



Érosions

Benjamin Rossignol

EROSIONS

It's been 235 days since the beginning of our Social Interruption Duty, everyday we visit a new beach in our assigned zone, 15km around the house. In a few days we will head north, to our home, for a 65 days of authorised work.

Since 2032, when the great heat wave occurred (and everything that came with it), we have been authorised by the national safeguard decree to come here to southern Italy, while waiting to be able to return.

42° already. In an hour, we will have to go home so as not to take any risks. The temperature can easily rise to 51° at the end of the morning and up to 60° in the afternoon.

Sitting on the sand, I watch my children play with the sand.

- Georges... stay away from the water, please

An man approaches me, he tells me to let him be, smiling.

- In my country, we bathed, we swam, I liked it... It was a long time ago.

The heat is bearable, therefore we do not bathe, at least not during the day, the sea is not safe. The local authorities do not take a position on the subject but I judge reading the local information on the central panel every morning that it is a risk better to avoid. Anyway, Georges does not know how to swim, he has never had the opportunity to learn. In our home town, most of the swimming pools have all been converted into vaccination or research centres.

While talking to my wife, my son comes up to me and says:

- listen, you can hear the wind, it's refreshing

He hands me this shell, a spiral skeleton of calcium carbonate.

- Where did you find it?

- Over there, he said softly, in the water

- Put it back now, or it will die.

Great changes have taken place, the erosion of our environment and our beliefs is a thing of the past. Progress, which was the engine of our evolution, is now only a vague memory. More than a collective awareness that our presence is fragile, nature has taken back its rights; for our good it seems.

Everyday, I document our life, visual testimony of my state of mind. Reality has surpassed fiction and these associations of ideas, narrative situations, describe the alteration of the living and of the elements that surround us.

A slow, inevitable erosion is processing, the future is unpredictable.

Tomorrow is a long way to go.



*Where should i start ?
I am not sure...*

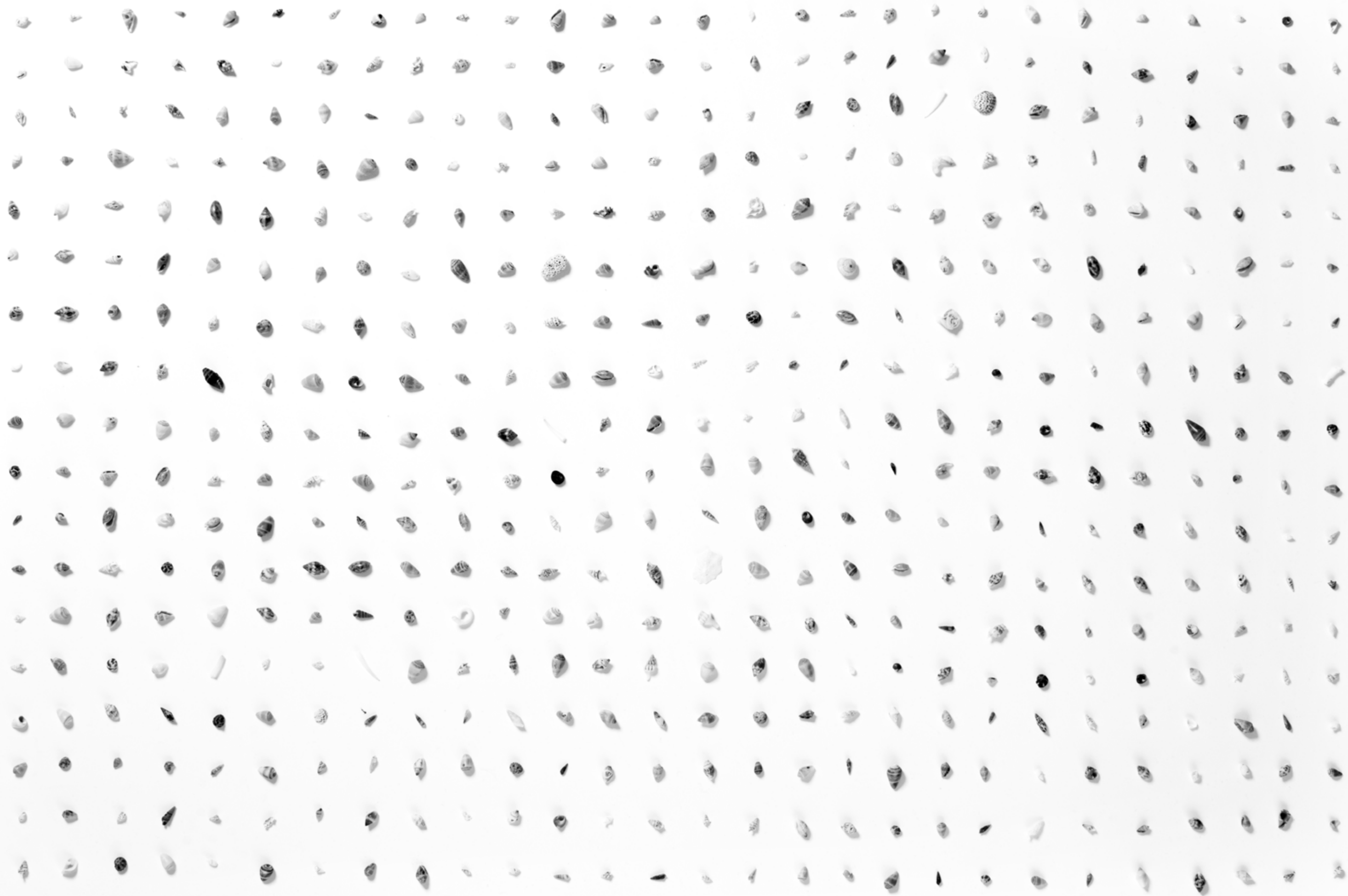
There are probably more than 50 years between when i am writing these lines and the moment you are reading them. And as for dates, i have lost track a long time ago. As pebbles are reduced into ever so small sand particles by the sea, so have my memories. Day after day, moments seem all the same.

- 0,5cm, the crack on the front house wall is bigger than yesterday.
- But smaller than tomorrow, she says.
- Darling, what has become of our joy ? Barrelled for life in underground halls. We need to find water. Come with me, princess. Take your tank, hold my hand, for we must seek.

**DARLING, WHAT
HAS BECOME
OF OUR JOY
BARRELLED FOR LIFE
IN UNDERGROUND
HALLS**

EROSIONS





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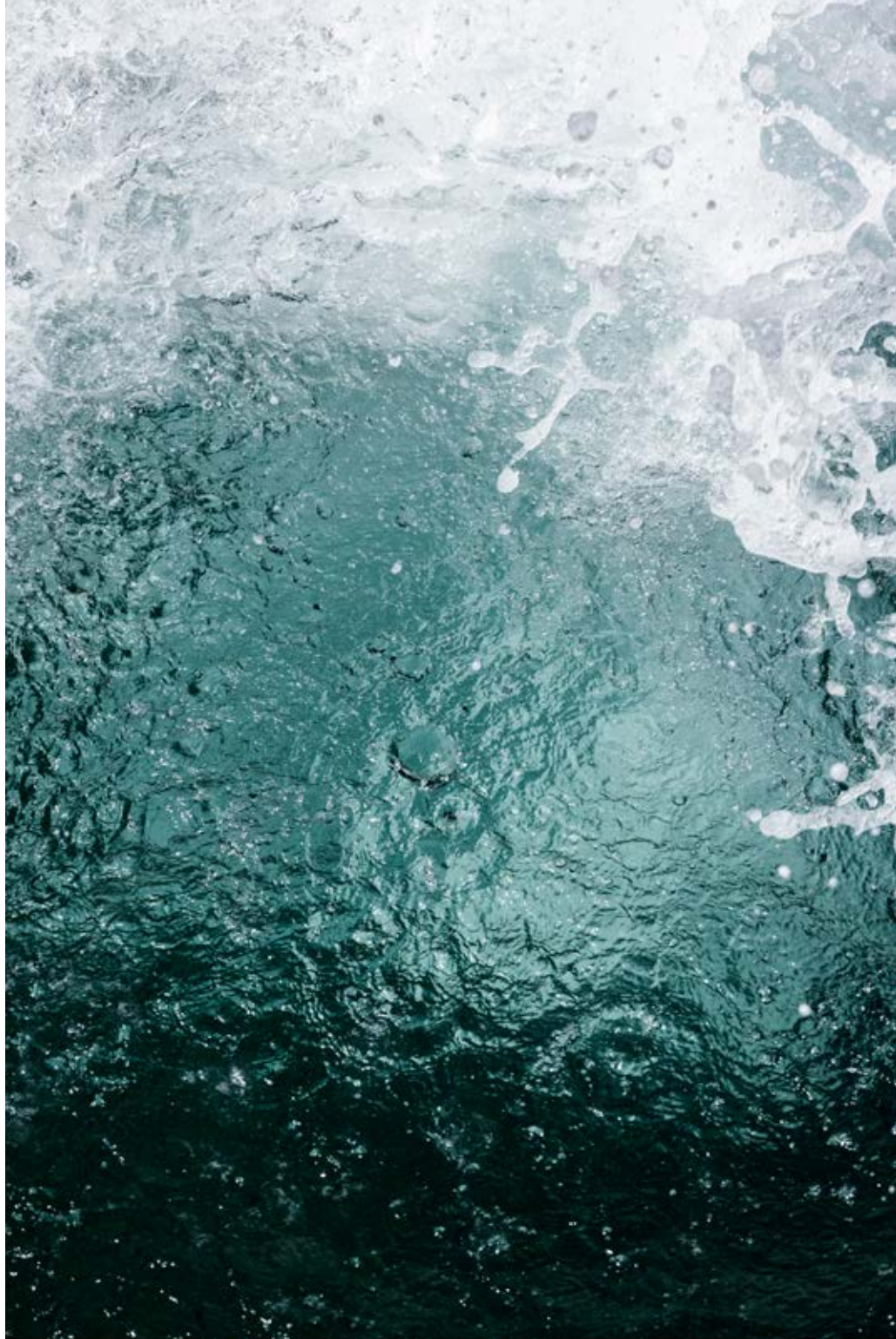
There is not enough water. Molecules tightly fitted against one another, preventing a collapse. Preventing each other from disintegrating. Crumbling particles, into smaller ones, into atoms, that do not fit together anymore, lifeless.

