

1.

*Everything starts with a fracture.*

*I search an object of meaning, something, anything that allows me to feel the fracture between the past and the present.*

*Objects that have a beaten heart, a loved functionality.*

*Fragile and broken objects with a unclear transparency.*

*Maybe because people aren't transparent at all.*

*A body, a shape with a delicate clearness or a clear ambiguity that makes you feel good and safe with your values.*

*But where is the fracture ? The fracture is inside.*

*Anyways.*

*The fracture.*

*The fragility.*

*The way we handle things.*

*In a vast systems of gestures that we don't even owned.*

*A couple kissing on the last stair step.*

*The feeling of your hand going through the sleeve.*

*The fear of breaking a glass or when you haven't noticed you have slippers on.*

*The feeling of not understanding a object is common.*

*Did you ever think of that ?*

*Did you ever think of the consequences of your acts and gestures ?*

*What do they really activate.*

*I was walking calmly in the museum, looking at old paintings, observing the perfection of an hand, thinking of the obvious search of the above.*

*Picturing the wide, the lightning of the rooms, the wallpaper.*

*Feeling good and in control.*

*I can't change history but I can decide the future of these object. They'll become whatever I decide.*

*A barometer transforming into a sea horse and a broken beaker solving a text.*

*I was walking through the corridors with a lame leg but nonetheless dissolving in the warmth and the tranquility of the light, the still lives on painting, the chiaroscuro.*

*Painted hand with oils, smoothness and faces.*

*All immortal signs of exactness of the morbid bourgeois's.*

*Relate to the past and thinking of conservation and the empathy for the object that holds the memory.*

*Sublimation and homage.*

*Silence and death.*

*Thinking of how can I make an homage to a object fractured from its past that silently well-rested in a refrigerated room without breaking its soul again.*

*Conservation.*

*Circulation.*

*Reading without the words.*

*Reading between the lines.*

*Reaching the cold soul of an object and feeling empty.*

2.

*Circulation.*

*Everything that doesn't circulated is dead.*

*Hearing a voice of policeman*

*People Circulate Please, Please Circulate !*

*Circulation. Circulation. Circulation.*

*You picture an image.*

*Of bodies crossing a street together.*

*Body parts grazing each others.*

*Overlapping skins and fabrics.*

*With pixels and blur.*

*Seeing a couple and starring at them.*

*Forget about it.*

*Usual standards and forgotten dreams.*

*Obstructed in a vivid reality.  
Im sorry for your computer, maybe it could last for a few more hours.  
Shut down.  
Starring at you  
Like a big silvered clam.  
Gone off acidic shores.  
Yellow plastic boats from Norway.  
And you picture, picture, picture.  
Picture yellow boats, silvered clams or apple macintosh computers and seaweed and bodies crossing a street,  
and a screen, and another yellow boat and another screen and then you picture all the screens in huge  
department store filled with screens and mundane faces in slow motion.  
Usual standards and forgotten dreams.  
Things transform into symbols.  
The world of things versus the metaphysical depths of the world.  
Scarified for values.  
You are in the bus and feel nauseous.  
Malfunction, imbalances, Goldman Sacks, investors, stockholders, bankers.  
Do not stare at you.  
The techno-linguistic machine of time and value and the big web.  
Do not stare at you.  
Essential processes of social production.  
Devastation, pollution, impoverishment and trends.  
The yellow plastic boat from Norway.  
You actually liked it.  
The circulation.  
Has melt the plastic boat.  
The boundless enhancement of the virtual contact.  
Has made us far from things.  
And those who want to stay in the game will have to accept the punishment.  
Circulation and the suffering.  
Automatized.  
5000 years of debts. Life, intelligence, joy.  
Scarified for values.  
Value & Value.  
Vein & Vain.  
The child you have been once is talking to you.  
He says ; "You're waisting your time here, I need more time."  
Everyone tells you "don't look back".*

3.

*A foot transplanted on a tree.  
A foot that is broken.  
A foot that has no internet search.  
A foot that no one is looking for.  
1,2,3,4. 5 toes.  
5 phalanxes.  
5 metatarsus, a scaphoid,, a cuboid.  
One foot competing the other.  
When the other drags itself and you can't decide anymore.  
Life in slow motion just for a foot.  
This might be a joke.  
I don't want to see this foot ever.  
Forget about it, forget about the walks, the early ones in the fresh and rainy morning.  
When a day has started and you think you too.  
A foot in a trash bin.  
While you are running to catch the train.  
A foot missing its bro.  
While you can't decide between the platforms.  
Because you've gone nuts and want to take a train and a plane and another train and a bus to a foreign place*

*but that make no sense at all.*

*Just for a foot.*

*So you might just stop and look at them.*

*You'll find the missing one, the one in the wet trash bin, you can't leave your foot like that.*

*Take it to a pub, have a beer, it's too early but you must sort that out.*

*Think of all the feet of all the people in the world.*

*Bare foot, leather shoes, flip flop, black foot, fearful foot, long laces, wet one, shitty knot, fetish foot, advertising foot, dental foot, white foot, foot with callus, foot you don't want to think about, shoes you don't like, shoes.*

*Just for a foot.*

*5 phalanxes, 5 metatarsus, a scaphoid,, a cuboid.*

4.

*A cubby-hole filled with objects.*

*All silent locked up in the dark waiting for you to activate them.*

*Whats the sound?*

