

For a Titan with no memory

Things that we discover over time

By Rebeca Chu

I FOUND OUT THAT SUNDAY ENDS, silence ends, insomnia ends, our pretensions end, our syllables end, phone calls end.

I found out that things sometimes end up where they started, like love affairs, scripts and paragraphs.

I found out that kisses end, sweat and despair too, boredom, money, crossroads end. I've found out that some things end up as if they never existed.

I found out that things can end with tenderness, with hope, in the summer, in vanity.

I found out that things end any time.

I found out that everything ends because you devour everything with your enormous desire to consume.

I FOUND OUT THAT YOU ARE CONNECTED with everything that walks towards nothingness, that undergoes some transformation, and that somehow converts, transmutes or transfigures itself.

I found out, over the hours, that your story and your personality were shaped in destruction, of course not only in it; but I found out that a lot of what you are, or at least a lot of what they told you about you came from your desire to devour everything that passes through you, as if you had to impose yourself, to put yourself so face-to-face with everything that is born.

I found out that everything that is born is born to be touched by you.

And I found that almost everyone is terrified by you and by what you do to people and things, just because they exist.

IF YOUR FATHER WAS AN IDEA, you are form.

I found out that everything takes another shape in your presence, and in your absence too. Food rots, furniture wears out, metals rust, clay dries up, clothes puncture, monuments crumble. You, being form, sometimes hide yourself where forms are deformed.

In fact, I found out that you are the one who deforms the forms, you ruin everything: you build fragments, suggestions, traces, clues, dashes, you make everything go astray day after day in a sign that everything is complete while being incomplete, in a perfect imperfection.

Some of your most famous deformations, for you to remember: the Parthenon, the Coliseum, the Stonehenge, the city of Machu Picchu, the city of Petra, the Rose City and many others. Your method is based on not having a method at all and you're specialized in decomposition, disintegration and disproportion (You'd be astonished by what you can do!).

I found out that you were educated as an architect.

TO AN UNSUSPECTING MIND you are invisible, but I see you when the rain slides down my window, when the leaves swirl on the ground; but I found out that I never see you in full because you happen by suggestions: I see you in the stains of fabrics, in the cracks of woods, in the chips of a cheese in the fridge, in scars, in everything that has peeled, flaked off, discolored, shrunk, dehydrated.

I found out that I see you when you dematerialize. It's when you walk into dissolution that I see you through. You are almost like a chemical process, an exciting wear and tear, a sexy corrosion, a forgotten exfoliation; and almost everyone avoids you and wants to accumulate you for the same reason, because you forge things up by destroying them.

You've got a *ruinophile* side and a super spiritual style.

YOUR FAMILY STORY IS COMPLEX, even violent. Your children fought ten years against you until they defeated you and one of them, Zeus, took over your power.

But you reigned elsewhere, in your Golden Age.

Your story imposed itself on everything and everyone since then, showing that repetitions are a fundamental as well as mysterious part of life, that everything is made of rotations.

I found out that you established a kind of order for nature, life on Earth, for the biology of men & women and cultures (you like discipline and perseverance). You've been making plans for the world, organizing human lives and life in nature. No doubt, everything you touch has a beginning, a middle and an end, a before and an after.

I found out that you've been teaching man & women to polish their conscience to exist in the present, because the now is their exclusive reality.

I FOUND OUT THAT THROUGHOUT YOUR STORY out that throughout your story artists tried to capture you, History tried to capture you.



They all wanted to apprehend you, accumulate you. They've painted you, they drew you, sculpted you, made music of you; they gave you a muscular body (of a man, why?). They put an hourglass in your hands, a scythe (the one with which you mythologically castrated your father), a globe on your back or under your feet, they gave you a beard and wings (you fly!).

