



I am grumpy. I don't like it to show though. I can smile nonchalantly.

I do not particularly like slide sessions. We'll arrive courteously late. I like to be courteous, especially when I am grumpy. After that, it is just a matter of avoiding the cantankerous Mr. Important and the sighing Ms. Nobody-Notices-Me.

The grain of a skin, the smell of a warmth, the inclination of a neck, the vanishing meeting of glimpses, the weight of hands on shoulders and arms, a step on a foot, the whiff of a breath, a shade on a breast, the wraith of a sigh...

Clasp the blokes and peck the birds.

Pleased to meet you.

Yes, gladly.

Red please.

– Hi. (shake)

– Hi. (shake)

– Hi. (kiss)

– Hello. (shake)

– Hi. (kiss)

– Good evening. (kiss)

There is a large hunk of self-interest in passion.

...

Women with a smile and an undulating gait. Oh Dog, with a pinch of rascal pout!

Topsy turvy, to call out deep sighs...

Yes. Yes. Oh yes.

Hum, huhum, yes.

Oh yes, yes; by all means.

Sure.

Oh yes, I would think so.

In any case, for sure.

Oh yes I am sure, no question about it.

I agree entirely.

I realise that!

Definitely.

Yes, honestly.

Really? I cannot believe it; marvellous.
Wonderful.

I think the moment has come to carefully select a seat for the evening.
In between the curtains I can see the street. A very ordinary street. A street which peacefully looks like somewhere.
Let's travel.
The rustling prodrome of nostalgia.

People are taking place.
A cordless microphone, a projector with a remote control to divert one's invaginated soul towards an outward relish, a foreign convolution,
the delights of the outsides of my mind.
We are concerned by ourselves. Otherwise, who would be? I really like people who go out of their way.

Nimbused by a quivering glow, the light goes off.



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Blue, black yellow and white.

The sky—blue.

A road—black.

A petrol station—mainly yellow.

A wooden church—white, old white; the type of white with most of its life behind. Not grey though. Just old white.

The sky is immense, the road ends so far away that you do not even try to wonder. It's a half profile picture, to enhance the sense of unknown.

It is appealing. It is sunny enough.

On the right of the picture, the station with the car. Through it you can see the little church where the slope of the hill starts.

The photographer doesn't talk about the church; if you give me a minute I'll drop in there quickly.

White inside out/outside in. Slightly whiter inside; it has retained its blue soul—you know, this other colour that always haunts the whites. It is bare, walls, ceiling, floor. It is clean. Benches well-aligned. A chapel, yes, it is probably a chapel rather than a church. Or a small church perhaps. One of those places to practise humility, application, supplication and verticality.

Do you disapprove of the notion of sin? I don't. A sin is a real thing, it exists and has nothing to do with God or any Santa-Disney-Claus.

Well, a sin is to take a credo for a credit.