And the little girl sings :
Radioactive measures we can't deploy
To counterpart tear fireballs

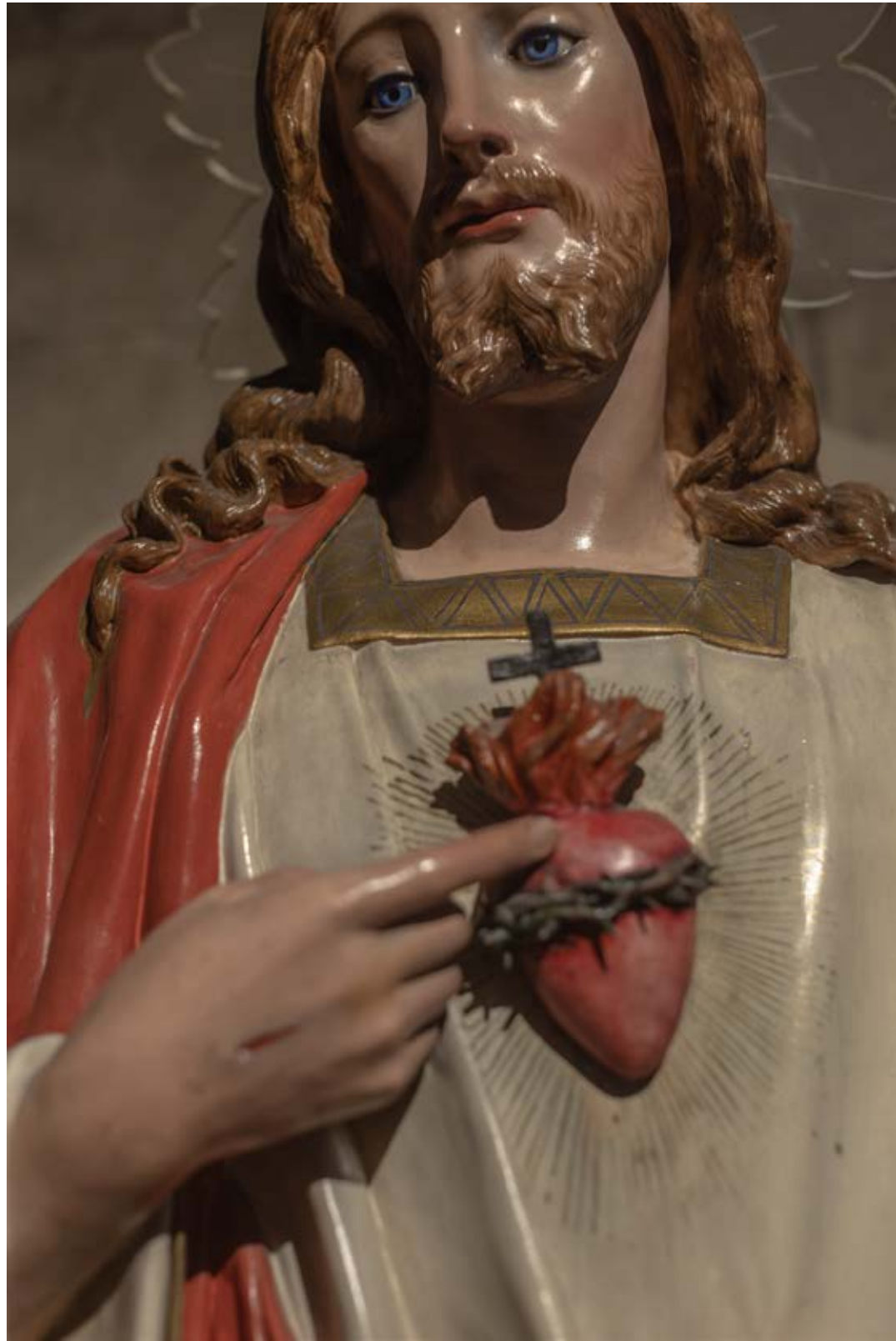
**RADIOACTIVE
MEASURES WE
CAN'T DEPLOY
TO COUNTERPART
TEAR FIREBALLS**



EROSIONS



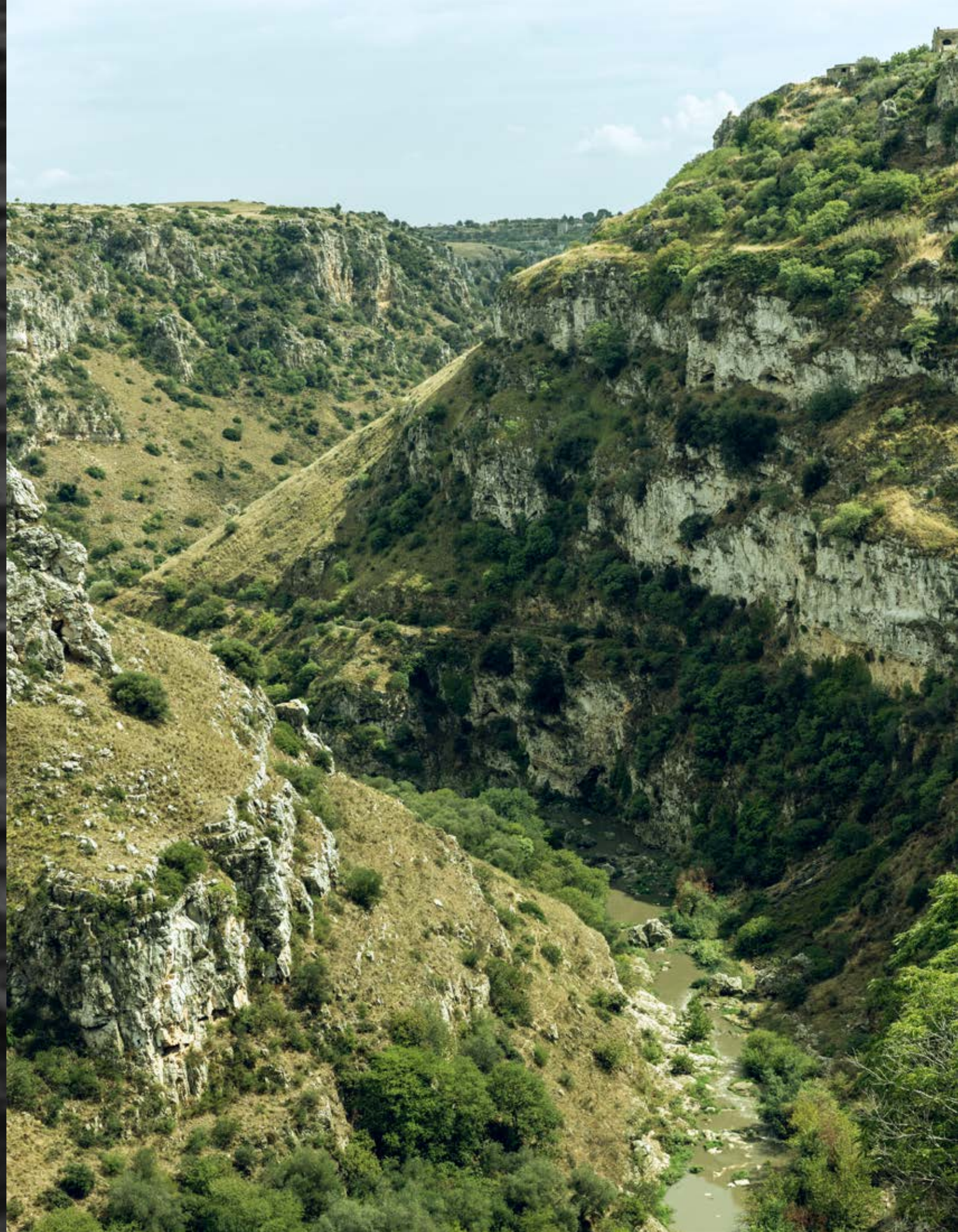
EROSIONS



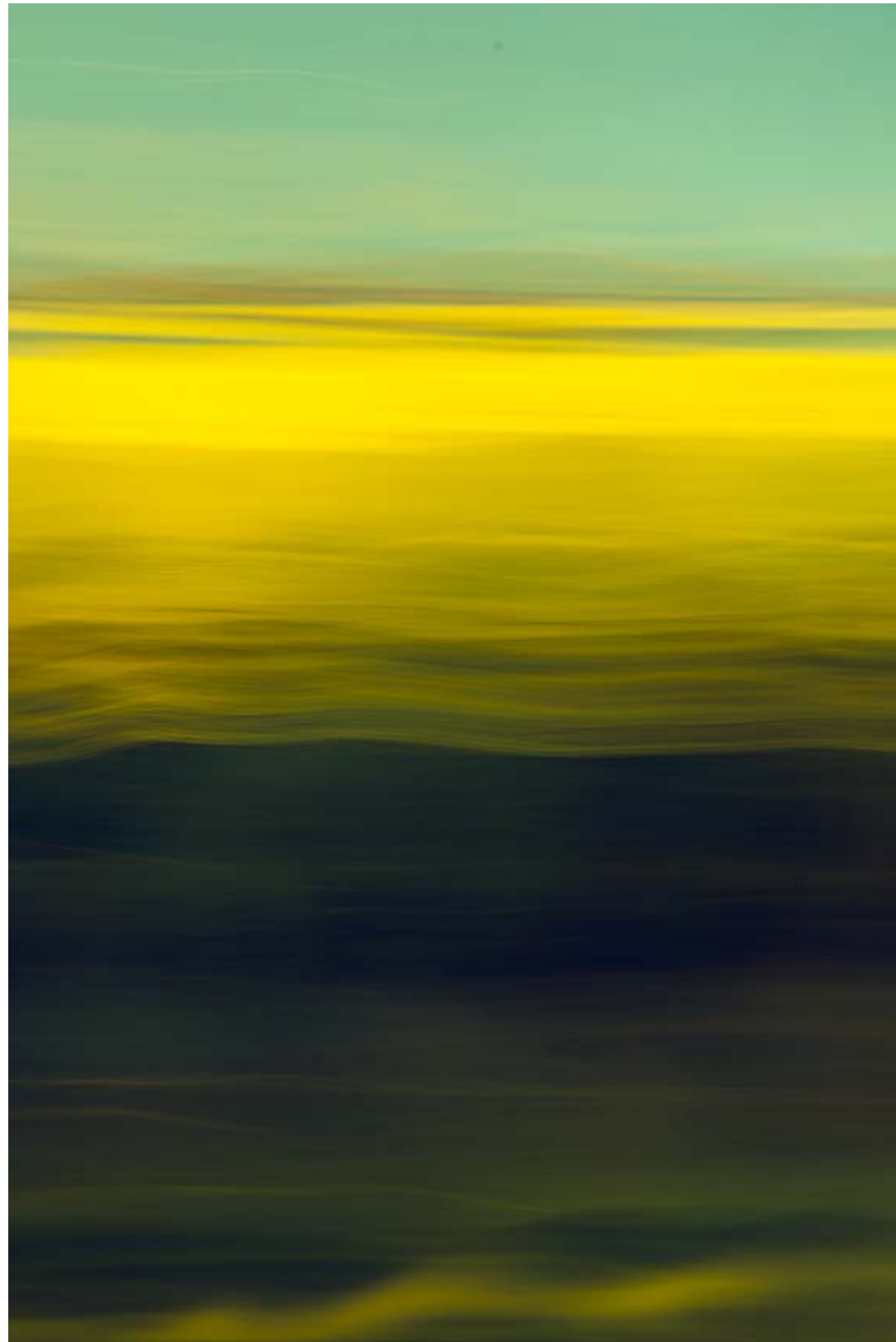
I used to work as a photographer, at least most of the time. Artificial Intelligence took over this activity a long time ago. Algorithms have managed to do what we thought could not be done by computers, instantly, i was obsolete. They also took over all other sectors of the economy. Semi conductor overthrew human decisions in a glimpse. You can't fight progress. Progress is everywhere and has replaced politics, management, finance, engineering, research...
Gradually all unessential activities stopped as programs replaced humans. There was no more turning back, as humans were no longer involved in any part of the economy.
To shut the system was the only solution and this is what we did. Datacenters, Networks, Satellites, Power plants, and every type of machine was burnt down and generated unprecedented human losses.

