



THE SHADOW OF THE PAST HOLDS THE FUTURE HOSTAGE

America is an amnesiac, waking up from unconsciousness. Whose lands are these we're living on, where did all this money in our wallets come from—and why are people trying to kill us? Can we work out our true identity before the end of the movie?

What is the meaning of this image burned into our brains, the twin towers that fall over and over? Oppressed by their ominous absence, we can only conceive of the world in dualities: terrorism or militarism, danger or safety, peace or war. Our own lives, our own questions, whatever those might be, are unimaginable.

Who built those towers, who trained the ones who brought them down? Who stands to gain from our fixation on them? What would it mean to reject the terms they offer us, to refuse our role in the story entirely and make for the horizon?



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