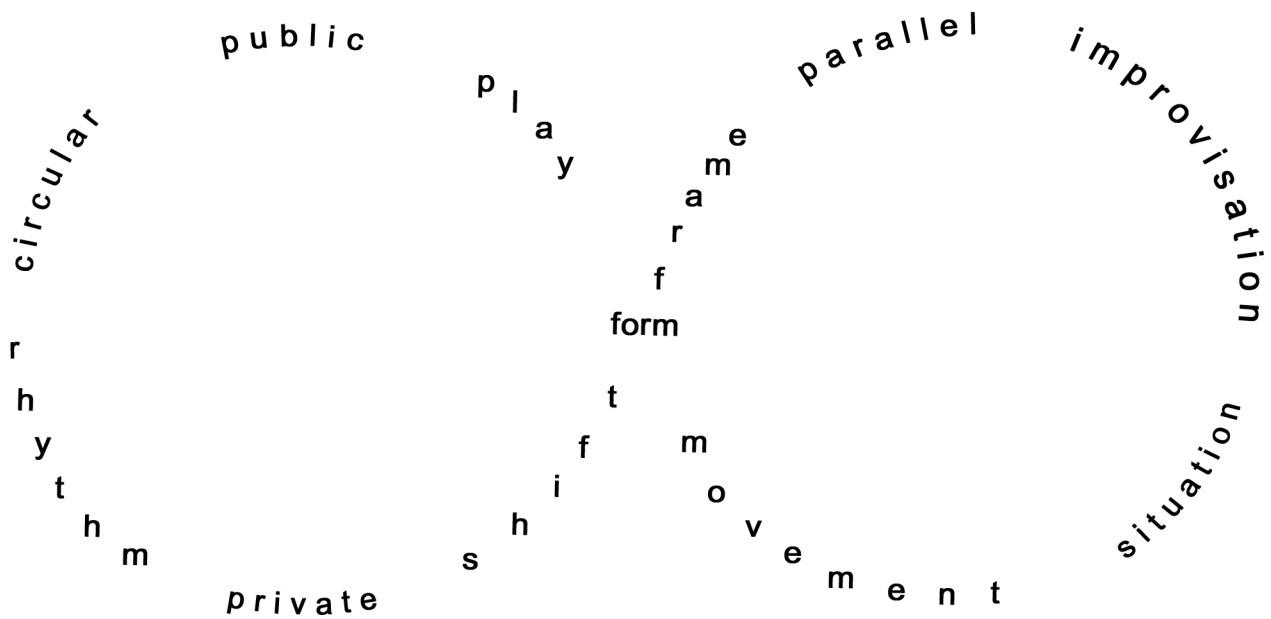


*This evening a friend, trying to put everything too precisely into words, suddenly shrugged twice and said no more. I believed him, as others might have been persuaded verbally, on the strength of this wearied silence. And when a scientist takes pains to use words with precision, I no longer believe. I know his words respond to definitions not within him or me, but outside and between us, in some lecturer's diplomatic, imagined nowhere. There are, too, at least twelve words for each thing, and at least twelve things for each word; strictly speaking, therefore, no word is the word for a thing, and no thing is the thing for a word.*

- Jean Epstein 'Le Cinématographe vu de l'Etna'

The fingers flutter over keys, over cadenzas, either performed by connecting one written thing to another or from starting and ending in what corresponds to zero, written-out or improvised, every scenario a result of designating literary form to a series of poetic events, pursued via the word's deliberate ambiguities, probing the abyss of every single structure, proving its depth to be the depth of space, the imaginary natural landscape doesn't allow for language to be merely subjugated to findings and matters, these virtues cannot be transferred to discourse except by a kind of metonymic transcendence, as the instrument also has the ability to exceed its own boundaries, when it takes for object its own form, a cosmogonic abstraction of its shared world, the discourse is one of plastified moments, emptied out in flashes between abstraction and representation, conjugated in the becoming, in the plastic propensity, the inexhaustible repose of things, without words, an air of conviction alights from the screen on some even numbered pair of eyes, I am in attendance, inside the auditorium on a chair, silent, without words, whether inside or outside of the screen, we follow a narrative as linear as the shield the god Hephaestus made for Achilles, with the whole of cosmos represented within its frame, from the stars in the sky to the sheep in the fields and a grand piano in a barn, a procession of cars awaiting a conclusion that intertwines with an accretion of harmonics and people inside as well as outside of the auditorium, with words only reaching me from a distance, I start humming along, quietly, I can't follow the melody, it's like a song you'll hear in a dream and recognize, but cant recall not even while you're listening to it, the syncopated rhythms varies, pushes and pulls at the fingers and the body follows, altering its breathing pattern in accommodation





in the light of a lamp, darkness is reconstructed in a cleared room, all details that can be expressed without recourse to any words simultaneously and inescapably trigger words that lie at their roots as well as the feelings that precede them, a drum lights up and pushes itself through the sputtering eye into an infernal region, evocative of slopes imbued with sulfur, overlooking amassment of words grinding and pressing down on each other, on every fault line of every word and every sentence, the sublime trope of the volcano and its threatening force that reminds us of the fearful instability of things, the precious grand narratives, in the high hopes of connecting god with god knows what, long may they live, continuously may they erupt, something inherent to the act of creating pursues the disturbance of essential concepts of our culture, of reality chief among them, canons blasting historicity, casting the shadow of futurity upon us, or is it the shadow of the present, so dark it blinds us, until we can do nothing but await the unending, unattended, without words, the gaping wounds of the world fuses states of matter just like lava, the sense of this world must lie outside of it, I am not here right now, the beat cuts a path through chaos, orders my body involuntarily to follow, by making it operate in future and imperative modes, by controlling the physical that in this case is also the self, the body nods in compliance and the mind alleviated follows, not recognizing the present state of being, and without words ventures into all realms of overpowering power, the body, being material, is never the same, it is controlled by change and chance, chaos entwines death, and overwhelmed with anguish, we can't help but to beat on, cutting paths by reducing the verbal language to the repetitive gestures of the body



