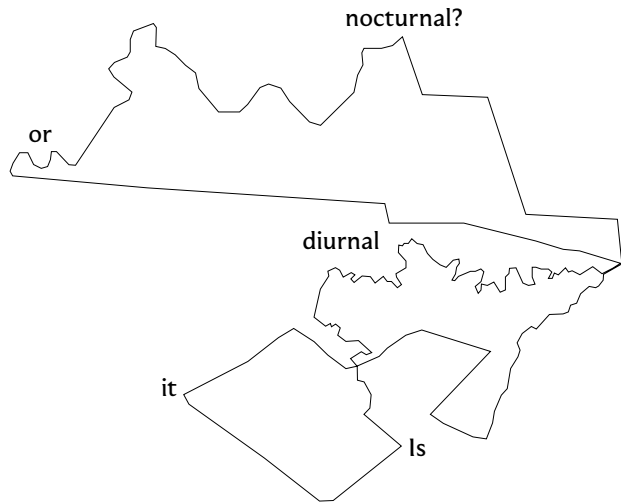


Difference is behind everything, but behind (below or beyond) difference there is nothing – no ground or law that measures its extent. To grasp the feeling of vertigo of such a transformation in human terms, we need to seek out *metamorphosis*: A process determined by a turning point. Yet the tipping moment of change remains unbeknownst, imperceptible; it is registered in hindsight when we recognize someone, or something, elusively familiar in what we perceive as entirely new.

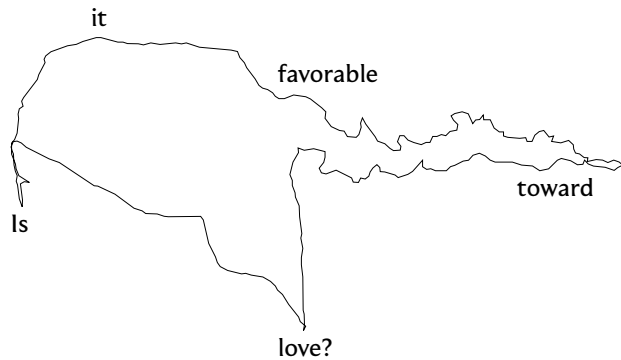
The image of her as a larva, a zombie, and then returning as a woman or man – it doesn't matter. The self-differing will reoccur again. What else is allowed to shapeshift besides gods and insects?

In gentle dreams, something gets rehallucinated, souls disguise to touch us with reminiscence.

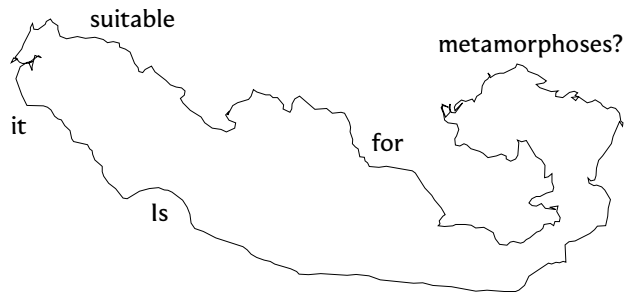
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Alexandru Balgiu



