

Melting Collabs

Knowingly driving into one of the most intense experiences of our lives, my friend Agustina once said to me: 'You know that book I keep telling you to read, *The Mushroom at the End of the World*? Well everything that you always worry about doing wrong, that book argues that you're doing it right.' My hands were shaking as I drove, I was so nervous, but somehow, this information made me feel better. It helped me calm down.

As it turns out, the book is "an original examination into the relation between capitalist destruction and collaborative survival within multi species landscapes, the prerequisite for continuing life on earth." As it turns out, collaborative survival is my jam.

Not so much because I have really good end-of-world skills. I can't do a pull up or spear a fish. It's because I have practice with this ride-or-die style of intertwining. I can be water, my friend.

The brief respite that I give myself these days from demanding my constant improvement comes from thinking about this. I've been living with my father and his wife for two months now, while all our lives become science fiction. We're very different (I am the *Grey Gardens* to their *Downton Abbey*) and when this all began, all behavior got somewhat *Beetle Juice*. But little by little, with hours of food and alcohol and cards and movies, I have melted into what I am and not what I'm not. If they're the plants, I'm the internet of fungus (thanks BBC, for that headline). It's still something. It exists.

Let me give an example.

My father has a Martini every day of his life before lunch.

This is his recipe, in his own words, in case you're interested:

Copas en el freezer, Ginebra y vodka en el freezer, mezclar en coctelera hielo muy seco (no derritiéndose) un chorrito de vermouth blanco extra dry, una onza de ginebra (yo uso Bombay Sapphire) media onza de Stoly. Batir o remover y dejar sudar 30 segundos. Servir en copa helada con aceituna y terminar con un twist de corteza de limón. Cerrar los ojos y sorber despacio. Pierde sus valores en cuanto se calienta por lo que hay que degustarlo en un tiempo que no supere los 15 minutos. Esperar otros quince minutos antes de preparar otro. Después del tercero tratar de estar en un lugar seguro.

Sometimes, I join him, both in the tacit literal enjoyment of the drink and in that half hour that follows, that most melted and delicious of all mid-day liminal heavens. For actual footage of me during those moments please refer to [the Youtube video](#) that illustrates this text.

It's mostly on the inside, but sometimes on the outside. Short-circuiting. Windy. Not evidently essential, but a collaborator in that "lugar seguro." Hi. It me.

I don't know...I think by now I even like it. It? Me? Us? I don't know, the dance...

.-Gabriela Suau