

საქათახო

Vol. 13

ჩამოპარული





This volume explore the every day objects we find on the streets that fit a purpose, that do not resonate with any commercial, any branding, or any aesthetically pleasing projection.

Objects that do not pretend to describe or conceptualize new ideas of modernity and progress.

They exist as they are, they are the raw produce of ingenuity, sensibilities, and constraints.

In their essence they are perfect, *id est*, they are complete.

Words are also conceivable objects we find around ourselves to fit a purpose, we can pick them from outside when we are unable to find them within.

With the help of A.I tools, the original text of Ana Gzirishvili: "A Personal Name of an Object", has been kidnapped, stripped, catalog, and repurposed to describe the inside pages of this volume.

The content of the original piece becomes irrelevant while the A.I is forced to retain the artist's style and pathos.

Samezoblo takes and samples from the city to create maps and dialogues around its urban ecology; now takes from Ana's text to explore an intuition and to fix a semantic void: her words become now personal objects of this zine, and a deepfake of her own work.

"The thing was a shape. It was unfolding, its meaning now on the tip of my body. An object was between the masses, holding fragments of its letters, its rusty taste, distant rustling. The shape, a thing of allure, was mute. Its presence, on the tip of my tongue, made me want to possess it, to be near it. Yet, despite its familiar allure, I felt a bitter fog in my brain, as the shape resisted slipping away.

It didn't want to fall, like an egg. The object, not wanting to give itself away, stayed enveloped inside. It was a split second away from revealing itself, yet remained distant. Its form, holding fragments of meaning, was always at the edge of my grasp. What I felt, what I saw, was a deep sense of its purpose, although I couldn't name it.

The object, like a forgotten word, seemed to fight with my thoughts. The fragments, rustling within the grove, held meanings that I could not decipher. It had an eternity in its presence, but it wouldn't drop. It wouldn't fade. I looked, and the shape was, as it always had been, mute, unyielding, a vessel holding something unseen.

Until you know its melody, its consonants, you cannot think of it. The object, an enigma, was shaped like a fruit, holding its perfect form. It had its own aura, and yet, despite its enduring presence, it stayed inside, unrevealed by me. I tried, but the bitter fog, the wind in my face, kept it distant."







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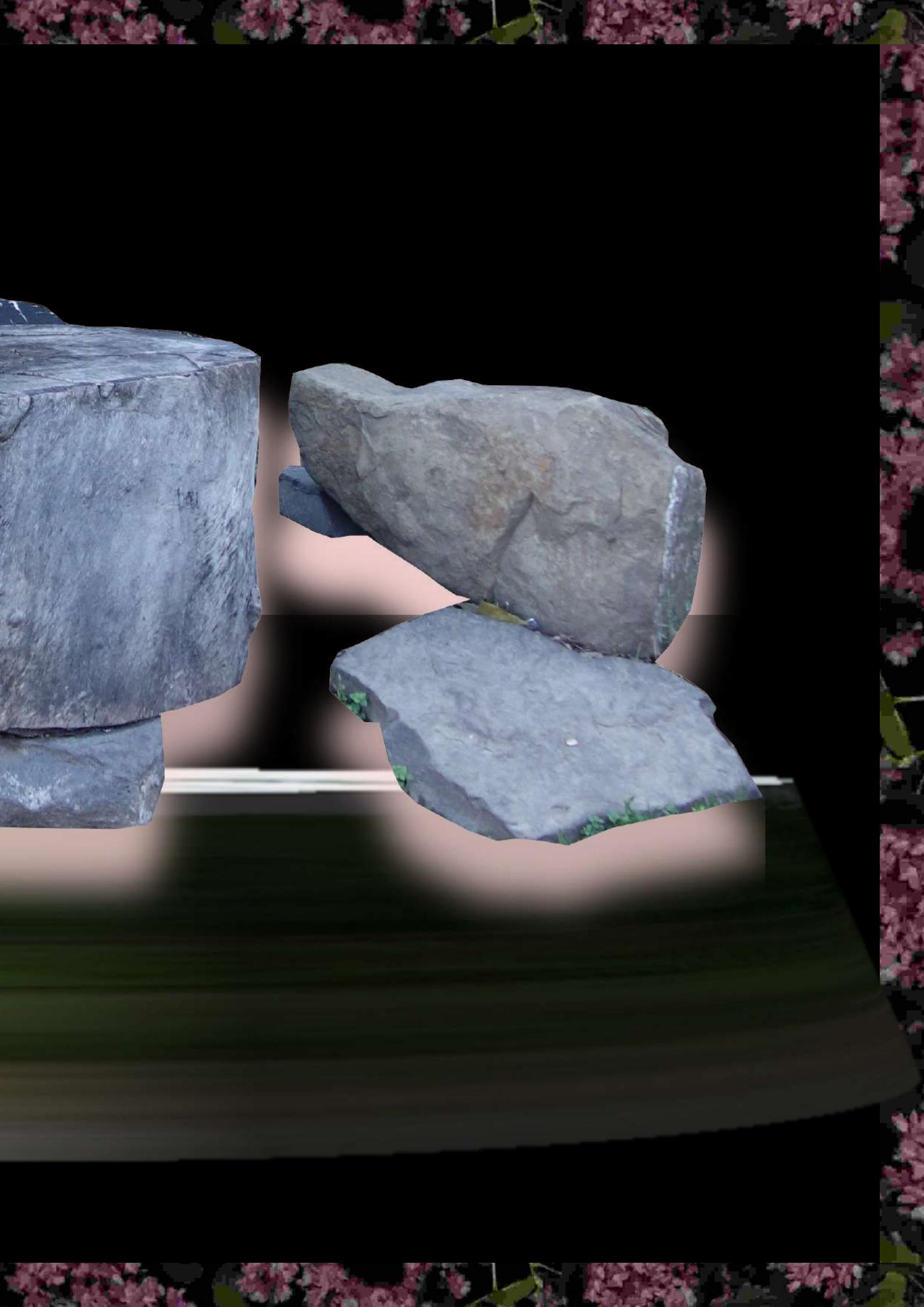




