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If you could remember, you were portrayed alongside with Prudence, Beauty, Penitence,

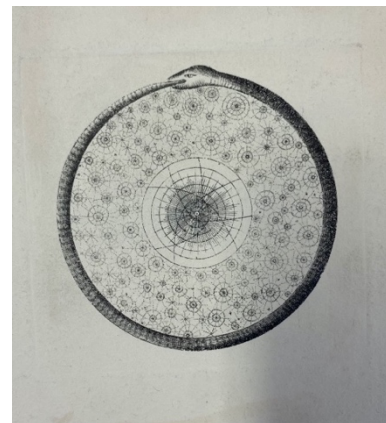
Truth and as far as I've discovered, you've been always portrayed in a position of greater power (Truth is a woman you undress and she is called a proud human, why?), in a position where they somehow submit to you.



I found out that you are powerful, invincible and ungraspable.

MANY OF THE PAINTINGS, drawings, sculptures elaborated to capture you often portray you with a serpent that eats its tail, the Ouroboros (and that says a lot about you, about your destructive layer). But, on the other hand, that serpent shows how mysterious you've always been.

In ancient times, in Egypt, they thought you would die every day on the horizon to revive every



morning with the sun. You've been deeply connected to the notions of birth, death, reincarnation and rebirth; you've been even explaining, to some, the notion of karma.

Anyway, I found out that this serpent is linked to your force of cycle, renewal (one of your many names has been Kundalini, primordial energy).

Your shape has been rounded for so long as in watches, rings and the globe itself because you've been repeating yourself for ages.

And since you've been repeating yourself for so long, men & women throughout history have been attempting to transcend you, mostly because you were said to triumph over them (you bring brevity of all kinds of life in contact with you).

You don't remember, but there is this famous sculpture in which Opportunity kills herself with her forelock as you seize her while Penitence crouches along with a lion under your body:



you weighed dark on humanity. That's why the supreme existence is said to be attained by overcoming the repetitions you bring

and by that, reaching the Nirvana.

BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, there's nothing wrong with succumbing to you and letting us be carried under your arms or tied to your beard. Anyone would like to be depicted alongside you and Eternity. We all know you're the only one Eternity really loves.

Life requires spaces where reality can be suspended so that men & women can live within the illusion that they're eternal as you are. Those are Moments, the disruptive instances in your duration in which common beings create a richer repetition that detaches itself from your

regular duration and stability to create intensity, plenitude, but above all, presence.

I found out that man & women throughout history have tried to be depicted alongside you and Eternity by reaching a kind of second-class spot in the Nirvana; by defeating you through the creation of a Moment: an intensity translated into a work of art, meant not entirely to beat you, but to depict a state of plenitude wherein you simply don't exist.

I found out that man & women have been trying to repeat themselves as you do to live, although like a flash of lightening, something that's been experienced exclusively by you: immortality.

IN ONE OF THE PORTRAITS made of you, you're depicted next to the terrestrial globe, measuring the earth with a compass. Yes, I believe you are the one who rotates the Earth and the Universe into the direction of all possibilities, so that everything moves on to become something else; as if you'd be leading all things to rise from a huge void.

Because I found out that the void that closes itself is the same that opens itself up and wide.

Because I found out that Sundays die to be reborn the next week, that insomnia reappears when least expected to and our pretensions never really die: they just

pretend to have done so, they've been always there, these fakers.



I found out that the syllables are actually only interrupted, they never end, because everything exists within words or silence. I found out that phone calls don't

end, because we just hang up to start another call.

I found out that love has always been driving all of us mad, but we prefer it above all and anything else.

I found out that pretensions, they've been always real, never imagined, reappearing unexpectedly.

I found out that kisses only end to start over again, more so the clandestine ones.

I found out that despair, scripts, boredom only end to be resumed with even greater force, as do money and all crossroads, because humanity will continue to resist you; because through this confrontation two forces of equal power will always emerge: persistence & dissolution. But none ever wins.

I found out that all things can begin again with sweetness, with vanity, with hope, in the summer or at any time.

I found out that things start all over again from the very same spot they've ended at, at anytime, anywhere; because from all of the artists, men & women, who throughout history have tried to capture you or to transcend you, you've been, no doubt and with all glory, the greatest.