*Glue back what fell apart
this apocalyptic prime
Dear monster of my heart.*

GLUE BACK WHAT
FELL APART
THIS APOCALYPTIC
PRIME
DEAR MONSTER OF
MY HEART.



EROSIONS



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As we walk in search of blue gold, her clothes do not move, hardened by the salt, she sings. Last time we went to the abandoned stone pit, we were fortunate enough to find a puddle. The place is about 3km from the house, nothing she can't handle. I remove a big dusty sheet of blue plastic laid on a stone wall, and a long thin crack inhales us into the quarry. She is not afraid, i shiver. We hide behind a large graven block and wait, we need to be sure no one is there.

- I see water, stay here.

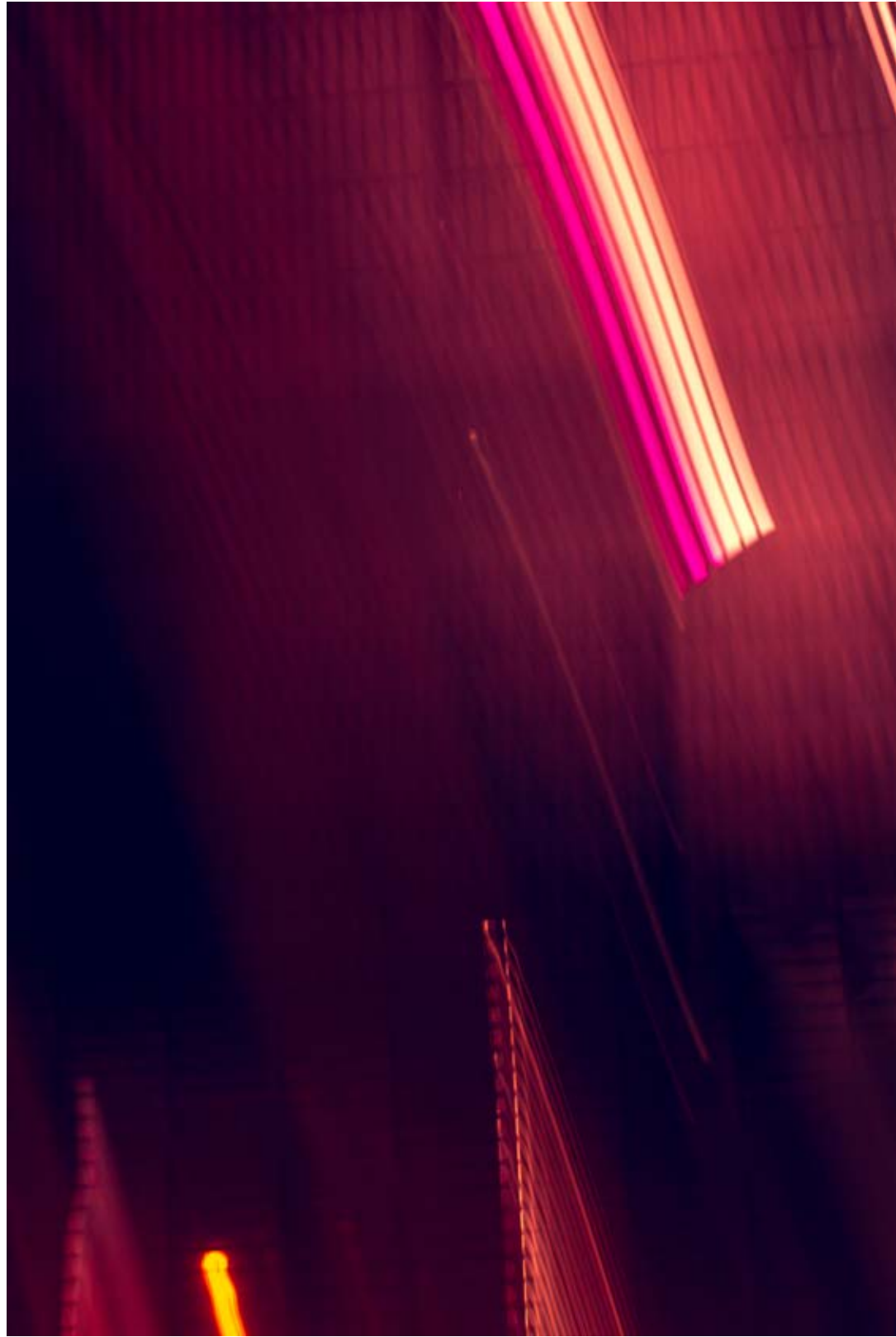
After looking in all possible directions, i grab the tank and slowly walk towards the most exposed part of the quarry, my feet are burning at every step. Laid down on my chest, i smell the water. I fill the tank as much as the puddle lets me. A small pebble rolls next to me, as i turn my face towards my daughter, a dark silhouette hangs on the quarry's cliff watching in my direction. We do not move for a while. My heart races, as we run in between prickly bushes and depressed cactuses towards the house. Thumping steps vanish as we go faster.

*I need liquid courage
Don't fear no damage
Eyes are white n' blurry
Don't fear no extasy*

**MOUNTAINS
OF PRIDE,
NAUGHT MEMORIES
STIRRED**



EROSIONS





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We close the door.

- Roll the carpet dear, i say half whispering looking out the window. Pass me the filter.

We unlatch the floor door, slowly, unscrew the metal lid and delicately pour the water inside.

- It was nearly empty. We will have to be careful.

You can survive without Power, but not without water and reserves are non-existent. Therefore, water seeking has become our main exercise. On our land, we have 3 wells, one in the garden, we do not use because too easily accessible to strangers. The second one, i built in the bottom of the garden, knowing it could eventually fill up in the spring time when, once a year, floods of water come gushing down drowning the place in 5 minutes, and relentlessly evaporating in a dancing particle of fuzzy gaz droplets.

The last well, we built under the house. It is probably the one no one in the area knows about, i hope...

Don't think of the future Sibling,

It's gone anyway.

Just think of the past we're building,

It's never the same.

**DON'T THINK OF THE
FUTURE SIBLING,
IT'S GONE ANYWAY.
JUST THINK OF THE PAST
WE'RE BUILDING,
IT'S NEVER THE SAME.**



EROSIONS



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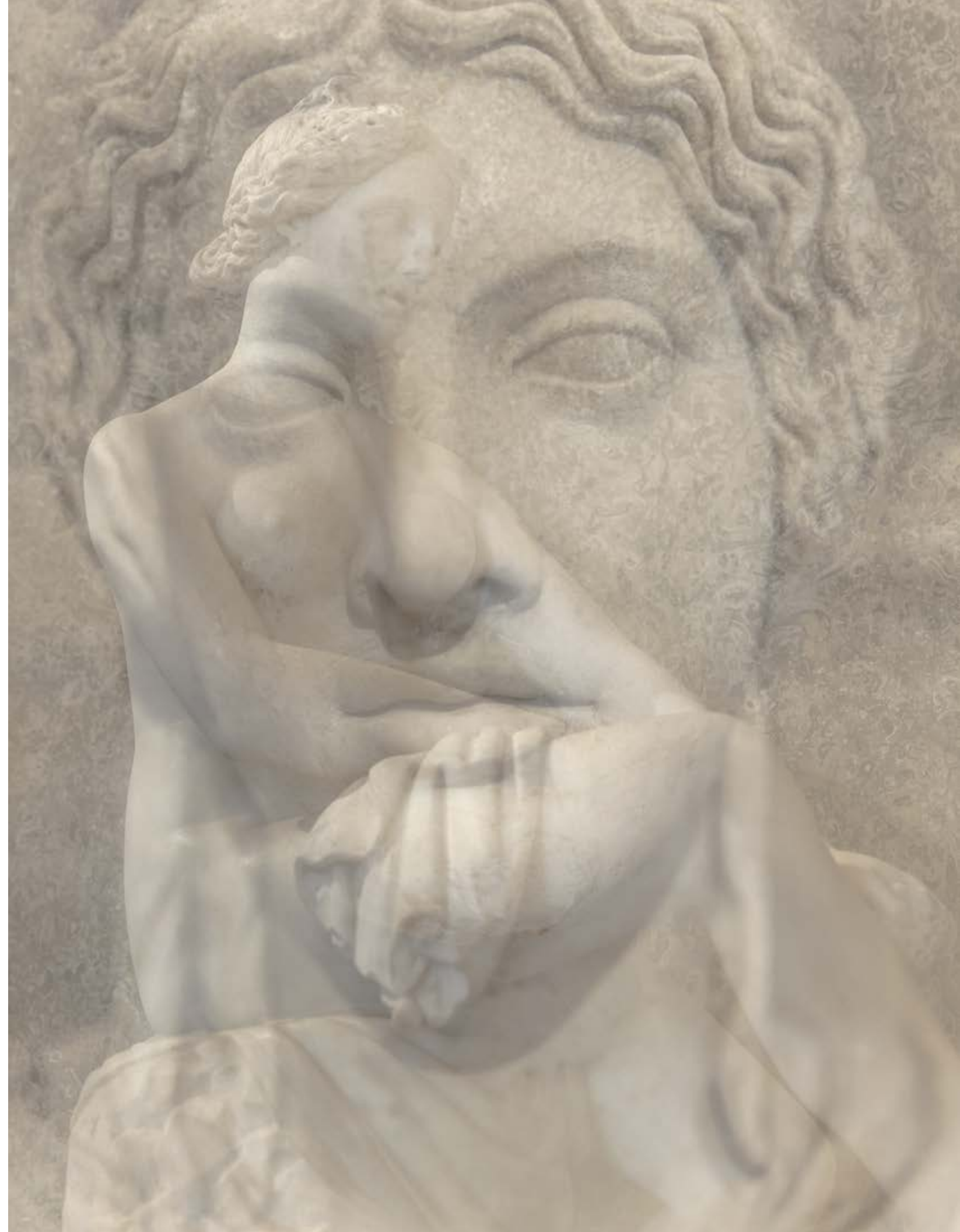
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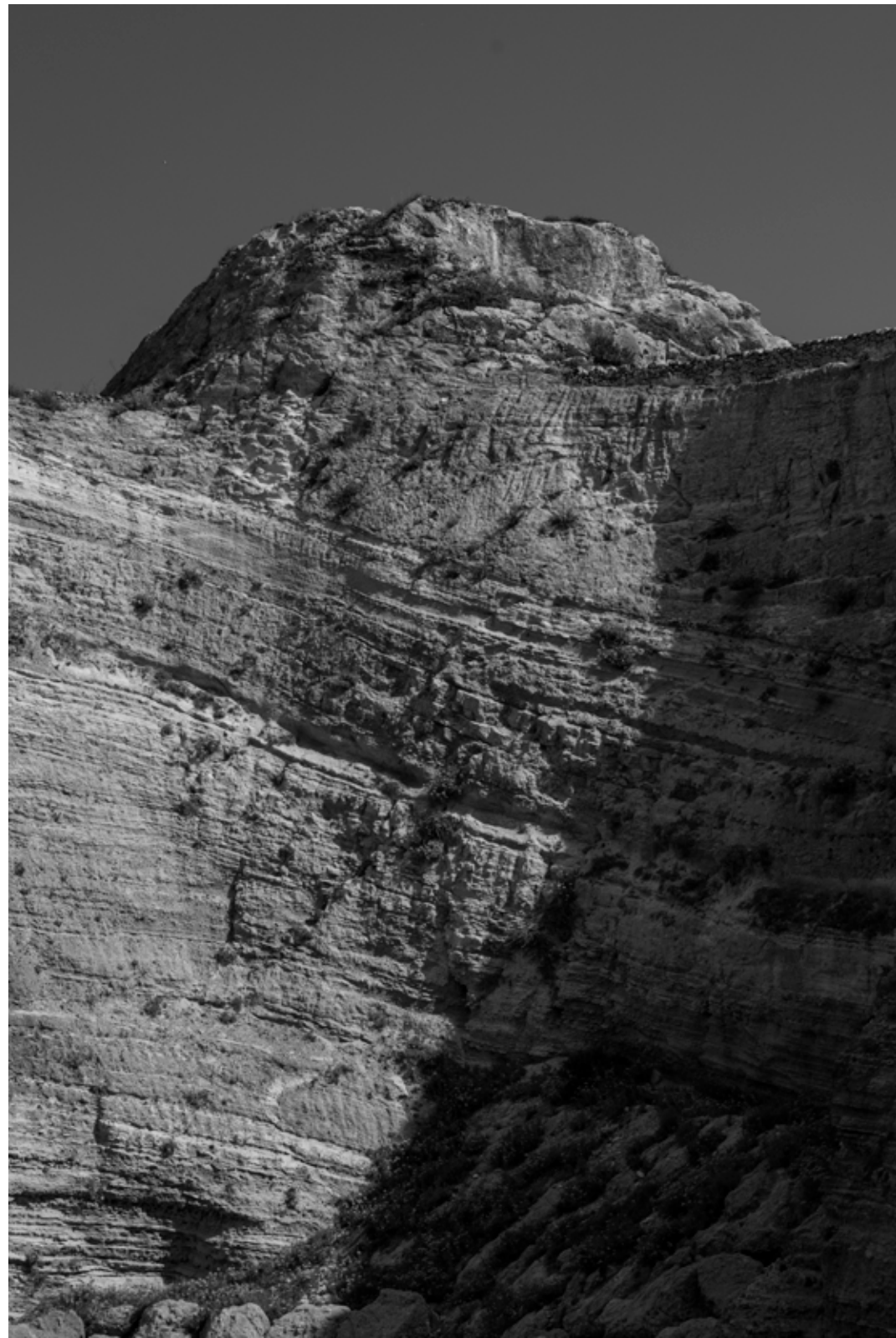


