

Taon

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then remembered again
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It is somewhere in a dream I've had where I got a message from the flue connected to a fireplace. The flames were high and I heard an intense cry coming from within. It looked like mercy, maybe fear, though without seeing any face I knew it was someone related to me.

It is where substances are losing their form and their content, disintegrating and separating, they float upwards on the hot fumes till they reach the exit. A matter enters in one state and leaves in another, It dissolves in order to reemerge into the atmosphere until falling again.

When the boys had reached the top of the chimneys, they had to shout «Spazzacamini!» to prove that they actually had climbed up the dark, stuffy fireplaces.

It is inevitable, laying so wide and open. Danger and desire often carry themselves similarly on their way in. I renounce, I choose to be still, as there's nothing else to do besides surrender. "The low will go downwards so that what is high can go upwards" I

Unattainable memories create gaps of absences even when you're present here.

It's time to go, I pack all my things. There is no furniture left besides the mattress I've had for the past three years. I kept it in storage after leaving again for another year.

high water pressure

heat

airflow

they're covered and concealed by layers of protections and insulation which restrict access to them, forbidden as if not supposed to be experienced. Long tubes, parts of the architecture meant to be hidden and adapted in space, yet reinforcing it.

There are works who started from an idea, and there are works that started as movement.

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— Regev Haim Pardo

1. Weil, Simone. *Gravity and Grace*. Translated by Emma Crawford and Mario von der Ruhr. London: Routledge, 2002.

Transcribing was to be one attempt, to locate very intensity of like pinpoint pinpoint an intensity of stability friction. Some things deserve to be recreated, and others: not so much. In a moment's notice, the all and perfect decided not to be caught; it's recreation overtaking the pertinence of its predecessor. A gas leak. A mirage of open air, with no regard for ground. Even less regard in rendering itself by any means other than motion. Through change, and only, could it be deciphered. And again and, it all still remains.

Endless. Looking into the atoms of a tabletop surface, you can find little valleys. Luckier so if you catch it during the rainy season, lakes made up of spilt water glasses or sweating cups. Glasses. With eyes, all while standing perfectly still: you walk through a corridor, leap out the window. It is through this minutia miniature of material that a past presents itself, an image of every gesture left behind. The motion of matter is palimpsestic.

Like putting on... Putting on clothes that you've not touched for, two, many years. And the last time you wore the shirt, you felt a very different way. The memory pushes itself to the foreground, and the physical feels neglected.

— Jacksun Bein