A(i)r

Art / Architecture. It all comes from the beginning. From fear, from vice, above all from a language vice, which is why, at least since the Greek, art and architecture span significantly coincidental semantic fields. "Structure", “construction”, such is the meaning unveiled and revealed by "artys" (Lat. *artus*), in the Homeric language which once constructed and now deconstructs our world. Befitting its time, like the construction of the intangible, on the pathways of perception and realization of space, of site, of place.

Interior / exterior. Oedipian world of imposition and despotism. Without room for doubt, turning eyes into readers, incarcerated in the ancient code. Diabolic ego of rupture, and ultimate locus of pain. Without room for desire, elaborated and morphed in culture, controlled by power. Threshold. Perversity.

See. It has a place like so... like…so. Can you see it? Use your eyes, for a moment, as if you hadn’t ever seen anything. As if you didn’t know how to read, but only decipher the space that surrenders to your desire. And then you will be happy as when you are with a woman. There isn’t any happiness other than being with her, the one whom you call earth, whom you define as world, a world of space, whom offers herself to you, as if you’d really existed. Making you believe, once more, that everything is still possible. Once more.

There is a gate. Hadn’t noticed it before. It remains ajar as if the world continued out there. And you go in. It was a hotel in some city, like your shadows: desperately strange.

Go gentle, little bird, go nibble at my destiny, laid out there in a little tube of paper. Slowly land on that table, unhurriedly; patient time will slow down its step to see you, blind and giddy, along the table, enrapturing the whole circus. Go little bird, choose. It is said that destiny is at first sight. Or it isn’t.

Interiority / exteriority. Strolling is harsh to me. Feeling that all exist out-there. And it hurts as if, coming to the window on a grey afternoon, laying eyes on the street, my body would burn, skinless. Where, then, begin and end my limits? Where is the threshold, the borderline, the gauze wall which divides and protects me from the outside? Isn’t everything right here at last, carved by imaginary wholes, ensuring communication, messages?

I invoke the cynical night of comedians, of distant silhouettes in opaque shop-windows, of gentlemen with names buttoned up in tombstones, and of automobiles that glide oblivious to gravity, oblique, unstoppable, full of themselves.

The word reshapes in my credulous mouth. Teeth gnaw at syllables; lips babble, announce. The famished night, which pets me as death closes in. I recognize her: the two unbearable minutes, real, cold, sudden, at the middle of the star filled night.

Down to the round horizon, imagining the sterile continuation of the circle. Flat vertigo, the timid flavor of the oasis. In the tent flaps a rotting odor of amber and incest.

Under the splendid sun of martyrs, in the onyx of insomnia, or of regular vigil, the earth runs a quite finger over the mottled body, recognizing the scars, smiling, ancient, at such ancient pretensions.

— I don’t want light — whispers.
To no avail.
And all comes from air.

Essay by Carlos Morais José