**NIGHTMARES OF
MY DREAMS**

**I SLEEP TO CAST
A BETTER VIEW**

EROSIONS









The air is dry. Surroundings are slowly decomposing. Particles of sand stick to my eyes.

To find water, we don't have that many solutions. The most common you will find at the market. You can swap many goods there, people have adapted, old farming techniques have become an evidence. Vegetables that do not need water are the most easy to find, and they are good. You can also find birds, alive or dead, scarcely. However to find water, you need to know the right people. I mean the people who know people, it is a wild business, and you better be prepared. We never use this organization, unless obliged, and never directly.

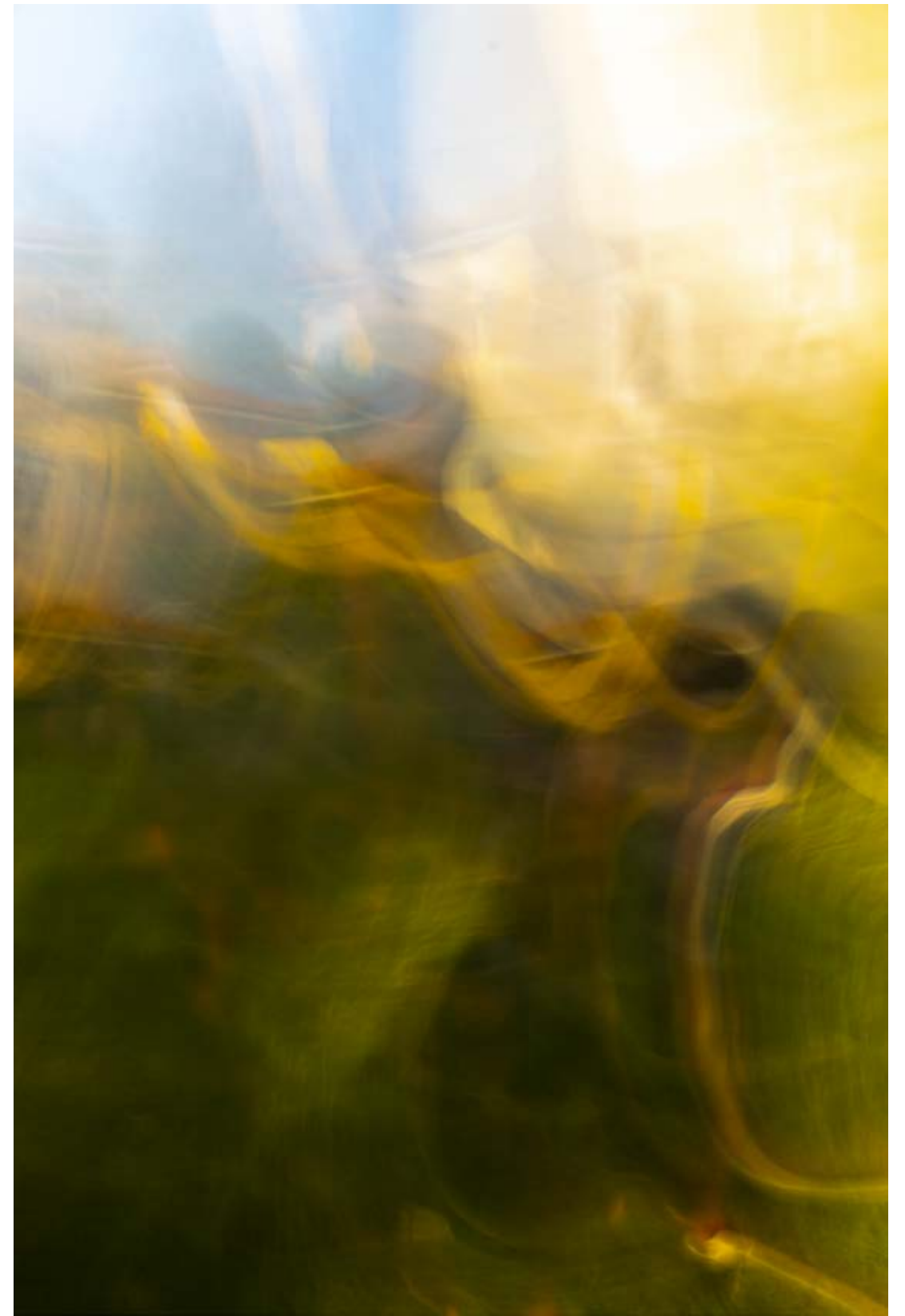
Instead, every day, we head for an exploration, in search of water. Dusk is the best moment, since the heat is bearable and our moves have lesser chances of being noticed. We are always accompanied by our neighbour's furry guardian, he is not a very affectionate animal but his flair and intuition are outstanding. We visit abandoned houses, restaurants, caravans, barns, shacks and industrial buildings, though i wouldn't really recommend going in the latter, it is very likely that you will make undesired acquaintances. If you are lucky, you can find an old well, or a cistern. The best find we made was three and a half litres, in a tire, rotting, in the basement of a crumbling underground shelter, no need to say you will need a very good filtering system to purify it. The place was full of tires and car parts, probably hidden there when they still had a purpose. Anyway, home we must go, right away.

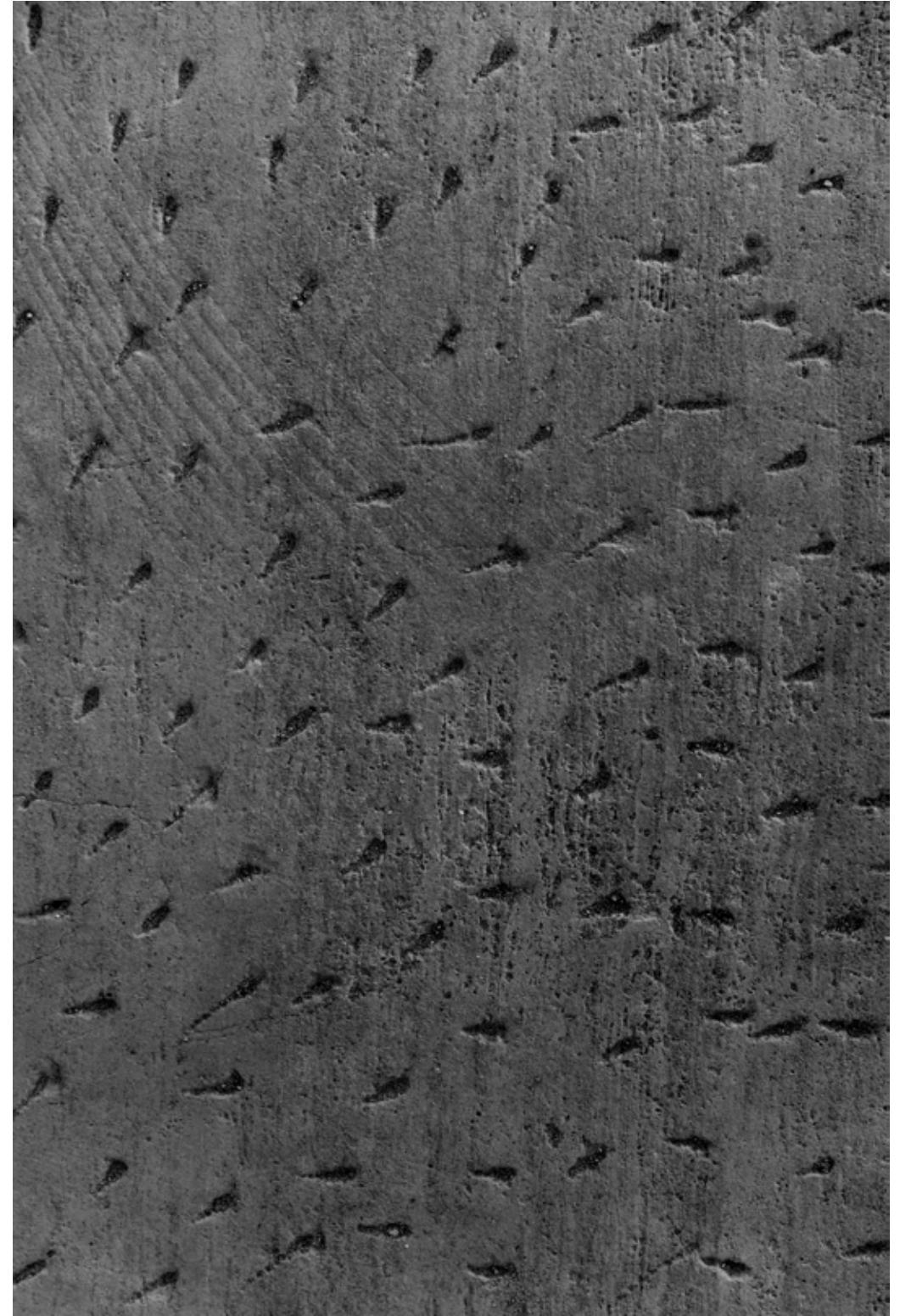
Just another rotten soul, a dead beat crumb

