

FIGURES CELESTES ET CHUTES LIBRES¹

A sudden loss of oxygen is a significant factor in how fossils come to be. Like a space telescope allowing us to look back in time by studying the stars, the fossil record allows us to study earth's major geological events. The difference is that the telescope allows us to see events as they happen from light signals traveling through the space-time continuum, whereas when it comes to fossils, these events are deduced by information derived from sediment trapped lifeforms.

In the numerous notes Christos Tzivelos left behind, there's a page that seems to be entirely devoted to Time. On the top part of the paper written in pencil is the word ΣONOPXPONOS, a palindrome using the greek word for time. The same device is used again further below in French: SPMETEMPS - TEMPSPMET

On the right side of the page are drawings of infinity symbols, diagrams of a vibrating and pendulum-like motion, a rotating bivalve. Below the creased middle of the paper, are fourteen lines of text that appear to be versions of possible titles for works. Most of them include the substantive *temps*. In the middle position — what would be our X or T— is the word *asphyxie*. If the fourteen lines formed a palindrome, *asphyxie* would be the centre of its rotation.

POUR TROMPER LE TEMPS

An attempt to apply a similar condition by removing the substantive, fossilises the lines which read like a code:

*In the shadowless hour, the work
The world's eras
our new chemical light
asphyxia, the world*

gold stone

*Rachète la chute!
Redeem the Fall [redeem the dream?]
mutate the
heart
of nature*

LE SOLEIL AIME LA NUIT

[Shadowless is light itself and its absence]

Like signals delivered to us through starlight and in dirt, resin, the viscous material used by Tzivelos to trap light in his geometric volumes, is also a time trap. In its natural form it is a honeylike substance which hardens as it fills the wound of a plant. Amber, a plant resin, sometimes secretes and hardens all over an insect or other life form, suspending it forever in orange, golden-hued light. Shellac, a type of resin whose color also ranges from light yellow to garnet, is made from insect secretions. In this color frequency and further towards red, light escapes from the visible spectrum towards the invisible. It no longer manifests as color but —much like oxygen— becomes the element we exist in.

“LE LIEU ASPIRE AU SILENCE”

the reference isn't attributed

¹ Headings are direct quotes from CT's notes

² T.S.Eliot, Ash Wednesday, referenced by CT on the page