

TRANSCIENCE:

Some Brief Reflections on Ephemerality



Linda : Attention Space Station N16: transmitting love signals from the center of the cosmos.

Ron : There is no space station – just a drop of shining goo.

Lex : There is no goo either – just the play of imagination.

Lis : Évidemment, les gens voient des choses différentes, no? I see a split-second of time against the backdrop of eternity.

Lex : Who knows? How useful are our explanations?

Linda : (winking) ... Ah, that is the meaning of transience.

- T Newfields

Beg.: 2000 Nagoya Fin.: 2022 Yokohama

