

Excerpt from Radiations
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PUBLISHED ON THE OCCASION OF pending upending,
AN EXHIBITION BY KOBBY ADI AT GOLDSMITHS CENTRE FOR
CONTEMPORARY ART

ISBN: 978-1-8382791-0-3

2020

Like something that would continue.

The sentence sits there in reserve, emphatically italic, and it sidles out as a cagey epilogue whenever I blink in doubt, whenever I pause to give any given thing a second thought.

It's been following me all week.

Pension schemes, *like something that would continue*. My mother, planting Cypress trees, *like something that would continue*. It's as flimsy as it is unyielding, a pretense that's incessantly shocked, beaten down, and bought anew; yet our compass is inclined to live as if it could always be true (as if, as if — the imposition of continuity).

Now the poles that led the compass have come askew, and it's becoming clearer that nothing in this world exists in the places we have been directed to.

I'd like to issue a search warrant for the future we were told there was to be.

This present mode of thinking brings an unusual tenor to my memories. I feel like the future that I leaned on in the past has collapsed into an irretrievable hologram; the memories thus feel amputated, made unreal.

I miss the idea of a legacy, something you would want to get right. I also miss the future that was gestured to in the closing lines of children's stories. If time were read against the grain, could these moments exist if they didn't rise back from *some* future space? That's the wound to which I am trying to attend: that these stories, these life events, didn't proceed to be cut from their stem; that this was — still is — part and parcel with that future that gave that past shape.

I wonder how things would appear without the tacit presumption that they'd continue to be. How many singular things are out there that we might not see, because we were blinded by the will for continuity? How many last times have we unwittingly seen off with a shrug. How many first times are now quietly submerging us, because we are starved of the words by which to address them.

I wonder what happens if we lose our ability to project. If there is something good to be found there, it may be the experience of a novel sensitivity. No more reaching for things. You know, I have been loving the word ambivalent recently.

Maybe it's not the finitude of the world that's troubling, but its openness, its unfinishedness.

Regarding the tireless itinerary of construction that sprawled ahead of us, a friend of mine once asked, 'when will London be finished?'



