

Calypso

Dearest, come in, make yourself at home. I want to introduce you to my beloved guests. Do not bother living things, they are totally irrelevant; speak or be silent, stand or wander around the room. I recommend slowing the blink of your lashes as it was the breath of your gaze, feel your eyes wide open behind your closed eyelids.

I want you to focus on my words, listen to them with your eyes. Choose carefully the sound of my voice and be aware that even if you continue to interpret it with yours, it will be inhabited by me and sound alien.

Sometimes, when I look at someone's behind, the person instinctively moves his hand to the point I am staring at and covers it, as if he were caught by a sudden, localized embarrassment. Has it ever happened to you? It could be a coincidence, yet it always made me think of a tactile quality of the gaze.

But let me introduce you to my ancestors. No, they are not portraits, they are born from the fingers and from the attempt to remember what a head is. If I met them without knowing them, I would think they do not have a personality capable of relativizing the chance of being born from a mother rather than another one. They are as serious as a game, don't you think? Look at them closely, they can not see you. None of my guests can.

When you feel it's time, follow me into the pots room. In the dark clay I shaped some allies made of vacuum. This night they brought me a dream: I had my eyes on my skull and I could see my face from the inside, like the back of a mask whose front, if there ever was one, was completely irrelevant. Their bulbs are wide open in the dark and if there is enough light for you to see them, they will reflect it. They can not return your gaze, on the other hand, if Non possono ricambiare il tuo sguardo, d'altra parte if the inorganic manifested this propriety a gorgon would be born, and you would become stone. At that point you would not have any chance to float in the black lakes of the shield's pupils and you would be thoroughly dragged by your own weight. Let the imagination of this sink take you to the last room.

Here the windows are veiled, but not completely, and the gap is as substantial as the veil: two fragrances that exalt each other. Each drapery is stretched by the weight of the head of a single, small individual that you can contemplate at various times of his eternal half-sleep. Two long six-headed puppets, eyes clasped by eyelids drapery, tell and cause at the same time a condition of half-light. Move around with no hurry.

Approach now to my last guest. Linger on the elaborate skin and let it take you elsewhere, until the inside of your mind. On the back of the head your eye will encounter a hole, take it with your gaze. In the skull cave you will find at a fork, choose an eye, and out of the corner of your eye look at the other too. It is a lopsided gaze, hanging in the balance between two worlds: one clear and the other nebulous. Choose among these your favourite way out, and move away silently.