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the passage

nighly build

12-12-18

rite de passage.

All measures perfectly met
 With time glitched and shifted
 A tunnel out of balance
 Twisted like a chord of thread

From the million tones of blue
 Turning towards the window
 Looking out through damp, rain and water
 Flowing glass describing its viscosity

Flowing down since more than 100 years
 Glass shows similarities to water
 By which it is touched
 Night in and day out

Charlotte Gruber, Belgium, 2018



Maja Kuzmanovic, Japan, 2018

The Blue Room

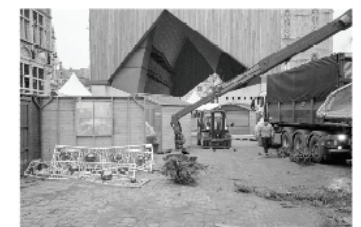
Two hospital beds lined up and moulding
 Themselves perfectly into a roof
 Transitioning blue towards a small window

A gradient of light soothing, shining, decaying
 Shadows pointing towards a door
 Which is missing one ear

Rarely hard edges give the blue a softness like cushions
 Like clouds in the sky
 Soft rounded corners pointing upwards

Even the cupboard bows down before the blue roof
 Carrying itself in subtle darker tones
 Describing a small gap of shadows

By journeying to places we awaken and reinvigorate the earth, which returns this to us. A place within a landscape corresponds to a place within the heart.
 — Vaclav Cilek



Meindert Peirens, Belgium, 2018



'The bird's nest in our garden - its third winter intact' by Jane Brady, 2018

In a healthy bioregion we...

cherish the resilience in Nature

claim responsibility for the wellbeing of the place where we live

show respect for maintenance

learn to see the good in failure

value local examples and local knowledge

recover what's disappearing, like wildlife, skills and culture

seek out system-to-system links and overlaps

regenerate soils, watersheds, foodsheds and biodiversity

realize that strong connectedness improves our chances of surviving crises

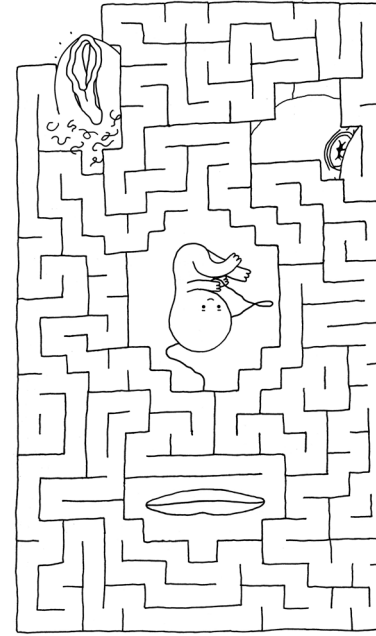
choose the passage lit only by moonlight as the way home.

I think you might have crawled under my skin,
while I was distractedly debating how I felt.
Weaving meaning from the strands
of emotions running.
My mind kept making you up yesterday.
Dancing in corners, smiling, being there where I was.
Just standing.
Paul said to let her into
my heart at the end
and I stood there singing.
Knowing he meant you.
But will this really start to make it better?

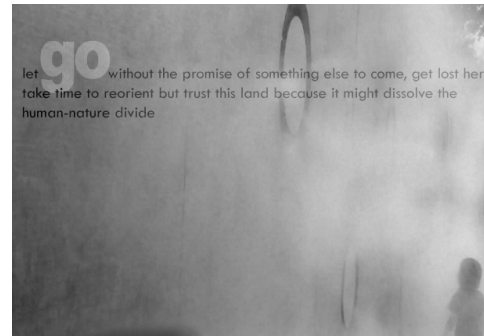
Sometimes I can't feel.
I look around and wonder who's lurking in the shadows.
Do I have to try all the flavours to know I want this one?

Why this need for certainty?
This fear of exposing the layers of blanket
hiding my heart?

I can let the world slide from my shoulders.
Refrain from being the fool, play it wholeheartedly un cool.
Let it in, let it out.
Perform.
Begin.



Max Stivalia, WWW.MAXSTIVALIA.COM, Malta, 2018



thanks to: www.foam for the open call and network
all participants and supporters of nighty build 2018

then
the hackers
the steampunks
the drama
the other
the poets
the dreamers
the hippies
the silent
the ones we hurt
the distorted
the searching
the homeless
the secluded

For:

read the following passage
read the passage
read the passage
read the passage
read the passage-
the ger
I am
I am
victor turner
turn the pa ge
there: