

Cianciana, from 13 March 2019, © to the artist
story/fiction/reality/journal

When the cold is not so cold anymore.

While i am here. Doing

If there is wind there should be something that blows.

Me and the others

To build a home for my soul

Drinking water is the main occupation.

Imprints of solid building material . Copying the stone of the caves.

How to jump from one balcony to another

What is around the corner. A park a lake the sea a house a warehouse or anything. When is your birthday. The birthday of the house.

The space is my body. The healing sun.

First Thing talking to some polish foreigners in Cianciana Sicily while drinking the first coffee in the village was about Uranus, the neighbourhood in Bucharest demolished by Ceausescu in 1986 for building the people's house A romanian in a sicilian village. I Dont wanna talk about identity and politics. I want to talk about the love story down of my balcony. About how the cats are regulating under my balcony celebrating my arrival. A grey norwegian forest male and a red tiger female. Beautiful view. And also their caterwaul negotiation. Could the fur be more interesting than the skin?

What would you prefer. I cat fur or a human skin?

If the wind wouldn't be so chilli...

Welcoming the sun into my face. like the sun.

It is very interesting how in Cianciana the grass is coming out from concrete even inside the houses.

Time based project

No ghost project.

No ghosts to make / host the project.

The sun is a big invention

Simple things. Like heating from the sun because you are cold.

What can i do to produce money? Like, the way i do.

In the first morning the pigeons woke me up making love very early.

More than once.

Than le voisin du droits elle a lavé les dra.

Smells like in France de asta am inceput sa scriu in franceza. Miro de detergent de Franta, gaz si

The human presence.

Makes me sick. To perform. Agitating. Why

You start tocommunicate. And that's an effort

Lightning a fire in the middle of the bedroom

The door of the washing machine is opening by herself while I am not inside the house. So I close it and after a while I find it again open
I hope it is only me in here. Or the audience came. I hope not.

JusTeh are so many things to do in this residency. And I am not alone. I have so many friends. The birds, the cats, les 2 femmes voisins dont on se salue chaque matin. Les birds les livres, le soleil. Et pourquoi écrit je en francais maintenant?

La maison le froid, les drapeAux. And dreams. The Dreams. My dreams. With every dream I go closer to myself. Starting to understand. And to love myself (again) While Sleeping. Avec chaque dream j'arrive plus proche de moi. Pasarile se trezesc o data cu lumina si incep sa cante sa bata din picioare si din aripi pe acoperis
Sa faca drAgoste. Este martie fac dragoste.

Frigul asta ma face cumva sa fiu mai aproape de mine. Daca as putea sa mi scriu gândurile cu viteza cu care le gândesc și cu care mi se formulează în cap as scrie altfel.

Femeile stau mai mult în casa și bărbații pe strada. Tipic. Clasic. Pentru ca strada e a bărbaților si casa este a femeii.

The cold is not so cold anymore.

The small daily things that are becoming so important.

The Birds are my friends.

They are active 12 hours per day, from 7 to 7.

When I do something and I want to keep it only for me I wont show it in any manner including recording it for later. If i don t go now i will remain without water. And i don't go.

It's nice this fresh air breathing it while warm in bed. It's like breaThing fresh air from outside while being in bed.
I interesting.

In the evenings i never know if it is from the gas from the stove so i am so relaxed or i am just relaxed.

Feeling The rhythm of the day the evening the night the very morning before the sun, the sunset the sunshine the day. Feeling the light into my body. Like we are becoming friends. Good friends. Being Free of Everyone else.
Doesn t matter. I don t care
please don't send the dogs right now. I d like to spend here some time more. Again.
And when you live just say thank you to the place

Just do the things when you want. Otherwise you ll be forever in a loop

Performing For The Sun

Why Perform For the people?

Anyway they poorly understand something.

Performing for the sun

The new black.

Anyway they don't understand.

Performing for the sun.

