

“The dream-wake interface. Slow motion. Warm, soft light on the dusk clouds.”

There is a precious moment while looking at the clouds and their slow, almost imperceptible movement. Moment that allows me to stay in between feeling that I do control their movement and feeling they move independently. Not only about dream-wake distinction. Certain alive tactile matter that forms in my hands and a special moment when the condition of connection opens the possibility of perception. Special unpredictable moment, possible to be translated. Love, art and death we can't fake.