

10. The fossils of the coins looked like the surface of the moon.
Craters and dips and ridges and smooth honey holes.
Shades of fuzz. 'The tears of the moon': what the Inca's
called silver.
11. 1407: a Romanian women from Rimgalë ran away from home.
She was carrying a log, three matches and a loaf of
bread.
12. 2007: The housing market crash in the States. Many people over
fifty lose work, their jobs, their shelter. Some become
Grey Nomads and grow their hair out, trading as
bartenders and living in mobile homes; doing wrist
exercises late into the night so they don't get arthritis
from pulling beer bottle caps for 20-somethings.
13. 2020, 16.07 Eastern Standard Time: In winter, on the corner of
Sveavagan and Torsgatan, a coin fixes itself to a lamp-
post.
14. On the fourteen hour flight from Mexico City to Tokyo, Aaron
Coldmyer picks the chicken dinner from the in-flight
menu. He's just woken up from a nap and hidden in the
lining of his jacket is a glue gun, powered in his hotel
room the night before. Aaron's son Jackson had called
while it was charging and Aaron listened to the cadence
in his son's voice change as they chatted about various
subjects from radios and marathons to Greek statues, all
the while watching the glue gun's green charging light
blink on-off, on-off.
15. One hour ago, I broke up with her. She told me she liked it, so I
did it again and again. Stick to the point, she yelled, let's
find some common ground in all this. I tried to push her,
metaphorically of course. She wouldn't budge. I gave her
my dealer's address. Thanks she said, and then we went
to the park for a hot dog. That's me. Hey, is there coffee?

16.



17. The first coin was made when a blacksmith fell off her horse. As she lay there catching her breath (her horse had bolted), she felt a growing sensation in her hair. She ran her hand over her head, and felt a small creature. She tried to grab at it, but it kept slipping out of her fingers. Assuming it had disappeared, she lay back once more. But soon enough, the tickling came back – the creature had returned. Again, she tousled her locks, and again, no luck. Let me try to describe this creature. It was light, that's for sure. It was causing no harm and no pain, and the woman knew that somehow it never would. She was not alarmed, more confused as to why the creature kept returning. She was also keeping care to not crush it or smoosh it against her scalp. She knew it wished her no harm, and she (although already a very sensitive human) did not want to alarm it, let alone injure it in any way. The tickling continued in the same place – near the back of her left ear – and could almost be a burrowing, like a crab trying to get deeper in sand, getting under the hair and then getting under more hair and more hair but never reaching the bonywarm scalp.

They lay there together for quite some time. The autumn sky was slowly getting darker, the ground getting damp, although the blacksmith didn't seem to mind. She felt dreamy – with a concussion no doubt – and as the creature gently burrowed nowhere, the movement of its body (if it had one? Of its form, anyhow) made the smallest, nuzzling rhythm, & with that nuzzling rhythm, the smallest rocking in her brain, & she did fall asleep and

the next day her horse returned. Rochester– Chester, Chestnut, Chessie – looking for some grass to eat, looking at the green hills and trees and crops of rock. Not much grass between the rocks but plenty on a fresh mound of earth, next to a saddle and satchel. The grass tickled his nose as he ate, ripping blade from root. He ate until something made him stop; look around, and pause. The shower of buzzing insects, settling around his mane like a fine cloud, also paused. The creature, deep in the centre of something, momentarily stopped too. The blacksmith's tools lay on the ground, and the sun, who had yet to make an appearance; appeared. A light began to reflect the blacksmiths' tools a piercing silver, and Rochester had to look away. As a horse he liked apples and walks and trots and gallops and runs and humping other horses and sugar licks and having his mane pulled but he did not like the sun's reflection from his master's axe, which was lying on the ground before him. But it was too late, because although he tossed his head away, a shard of the light had already entered his eyes and burned into his retina, his horse retina, so even though he had turned away from the source of the unpleasantness, the flash of light still remained, even as (a few moments later), the eyes were shut.

What does any of this mean?

Well, I'll tell you. The first coin was made in a horse's eye.

And what does that mean?

It means that light is power and image burns deep.

And where does this story come from?

It's ancient. Well, it's as old as I am.

And... how old are you?

What a thought!!

But... how old...and how does the horse get home?

Great question. Rochester the horse with his long strong legs and ship-shape body ran very, very fast all the way home.

Did he live...in a, in a house?

Yes.

But how did the coin get out of his eye?

Well, as a horse, he soon forgot about the blinding sharp light. I'd say as soon as he got hungry again, he forgot about it. A horse has the right priorities, no doubt about that.

What's a pre...a prirority?

It's something important.

18.