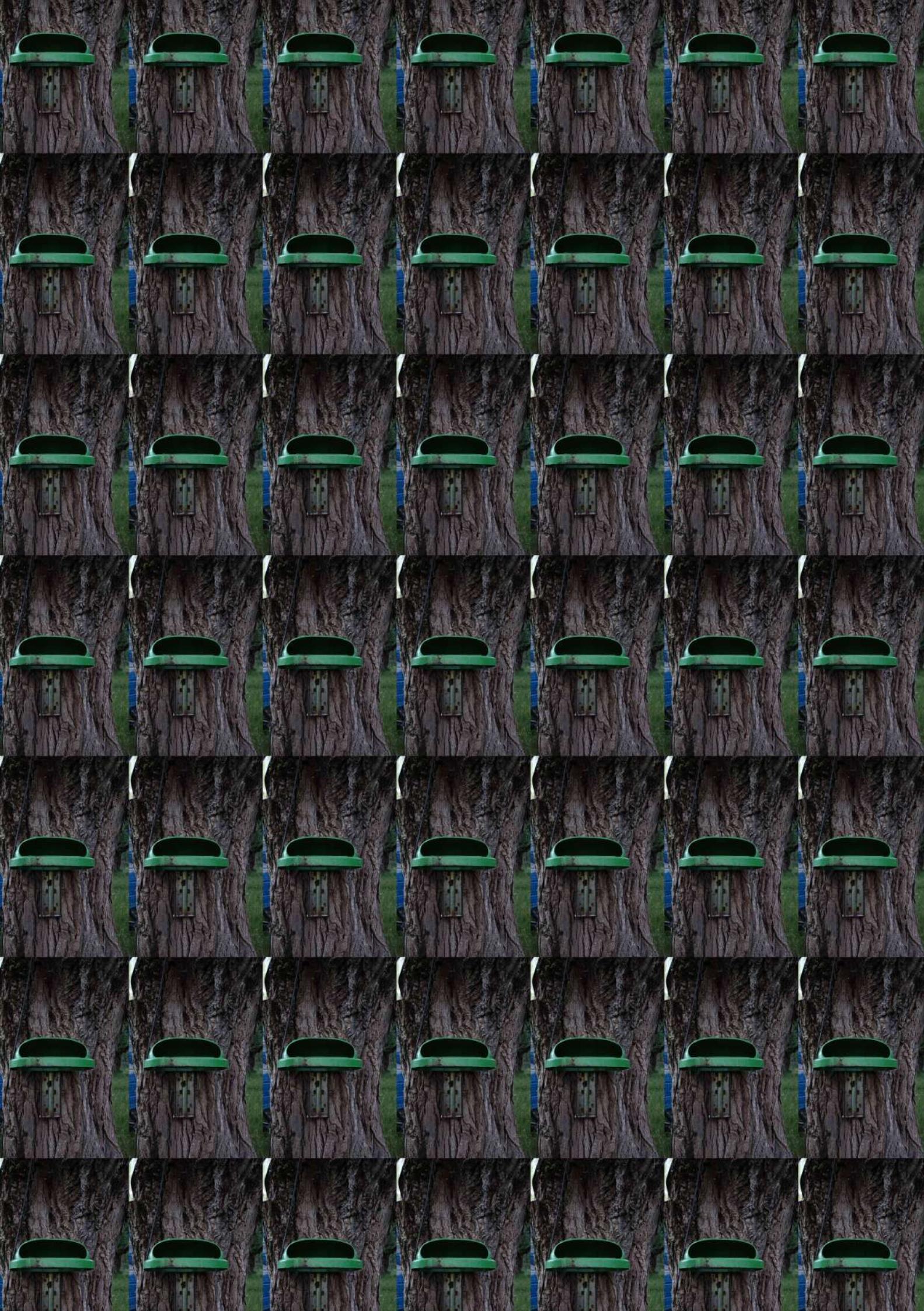
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PREMIUM BANANAS











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