

FRACTURED

HUMAN CONDITION

PORTRAIT |

MIRAGE

ZOOMING BETWEEN THE RHYTHM

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A tapping behind my forehead makes my mind feel fractured. What day is it? I look out of the window. Outside on the Boulevard a flush follows gravity towards the time-beaten surface of the concrete. Its fragments spring up and dissolve in all directions.

Her hair looked so thin and wavy - Why was that?

She thought to herself.

Portrait | Does it blur out? My right eye twitches again. A layer of a grayish veil seems to centre on the image; I cannot spot the face anymore.

She took the 2 leaves of salad and put them in the middle of the soft, yellow half of the bread roll. The leaves were glued to the buttered surface. Silently she had watched the entrance of the high grey building from her kitchen window for the last 2 hours, waiting for their return.

“The movement will always take place behind your back”, Professor Crier’s voice is broken, rigid. She takes the spoon to her right and plunges it into a bowl of green soup in front of her.

“Professor, I am afraid I cannot follow your thoughts.” My table neighbor grunts. “Imagine me pouring this liquid out of the bowl onto the table. With every spoonful I spill over the polished surface, the form of the outpoured liquid changes. Because the visual content of the frames is blurry, your mind zooms in. Eager to find one image, which gives you a reference. But now you are too close, you cannot see anything but the little bits of organic fibre in it. You try to take the materiality as a starting point. But now all you see is material, little bits of organic fibre, pieces aligned with pieces, like fractals. Because you don’t zoom under the surface, only onto it, their movement stays a cheap shadow play of what you are interested in. A condition where all you have is material, taken out of its rhythm. It becomes distorted by its isolation. The essence of a thing never appears at the beginning, but in its centre where it is the strongest.”

The color of the light tinted the inside of the car in a soft blue. The neck support she had been resting her head on was vibrating under the unevenness of the road’s surface.

“Professor, I am afraid I don’t follow you. Why would you spill soup?” Professor Crier looks at me. “Cherie, we are not living in times of Why. If you keep asking yourself why you are, you are circling the void.” Her hand, which is still holding the spoon, moves towards the side of the bowl. “Take the matter of memory,

whose architectures are multiple. In its process of becoming, memory is fragmenting, transforming and unifying the subject of interest. Try to focus on the already remembered and you miss the point. Memory sits within the black between the images that pop into your head, blurring over the borders. These loud images inside your head, the perfect and bright Selfies of your retinal Instagram, are examined on their own without content. Only when you put them together, can you see a rhythm, a pattern. It is the recurring space, within the tension between the material formations, where things appear.” The professor grunts again, while her view wanders to the window.

Mirage | The glass surface starts to mirror the inside of the Maubert. Has the bar counter always been that close to my table? Yes, the distance seemed to be accurate. On its right end, a hand-sized sculpture bows its head towards its left shoulder. Have I seen this before?

Almost there.

Another twitch. My limbs get heavy. A movement, an unpleasant flicker coming from the window rips me out of my

pupating state. In its reflection I cannot see anything outside of the ordinary.

A table, two chairs, my silhouette. Then slowly, in the unmeasured distance between glass surface and the depth of the reflection, a shadow slowly appears sitting on the empty seat opposing the reflected me. Line after line, like a digital sketch, the outline of a person becomes visible.