

It is 11:27AM (CEST). You just entered the space. You stand at the table that serves you as an atelier, in the atelier that serves you as a space for machination. You are set to start. “I am here.” Your hands hold a metaphor on one side and a tool on the other. What interests you most is what this given tool is saying about a particular time, place, and community — about the people that are using it. “I am here.” What was your mental state when using this given tool? “I am very curious.”

A deafening silence. A deafening silence, for the mind to rest under the needs of the materials, the circumstances, and the dictatorship of physics — where mind crushes physical impossibilities, where physics break minds.

It is 11:27AM (GMT-4). You are relentless. You come to me with finished instructions, yet it all needs to be sharpened, smoothed, cleaned up, messed up again, and finally put back together ... Do we do the same things in our respective lives? You made me think about the metaphor of a tool, and the given tools that define a toolset. How they make the focus change along with it. "I am here." It is often said, that you are slowly becoming a human inkwell, as your constructions have a very specific geometry.

We wish for a space to think silently, while engines are roaring, where eyes are the ones of imagination and hands do not impose, but follow directions towards constant tension between the anthropomorphism of textures, surfaces, and the maker's needs.

It is 11:28AM (GMT-5). You came late. Don't cut corners. Each step is essential. Each splinter a testimony, proof of your relationship with the physical machination. "I am here." You think it helps to be hyper-focused on one thing at a time. Yet, if you're looking for a habit to get in shape, you can't hyper-focus on metaphors right now. When we weren't cutting corners, the difference was huge. This brings up the question: how are you using the tool?

I enter the space. Standing at the table that serves as an atelier, in the atelier that serves as a space of machination, I both hold my tools and am being held by them. I conceptualise dreams and suffer physical limitations. A collaboration in which my thoughts are traded for motion, my eyes meet my touch. We wish for a space to think peacefully, for our engines to roar loudly. It is not I who holds the engine; I am held by the engine to produce powerful anthropomorphisms. It is I who is bound to the maker's therapy: a health tied to the ink sweating out of my pores. I fear the thinker's retreat. One of spiralling desires. I crave for the limitations of my forsaken subject. One that grounds me and enlightens me in possibilities and in unseen technologies.

It is 11:27AM (EEST). You are legitimate. The metaphor would work in this case because, as written, following an “impossible,” all tools are possible. The pen is a metaphor for a tool ... have you heard that one before? It applies to everything, anything really, on some given surface. It applies instructions on a given surface to apply with this given tool to any surfaces. “I am here.” And those surfaces, even with the tools in hand, are against me, are against you, now more than ever.

It is I who is held in suspension, waiting for the next hit, the next accomplishment. I who is enslaved to the train of actions that led to that smooth end. I turn around to look for an accomplice eye to feel what I felt when the grain revealed itself to me, when the cut turned out to be straight, my mind turned out to be right; I dream myself to be a saw, as to feel the itch, each time a cut gets deeper, the fibres sticking out of the material brush me at each stroke and my euphoria, once the piece scatters, marking a new beginning, accepting a small death: that of a shape.

It is 11:27 (ACST). You changed. There is a
beyond the tool. A place for you to breach
instructions and technologies.

“I am here.” And you know how to screw
with a hammer. Write with a saw. Bend
with a broom. There is your tool on one
hand and the metaphor on the other.
This machination might be pretentious
or somehow unrealistic, yet isn't each
action a reinvention?

A constant flow, a multitude of sizes and textures and smells, each time I hold what I'm really being held by, tiny reoccurring insurgence. Each action can be contemplated in the tragedy of the cacophonous material, slowly leaving its body for another body. A pubescent body, bound to the changes that occur faster than their confidence could ever.

It is 11:27 (GMT-7). You are, oh so loud.
Bom shhhh rakk-k. "I am here." My head
has an indent, it pushes, scratches, takes
away. Action of slight impact. Rakk-k.
Sometimes my handle becomes rough,
it sweats, resists, slips away. "You are here."
Every resistance is a revolution. Every
sweat is a statement. And thieouuuu.
It's the little things. When it feels right.

I feel, I feel, taken, I feel, I feel, hypnotised.
Yet, I am the one holding. I am not the one
being held.