**JUST ANOTHER
ROTTEN SOUL,
A DEAD BEAT
CRUMB**

EROSIONS







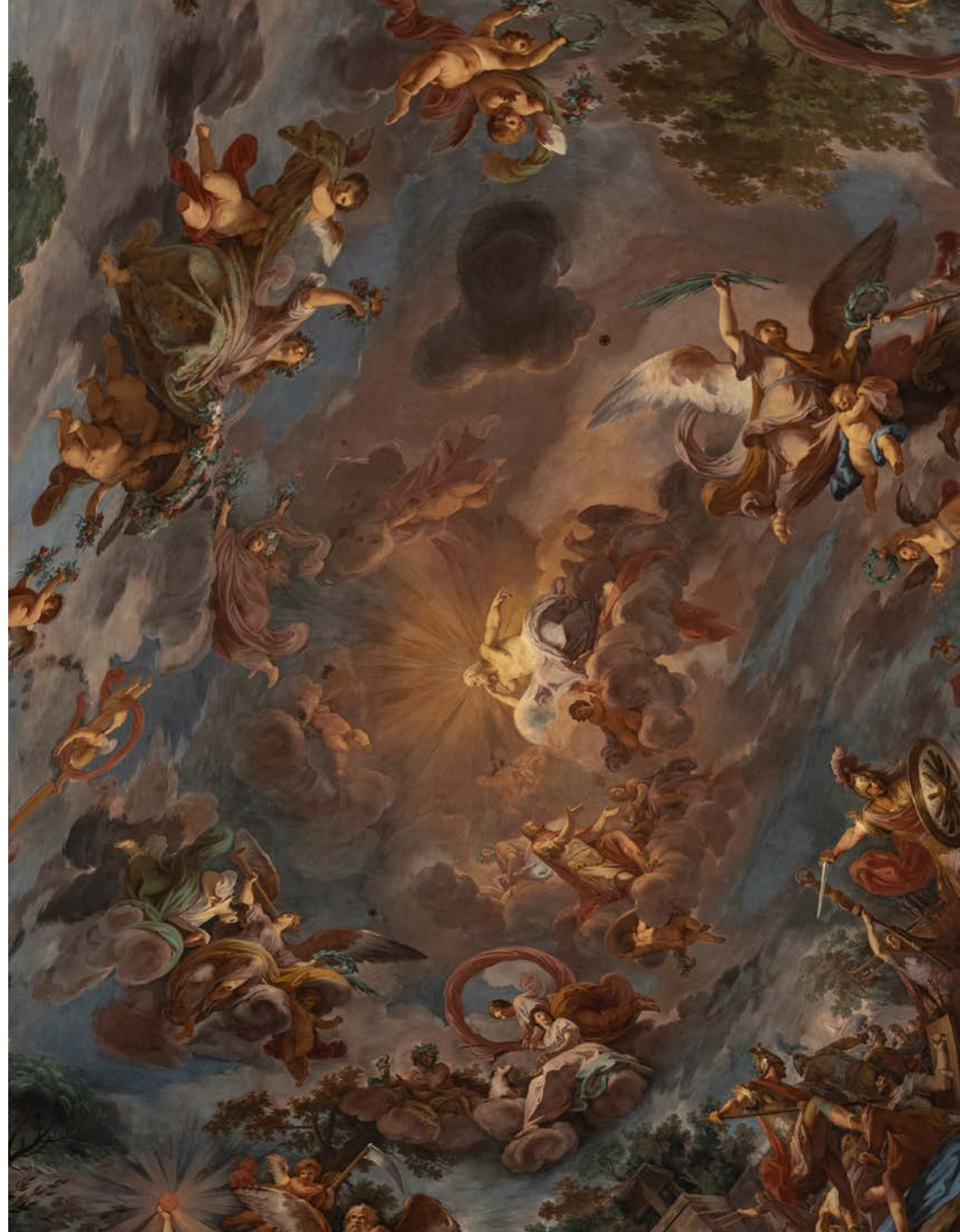
EROSIONS



COME HERE,
POUR COLOR
ON MY WINGS
THEY'VE BEEN
HELD GREY
FOR SO LONG NOW

GATES TO THE AIR,
CRYSTAL SPRINGS
SUGAR JOY,
FLUTTER TINGS,
AIRBORN SOUGH

EROSIONS





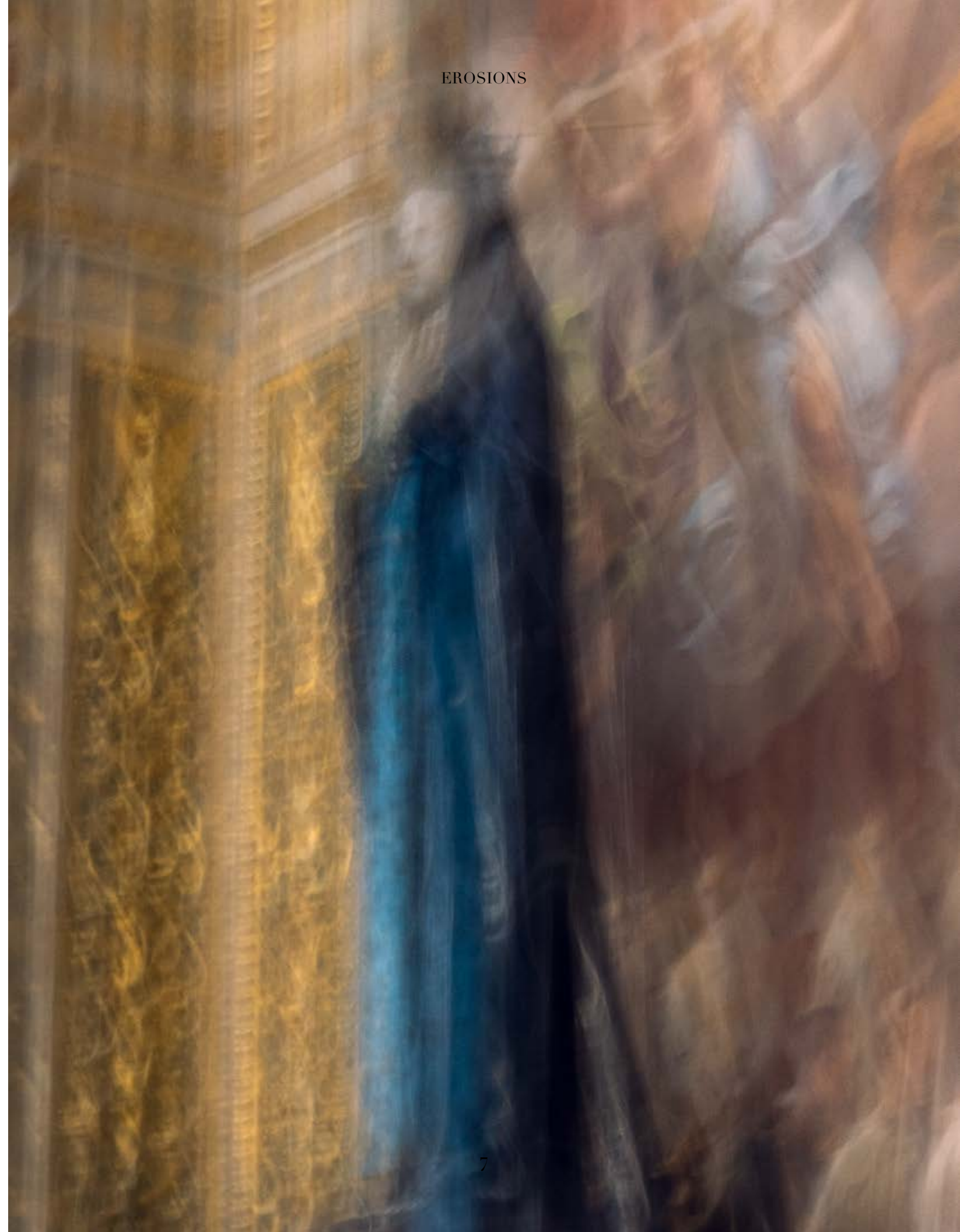
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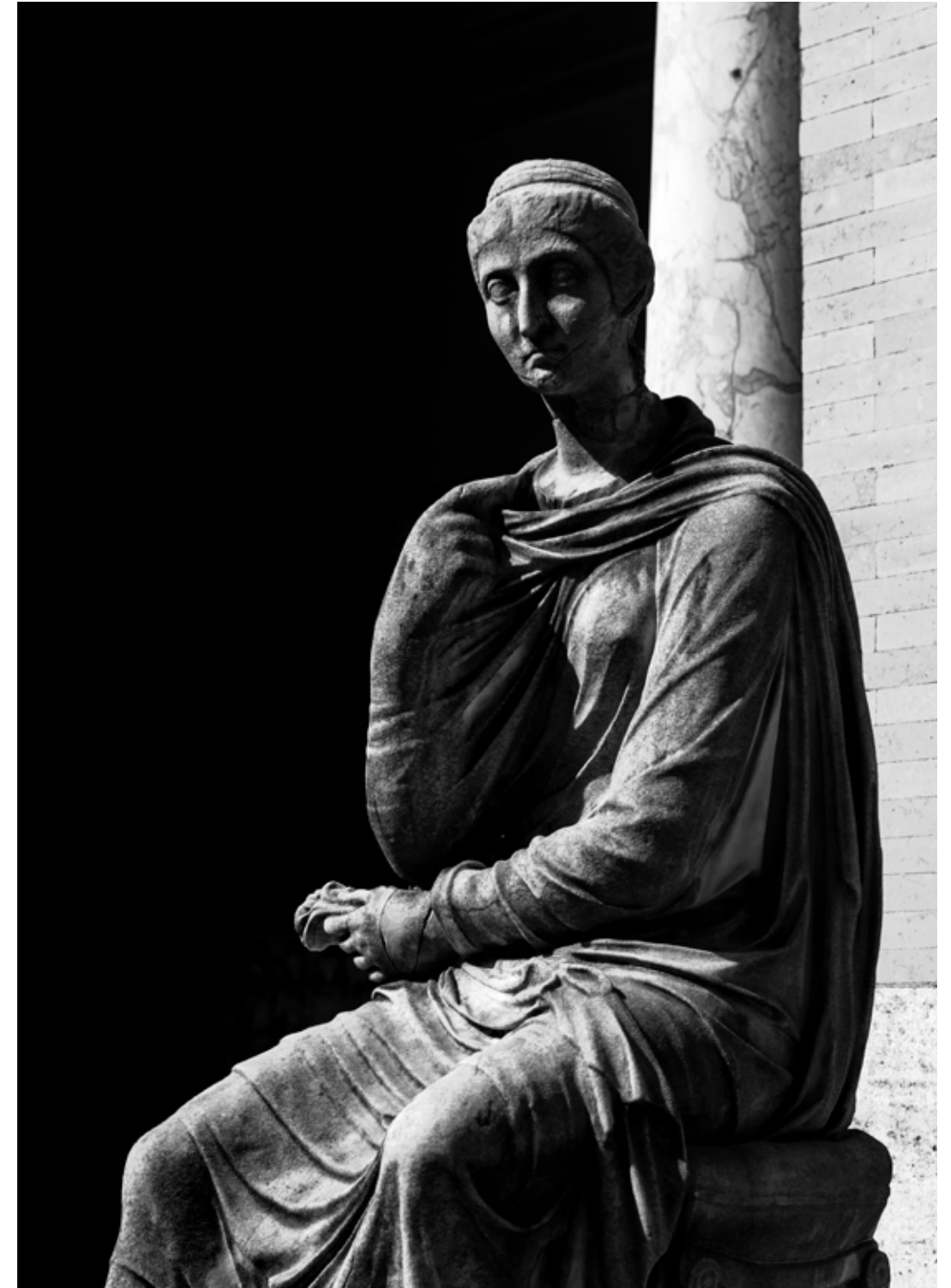


In our neighbourhood, everybody has built an underground shelter. As the sun goes up, temperatures melt our will and skins to the ground. The gauge hit 62° last week, summer is peeking. Underground is the only bearable place to stay. Our closest neighbours, a mid age couple, live in the house to left of ours. Her father used to work in the construction business so they have the most advanced underground shelter. I went over to get some advice. She was very nice and showed me around discreetly, at night. She fears attention. People don't like to show of their commodities, and it is most advised. They have children but they are never allowed to leave the house, neither does her husband. Once i caught an eye on him, through the door, sitting in a wheelchair, he smiled gently. Repeatedly, we have proposed to go to the beach together, at dawn, to socialize. Only once did she accept, alone, with her children ; and then never again, too hot she said. I recall having a nice time.

