

A badger rummages through a Kellogg's cereal box among a mound of human trash. A racoon stumbles upon a 1985 *Time* magazine depicting "the growing threat" of the AIDs pandemic, a looming economic crisis and the shiny Toyota MR2 sports car. A psychedelic becoming of red, black and yellow swirls is unsettled by baseballs that seem to hang in the air and two portals opening up to a dog frolicking free in a pool of water and a bird's eye view of vertigo-inducing high-rise buildings.

Neither strictly domestic pets nor completely feral animals, urban wildlife occupies a strange liminal zone between nature and culture. The general economy of civilisational waste no doubt disseminated their ancestors' natural habitats, but it has now become the very means of their survival. It is precisely because they live among us with next to no understanding of city life's hustle and bustle that their perspective best captures modernity's future shocks and accelerating traumas. Are we any less perplexed by the 24-hour news cycle than the racoon stumbling upon a copy of *Time*'s strange hieroglyphs? Does modern life disorient us any less drastically than the bird's eye view of the immense urban sprawl? Like the baseballs defying the laws of gravity that dictate they should drop to the ground or the portals opening onto different spacetime geometries, it can sometimes even seem as if the fundamental laws of physics are coming undone.

That the copy of *Time* magazine depicts an older pandemic, a now outdated sports car and an earlier economic crisis at the birth of neoliberalism just goes to show that the ever-increasing speed of modernity's plagues of creative destruction are not the exception but the rule. Constant change is nothing new. We all feel alienated and unnatural again, nature is healing! As the ad for the Toyota sports car puts it, "punch the accelerator" and "buckle up—it's a good feeling!"

- Vincent Le