

We live in an age that is increasingly complex but represented in ways that are alarmingly simplistic. Everything is reduced to a slogan, cliché, or newstite. Anything more elaborate is mistrusted. Esthetic fundamentalism is taking its place beside religious fundamentalism: stupidity flourishes. Enter: The Société Imaginaire. Committedly heterodox, and valuing above all the exercise of freedom, especially in ways as yet untested, it refuses definition. It is always being born, always in the act of becoming, and cannot be pinned down. In this it resembles most a work of art, but one in which we are offered the possibility of living.

Marl Strund.