Using the wind as stage setup hairdresser and sound.
If i'll stay here the people will feel my presence and they will come, whoknows.
When you don't have a stage and audience. What should you do.
You perform for the mother nature. Or just nature.
Running by the orangerie People often don't understand a thing
I decided to perform for the sun.
Performing for the sun.
What if i empty my head

To purify the space you move
Thespace
My relations withthespace
Is Very special.
When i like it, and perhaps he likes in reverse, i feel like we are one. I start to feel it inside and being outside
with it. Holding it inside and outside.
Holding the space inside of me but in the same time dissolution dissolving within it.
I like to be him
smelling it, to breath it, caring it. Breathing the space.
Being the space.
Doing and undoing the bed.
The Action i did the most
And eating
Wanting to eat all the italian stuff i will never eat back in Romania. Discovering what carciofi means. Tomorrow
i ll go and buy some.
Everything could be fine. You just have to work a bit
I like italians.
Today two people gave me something
They eat a lot of. Carciofi. Does their liver is healthier?
But The lungs. What about the lungs. I think
When you receive something you have to give something back.
I would like you to love me. But how.
I need to feel my blood running randomly through my all over my body.
Looking Into the neighbor garbage to know what will be my garbage.
You need to know what to do in life/ with your life. I am sorry but i really don't want to know what to do in life.
You have to know what to do with your life. I am sorry but i really don't want to know what to do with my life

How to perform for the sun when it's raining

Illustrated fairy tale
Making sense from the photographies i made
Building with them a story. Buying a house. 27 or 29 rue saint rocco
With balconies on both sides. And flowers.
Nobody is

Buying a house that has balconies on both sides. One side to the open field and orchard and one on the opposite, towards the village with a high wall in front across the alley, where you can project things or even make a hiking wall. Buying a house at the end of the village. On a rocco street, near the road curves and goes into the trees.

I found a bra on the road that is going through the oranges orchards. I wonder how it got there. A black big bra, maybe the biggest measure. For big tits full

Of milk or of whatever. Contorsionated on the water passway through the road above the running water near the orchards fence in a not too circulated road. Black, big, and. A bit dirty. Of mud, of. Course.

That smell of the flowers. In that village corner. In the corner of the village. I found some flowers smell and an empty house with a sink on the small balcony. To wash yourself after you contemplate the fence in front. To wash yourself after rain.

Near the bra there was a stone. A white round, ovaloid stone, a metal grid for the water to pass under the concrete road. When raining. A scurgere.

Maybe i have to pick up the stone and to bring it into the house. I'm gonna do that right now.

I went for that stone. I picked it up. interesting shaped. Irregular. White, with some scratches. almost like somebody drew on it. Like the drawings from the cave. archaic and prehistoric stone. Holding still for the stone. On the cooling water grid near the bra. Holding still for it.

I examined it. And i put it back. I didn't felt like taking it. If tomorrow it will still be there i will take it. It keeps the story of that bra. Was it on a woman tits that get rid of it right there and whatever or it was dragged from a garbage by whatever who a dog a man or even a cat or a bird. I didn't see any rats, so i suppose there are not. A city with no rats. If i will bring it home it will come with the bra even if the bra stays there. Anyway, i found a place in the house where to set it.

Coming with the bra

The grid holding the bra

Oranges and olives trees. Oranges and olives flowers.

And carciofi

Where are the owners of all these abandoned houses? Have they left? Where. Have they died? When.

It is a quite functional village, i can say a small town, very chic and cool. It's like i abandon my apartment in bucharest. I mean not really the same but, close. It will be this possible in the future? To care so less that to leave my apartment in bucharest, just go like this. No i can't because there is an administrator. Someone has to pay. But are there no taxes to pay here?

Actually, There are abandoned houses in bucharest. A lot. But not apartaments.

And what if i will not eat tonight?

How is to abandon your house. One day you just leave and that's it.

The love corner.

In the basement. Is very interesting how the brain reads the spaces and levels. For example the lower room, besides the fact that is much colder, has a very particular atmosphere, it's like you go down somewhere else, not in a room but in your brain. It's like another dimension, more or less.

Going down in your brain. And in the morning the birds are closer.

Temporary situation. Of sleeping in another space, and not the one dedicated for sleep.

The charm and sexyness of a sink disposed somewhere else than expected. so instead of having it in the bathroom or kitchen, just put one in the middle of the living room. or on the balcony. It could be very useful on the balcony. Or in the living room.

But why is this happening why people are treating animals so bad. Why

Today when the neighbour get out on her balcony to take the laundry she finished her phrase started in the house, perhaps a dialogue between her and somebody else perhaps her husband and the word that came out of her mouth when she appeared on my right a bit higher was animals. They are Doing like animals. Being like animals. Behaving as animals. But animals are so cute and authentic. Is this so bad?

