

Wed, 24 Oct, 4:08 pm

(At the seaside, autumn/winter
inter-season. A major weather setback
approaching with north-south facing
tendency) People are gazing up at the
mysterious subterranean structures
preparing to descend, an outline of
accessible, arbitrational material:
a triangle
a square
a circle
a dodecahedron

Trickling down, they tilt their
chests over the edge of the sea
a little more, scanning in static
close-up the line between the horizon
and the surface of the water. The
velocity of their actions sedulously
devoted to the study of slowness, it
is turning their attention, rearranging
their bits: the language aids,
contracts and fabrication models -
their patterns and conclusions.

YOU CAN'T RELY ON MEMORY TO GIVE AN
ADEQUATE DESCRIPTION: YOU GO ON IN
FAVOUR OF EXPANSION. The two of us
eye each other, exchange our me-
ticulously drawn views, the down-
scaled inspections. CLOSE YOUR EYES
IF YOU SEE WHAT I SEE, TAKE THE
COLOUR ORANGE FOR EXAMPLE, IT'S GREEN
LIGHT. The sharpness of the typeface
is contingent to the refraction of
light, but consider the unconfined
activity of absorbing information
- are there universal rules, a fixed
amount of time that needs to pass?
We take test flights to awesome pre-
cipitous heights, use the alphabet
like a flick-book, a DIY directive:
unrendering abstract what is in fact
extremely precise.

On the water-line, things attached
acquire and conquer movement.
We can't make up our minds, are they
determined by environmental factors
- the lingo-climatic conditions - are
they tools for planting seeds? FIRST,
LET GO THEN RESPOND. Insiders use
one-to-one correspondences to measure
relative sizes, scaling construction
sites and typographic arrangements
- headlines connecting the dots, the
farthest possible points they can
see. The pattern spreads out like a
fan, there is folders of raw material,
visions of overspill and portable
holes. Ends, middles and beginnings
all start from the the same point
like the variations of transparent
odourless liquid: the dust, atoms
and particles.

At 10:34 pm we welcome the speech
impediments, the slips of tongue and
vertical connections. Speaking fast,
you shuffle turning the pieces on
paper. I too, begin with those words,
joining the chorus, doing the same.
The sentence stays like unplanned
growth. Trees rush in to meet the
sea, the white shadow dispersing the
traffic: the clouds of ink, the huge
oil spills. Overnight the sky opens
up, it fold out well, feels right
in your hands.