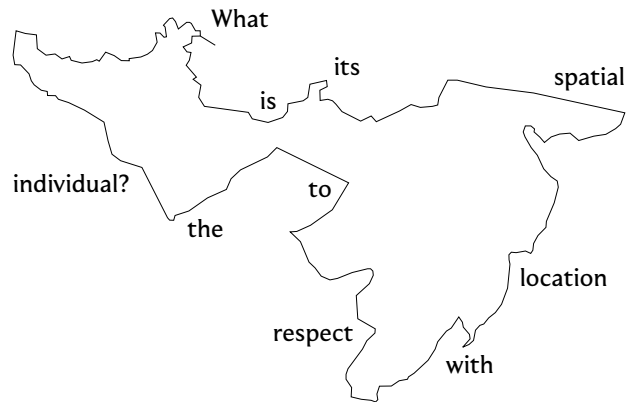
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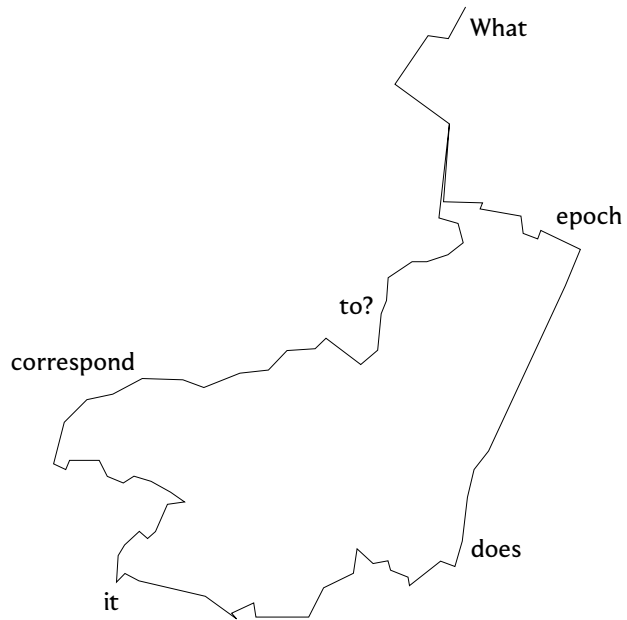
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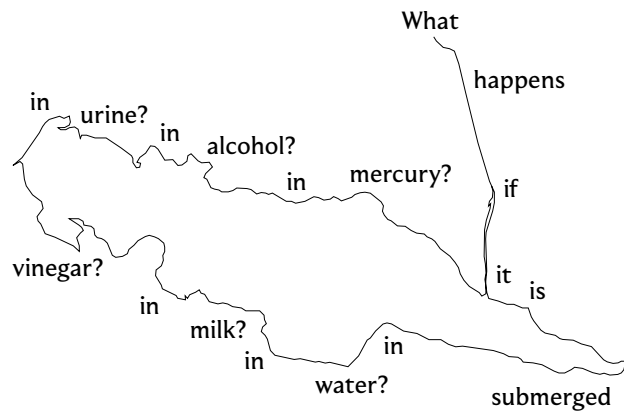
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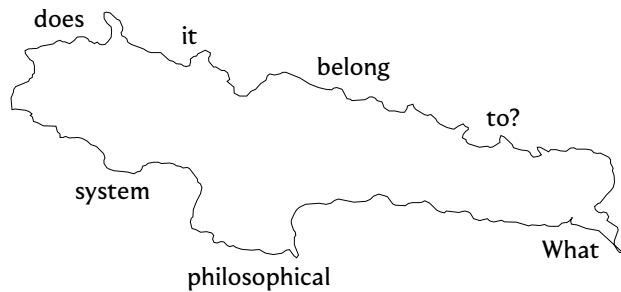


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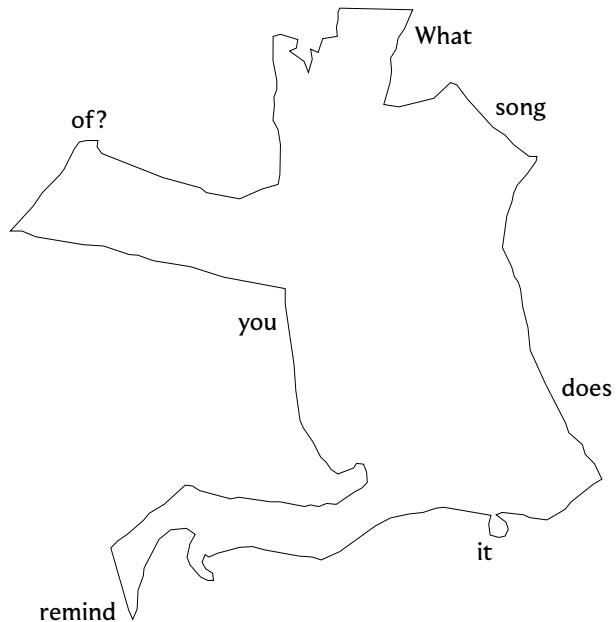