But why we are using this so often with negative and judgmental charge?

Why are animals so bad and brought into discussion when is some disappointment or disgust?

Maybe i am just allergic to all this fucking shit that i am eating. I eat like an animal. Like i ve never eaten before and i will never eat after. I eat like i ve never seen food in my life.

To enter the house you have to climb some stairs. More precisely, 8. There are actually 3 doors. The middle one is the main entrance into the house. The upper one is for the bedroom. The other one i don't know. For the bedroom door you have to climb up 4 more stairs. But the bedroom is lower than the open living room. Because from the main door to the living you climb 7 stairs in spiral. The bedroom is the last one and lowered. So there are 19 stairs. And 3 more in the house. 21. And to arrive to the platform of the house from the street there are 4 more stairs. 25 in total. This is my counting. maybe yours count will be different.

Today i went for the stone near the bra. I took it home. And washed it. But more interesting was that at 20 cm was another stone, quite beautiful, much more beautiful and elegant than the first one. if i would be a geologist i would easy know its name. It's quite familiar, but even so i don't guess its name. A crystal or something. Nice and white. I took it too. Now the story changed. The second stone wined the story. It's brighter and whiter and perhaps has a value.

I left the bra there, dar totusi m am gandit ca daca va mai fi acolo zilele urmatoare sa il iau poate totusi imi vine bine. Il spal si gata. Daca ma vede cineva....ce. Oricum nu port sutien. Mai mult doar asa,

A moment of vulnerability and the cold can catch you. Hope not.

And again I am cold, I am hungry, i ' d like to go on a stove and cook myself. Cos i'm freezing.

The house of 25 stairsteps inside and outside.

In that corner people actually fucked.

Here people fuck outside. And not in the bushes, forest or something. They fuck in the middle of the road. I found an intact condom, like in the supermarket. Maybe tomorrow i ll take it. You never know.

In this 25 stairsteps house in the evening is very cold.

The neighbour keeps someone closed in the back room of her house. Or, she speaks alone.

The most beautiful thing is to be woken up by the birds.

To be wake up by yours.

Even if at an early hour, but it is charging .they are so alive, nice talking/ singing, building the nest, making love, singing so diverse and clear. That's it. They sing clear. Their voice is very clean and straight to the point. So simple. Flying around.singing, talking. Building. Action bird singing.

And every time when i prepare to record them, the fridge start to snooze.

A small contact with the reality and my fairytale is ruined.

from 24 March, a sunday

I hate sundays. If something arrives on sunday, don t take it.

Sunday headache.

My every sunday headache.

And the smell of the dead cat.

How performing saved my cat. Or not yet

How performing saved my life or not yet

How to have a lecture on the body for three sicilian mafiots.

The house is very special beautiful and inspiring

I already miss it

As space inside the body

A bella esperienza, con molto sole, paroles, desideri, soignes out of ordinary me, of my ordinary sleeping and dreaming.

And.

Only after one week, only after putting my laundry into the washing machine and finding a spot in the closet for my new suitcase for semi short trips, it just cross my mind the big question. Why we non abbiamo fatto l'amore in the first place ?

I mean, it was so clear for me, it was more than obvious, it was there, just to pick it up, and i didn t . Like the condom that i've found near la s rocco door. It was there for me. It announced me the experience to come. It was natural and available. Just as desire is. Just as you were. Why i didn't even touch it. Why am i so freezed? Why i kept seeing and meeting you?

Because, like in a small car accident, if you don't declare it is like never happened. a police man told me that. you just go, fix you car and live on further your thing.

12 April, Bucharest

Welcome (back) from Sicily
after 10 days

The experience was from the beginning sexy and sensual. I left my apartment in bucharest to go to otopeni airport late in the evening, like going to a date or something. or Maybe a party. First time having an evening flight. First time the plane encountered turbulences for about one hour or maybe more, first time i was afraid of dying in an aircraft accident. First time i was praying in my mind with our father again and again, sweating and trying to relax in the same time. At least, if i dye to my way to palermo, i could be relaxed and forgiven. But, the miracle happened and we landed after 2 hours of strong feelings and thoughts about how it will be to end right now and right here. Maybe for my returning, if there will be one, i will make me a favor and take a train.