*Was it all worth it, you really satisfied
Now we're all stranded in this parched arid tide.*

**WAS IT ALL WORTH IT,
YOU REALLY SATISFIED
NOW WE'RE ALL
STRANDED IN THIS
PARCHED ARID TIDE.**





Yesterday was market day, and at a distance you could already tell as dust fell down from the sky, uncommon reactions. In the middle of the main square, where once were a dozen elevated trees, a black composite panel has been assembled. News and announcements. Silence and resilience, we had seen it all. Water was about to be summoned, 20 percent, for reconstruction. As we realised the situation, i held even more firmly the small battered tank, we were about to part. For prices were about to soar, to the sky. As we crossed the field, we pretended another commission so as not to draw attention to our liquid treasure, and marched home as soon as possible.

I presumed we would have to be even more careful with resources and findings.

*All what composed our ridiculous world
Multiple screens, mirrors, vectors to gain
Mountains of pride, naught memories stirred
Is now piles and specks of molecular pain*

ALL WHAT
COMPOSED OUR
RIDICULOUS
WORLD



EROSIONS



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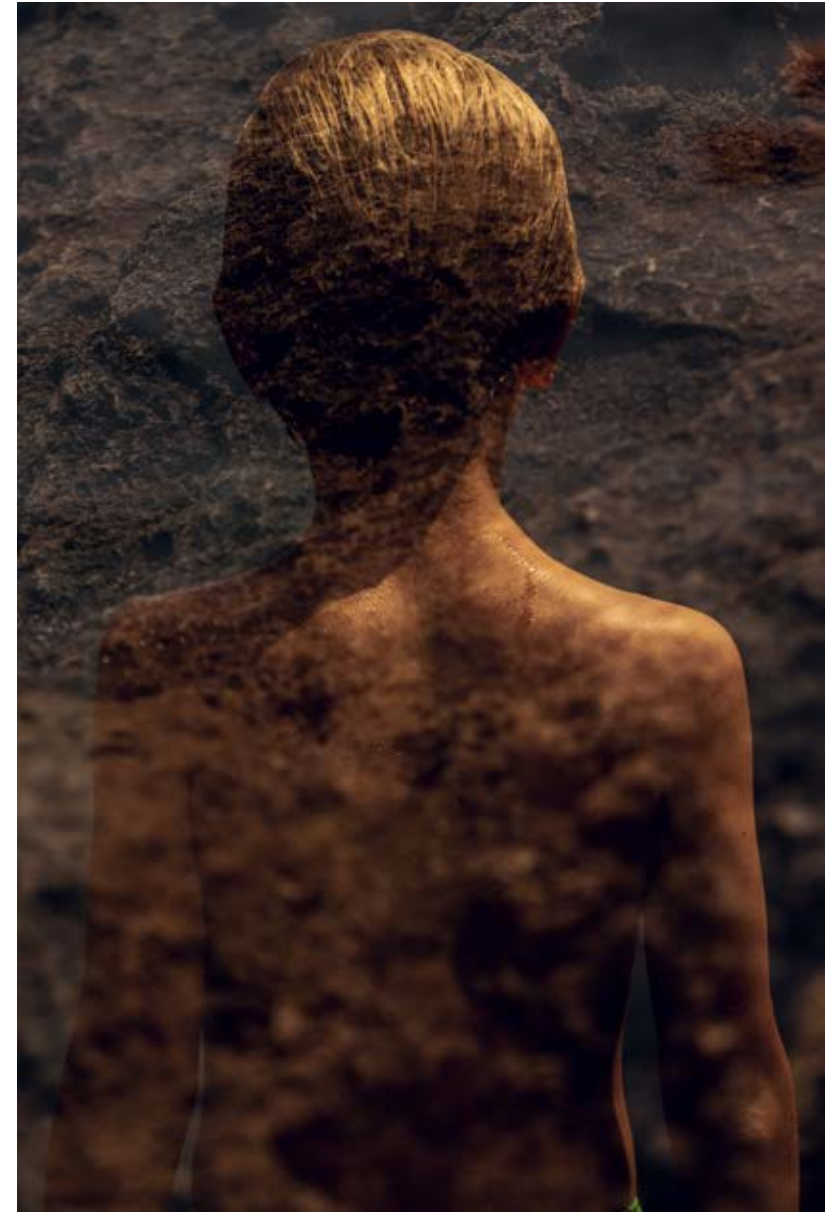


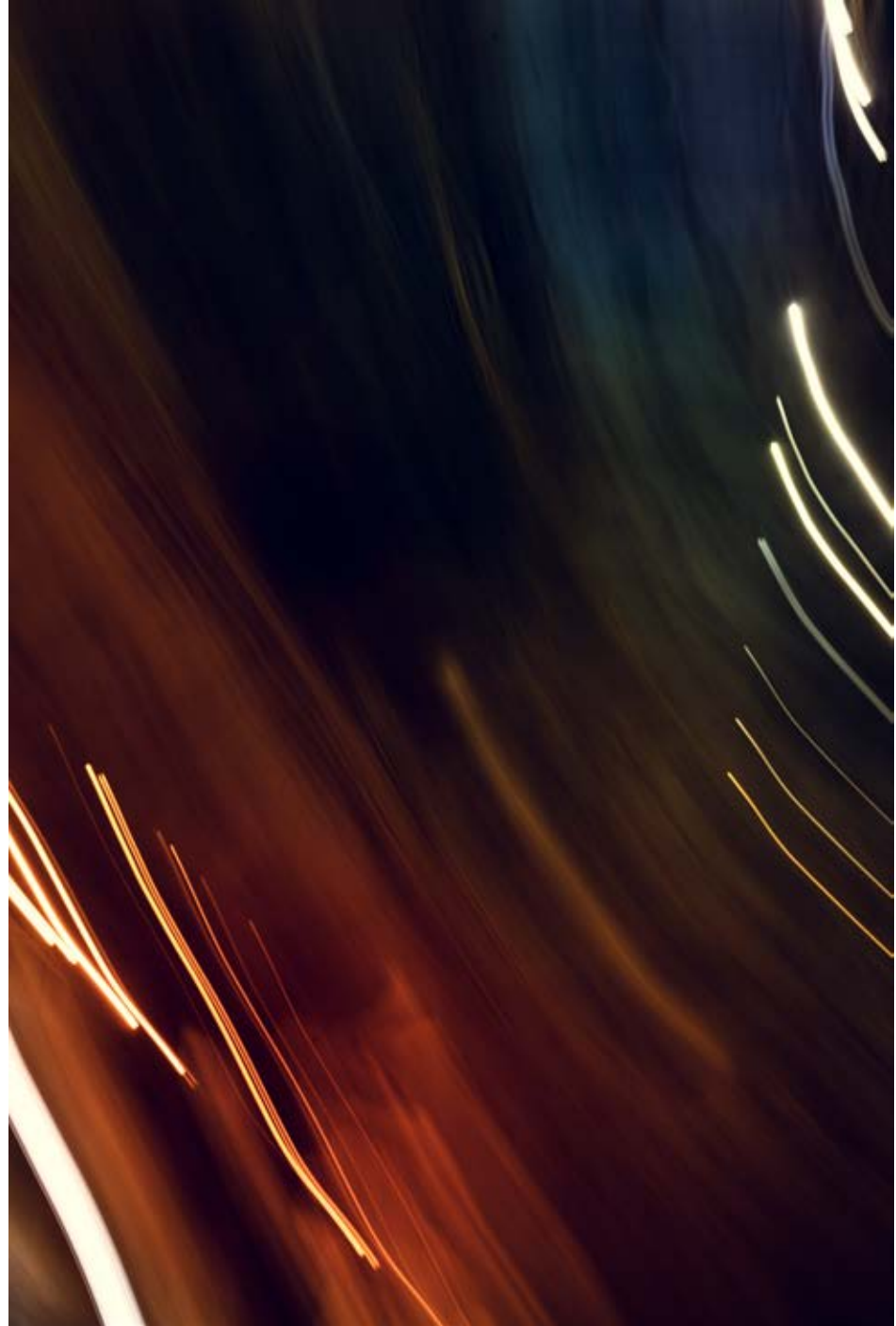


MY LOVE MY RYE MY DISNEYLAND

The next days were calmer than i thought they would and i suggested a walk, but no one felt in the mood for it. It would be just me, and the animal next door, kicking dirt barefoot, in all directions, wandering helplessly. It had been an hour since our departure and i felt like heading home, and decided to use the shortcut through the abandoned house's garden. She is made of stone, the kind you believe will last forever. Layers of ore put one on top of the other, staggered. There are no windows or shutters, furniture or remains of an ancient life, this house was never inhabited. The construction blends perfectly in this territory. A small bizarre stair is attached to it's shoulder and you can climb it. This was the traditional way of building in these times. As i stand on it's back, in the dark, looking in the sea's direction, a sound catches my attention. A silhouette crosses the frame, slowly, some limpering involved, i am not sure of who it is and therefore i crouched. A dog, suddenly arrived naturally upon him. As i turned around to see where my four legged companion was, i realised he was no longer beside me. The man patted his head while looking around, they went along merging with shadows. I followed them to the sea, in silence, as they turned around once in a while, prudent. At a glance, it must have been two hours since we had left. They escalated rocks along the cliff to a point where nothing else could be seen and colossal boulders were arranged in a pile. This is were i lost their track, as i stopped to feel a gush of fresh air coming from the mountains. How unusual. As i arrived where they seemed to have been swallowed up by the earth, i could not figure which way they went. I waited for a long period of time, but they never reappeared. As was walking back towards home, i just could not understand, this had no sense.