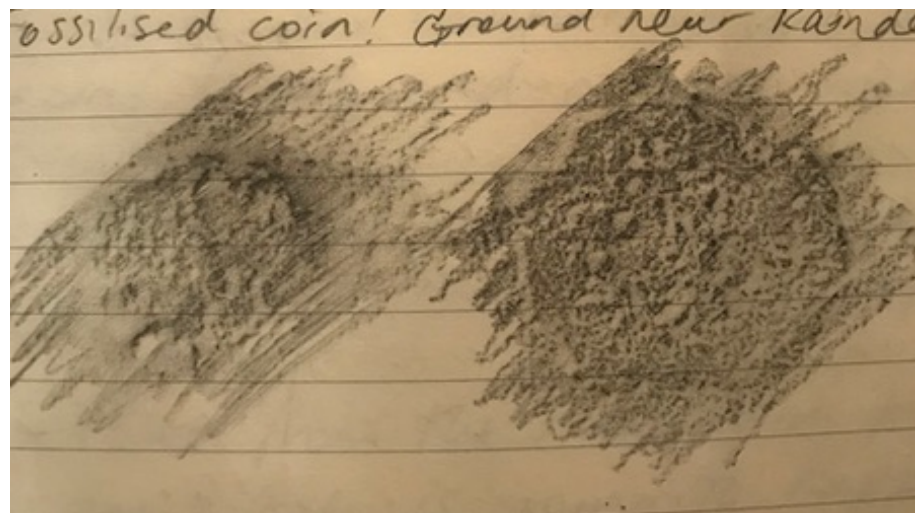
19. Three months ago in August: A wasp flies into our kitchen. We watch it for a while, from a distance. It doesn't seem to matter whether the window is closed or open, the wasp can squeeze through anyhow, through some sort of crack we can't see. I don't want a wasp to build a nest in the kitchen and my boyfriend doesn't want to kill it. So I google 'how to kill a wasp without really trying' just kidding I google, 'how to scare a wasp away'. The most consistent answer I got was to blow up a small, brown paper bag and hang it near the entrance of the nest. It would fool the kitchen wasp into thinking another colony had already built its nest and since wasps are extremely territorial, the kitchen wasp would fly away elsewhere, no harm done.

I blew up a small brown paper bag and hung it near the window and we waited. After two days, the kitchen wasp was still flying in and out, undeterred.

20. 2023: Sweden plans to become the world's first cashless nation, operating entirely on the e-kroner, an electronic currency issued directly from Riksbank, Sweden's central bank.

21. June 2019: When I stick the coins on scooters, I feel the most cool. It's much cooler than sticking them on the sidewalk. I wish I got a shot of someone riding along afterwards. Something I come back to is feeling guilty about the people whose job it is to take them off. Maybe if I do enough of them, it will become like a kind of dream for the workers ('...huh, what? Another coin? How do they keep getting here, dammit...') Or maybe they don't even notice them. But it's hard to get something super-glued to come off.

22.



23. 2012: Swish, an instant payment app for smart phones, is launched in Sweden. The user's phone number is directly connected to their personal bank account, social security

number, medical & loan history, incarceration record, etc.

24. An artist approached a homeless person and asked if they wanted two Swedish crowns – they could either take it or they could glue it somewhere and then receive another five Swedish crowns. All five homeless people declined to be part of the art project and took the coins.

25.



26. Coins are just part of a long line of currencies, among them: salt, sperm whale teeth, animals, paper, vodka, deerskins, plants, tools, shells, raw materials and stories.
27. Once upon a time, a coin, disheartened by its population being largely forgotten, escaped from the corner of a dusty room. It rolled itself up onto the window sill, shimmied it's way across a backpack and slipped through the crack to the outside. Tumbling from the fifth floor, the coin jumped. It landed, bouncing, on the back of a truck and was instantly moving horizontally in traffic. It felt the rush

of new circulation and was immediately infatuated with its rushing status. Quickly, it jumped off the truck and fastened itself to a lamp-post.

A coin misses being in circulation. It misses being passed around, from hand to hand, pocket to pocket; it misses being flicked and tossed and dropped and having adventures. It misses being admired and valued. It misses its parts adding up to something, being a part of a whole. It misses being stacked and sorted, it misses being COUNTED!!!! Oh, to be counted. To be ONE upon ANOTHER.

It misses all its variations and attributes (size, shape, colour, metal consistency, design, logo, insignia, date, ridges, ripples, edges, weight). It misses being the good luck 'plop' in a fountain. It misses being paired with cash – its floppy flappy sibling. It misses being a tip, an extra. It misses its own sound when dropped- both alone and together with other coins. It misses the pride of representing Something. It's not exactly sure. But it misses that feeling of pride. Of being handed over while something else is being handed over in its place. It misses the TRAVEL, of going from A to B, but is just as happy as going around in a circle. It wants to be used. It wants to be in circulation.