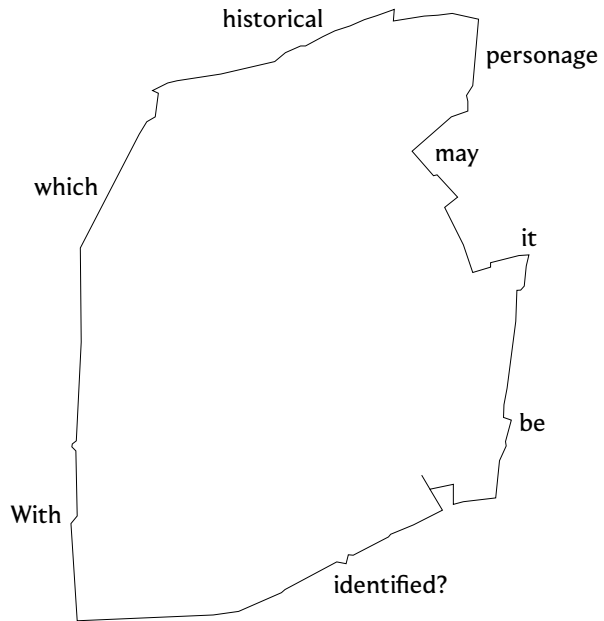
What happens if it is submerged in water? in milk? in vinegar? in alcohol? in mercury? in urine?

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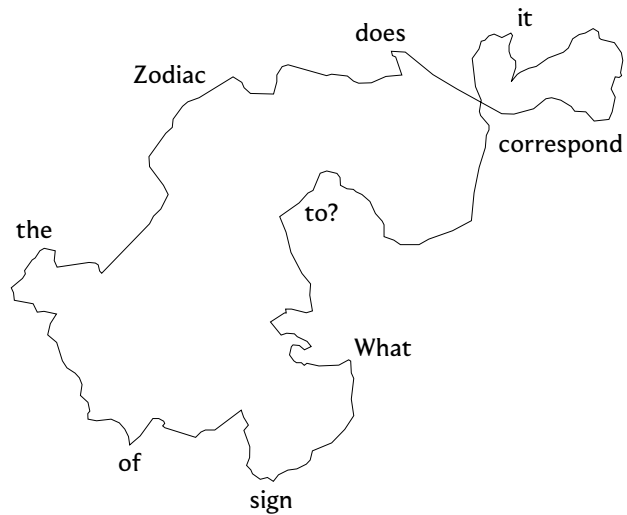
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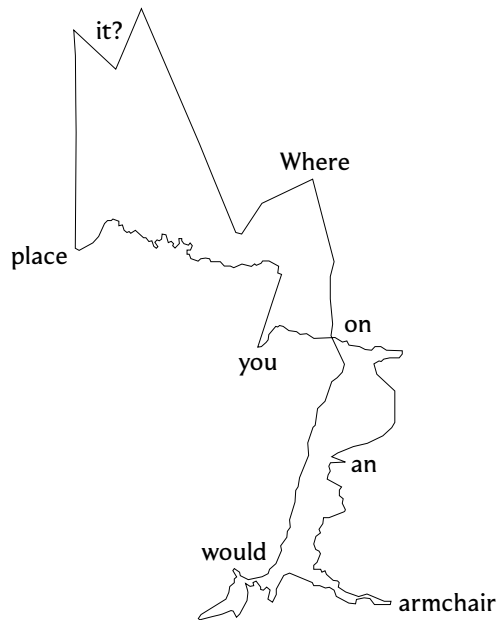


