and the tenor of circulating stories. It was not a one-to-one computation.

Some FaaS were best friends were non-FaaS. This was sometimes difficult as non-FaaS didn't actually believe FaaS to exist. FaaS sometimes morphed into non-FaaS, and if they stayed non-FaaS for long enough, they saw their FaaS time as a dream.

Some non-FaaS preferred the word "delusional" when referring to FaaS.

One day, a few FaaS hung around the beach as plastic bottles. Most passersby didn't see them, though the strange smell of turmeric was in the air. One non-Faa kicked them into the water. Another brought some FaaS home. The picker-upper didn't notice when the FaaS later morphed. If the picker-upper had noticed, they would have said the plastic bottles "disappeared."

The FaaS began documenting their experiences and the experiences of others. They weren't trying to preserve their legacies or kingdoms, for even if these lasted, the FaaS knew their reputations, their queendoms, would morph into new constellations, new forms.

God is change. The FaaS borrowed that sentence from Octavia Butler, a FaaS ancestor extraordinaire.

The FaaS didn't need to pinpoint the moment, for the moment wasn't fixed. The FaaS needed to gather their energy inside them. This is how we morph.

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