

Coucou bibi

I was mandated to give an account of the situation, all freedoms pre-accepted.

Following is an Italian-style report in four numbered points, a bunch of commonplace observations, of which a few obvious traps. Here all is well, it's raining outside, a strong wind blows. Inside it's as dry as we are bored; we count crumbs waiting for the wifi to work again. The little one says it will never return.

Point 1. They who act fail. They who remember lose. Bobby doesn't act and doesn't fail. Bobby doesn't remember and therefore loses nothing.

2. All of bobinsky inserted in a white cube flattened. Is it the cold light? Is it the sum of ambitions? Is it all the efforts to repaint the walls and scratch any trace of dust from the floor? All of bobski regains his forgotten curves in the corner of a kitchen, laying on the tiling; at the bar, littered with fragments of peanuts; seated at a table between two geezers, a bottle, a stainless steel knife and a can of capers. But this remains to be confirmed.

3. To underestimate one's enemy, is almost to lose one's treasure. When two persons of equal strength face each other, she who suffers from being forced to endure war shall be victorious. (She who fights with love)

4. There are quite a few apples rotting at the back of the room, we are rearing a nice little colony of drosophilas. The rule of the game is: you can squat here, but if you get caught, you'll end up stuck somewhere.

That was the moment bibi. The little one says we are destined to live for a long time, but condemned to disappear or be substituted. There are a few meanders left. Fear not.

S.

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