

We can call this a slow (media) technological violence of war [...] It relates to the extended environmental impact of the link between contemporary multitempor(e)alities and the media technological materials as part of supply routes and the processes of fabrication involving rare earths and other earth materials that need to be refined for their usefulness as part of production of electronic objects.

Parikka, J. (2016) *A Slow, Contemporary Violence: Damaged Environments of Technological Culture*, p.18, Berlin: Sternberg Press.

Because what can be gained from notions of time conflates in the moment of verbalization. Tongues suspend temporality, wrap it up like a bouquet of nettles. If it burns, it spits. Language plays the sad protagonist. In absence of a grammatical loop of constant repetition, an arrow is installed to simulate alibi. A human hand picks it up, tightens and bends it, points it in the direction of a gathering point. Behind the back of all woodpecker-like dialogues, some have gathered to breath in choirs, to attest major chords with minor adjustments. Inviting oxygen in their bodies to formulate human weight on earth.

Author is non and needs everything. Authorship is contested when multiple mouths are synchronously left open. One mouth opens, another mouth delivers the fire. Eating it like fuel, the burning flames lubricate the spitting out of vowels. When sun rises, and tides reside, their intestines are engraved: amorphous circuits finding their way between bodies and soil. Transformation occurs by the slit of each one's tongue.

Eradication of sentences, cut up at first. Fabrications now arrive from other scales permeable. With the inevitably radical form of communication, instructions are up for question. To avoid analogy, bend your tongue and start anew. Speaking in tongues by rubbing their tips to the palate. Amalgamations like networks slide down their throats. Swallowing soil, feeding it with fibers.

Waves are matter that breaks, bends, overlaps, and spreads. It enforces ink to trickle down the canals. Zeros and ones elide abundance. Or, what are their reasons to escape the omnipresence of word objects, when nothing can be reversed and everything can be re-engineered? Permeating a rhythm to aid memory with memorizable formulas. Enveloped and stored in the bodies of the circuit nurtured by fire. Diagnosed as temporal phenomena it breaks the code to write anew. It invokes patterns from signs passed over without semiotic ornament.

Once I'd engaged in the ritual, affective capitalism traversed my mind and asked for chronological location. It had long since carved out a space as an embryo waiting for more to come. Touching the fabric of my mind pattern. The sensation of the flames witnessed how soil had always been the narrator.

For further informations and press materials :

t-space press

press@t-space.it [www.t-space.it](http://www.t-space.it)

via Bolama 2, 20126 Milan. Italy