

I don't know how to tell you, the house got flooded. The floor is liquid skin upon God knows what kind of abyss. There's nothing else to do but relax and act accordingly. The action, of course, is just an option among many.

If you feel like walking on this surface, then do it without fear. Look around and you will find my pottery, let your gaze linger on each fold or notch. I have been steady for so long to achieve them and I have been crossed by so many streams, that your gaze will be but a puff. If you bring something into focus, something else will be out, but you should know that by now.

Did you notice the light, how it is different? If I were to talk to you about colour, here in my house, I wouldn't know where to begin. After all, this is just what's keeping me from the gloom. How many times have I mistaken a bag for a white swan! But I am telling you this with love: I have never mistaken a swan for a bag. The desire and the eye meet in the gloom. What would vision be without this prelude.

There are three openings before you: pause on the one in the center, and then cross the door to the right. Mind this: never walk down the stairs. Never walk down the stairs.

Have you already met Edda? Don't be afraid, she won't take you downstairs; every now and then, she rises to the surface to relax her pupils, contracted by the doom. Not even I know how far she pushes herself. Her iris is intriguing, don't you think? From the same material, I have obtained three heads I once had. They are the anchors that are keeping me here! But even with that heavy weight, they never slip down this skin that's pushing your foot. Perhaps it is better this way.

It was nice being with you, don't get upset if I don't say goodbye. When you leave, close the door gently. Come back if you like, but if you do, never walk down the stairs.