

Questions for the San Andreas Fault Line

who are your ancestors?

maybe Carl Sagan?

or how about the Mariana trench?

do you think instability is inherently built into the land and then transmitted to the humans who live upon it...

or is it the other way around? ...the instability starts with the hungry humans who then transmit it into the land in a sort of strange loop that feedbacks out of control

if you had to choose would you prefer...

the internet or the cosmos

public secrets or faster shipping

continental drift or a blanket fort

more ideas or the grand canyon

gold rush or settlers or server farms

is it really a system of tubes?



can I show you a dance?
if yes there are two choices....

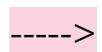
a> a re-enactment of Martha Grahams's Great depression era dance called *Frontier* about pioneerism, relentless optimism and hunger for progress.

or

b> I could make an island in the middle of the street behind twitter with the rock rubble I've been collecting from new construction sites around San Francisco... and then atop my new mountain I could show you the dance I do when I begin to feel like a tourist. I become the place connecting to all points in the line thru the motion of circling my hips....everyone looks at me and no one understands. Some think its sexual, others are offended, the security guards always make me leave.

So, do you believe in old folktales about unsettled energetics in places built upon faultlines or the instability of sand?

do you believe in the fate of myths?



how big of a blip on the geologic time scale do you think this place will be?

a sought after thrill - like a the business model of constant progress which might be like mountains timelapsing over centuries

or a courageous stillness ? which from what I can find... there is no truly still geological process

is efficiency the problem?
are better imaginations a good idea right now?
and also what's it like to be part of the underground?

if you had to choose would you prefer...
a desert without horizon or a vacuum of space
a vacant look or an endless string of commas
bigger, smaller, samer?
a long hallway, a conveyer belt floor,
a forgotten sensation of eye contact warmth

do you have the vacuousness of wonder?
is space really the place anymore?