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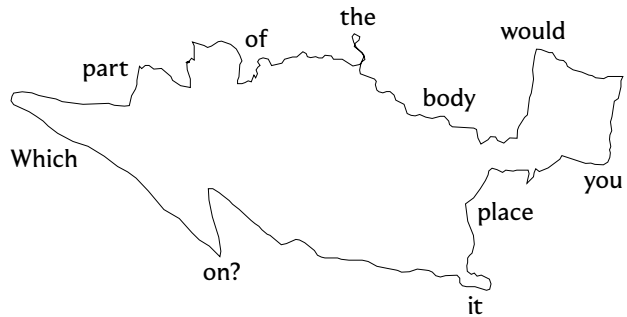
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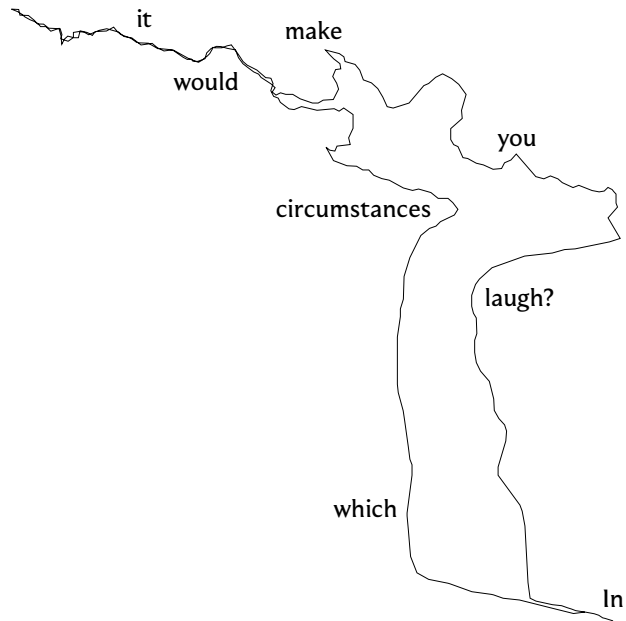


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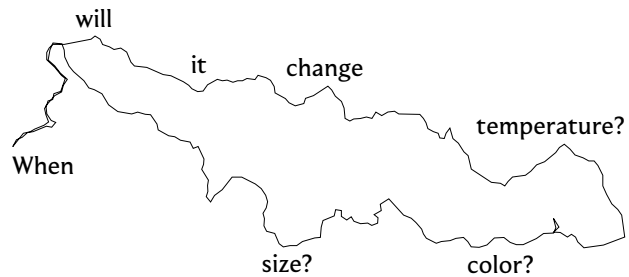
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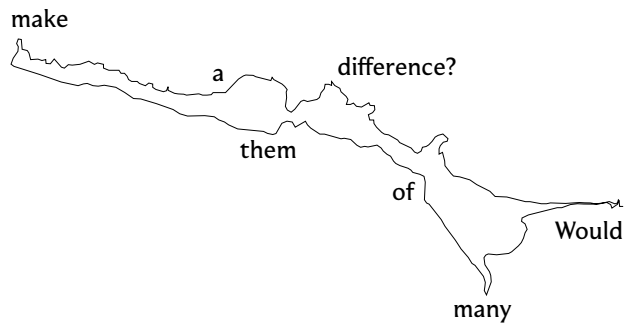


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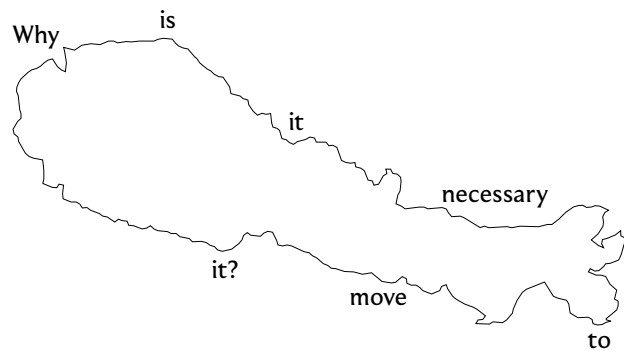
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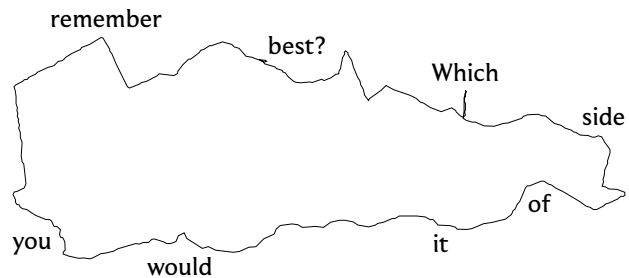


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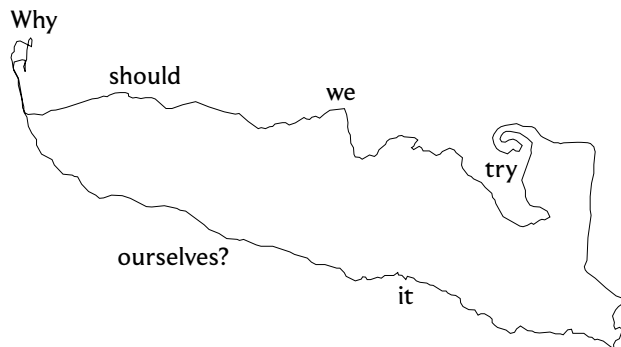


Why is it necessary to move it?