Then the white clean sheets from the affittasi in palermo near the train station. Cold, noisy but very white and clean sheets. I just layed in bed totally dressed excepting the coat and keep trying to fall asleep. And when i did it it was only for 2 hours. Waking up in sweating with the heart and soul open after a sensual and emotional dream with someone that partially i knew but i was not sure. The sensation was in my wholebody (sometimes i think the wholebody should be written like this, in one word, it's like defining another kind of body. The body and the wholebody and the holebody and the holybody). That was similar to the feelings and sensations that i had for my highschool love that when i realised that i do care so much about him, after maybe 6 years I supposed he was in love with me, he disappeared. Forever. and in spite of my efforts to see him again we have never met since. Maybe i ' m still eating for that moment. Who knows. But asleep, we meet from time to time. And the feeling is strong. Like in dreams. When you are dreaming a dream it is very very strong, different from reality because it happens in the wholeyou and holyyou. Anyway, now he could be in prison somewhere. Haha.

And the sun. The sun was just there. Complete and strong. The presence of the sun was empowering me. The feeling i had was very right and in my whole body, aNd, guess what, i was not dreaming. I was awake and present. There. In that small coldy room of palermo train station affittasi and the sun was just so big. Like you dick, honey. But embracing me. This sensation drowned in me for the entire period in Sicily, ending up in the same sun but this time on my wholebody, not only through the window. I returned home burned by the sun that appeared first morning in sicily, followed me and then burned,my skin and my others. Only my skin, of course. But sometimes the skin is enough.enough big to not have an end. To cover you and hold you and keep you safe and out of reach (of others) and carrying you into the world. The skin i wear is carrying me into and through the world and i wear my skin carefully keeping out of damage and reach of children. Because children could be very dangerous. Like other kind of children. Much Older then a child but not too old to be a something else. The endless skin. You Can always go round. and start from the beginning because there is no beginning and no end Sometimes some things you just don't do. Just because you don't.

And then this love story with a post scriptum. A post scriptum to a love story. to the love story i was writing to myself since that sun appeared. And the smell of the shower gel felce azzurra classico.

Is going into my brain. Because i'm having it into my bathroom now.

A love letter written to myself by myself with a ps.

it was me knocking at my own door just to say hello and take me to the seaside. Just because i need to drawn there and to recover myself on the other side. The other side of the bed (room). I woke up all wet and salty.

Your sfiato on my body left some crystals. White as schiuma.

I went into the shower. But there was no water to wash. So i just collect them into a small pocket from my soft delicate skin somewhere under my left arm.

16 April 2019

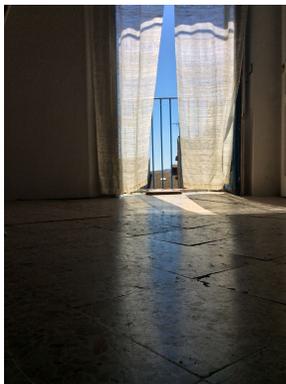
I have crystals all over my body, all around, almost like a second skin or a dress. I feel like the snow queen, dressed in white snow crystals, a fairytale that i was listening again and again at the pickup when i was a little girl. But this time the crystals are because of too much warm. So warm that the salt from inside my body covered me on the outside. Melted with the other one. From the sea.

And the blue. The blue from the doors. The blue from the sheets. The blue from the napkins squared in blue and white, like a traditional tablecloth but from paper, and much smaller.

Blue doors blue sheets blue sky blue cheese blue eyes blue sea blue water and my tongue. My tongue became blue. From within the space the crack in between doors where the wind is coming in with the smell. The smell of outside. The smell of the fresh air. Just go outside to feel how you ll feel. Always ups and downs, no flat surface. Challenging for the body, muscles and the sfiato. And when flat the sky is sloped. Lying in bed and sloping on the window s sky. being sucked inside.

corrected 15 April 2019, Bucharest

to be continued



CinaCiAna project, Marama Dances, Doors, Others, Sicily March 2019

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contact: catalinagubandru@gmail.com

site: <https://catalinagubandru.weebly.com/>

project page:

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photo: sicilian studio of the artist Elizabeth Briel

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