

Clouds of Lead

Astronauts of Emptiness

We are sitting at the gigantic desk covered with cheap veneer, spreading out into the tiny office space; way too big, way too ill-suited to this interior. The desk sets the tone of the space where we work, eat, doodle, talk. Mostly, it sets up the space for talking. The desk may be a number of reference points but it's not the main protagonist of this story – it's a starting point, an attempt to introduce us into the stories of lead. Because the desk is where the head starts processing.

Feeling its load, we get into the car.

From section A to section B, thank you very much, the trip paid in advance.

Mr X?

No, but he's the one who ordered the ride.

The driver, invisible, is taking us on a journey, inviting us to watch. In the background we hear *but when will I turn and cut the world?*<sup>1</sup>.

We bend through the tinted windows, trying to adapt to the dynamically changing gravity. We begin to take note of reality, trying to remember the views. The mind wanders freely between perspectives, recollections and observations. The sky becomes clean as quickly as our memory.

Images and thoughts overlap; not necessarily good and calm, the thoughts are often uncomfortable, embarrassing, determining action, prompting rearrangement. Prompting the decision to let the giant monstrous piece of furniture change its place of residence.

A large veneer blanket levitating in the space – do you think it would look good beside, say, a little dipper?

I told you a long time ago that shopping in IKEA is pointless. Go slow, go for quality! (Crossing your legs in Breuer's Wassily)<sup>2</sup>.

The sunny reflection on the water is both soothing and puzzling. Time seems to be standing still. Thoughts take on the weight of lead. Are you afraid of falling? Lean out of the window. Hey, maybe you'll be dazzled, maybe you'll fall down tired of reality...

Do you think that being sensitive pays off?

It's makes you completely detached from reality. The fragile constitution – you crumble so fast. You crumble because of juxtaposing yourself against reality. Do you fit in with the times you happen to live in? What are they about? How to find yourself in this?<sup>3</sup>

You fall to the ground but in a minute you gain the lightness of a spirit, you fall from the sky in melancholy, with the sunrays on your wing. The projection of fears envelops your mind and soul like a shroud of spleen.

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<sup>1</sup> Antony and the Johnsons *Cut the World*.

<sup>2</sup> Gdańsk, 2023.

<sup>3</sup> A question hanging in the air, right beside the desk.

To sketch, to create the framework for the journey, walking close behind – that's our plan.

History is writing itself, composed of the in-between moments, with a large emotional load. History invites you to its margins and tries to remain universal. Without calculation, being truly itself, talking about itself and the worlds around it.

History lies between words, emotionally incoherent, moving like a pensive swallow. Inviting us to the world with which we'll feel inner affinity. A compendium of perspectives: this is how we see the eponymous Clouds of Lead.

What is truth to you? Do you confront it or do you play your games? Perhaps you can cheat and no one will see. Fool some of the people some of the time. Using the language slowly becomes a torture.

*What would you like?*

*I'd like to live longer. To live longer:* And she smiles<sup>4</sup>.

*He saw the night fleeing on the other side, its frightening elements diving over the western horizon like a desperate, defeated, bewildered army<sup>5</sup>.*

The spectrum of possible interpretations is the key to making space for the thought.

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<sup>4</sup> This is the last take of Krzysztof Kieślowski's film *Gadające głowy* (*The Talking Heads*); the question "What would you like?" is directed to a 100 years old woman.

<sup>5</sup> Béla Tarr *Sátántangó*