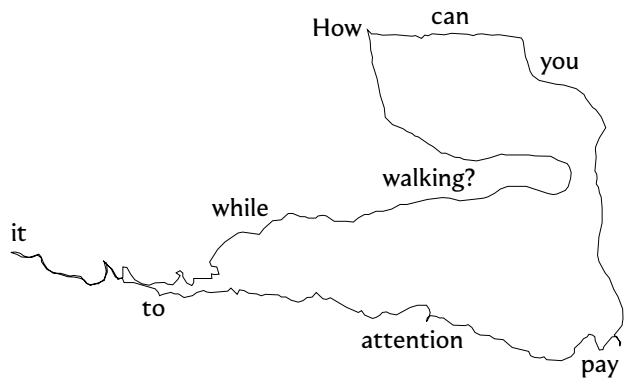
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Miegakure?

Miegakure
Alexandru Balgiu

#1

Burn something that is essential to you.
Watch the flames take over
Feel their radiation
Observe the change in matter.
When it has cooled down,
write a word in the ashes.

Four Objects Yet to Become
Nikolaus Gansterer

#2

Choose your favourite fruit.

Touch it every day.

How (else) could you record its decay?

When rotten, bury the fruit and all recordings.

Four Objects Yet to Become
Nikolaus Gansterer

#3

Fall in love with an everyday object
Carry it with you 24/7 in close skin contact.
How does its presence change you?
When you are becoming too familiar,
pass it on to someone else.

Four Objects Yet to Become
Nikolaus Gansterer

#4

Imagine the body of someone else
(person, animal, plant) inside you.
Feel the interstices and contact zones
between these two bodies.
Can one move without the other?
Now dance together.

Four Objects Yet to Become
Nikolaus Gansterer

Related questions

Can you find ways to connect the *Four Objects Yet to Become*?

Which kind of different temporalities are inherent?

Which (micro-)movements are operating?

Which different states of becoming can you trace?

Which matters matter most to you?

Four Objects Yet to Become
Nikolaus Gansterer

It it it. It is this thing. I found out I am this.
Eyes told me about it. Touch confirm it. Not a word anymore but a thing I found out I was this.
Who would, in fact, see?
How many it's can there be?
Let's see if other things might come to it.
to me to us to it
Without surface?
Without recognition?
Can we acknowledge the change of form without the outside sensation?
Witches perforate my identity so I can keep in touch with who I am.
M a n y n e s s
We are the imaginations that others places on things and bodies.
We are the stones, the constant spell on the crossing between naming and observing.
On letting be and exposing becoming.

the gaze bouncing off the lenses very much like last evening (rape, thank the gods) the multitude is in the hair (locks, thank the sea) first watching petrified a gaze later volatilized (monster, thank the wisdom) between the gesture of watching and image there is a scream between the scream and the screen there is a scheme (shield, thank the sisters) the score is only for shoulders or only a head in each case separated (allure, thank the stone) they used to cast a young man now they throw a bomb (blow, thank the pregnancy) the blast bouncing off the shields very much like the last evening (planula, thank the nature) among eyes weightless indecisive in matter

Medusa – un coup au théâtre
Goran Sergej Pristaš

Metamorphosis as a mirror: if we had *completely* changed from one moment to the other – perhaps, with a chaotic interlude (like the past caterpillar and the butterfly to be inside the cocoon) – how would we know? Is our ego an illusion sustained within such strides with radical change of which we are oblivious? Does something have to be fixed or constant for us to take stock of our own change? Like a script picked up by movement and named... named by necessity, because valid in more than one world, says Saul Kripke, and conceived according to the contingencies that dictate our life and its realities? Are we already post-humans without knowing? Can we evolve by design, or are we slaves of accident?

Speculation
Theo Barth