

12-12-18

the passage

For:

the secluded
the homeless
the searching
the distorted
the ones we hurt
the silent
the hippies
the dreamers
the poets
the other
the drama
the steampunks
the hackers

then

read the following passage

**read the passage
read the passage
read the passage
read the passage
the passen-
ger**

I am

I am

victor turner

turn the pa ge

there:

thanks to: www.fo.am for the open call and network
all participants and supporters of nightly build 2018

rite de passage.



Charlotte Gruber, Belgium, 2018

Meindert Peirens, Belgium, 2018

In a healthy bioregion we...

cherish the resilience in Nature

claim responsibility for the wellbeing of the place where we live

show respect for maintenance

learn to see the good in failure

value local examples and local knowledge

recover what's disappearing, like wildlife, skills and culture

seek out system-to-system links and overlaps

regenerate soils, watersheds, foodsheds and biodiversity

realize that strong connectedness improves our chances of surviving crises

choose the passage lit only by moonlight as the way home.



Crystal River

Terraforming has gone on for decades.
The first human settlers arrive to find
that the autonomous machines have hallucinated
Earth landscapes onto any Earth-like features on
Mars.

Machines have been trying to turn mountains,
outcrops and boulders into Alps.
Anything resembling a riverbed
is subject to relentless amazonification.

Warring bots are rendering oceans across tundra,
mangroves through peatbogs
in a grotesque hallucination of Earth.
A world endlessly being propped-up,
restyled and re-imagined.

The settlers discover one attempt at a river
that has effectively become a salt-glacier.

They set up base-camp near its cliff
where crystalline shards break off
to form a continuous scattering chorus,
like truckloads of porcelain
falling down a mountainside.

By journeying to places we awaken and reinvigorate the earth, which returns this to us. A place within a landscape corresponds to a place within the heart.

— Václav Cílek



Maja Kuzmanovic, Japan, 2018

I think you might have crawled under my skin,
while I was distractedly debating how I felt.
Weaving meaning from the strands
of emotions running.
My mind kept making you up yesterday.
Dancing in corners, smiling, being there where I was.
Just standing.

Paul said to let her into
my heart at the end
and I stood there singing.
Knowing he meant you.
But will this really start to make it better?

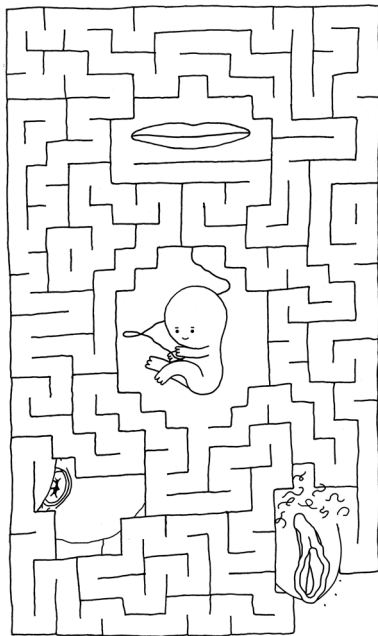
Sometimes I can't feel.
I look around and wonder who's lurking in the shadows.
Do I have to try all the flavours to know I want this one?

Why this need for certainty?
This fear of exposing the layers of blanket
hiding my heart?

I can let the world slide from my shoulders.
Refrain from being the fool, play it wholeheartedly un cool.
Let it in, let it out.
Perform.
Begin.

the rocking chair library

the nook is occupied
by one living being at a time
that is the rule
of corners
where you go to be
quiet, there are no walls
no sound barriers
you simply sit
and find luxury
in a moment
of stillness
you simply draw an invisible
line nobody knows about it
and you step over it



The Blue Room

Two hospital beds lined up and moulding
Themselves perfectly into a roof
Transitioning blue towards a small window

A gradient of light soothing, shining, decaying
Shadows pointing towards a door
Which is missing one ear

Rarely hard edges give the blue a softness like cushions
Like clouds in the sky
Soft rounded corners pointing upwards

Even the cupboard bows down before the blue roof
Carrying itself in subtle darker tones
Describing a small gap of shadows

All measures perfectly met
With time glitched and shifted
A tunnel out of balance
Twisted like a chord of thread

From the million tones of blue
Turning towards the window
Looking out through damp, rain and water
Flowing glass describing its viscosity

Flowing down since more than 100 years
Glass shows similarities to water
By which it is touched
Night in and day out



**nightly
build**

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