

Someone once told me that to pass through mirrors one needed gloves.

From that moment on, I remember beginning to speak with Heurtebise, or perhaps it was he who spoke through the thresholds of the rooms. There was never a precise beginning, only an implicit passage, as though the conversation had already been unfolding before it was ever uttered.

I asked where we were going. I received no direct answer, only the impression that the question itself was irrelevant.

The first room was not a room, but a surface breathing slowly, as if it were assessing whether to receive or dissolve whatever crossed it. I was advised not to hold its gaze for too long, as the gaze itself might constitute a form of involuntary entry.

In the second room I perceived a sweet and rotten smell, like something insisting on remaining beyond its own end. I was told that nothing there ever truly concluded: things transformed against their own will, into a state of unstable permanence.

When I stopped before the knives, I interpreted them as violence. I was corrected: it was not violence, but support pushed to the limit of its function. The sheet, pierced, seemed to sustain itself precisely through that which might have destroyed it.

Moving forward, one entered a room seemingly prepared for a presence that would never arrive. The armours were perceived as defenses, yet I was told they protected nothing: they were bodies that had forgotten what they were meant to safeguard.

The shells were read as possible memories. I was answered that they were not: they were automatisms, deposits of the past accumulating without intention or memory, repeating without recalling. At that moment it became evident that nothing within the space was innocent, not even the act of observing it.

In the final room, silence seemed to thicken. Vessels accumulated within one another, as though seeking a depth that could never be reached. When asked who had made them, the answer was that it did not matter, as if authorship had already been erased. Upon the next question, to whom they belonged, the reply was: to those who have touched them, to those who have moved them, to those who will lose them.

When asked what they contained, the answer lingered longer than necessary: what remains, what finds no other place.

Upon closer observation, it became clear, or was only just grazed in understanding, that these vessels functioned as cages: not structures of containment, but devices incapable of releasing what they had received.

Upon leaving, nothing appeared explicitly altered. And yet, the relation to the beginning and the end of things no longer seemed necessary.

I removed my gloves.

The figure of Haurterbise did not take leave.
It simply was no longer visible.

It is never entirely so.