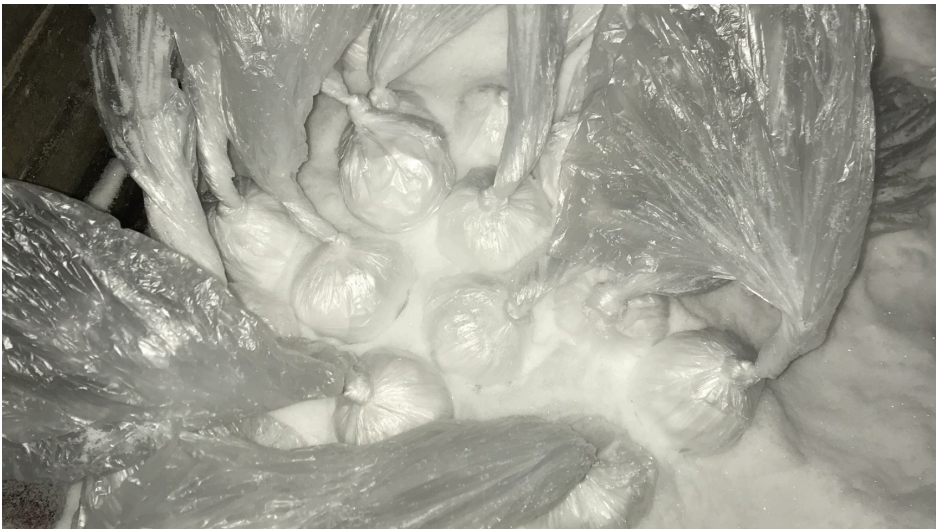


with a take on the linguistic nature of “snow”, or “snowhood”, ‘spoke snow’ or ‘spoke this transitory/transient character of snow’ as a one-to-one analogy to the potentiality of *loss*.



birthday of a snowball, perhaps, isn't about birth; it is about death, a death-day; apparently, in the paradox of human commodification of nature, naivety, and expression of human thought, tender, a tension of birth shortened, a tiny distance between birth and death, hand-made, shortening life and extending death; a paradox of nature reduced to a moment, briefly, extended to a day. a memorial of loss, hand-made, prosthetic object for human consciousness, prosthetic consciousness, prosthetic memory, inside a freezer (or, maybe, somewhere else).

birthdays, as deathdays, are dramaturgies, spaces for grief, potential and actual death; birthday of a snowball invites an accidental selection of dear people with performative sensibilities to be-become a gift, at a place and time; redefining grief/gift (birth, re-birth, hand-made death, and the after-life); accepting the risk of being alive, somehow sacrificed, in a dead-line, dead-dot.

~~something else, I would have said it~~". The gesture of an actor, his look, signifies themselves. The great actor does not represent, not even expresses; he only is. Perhaps his gestures work as an epiphany of the kinetic life, of the emphatic gesture and the poetic spoken word: they offer, as a presence and as a present, the *afterlife* of reality. But nothing more. Only great actors, as great poems, stand the weight of being only signifiers without rending. Only great directors (Bene, Warhol, Straub) have the discipline to repress their own indiscretion, and to accept each actor as a celebration.

