

*Quantum Listening is listening to more than one reality simultaneously.*

Pauline Oliveros

Put the kids to bed, switch your phone to airplane mode, and sit at your desk. Close your eyes and take a deep breath. Exhale, open your eyes, and look closely at the first object your eyes land on.

Do you see me? That's me, the lighter with " Bonne Soirée " written on the side. Look at how the warm light from the bedside lamp seems to radiate out from my black body (polished by the frequentation of pockets) and my white base (bitten by beer caps). And how the oxidation stain that covers the bic logo pushes the chrome of the wind shield off, making it blister. Look closer, and notice how the chance of collisions has placed a small oblique notch above the "e" in "Soirée", giving the impression that it has taken its accent from the almost erased "é" that precedes it. Come nearer, and contemplate the white emulsion that gives substance to the two protagonists of this crime scene, caught in the chaos of the micro scratches I am covered with. Shift your gaze slightly, on the white acrylic tabletop, and superimpose the two surfaces. Zoom in again, on the rhythms and patterns in the arrangement of the polymerized particles. These are questions and answers, information transmitted, secrets exchanged.

The table, "e" and I speak the same language, and at this precise moment, from this precise point of view, you are witnessing our conversation. In the interval that separates me from the tabletop, everything calls to everything, and everything answers to everything. Your work is to find the right angle, and record.

Now that it has your full attention, the table improvises a tragedy for you, composed of the chorus of 24 non-slip picots that adorn the sides of the lice-repellent lotion bottle that was nearby, and the three masks forming the logo printed on the header of the rent receipts stacked in a corner. The cast also includes "e" the murderer and the rust stain, but also the cat hair accumulating behind the power strip, the specks of dust embedded around the keys of the keyboard you never use, as well as all the relations observable in this part of the world to which you have decided to pay a little attention. All this dialogues, exchanges and contaminates itself on a multitude of levels.

As soon as you put your work on the table, it changes the whole conversation, because it also participates in it. Note these changes, correct, write over your old notes. Shape your palimpsest. You stutter your mother tongue. The art lies in playing with these feedback loops. To slow them down, to rewind them, or to let them go, towards infinity. The universe collapses into the same singularity that gave birth to it: your own gaze.

Now take me in your hand, and light me up. When was the last time you had a cigarette?

François Lancien-Guilberteau, novembre 2022.