

In this BLOBring we see the representation of the island of plastic, theater of chance, chaos and affinities, where a huge glassy emerald and a happy piglet meet.

Mine is a patient plastic collection operation daily, no different from that of the volunteers who clean the beaches from debris. This plastic is subtracted from the fate of object of consumption (that is not consumed); maybe it is too subtracted from the "North Atlantic garbage patch". It is incorporated into a virtually eternal object, conceived to be handed down, a way as any to close a cycle.