My love, my rye, my disneyland

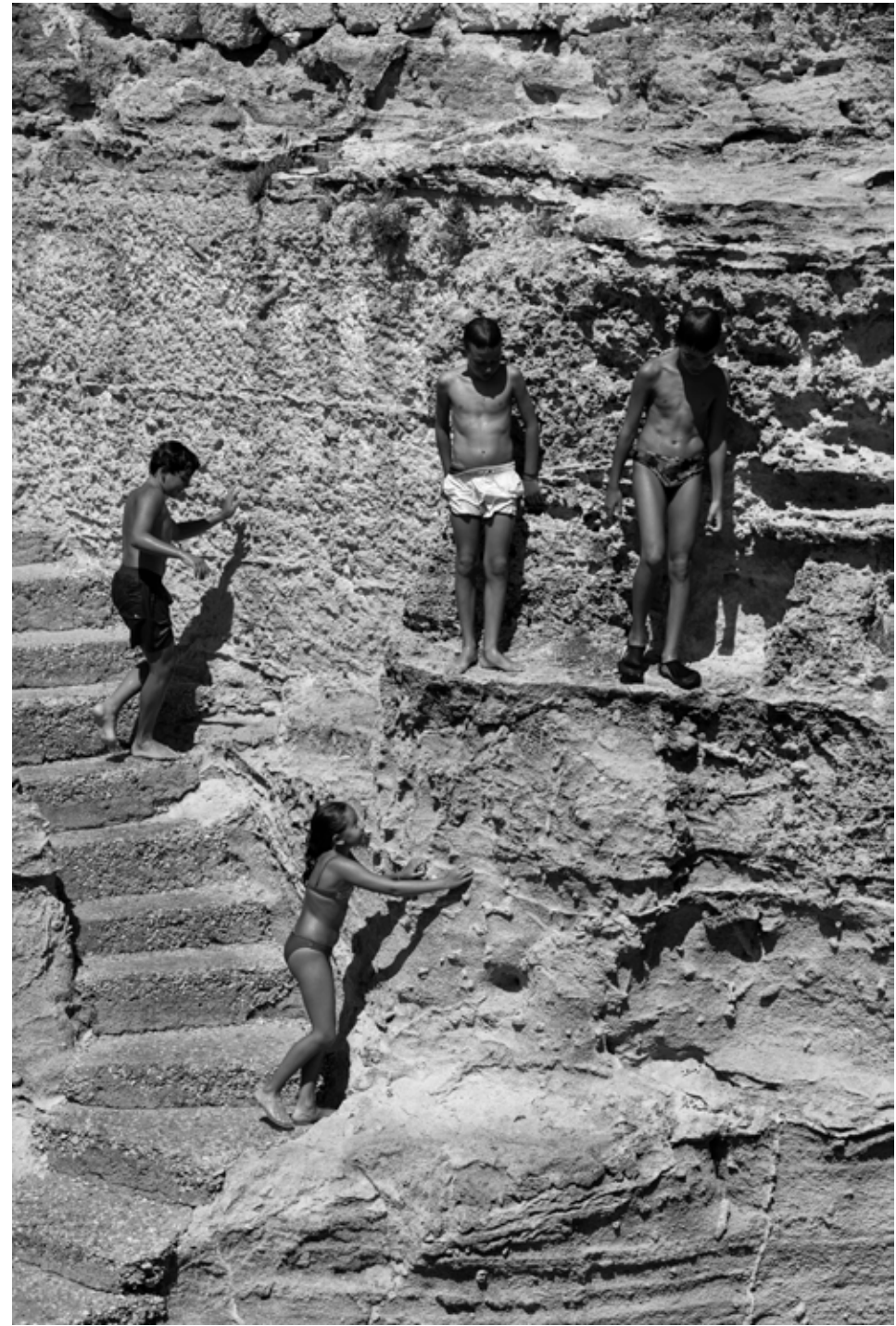






MY CRUMBLING
THOUGHTS, ARE YET
TO A STALL

AS ROCKS
THEY MOAN,
THEY COUGH,
AND THEY BLEED







FELL DOWN,
AND EVEN LOWER
THAN DEAD

This consumed my mind for a few days and i decided to go back during the daylight, which meant i needed to leave at four in the morning. Their blurry footsteps were still there on the ground, it was obvious nobody ever came here, but the dog's footprints considerably helped me make the most of the situation, when the wind had blown parts away. Tracks came to a stop, in this small canyon made of stone. Could they have gone up, most unlikely. As i sat down in the shade to take a rest, still wondering, the dog appeared and froze a few meters from me, panting heavily. Was he alone ? I carefully looked in the distance, my head tucked in the discontinuity of the terrain.

- Hey dog, i said. I looked at him, thinking it would probably have been a good thing if humans could also pant.

- Where did you go that night ? huh ?

I sat there for a while, and fell asleep. As i woke up, i knew it was time to go, the sun was higher than ever and the dog had left. A few moments later painfully escalating some burning rocks, i felt i should have waited for darkness, and turned around, at least, over there the canyon was fresh. This is when my dehydrated head hit the ground, harder than the sun, whistling in my ears. I woke up to the contact of an unexpected fresh and watery lick on my face, drops of water covering me as the dog shook his wet fur furiously.

- Help me up, let's go. i said, take me to where you went.

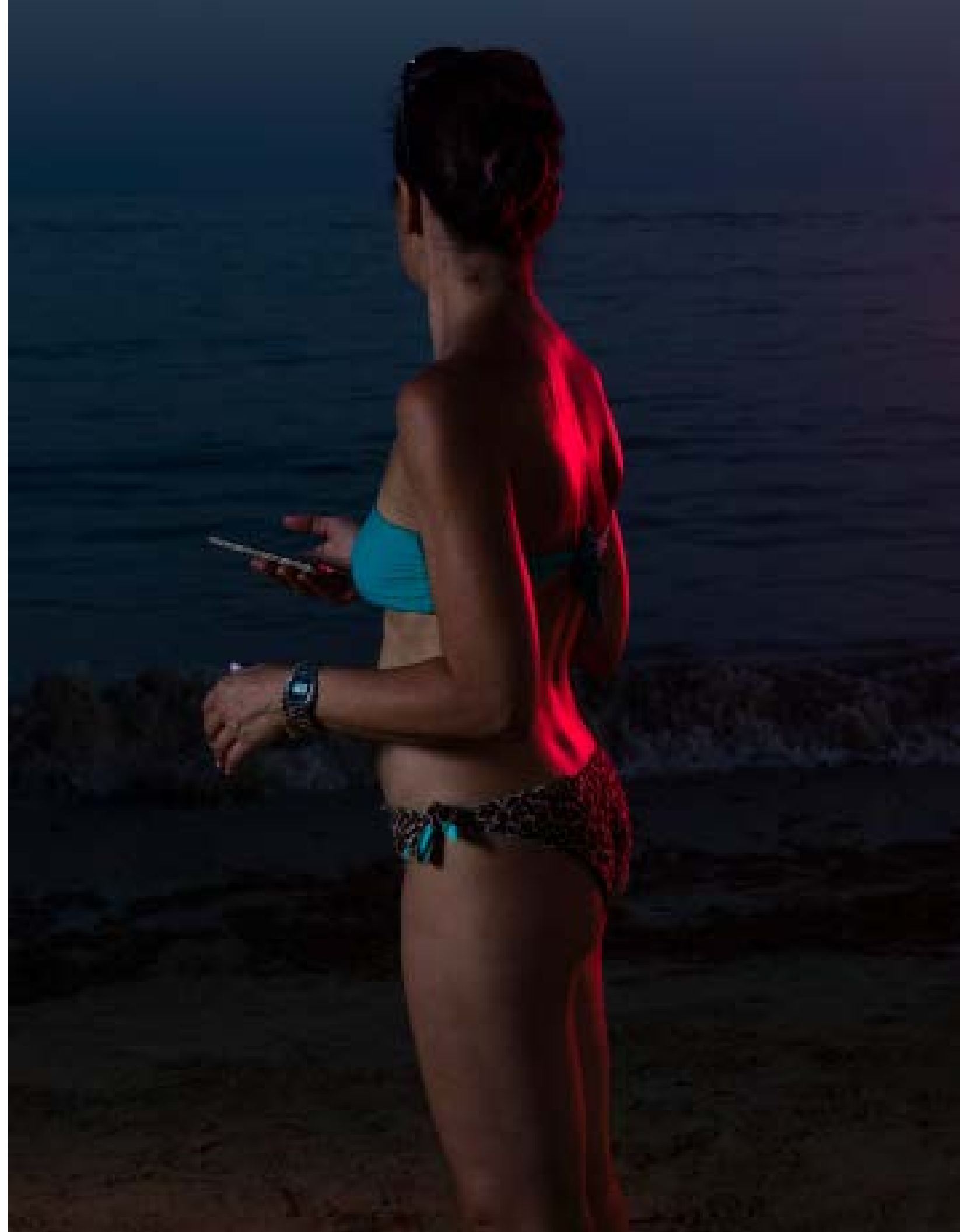
We returned to the canyon and i sat down to reset. The dog went on and as soon as i looked away, he disappeared behind a rock.

I immediately followed him incredulous ; the passage between the blocks was an illusion, an anamorphosis, an invisible path to the most unbelievable discovery in 50 years. Only in one precise position could you appreciate its depth. As the light dimmed gradually we walked along the tight tunnel, my heart beat like a subwoofer about to explode, my shirt was soaked.

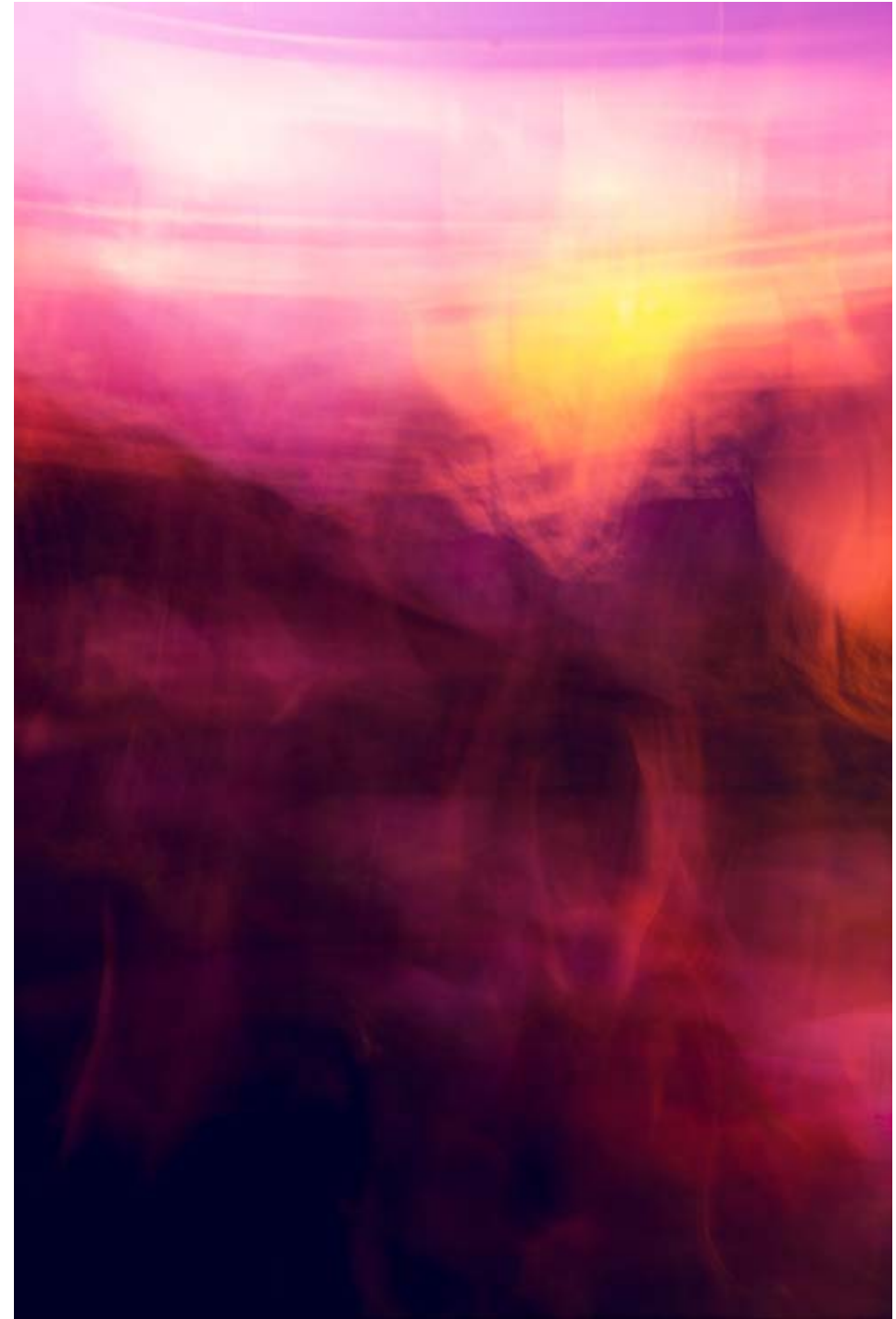
- Wait for me, i said, trying to catch up.

