



The Movie Text
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INTRO

Male voice

For quite some time I have been dissecting concepts
Like the equation of “development, welfare and well-being.”
Digging into the absurdity behind expressions such as “to search for identity”
And finding meanings – if any – to answer to the perdurable crisis of reason.
I also kept speculating on family and community concerning law and regulatory orders.
I was fascinated to predict apocalyptic scenarios – instead of committing myself to pursuing – my poetic
utopias.

Female voice

Are we still able to read nature’s signs and history’s,
Awakening our senses to an out-of-doors we've a long time not noticed?
Take a point – stretch it into a line – curl it into a circle – fractal it.
Then collect the outcome into an alphabet.

$$\text{sgn}(x) = \begin{cases} 1 & \text{if } x > 0 \\ 0 & \text{if } x = 0 \\ -1 & \text{if } x < 0 \end{cases}$$

THE BIG STONE

Male voice

What has happened all around here?
Is it a culmination of many choices?
A peace deal signed by the natural elements, during a final battle?

These shores seem to blur the edges of time to outline the major plot points.
From the obvious to the startling, they take over every morphologic singularity.
Subverting conventional functions, they tell of the unforeseen
Moments of pure love, a silent tear, involuntary.
At last.
(Is it still the wind?)

WRITING THE SHORE

Female voice

Theses ancient shores, so infinitesimal to the sky, have no short answer or explanation to provide
The wind in the eyes, water drops, grains of sand.

While wandering, wandering on.

We are preys of a beautiful sadness stinging inside, some sort of enchanted melancholy.
How little our beings dwell among the primal things.

Among the friable rocks and petrified corals, we seek the clarity of conviction and the willingness to inhabit our inner contradictions.

We navigate agile among our visions that permeate our wandering, wandering on

There is nothing wrong with hardships and obstacles, but everything wrong with not trying.

THE STONE KISS

Male voice

There is a key for a sense of grace in what I see.

Be it or not in exile, apparently quiet, to proceed to the mainframe of lightness.

I guess that to escape from all this, abandoning the self to the entire,

One should have already discovered how to download the soul to the physical world,

The fragile and the liminal.

$$\operatorname{sgn}(x) = 0 \quad \text{if } x = 0$$

THE SHORE

Male voice

I connect the objective reality to the ineffable.

I tread paths that have no end, deceiving me into new assumptions,

Driving me to their beginning. Afresh.

THE TOWER

Male voice

Planted clues along the ephemeral, delusional thoughts and hindrances of mind

That give in to what they really are, leaving no space for rhetorical stuff behind.

An interesting aside: the flawless paradigm.

Sequences of elusive scenes, insects of time, well-prepared.
A move that gives consequence to the movement that follows.
A straight pose.

CAVE OF THE BLOOD PAPERS

Male voice

This surreal-quotidian is so invisibly minimal that it is almost terrible to behold.

Hands balancing thin crystal glasses, a stack of white sheets wetted in blood,
A rusty pen with no ink, or other possible ways round.
Presumably paradoxes of unsolved choices and choicelessness.

CAVE OF HOME

Male voice

I try not to cease to riddles and oddities.
I live the moment intuitively to comprehend within intimacy.
Absorbed, sharing the same dream of a faithful companion, as if I were led by an unknown entity.

CAVE OF NARCISSUS

Male voice

It is this silence that lets me know that whatsoever concept I may put up with,
Will end to confuse and corrupt the many others.

$\text{sgn}(x) = 1$ if $x > 0$

THE BURNING BOOK

Male voice

To understand by empathy, espousing beliefs, perpetuating experience.
Adding details, refining ideas, proving a theory, contribute to improving one's evolution.

But to resolve the opposition *Free will vs. fate*, where both sides are correct,
And allow my hope to endure in its state of impermanence,

I presume it is possible only through an act of surrender that favours the perspetile nature of truth.

I think to the absolute to surpass the Cartesian dilemma.
The dualism of mind and body probably exist in two separate worlds,
which in turn operate on different rules.

So then, I rely on the emergence of reawakening my de-limited spirit.

WHITE LIQUID

Female voice

In the end, the problem is not which idea to choose, which vision to follow.

The body as an incubator of contents?
Expressions spring from the heart and the flesh, often in mysterious and unknown ways.

Archaeologists, we dig and explore violated landscapes.
We struggle to find unimaged signs before, not artefacts.
As empty emptiness is substance of form.

In the relationship between human beings and nature, we use language to define truth.
Nature will always be much more profound than our ability to understand it.

After all, what is a word?

Every concept is born from the equation of non-equal things.
No leaf ever equals another.

CANCELLING THE CIRCLE

Male voice

Am I organising my truth while I'm here, standing by you?

As if guarded by a fallen angel or a holy ghost,
that which I will carry with me out of here.
So that for some time, I won't question. No more.

$\text{sgn}(x) = \infty$ if $x \neq 0$, 1 or 1

THE FALLING FLAG

Female voice

To work on words, with words, is something sublime.
Words express what we are in this life, and in no other life.
It will come a time, and we die.

Perhaps it is precisely this act of creation of the necessary language,
The holy measure of our human precariousness and transient, ephemeral life,
Which we perceive to be always at risk.

EXIT

Male voice

Words are drifting down the stream, paling beneath a morning sky never seen by waking eyes.
They linger onward, dreamily in the golden gleam where echoes fade and memories die.
Will they haunt me phantom-wise?

Female voice

I am still dreaming while another day goes by.