*Relentless Porn, Mental goo
Foreseeably turned to sand*

EROSIONS



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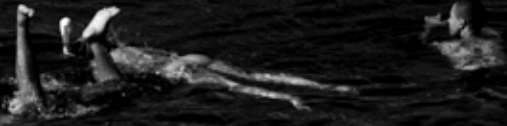
I NEED
LIQUID
COURAGE

DON'T FEAR
NO DAMAGE
EYES ARE WHITE
N' BLURRY
DON'T FEAR
NO EXTASY



EROSIONS





I COULD LET YOU BURN
ME TO THE GROUND
YOU ARE MY GORE,
ADRENALIN, MY FUSE

LOVE ME TILL MY
CORPSE'S ULTRASOUND
LEAVE ME NOW FOR I'M
ABOUT TO BRUISE.



EROSIONS





EROSIONS

I poured slowly, the still cold blue gold into our house hidden well and the stream seemed to last forever.
She stood there for a while, not being capable of understanding fully the extraordinary situation, her lungs and eyes seemed to grow endlessly in search for breath and an answer.
- there's more, i said, trembling with fear and excitement.
- how much more ? looking frantic
- more than you can imagine, a font, a sea, billions of litres, untouched, and soon to be discovered.

Whoever struck me to unconsciousness on that day, knows what pandora's box has now been opened. There are infinite scenarios to what will ensue, now that we have discovered this infinite ressource, and i am totally confused, for it could change our perspectives, the world, again... I hear the drums and caterpillars rumbling in tomorrow's distance.

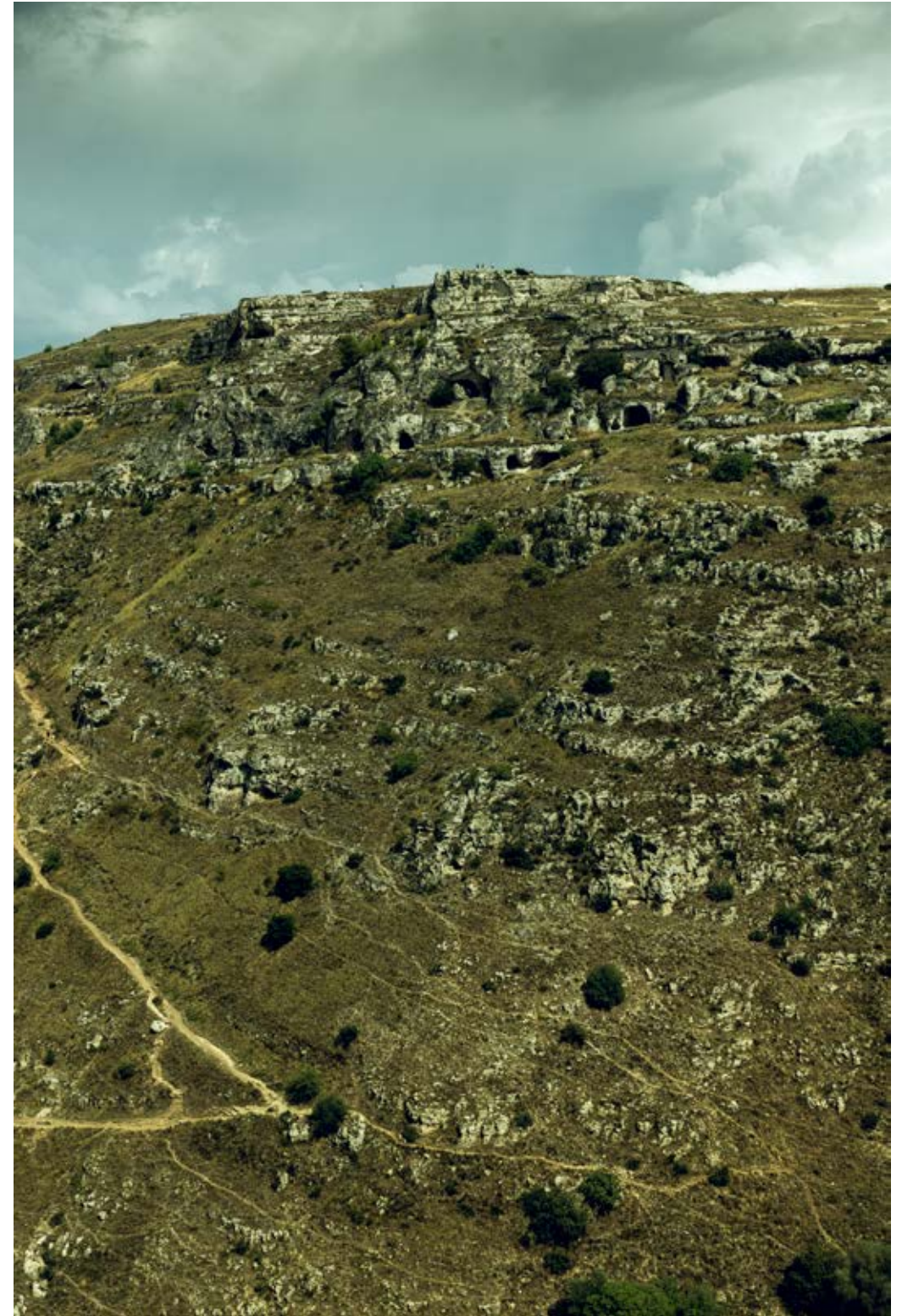
*Fell down, and even lower than dead
Tomorrow is a long way to go.*

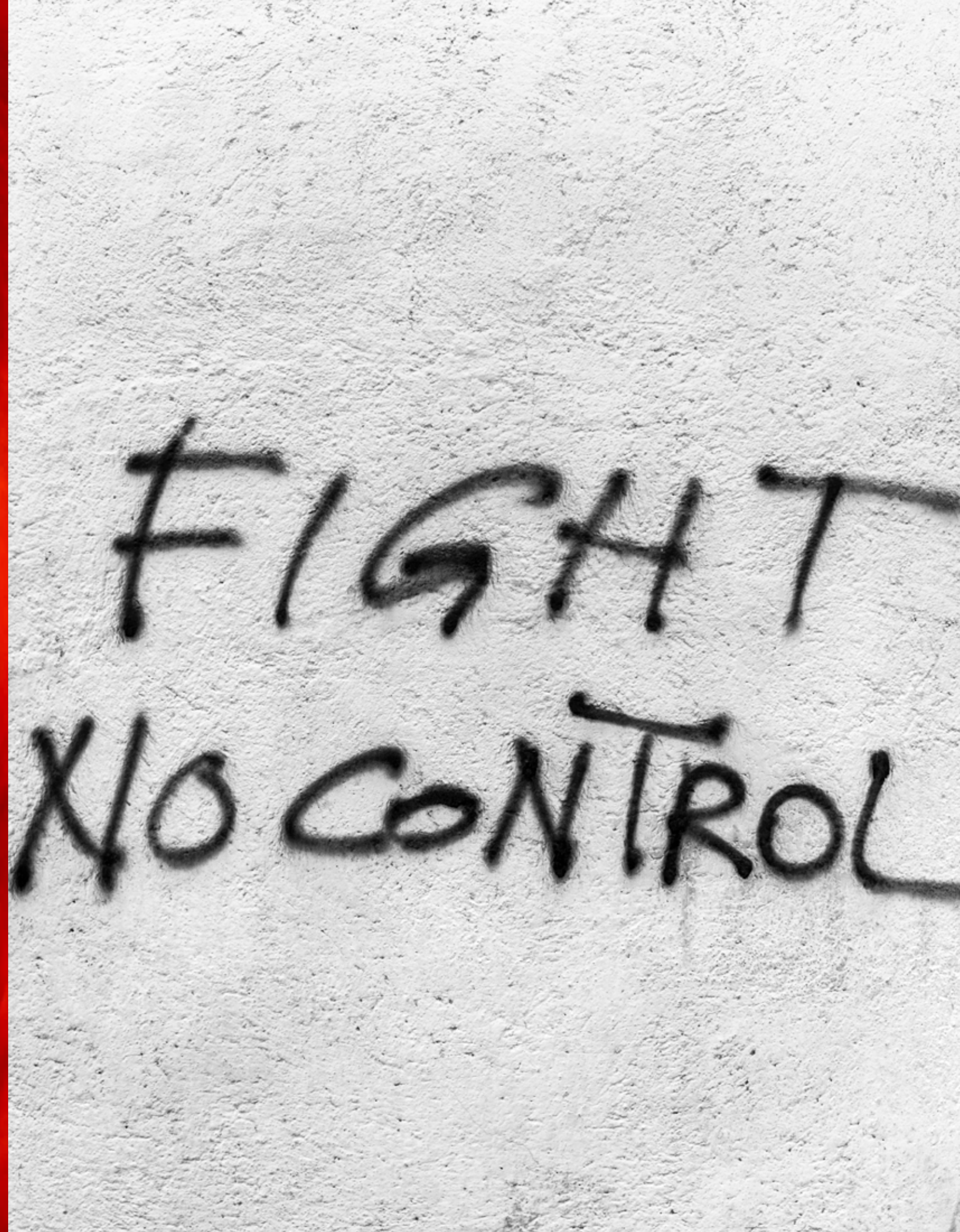
FELL DOWN, AND EVEN
LOWER THAN DEAD
TOMORROW IS A
LONG WAY TO GO.





EROSIONS








Credits

Texts, Photography and Grafic design
Benjamin rossignol

Special thanks

Barbara
Maria
Virginia
Leonardo
Simone
Georges



Water has run dry;

Everyday, i document our life,
visual testimony of my state of
mind. Reality has surpassed
fiction and these associations
of ideas, narrative situations,
describe the alteration of the
living and of the elements that
surround us.